

OLE MARS'

an'

OLE MISS

by

Edmund K.

Goldsborough, M.D.



15/25



Class _____

Book _____

**BEQUEST OF
ALBERT ADSIT CLEMONS
(Not available for exchange)**



Meh Marster, you mo' an' mo' like Mars Francis ev'y day, same
bright eyes, like uh fish hawk's, but sorf an' big.

OLE MARS

AN'

OLE MISS

BY

EDMUND K. GOLDSBOROUGH, M. D.



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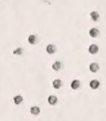
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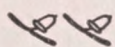
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Bequest
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ILLUSTRATIONS

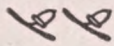


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MISS SANSON IN THE SADDLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED



Parson Phil Demby

An adept in breaking colts and steers, and especially hearts. Can read a wee bit and has a remarkable memory. Very gallant among the dusky damsels. Has the best coon dogs on the plantation.

Uncle Reubin Viney

Sensible, truthful and pious. Sir Oracle among the negroes. Can read some and is familiar with the Bible.

Damon Danridge

Courtly, intelligent and observant body servant to Rev. William Pinckney. His bow would have charmed Beau Brummel.

Ezra

Quite as much of a beau as Rosin, and not as pious as the prophet.

Frisby Jemes

A pupil of Uncle Reubin Viney. Afraid of shirks [sharks].

Scipio Jones

A firm believer in witches, ghosts and "spirits," especially applejack.

Hesakiah Sprouts

Would rather coon hunt than debate. A fiddler.

Little Billy

A crafty wag. Nimble witted.

Juba Viney

A fine singer and hymn raiser. Kinsman to Uncle Reubin.

Deacon Rasmus Jasper Jemes

A pompous, dandy darkey; very wise in his own conceit. A good preacher.

Stephen Demby (Uncle Stephen)

A dear old servant. A devoted fisherman. Little and Bent.

John Poney

A very entertaining darkey. Took hold of his wool when he bowed to you.

Jerry Butler and Caesar Butler

Brothers. Very credulous and superstitious. Free negroes.

Horace Duley

Janitor.

Aunt Phillis

gentle, sweet tempered, intelligent cook. Everybody liked Aunt Phillis.

Tilly Mink

Chickens were afraid of her, and roosted high when she was about.

Sue Benson

A good natured, lazy housemaid.

Becky Williams

A faithful nurse.

Sister Chew

A dairymaid.

Mammy

Good as gold.

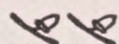
Nancy Young

A fortune teller.

Uncle David

Who loved his mule.

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“ OTWELL.”

O TWELL was originally an estate of some 2,000 acres, situated on a beautiful peninsula, the land rich and productive, and the forest would have charmed Silvanus. Here and there on the shores of the inlets grew majestic oaks, black walnut, and immemorial elms. The peach, pear, apricot, fig and other fruit trees flourished, and would have charmed Eve, and the Cart House apples, Adam.

The forest was entirely of lofty pines—many of the trees so large that one tree made a canoe; they were made and used principally by the servants and were in evidence almost everywhere. The forest had very little undergrowth; the ground was carpeted and cushioned with pine fallings, and the huntsmen were delighted when reynard was started there. The murmuring of the wind in the lofty pine tops, the tonguing of the hounds “like sweet bells jangled out of tune,” delighted the hearts of the Tilghmans, Chamberlains, Dickinsons, Tripps, Robins, Lloyds and many others that followed the hounds, horsemen of the first-flight type. The hunt over, there was “The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

The river was as lovely as the Bay of Spezia, and from its bed and shores the canvas-back and red-head plucked the wild celery and fattened. Fish, terrapin and oysters abounded, and the *mint* luxuriated. The Eastern Shore of Maryland was then as now the garden spot and sunny side of creation.

Before the hour of parting two songs were always sung, "Sportsman Hall" and "The Bottle," the former sent by The Beef Steak Club of London to one of the above named gentlemen. I could give the words, rich and rare, left me by my father, but delicacy forbids; both are exquisite double entendres fit to sing before kings, but not before queens.

There was a school at Otwell, taught by John Singleton and ——— Garrick, two fine belles-lettres scholars, to which came the Robins from Job's Content, Tilghmans from Plimhimmon, Chamberlains from Bondfield, Haskins from Canterbury Manor, Morrises and Collisters from Oxford. John Singleton's sister was the mother of the eminent portrait painter, John Singleton Copley, who on a visit to his Uncle at Otwell with his former preceptor, Smibert, made portraits of Anne Francis, James Tilghman, Matthew Tilghman and his wife, nee Annie Lloyd, whilst spending Christmas there.

