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**THE PINEHURST
OUTLOOK**

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The Pinehurst Darkey

Joel Chandler Harris is dead. And an unobservant generation is prone to assume that Uncle Remus and the humorous soul of Africa died with him. How human and immense, whimsical and philosophical the old nigger was can best be judged by a few minutes confab with his local prototype. If authority be needed, let us hear from Barrett Wendell, the fastidious critic of literature. He said that the American authors have produced just two great characters. One is Huckleberry Finn, and the other is Uncle Remus. Or let us again hark back to the platitude, which is also a self evident axiom and admit that the only music to our credit that can move an audience out of a stiff backed chair is the spontaneous effusion of our colored brother under the devine influence of either the exhorter or the demijohn.

Uncle Remus is not unique among the darkies. Every afternoon his songs can be heard in four parts, rendered by many a casual choir over the wash tubs and the wood piles, as incapable of discord as an harmonica. Comment upon human affairs as simple as a child's, and wiser than Socrates, emanate daily from the emancipated relics of a humorous generation.

ON THE WITNESS STAND

I was minded to write some little of what I have seen of Mr. Nigger in the region of Pinehurst by a very typical utterance of one of the simpler and wickeder members of the race on the witness stand at Carthage the other day. His name was Snow Ball, of course. His head bore an acute resemblance to a peanut, rising above his chin in two tiers, in the upper oval of which sat two eyes, always filled with the utmost astonishment. The world to him was a howling farce, without rhyme or reason, and he assumed that like a fellow in a turkish bath, he was ordained to go forever from cold water into hot, from the fireside to the calaboose. Love, war, protracted meetings, pursuit and the chain gang, marriage, escape, death, dinner and diptheria were all to him just inevitable acts of an unending drama, which he was here not to control but to wonder

at. He was indicted for beating his wife, and took the stand with some air of importance in his own defence. Now observe the true and guileless heart of the real Ethiopian. To the very first question he inquired "Which time dat I beat her does you want me to tell about?"

His thesis, so different from the Caucasian method of legal defense, consisted in the theory that she ought to be beat. And no doubt there is something in it.

CLOSE HARMONY

It was not long ago that on a still and wonderful night such as you are familiar with, when the moon shines almost like day, and sounds carry across the shadows for miles, I heard many voices singing. I have heard the Philharmonic Society, the Harvard Glee Club and the Messiah rendered for six hours by the Handel and Hayden Association. Moreover, I have sat patiently in Covent Garden and been regaled with the tuneful wile of De-le-lah. But I had never heard such harmony as this. The air was plaintive and stirring, a thing of such movement and rhyme that every being for miles was swaying to its beat; the tenor was out of sight in the clouds, but true as a trumpet, and the base rolled over the land like a ground swell.

PROTRACTED MEETING

I made for the sound like a pigeon faring home. In a little wooden church, rocking on its beam ends, rolling to glory, I found the congregation. Benches had been cleared away. The lights hoisted to the ceiling. The ship cleared for action. In the center of an ecstatic circle Uncle Isaac Williams, sometimes custodian of the saw-mill mule teams, stood transfixed, majestic, every cord and muscle and nerve vibrating with the cadence of the chorus, every movement eloquent and compelling, leading the song into faster and faster time, into deeper and deeper feeling. Kreisler would resign if he could see him. His left foot drove the harmony as a jockey drives a race horse. When he swung his palms to Heaven the volume of two hundred voices rose with it, and wakened the population of a country. His mood would change. Instantly the victorious trumpet peal would die away—and low and sad and beautiful the air would faint down into a whisper, barely audible to the hungry ear.

He carried the narrative of the song—the whole world carried the chorus. And what he sung was the song of the ages:

Sometimes my troubles make me
Tremble, tremble, tremble,
But a little talk with my honey
Makes it right, all right.
A little talk—a—with my honey
Makes it right, all right.
Takes all my time
For to make up—a—my min'
But a little talk—a—with my honey
Makes it right, all right.

As indeed it does.
The song never ended. When Ike ran short of experience to embody in verse, Rass Thomas sprang into the arena in one bound, hit the harmony in his stride, and began a new song. The burden of this extraordinary production was:



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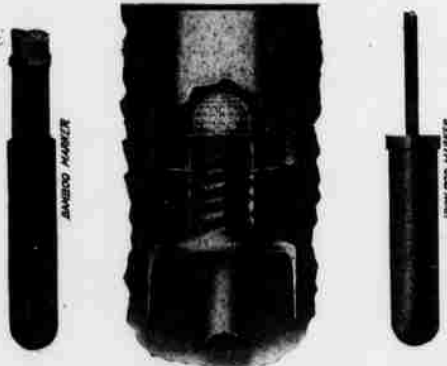
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