Standing on his front porch Ole Mars Nickey viewed his broad acres, whose shores were washed by



Dem's meh gre't gran' chillun an' dey monstus bad! Ef'n you don'
git of'n dat cow I'll whup you till da ain' no bref lef 'in you.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

the Tred-Avon, by crystal creeks, and coves with beautiful mouths that kissed with briny lips the bosom of the river. The windmill on the shore added to the scenery as its sails moved languidly, grinding the wheat and corn for the negroes.

To the south on the river side was the little town of Oxford, a tobacco port, and riding at anchor was a brigantine from Liverpool, being loaded with tobacco by Morris & Callister (Robert Morris and Henry Callister), shipping merchants.*

From the back porch, through a long, wide and high arbor entwined with fruitful grapevines, you saw Otwell Creek, and the arbor-way led you into a more enchanting garden than the one mentioned in "EZRA," where my fancy loves to wander, for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

It was some fifteen acres in extent. The encircling fences were so overgrown with honeysuckle, clematis and trailing roses as to look like a flowery hedge, with here and there lilacs and snowballs. The winding, wooing walks were hedged with box, and bowing trees were caressed by fruitful grapevines. It was a banqueting place for bees, and a paradise for birds,

*Robert Morris was the father of the revolutionary financier, and Henry Callister, a philanthropist who befriended the deported hapless Acadians, sent to Annapolis, Md., in 1775, and gave large sums from his own pocket to relieve their suffering, to the serious impairment of his moderate fortune.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

from little Jennie Wren to the proud mocking bird, and they filled acres of air with their melodious lays.

Ezra loved to assist old Kurchibell, the Scotch gardener, and one day he was heard to say, "Mr. Kurchibell ain' no gyardner less'n he kill dem plegon sassy catbirds and robins; dey jes spilin' all dem cherries. I'm gwine right straight an tell Ole Mars an Ole Miss!" Betimes Ezra would saunter with basket on each arm to the garden and gather the dew-kissed peaches, apricots, juicy melons and other fruits, and later cull the 100-leaf roses and assist the old gardener in distilling them. The rose cakes left were tucked away in the house linen, the fragrance of which in fancy I still inhale.

The apple trees flung down so many blossoms that they covered the ground. All are gone! so are the other fruit trees and fragrant vines.

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the North
Wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine
Own, O death!"

About the middle of the garden was a large bower, roughly made of cedar, but as strong as Jacob's ladder. Clematis, honeysuckle and beautiful trailing roses covered its sides and dome-shaped top so

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

thoroughly that only here and there little sunbeams could pierce and play among the intervowen vines and blossoms. In the center of the bower was a large table, from which fruit was eaten, cards played, tea made (echo), and love made! Almost within arm's reach of the arbor was a brimming spring, whose water was soft and pure as a dewdrop. The spring is there to-day, and, like the brook, flows on forever.

When the weather was dry Miss Henrietta dipped its pellucid water and sprinkled the thirsty arbor vines,

“But O! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

Around the spring grew *mint* in exuberance, that was as much cared for as the foxhounds. Mayhap in that arbor Tench Francis tinkled the sides of his glass in mixing *sugar* and *grass with spirits*, sipped and read letters from his gay and brilliant nephew, *Sir Phillip Francis, the supposed author of the letters of Junius, then one of England's Counsel for India; maybe told all about his duel with Warren Hastings, then Governor-General of India; for we know that his cousin, the beautiful Anne Francis, visited “Otwell” with her husband, James Tilghman, who met there his brother, Matthew, the great pa-

*Macaulay says, “Our own firm belief is that he was.”

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

triot, and his wife, who was charming Anne Lloyd. There, too, Tench Tilghman, aide-de-camp to Washington, and his wife, spent happy hours. Later his daughter married the host, and there in luxury and loving kindness lived

“OLE MARS an' OLE MISS.”

'Twas a very cold Sunday in December. The sun shone brightly, but the wind was on a frolic. High-crested, white-capped waves leaped upon and lashed the shore. Ole Miss, as usual, had service for the house servants in the brick kitchen. She said the Lord's prayer, read the 63d psalm, commented upon their deportment for the past week and then they were dismissed.

Pawson Demby was to preach in the new Zion church, and the servants were now on the lawn looking for the Plimhimmon, Bondfield and Job's Content boats. In those days visiting was done for the most part by water, the numerous creeks, coves and bays making distance so great by land. The servants used the eight-oared barges, boats of burden, with sails and generally two masts, called a pinnace; they carried to the large schooners wheat, corn and other cereals for the Baltimore market, and in return brought hogsheads of molasses, sugar, coffee, rice, boots and shoes for the servants.



TENCH TILGHMAN.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Presently Little Billy sang out, "Heah dey come!" and sure enough, rounding Wind Mill Point and turning into Otwell Creek, were three barges—tip-tap-toe—each pulled by eight lusty oars. The angry roar of the waves, the struggling boats, the landscape and the breaking billows made it a picturesque sight. Soon they were at the wharf. Most of them were house servants, and it would be for me a hopeless task to describe their raiment, the old-time courtesies, graceful bows and how-dys with which they greeted one another.

Those negroes were environed for generations with kindness, culture, refinement and Christian teaching, so that many of them had finished manners, knew perfectly

"How ter wait
On Marster's table an' han' de plate,
Pars de bottle when he dry
And brush away de blue-tail fly."

They were dependent, kind, obedient, full of music, contentment, and happiness. The venom of the politician and carpetbagger had not stung them.

Greetings over, they all strolled to the new brick church, distant about three-quarters of a mile. Like all the churches of that day, the pulpit was much nearer heaven than the pews, and above it hung a picture given them by Miss Henrietta. It had a bell, a

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

clock—described in Ho-Ho—and a fireplace large enough for half a dozen darkies to stand and warm themselves. When all were seated Uncle Stephen was asked to pray, and then Parson Phil Demby preached.

His text was “Fogitfulness.”



ANNE FRANCIS.

“FOGITFULNESS.”*

“Dat is de subjec’ ub my discose dis mawnin’, and I is preachen mo’ ’specially to de chillun in de meetin’ house. Uncle Reubin Viney an’ I was a huskin’ cawn lars’ week an’ he tol’ me boutin dis tex’, and arsked me to preach fum it; an’ you will find de ’zact words in de 7th chapta ub Acts, 8th vus: ‘Ab’ham fogot Isaac, Isaac fogot Jacob and Jacob fogot de twelve Petracks.’ Dem ole Petracks was a pow’ful fogitful race ub people! Now, ten ub dem Petracks, Simeon, Levi an’ Zebulon, dey wuz Miss Leah’s chillun (I fogit de names ub de res’ ub her chillun, but dey wuz all Jews). An’ Joseph an’ Benjamin, dey wuz Miss Rachel’s chillun, an’ de Bible say dey wuz saints. One ub ’em er his uncle, I fogit which, foun’ some mules in de wilderness ez he wuz watchin’ his father’s sheep, but he wuz so fogitful dat he didn’t gib de names ub de mules or how many dey wuz—some people say da wan’ no mules at all, dey wuz all Jackasses. Well, lemmy see—da wuz two mo’ ub Jacob’s sons (I dun

*To appreciate this sermon the 29th chapter of Genesis should be read if the reader is not familiar with the same.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

mention five), an' I fogit deah Ma's name, but deah names wuz Dan an' Naptha, or sompin' like dat (I lef' my specks hom'). I don' think dey wuz Jews, er Dukes like Esau's sons, an' I don' 'zactly no deah 'ligion, but I specks dem two wuz Babtis's. 'Pears to me I hearn Uncle Reubin say so! How-some-eber, all ub dem chillun ub Jacob's wuz born in Panorama [Padanaram] an' dey's all uh pow'ful fogitful race ub people.

"Brudderin, da is nothin' ez bad ez fogitfulness. Ef'n my memory wuz not good (kase I lef' my specks at hom') I could not gib you any ub dese beautiful names. Now, den, dese ten brudders wuz sent by deah Pa way down in Egyp' lan' futto buy cawn fum deah eleventh brudder. An' bless yo' soul, when dey got down da, dey didn't eben no deah brudder—but he no'd dem. Mebby de color ub his coat 'fused 'em. I tell you dem old Petracks is a pow'ful fogitful race ub people. So wuz deah Ma's an' Pa's. Laban, de Granpa ub de Petracks, and prob'ly de bigist farmer in dem days, wuz uh fogitful man. We is told dat Jacob (wonder why dey jes' call 'em Jacob, an' Noahy, an' Moses, an' Peter, an' Rasmus dey's mos' ub 'em kings an' dukes an' sich like. I mus' ask Uncle Reubin boutin dat. Well, Jacob merried Miss Rachel, so he did, but I specks Jacob got a little *het up* at de weddin'. An' Laban, he mus' hab had

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

some ros' apples wid apple-jack. Brudderin, apples is bin makin' trubble eber since Adam totch 'em—kase Laban he fogot which daughter Jacob wuz gwine ter marry. 'Pears like Jacob fogot, too, kase he didn't scover de mustak' till de nex' mawnin'. An' 'pears like Miss Leah an' Miss Rachel fogot. Now, wan' dey uh fogitful lot ub people? De nex' mawnin' arfter de weddin'—or as de Bible say, de feas'—when Jacob got up to milk de cows an' yoke de oxin, da was Miss Leah up, an' shakin' down de stove an' grindin' de coffee. An' Jacob say, 'Wha Rachel?' an' Miss Leah say, 'I dunno nuffin boutin Rachel.' Da wuz uh mustak' some wha, sho. So Jacob merried 'em bof to be sartin an' pleas' Laban. No wonder dat de Petracks wuz uh fogitful race wid four Ma's an' uh Pa all fogitful; an', mine you, Miss Rachel she wuz so fogitful seems to me her mine mus' hab been 'stressed, kase you recommember when her boys Jacob an' Esau went out an' kilt uh deer, she fogot which kilt it—leas'wise it 'pears so. Well, as fo' dat, I specks de fus' man, Adam, hissef was absen'-minded. He sut'ny lubbed fruit. We all knows dat. An' I specks he wuz hongry, an' mebby po' Adam when he clum up de apple tree in de dark tho't it wuz uh peach tree—kase when a man is hongry he ain' 'stressin' hissef boutin de fruit, so it's good. An' I specks he got 'fused 'bout de trees, kase dat gyarden

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

wuz full ub fruit trees, from apple trees clean down to cucumbers and watermillions.

“King Dabid come outin uh fogitful fam’ly. De Bible tell us dat in dem days Pharez fogot Hezron, an’ Hezron fogot Ram——”

Sister Becky (interrupting): “Pawson Demby, you mus’ mean Ham or Sham?”

“Chile, I kin read; I means Ram! Dat’s what I mean! Ram wuz uh white pusson; Ham wuz uh cullud pusson. Well, dey kep’ on fogittin’ till Jesse fogot Dabid. But blessid to say, de lars’ one wuz not uh fogitter; he recommembered mos’ too well—leas’wise fuh dese days. He had Uriahy kilt kase he wuz rite smart tuck on Uriahy’s wife. In dese days it’s mo’ dan de chuch ’low; how-some-eber, in dem days it didn’t stress uh pusson ef’n uh man’s wife fogot him, kase dey had so many dey wouldn’t miss ’em, ’cep’in five er six lef’ ’em. Now, chillun, boys wuz bad in dem days same as now. Po’ King Dabid’s son ’stressed him pow’ful, but he neber fogot him, an’ he mus’ uh favo’d he Pa and bin uh monstus fine-lookin’ chile, kase de Bible say—lemmy read it to you: ‘Ab-so-lum wuz prais’ fuh he beauty fum de sole ub he foot ebin to de crown ub he haid.’ An’ de king wuz gwine to meck a Babtis’ preacher outin him, but he fogot his po’ father an’ run uh way; and what wuz de consequasion ub dat boy’s badness?”

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Sistus an' chillun, it's wussa dan stealin' water-millions er chickens; it's mos' ez bad ez dancin' an' playin' de fiddle on de Sabbuth. Well, de Bible tell us dat Ab-so-lum* rid 'pon uh mule, an' de mule went under de thick bows ub uh jack oak, an' his haid kotch hold ub de oak (I mean de haid ub little Ab-so-lum) an' he wuz' tuck up 'tween de heaben an' de uth; an' de mule dat wuz under him went 'way, an' dat wuz de las' ub po' Ab-so-lum. Ez many hosses ez dat ventersum chil' mus' uh had, an' ez many ez his brudder Solomon had, it's quare to me why he rid uh ornry mule. Dey mus' uh bin uh breed ub mules an' jackasses dat's died out—kase mules an' jackasses wuz de favorite beases in dem days.

“De chillun ub Ephram fogot de works ub de Lawd, an' his wonders, arfter he had rain down manner 'pon 'em to eat. Uncle Reubin say de manner wuz mushrooms. De reason ub de flood, is kase de chillun ub man fogot deah benefits. Dey wan't satisfied wid creeks an' ribbers, but dey mus' provok' uh flood. Is dar any pusson in dis chuch dat would fogit Miles Ribber? De Petracks would. Dunno though! Kase I reckon da wan't no ribbers in dem days lubly as Miles Ribber. Kin I eber fogit her wha' I wuz born? How it charm an' conjur me when I goes fishin', oysterin' er crabbin' in de mawnin's, when de ribber is cam. Den de trees is 'flected in de watah an' de heb'nly

* II Samuel xviii, 9, 10.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

clouds meck rainbows in de watah. An' dat Miles Ribber is so clare when de trees is 'flected in de mawnin' befo' de sun-up, you kin see de jewdraps on de leabes. An' sometimes all day long when de breeze is sorf de sun plays on de ripples, an' when de sun git tired an' sink in de wes' de moon plays on de watah sorter ridin' de canterin' wabes. An' de hooppo-wills sing, an' de mockin' birds chant, an' de wabes chases de moonlight, an' de moonlight chases de wabes; an' de stars way down deep in de watah winks an' twink at yer, an' dey looks ez bright ez de eyes ub Phareoh's daughter an' almos' ez sorf' ez uh possum's. It's uh sin to play on de fiddle, flute an' fife, an' to dance, but, brudderin, it's 'spirin' an' heb'nly to see de moon dance on Miles Ribber, spreadin' hissef on de top ub de wabes, makin' dem de color ub silver, jes' like dear ole Missis hyah.

“Yes! Pawson Demby born close to Miles Ribber, an' he lubs de watah nex' to music. I'd lub to hab bin on de ark; dey tells me mos' everything wuz on it, so 'cose music wuz. An' I wouldn't be s'prised ef dat sweet little cullud boy, Ham, didn't play de banjo, an' Sham de bones, an' 'cose de udder brudder (I fogit his name) played! I reckon de hyarp. Kase hyarps wuz in de fashin in dem days. Dear little Dabid used to play de hyarp at night when he watched his Pa's flocks, to make hissef feel happy,

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

an' to skere de wolves an' bars 'way. An' he played fuh Saul er his daughter, I fogit which. Wonder how dey got deah hyarp an' banjo strings dem days. Well, I kin almos' see dat jus' man, de captin ub de boat, arfter all de beases bin fed an' bedded, set down in de stern ub de ship, take de rudder, lite his pipe, sigh fuh de watahs to cease an' long fuh his dove to come back. An' when de moon ris I specks Ham chune his banjo, Sham his bones, an' de udder brudder wid a quare name, twank de hyarp. An' den dey mus' hab played, 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' 'One Bright Ribber to Cross,' 'Swing Lo', Sweet Chariot,' 'Go Down Moses,' till de stars sunk in de skies, and de beases got relarmed.

"Brudderin, we ain't sung dat lars him fuh uh long time. Uncle Eph, you rase it an' we will sing some ub de vuses, so I kin res' mehsef uh little."

GO DOWN MOSES.

When Israel wuz in Egypt's lan':

Let meh people go,

Oppressed so hard dey could not stand,

Let meh people go.

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,

Tell ole Pharoh, Let meh people go.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

O, twuz uh dark an' dismal nite,
Let meh people go;
When Moses led de Israelites,
Let meh people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

O, cum 'long Moses, yo'll not git los',
Let meh people go;
Stritch out yo' rod an cum across,
Let meh people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

Yo'll not git los' in de wilderness,
Let meh people go;
Wid a lighted candle in yo' bres',
Let meh people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

'Twas jes 'boutin harvis' time,
Let meh people go;
When Joshua led his hos' divine,
Let meh people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

“Brudderin, da wuz one man dat wuz not fogitful, an' a man we all should intimate. I hab befo' briefly 'luded to him. I say briefly, kase a pawson mite talk boutin him fum de commencement to de closin' ub a big camp meetin' an' not git fur on de subjec'. He nebber fogot. T'ink ub de animals he had to recom-member, fum elephants clean down to coons an' 'pos-sums. Dey tells me he eben kep' de chickens fum



Miss Henrietta's gift, that hung above the pulpit.

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eatin' up de watermillion seeds. He wuz uh sailor, gyardner, farmer, blacksmith, carpenter—King Dabid wuz no wha when he wuz 'bout. His name wuz Noahy. Uncle Reubin say de elephants, whales and hippopotamusses wuz so big an' bad dat he chained dem outside de boat an' let 'em float to make room. An' de shirks an' crocodiles had et up all de dogs, sepin fo' coon dogs. So Noahy chained dem outside, too. 'Cose Noahy wuz uh gre't animal tamer, an' I kin ondastan' how he like so many animals, but I kyant ondastan' why he didn't pisen dem shirks. De Bible tells 'bout fishhooks, fishpools, fish spears an' fishermen, an' all 'bout Peter's gwine uh fishin', an' de five loaves an' two fishes (dey mus' uh bin whales, kase dey fed so many)—but it don't say nuffin boutin shirks. Howsome-eber, I specks when Peter's net broke da wuz uh shirk in it, kase when dey cum 'long da ain' no use you takin' up yo' net, kase it's clean gone. Uncle Reubin say ef'n it wan' fuh de pitch on de wood ub de ark dey would hab chawed uh hole thoo huh. Dey's kep' many a sister fum comin' in de Babtis' chuch, when dar's only salt watah to dip in, like it is down heah on de Easton Sho'."

Aunt Phillis Viney (interrupting): "Pawson Demby, ef'n dem sistus had salbation in deah hearts dey wouldn't keer fuh dem shirks any mo' dan little Moses keered fuh de Bull-rushes."

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Voices: "Dat's what I say, too!" "Yas, dat's it!" "You done sed it." "Dat's de law, Sistah Viney."

Tilly Mink: "I's got salbation mehsef."

"Uncle Eph, will you pleas' pars de barsket 'roun'? An' I hope dis congation will stop dis shirk 'citement an' not be fogitful boutin de collection. I exhort sistus an' all heah present to gib lib'ly, an' not be like dem fogitful ole Petracks.

"We will include by singin' de three fus' vusses ub him seventy-fo'."

Zion is de place fuh me,
Oh, I want to git da;
Zaccheus clum uh sycamo' tree,
Oh, I want to git da.

In de heb'nly hom' we'll all be free,
Oh, I want to git da;
De Angel Gabriel den we'll see,
Oh, I want to git da.

Mary an' Marfa's gone befo';
Oh, I want to git da;
Baptized an' shoutin' on de golden sho';
Oh, I want to git da.

Pawson Demby requested Uncle Stephen to "Please led us in prayer," whereupon Uncle Stephen prayed as follows:

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“Sistus, brers an’ little chillun, recommember! Dat’s de qualificashun, an’ don’ fogit it. Po’ Lot’s wife, she fogot, looked back, an wuz turnt inter uh pillow ub salt.

“Fogitfulness is wuss’n playin’ de fiddle, dancin’, an’ uh cuss’n one nerr. Hits almos’ ez bad ez fishin’ on de Sabbuth day. Y-a-s, Lawd, fogitfulness is bin uh ’stressin’ people ev’y sense Adam clum de apple tree an’ eat dem apples. Ab-so-lum fogot his Pa’s ’structions, er he wudn’ er rid un’er dat oak tree an’ let dat lim’ twiss his neck ef’n he hadn’ bin frolikin’, I specks, wid dat ornry King Fario. Y-a-s, Lawd, tech us ter recommember. De prodigal son fogot he Pa’s ways, an’ you know de consequation. ’Sted ub fogittin’, meck us ter recommember; y-a-s, Lawd, meck us ter recommember dat de debbil is uh rovin’ lion, seekin’ who he may eat up.* Don’ let us be like Jacob, de Petrack, who fogot hissef an’ tried ter rassel wid uh angel, an’ de fus’ fall he got his leg wuz flung outin jint.

“But da is one thing dat you kin fogit; hits dem shirks [sharks] in Miles Ribber. Some ub our sistus is got de shirk fright so bad dey is persidderin jinin’ de Presbyters. Sweet sistus, don’ yer do hit. Ev’y man’s mouf ain’ uh prayerbook, an’ uh case orntried is hyard ter justify. Persidder us, deah

*Genesis, Chapter 32, Ver. 24, 25.

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Lawd, burhol us, be wid us, cum down right now in de spirit ub de lam'; cum right th'oo de roof, Ole Mars will pay fuh de shingles. Dese moners is uh waitin' fuh you. Y-a-s, indeed, cum down dis minit an' *cur-tail* de work ub de debbil."

By this time old Harrison, Colonel Lloyd's faithful and credulous servant from "Wye," became so much excited that he jumped up and shouted, "Yas, Lawd, cum down an' *cut* he tail clean orf," whereupon Uncle Stephen arose, patting his hands, and singing:

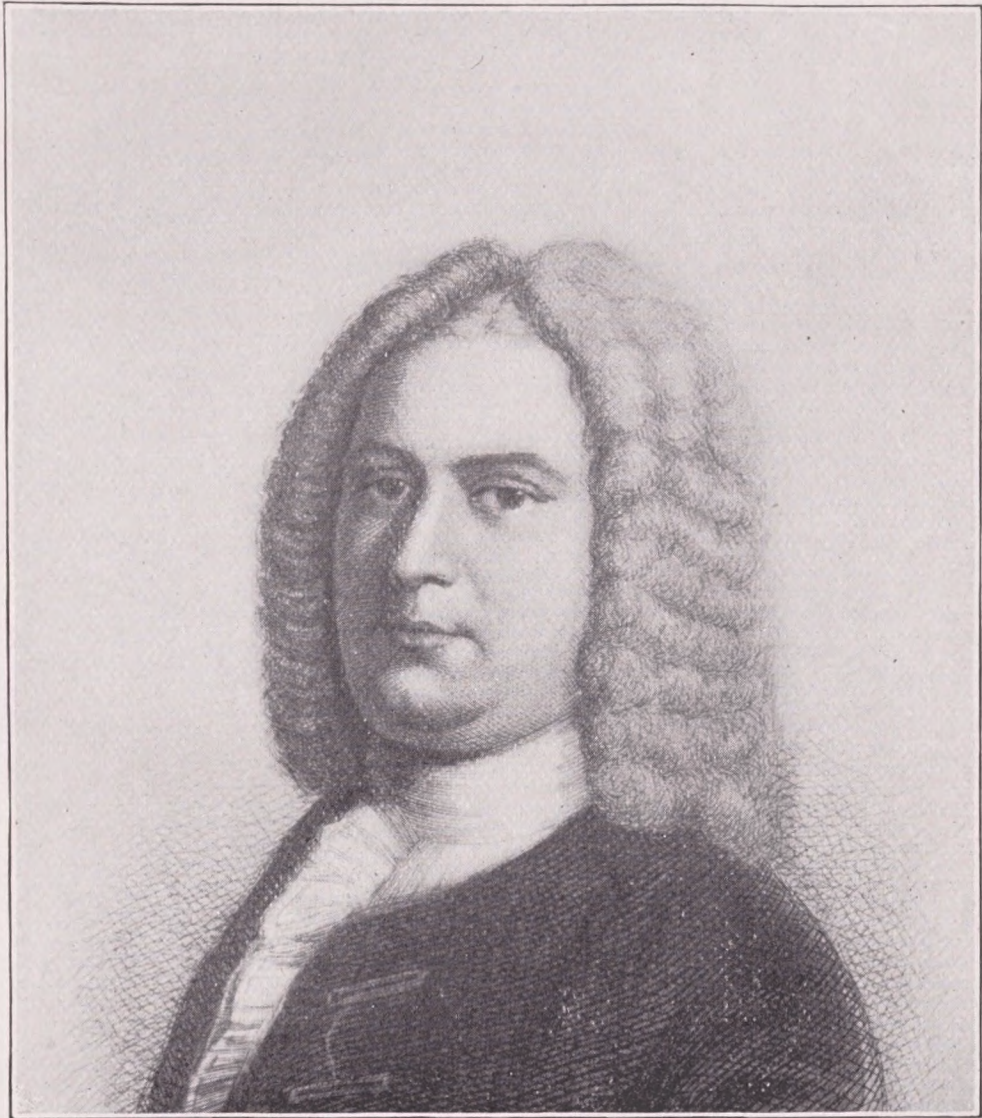
DIDN'T MY LORD DELIVER DANIEL.

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,
D'liver Daniel, d'liver Daniel,
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,
And why not a every man?

He deliver'd Daniel from the lion's den,
Jonah from the belly of the whale,
And the Hebrew children from the fiery furnace,
And why not every man?

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,
D'liver Daniel, d'liver Daniel,
Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel,
And why not a every man?

The wind blows East, and the wind blows West,
It blows like the judgment day,
And every poor soul that never did pray,
'Ll be glad to pray that day.



TENCH FRANCIS.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

The singing over, Parson Demby announced—
“Befo’ goin’ I wan’ ter say dat de deacons is so
’stressed ober ’mersion dey has ’cided ter hold uh
rebate in de Zion Chuch fo’ weeks fum nex’ Chus-
day, an’ de subjec’ chusin will be, ‘Ef’n uh man er
woman hab salbation in deah hyarts, will dey be feared
ter babtiz wha shirks is?’ Ef’n hits ’cided hits danger-
some, salbation er no salbation, I hope dis congation
will git somebody’s ice pon’, an’ ef’n dey kyant do no
better, somebody’s big hoss trough fuh de ’mersions.

“I ’pints rebaters fuh dem dat’s not feared—Frisby
Jemes, Heseekiah Sprouts, Damon Mink.

“Fuh dem dat’s feared, Uncle Reubin Viney, Juba
Viney, Scipio Jones, Horace Duley. I puts fo’ on
de side ub dem dat’s feared, kase it’s de weak side.

“Judges—Pawson Phil Demby, Deacon Rasmus
Jasper Jemes.”

DEBATE.

Ef'n uh man er woman hab salbation in deah hearts, will dey be feared ter babtiz wha' shirks [sharks] is?

“Aunt Tillie, is de 'bate commence?”

“No, indeed, honey, but you almos' late fuh de feas'—dar's resins, ammon's an' dates lef'.”

“Is dem dates? Bless Gord, I tho't dey wuz dried 'simmons; well, I'll teck some resins an' dates. How cum de 'bate not commence?”

“Why, Phillis, dey got word ter 'speck three loads ub people fum Kyarline County, an' two loads fum Queen Anne's an' Kent.”

“Now, hush!”

“Y-a-s dey did! So dey's waitin'; besides, dey ain' got all de books outin de kyart. Uncle Reubin Viney fotch uh wheelbarr load hissef, an' dey tell me Damon Mink is so 'thused fuh his side, dat fuh two weeks he has bin speakin' ter hissef. How cum you so late, Phillis? We had uh lot ub plum-puddin'.”

“Well, dat lars chile ub Miss Mary's is pow'ful hyard ter put ter sleep; when I commenc' ter nuss de

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chile I had jes' larnt dat new hym, "Git on board little chillun', an' I am sut'ny sorry Pawson Demby fotch dat hym ter de chuch, kase dat chile mecks me sing it ober an' ober, till I sho'ly 'spise de chune. Mon dat, de chile wuz bo'n on de fus' ub de moon; lars yeah wuz leap yeah, an' da wuz only three full moons, an' dat chile wuz bo'n on one ub dem moons. 'Cose Miss Mary kyant help dat. Dey tells me cats bo'n on de full ub de moon neber mecks mousers, an' chickens hatched on de full ub de moon is fussin' all de time and neber mecks good layers.

"I lef' home plenty time er nuff ter git ter de feas'. De moon wuz so bright I tuck de parf th'oo de peach archard, 'stead er gwine roun' by de road; you see, it cuts orf erbout uh harf mile. When I wuz 'bout harf way th'oo de archard I saw in de parf uh hooppo-will singin' fuh deah life, goin' jes' like uh pump handle; an' wussa yit, when I look good da wuz two ub 'em. Dey say it's bad luck fuh nine year ef'n you flush uh hooppo-will, so what mus' it be ef'n you flush two? I wudn' hab flushed dem two hooppo-wills fuh uh load ub watermillions—so I walked heah erlong de ribber sho'; den I wuz almos' skeer'd stiff, fuh I recommem-ber'd what I had fogot, an' dat wuz, dat lars' wintah Scipio Jones wuz mus'-rattin' an' uh Jack-uh-ma-lan-tern tuck an' led him in de watah clean up ter his neck, jes' erbout wha I wuz walkin', kep him in de

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ribber fuh two hours, uh laffin' at an' sassin' him."

Aunt Tillie: "Served him right, fuh dem days he wuz al'ays trav'lin' 'roun' wid uh juice-hyarp in his mouf."

"Aunt Tillie, dey tell me Mars George's Bob is broke his erligion an' tuck up his fiddle ergin. Howsome-eber, Mars Richard say de Bible tells all erbout trumpets, shams an' flutes, but you see dem trumpets wuz made ub ram's hohns; leas'wise de trumpets dat Gideon made de Pawsons play—so Uncle Reubin say, so ubcose, dey wan't bad like brass hohns; nobody kin meck me bleebe dat playin' on brass hohns wid keys an' locks is right. I think Pawson Demby orter keep ev'y one outin de chuch dat plays de fiddle er hohns. John Poney's son, Jim, is goin' erstray; I hearn him walkin' 'long de road lars nite sorter twan-kin er tryin' ter twank uh cow's hohn an' singin' loud ernuf futto almos' bus' hissef—

I ain' no tukkey buzzard
I ain' no saint,
I ain' no tukkey buzzard,
So glad I ain't.

"Now, wan't dat scanlus? It's jes' ez bad ez fishin' on Sunday. Dat's what gib Jim Brooks de brake-bone fever, fishin' on Sunday; but de doctor tole Kyarline, his wife, not ter be relarmed, but reposed; dat de *boneset* tea he wuz ergibbin' him would kow de wus

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kine ub brake-bone fever. Doctor Dawson is sut'ny uh pow'ful doctor. Fuh instinct, meh arms wuz all broke out. He say dey wuz too clean fum habin' dem in soapsuds too much, so he tole me ter grease meh arms wid goose grease befo' I commenc' ter wash. Well, it made de skinsorf, kep' de water outin de poors, an' it sholy cured meh arms. Aunt Betsy wuz 'tirely mustakin; she say dat when I got het up washin' da wuz uh checkeration ub pusspuration, an' dat made it.

"I heah de bell ringin', Aunt Tillie, so let's go in, fuh dat mus' mean de speechifyin' gwine futto commence."

Just as they entered Pawson Phil Demby said: "Sistus an' brudders, de fus' ter pester dis subjec' will be Brer Frisby Jemes; den Brer Rasmus Jemes, den Brer Hesakiah Sprouts, an' de gre't speller an' reader, Uncle Reubin Viney. Da ain' no use ub interjuicin' 'em, kase almos' ev'ybody heah has kep' company wid 'em."

Frisby Jemes: "I wuz 'pinted on dis side, an' de mo' I think erbout it de mo' I think hits de rong side; de fac' is, meh mind is pow'ful 'stressed. You see, I bin rasslin' wid bof sides ub de 'bate, an' de consequence is, I is bin dreamin' 'bout ole shirks an' young shirks fuh two weeks, till I kyant res'; an' I kyant see why dey tuck such uh fishy subjec' ter 'bate erbout. Reposin' on erligion, I shall res' meh remarks on de salba-

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tion part ub dis 'bate, an' I wan' ter say rite heah dat salbation an' de funnel-shape pen is all dat will preserb you fum dem shirks. We *mus'* hab de pen, fuh ef'n da is anyone heah ornsartin erbout deah faith, an' nach'ly timid like many ub de sistus (*ub cose we men ain' feard*), dat pen mus' be built an' de rails kivvered wid tar, ter keep dem shirks fum chawin' de rails. Now, we kin make uh funnel-shaped pen, an' hab de mouf ub de funnel jes' big ernuf fuh one at uh time ter go in; de shirks, ub cose, kyant git in."

Wilson Small (interrupting): "Why kyant dey git in? Kyant dey jump same ez you? Dey kin chaw up de pen. Dey is monstus sens'ble, an' ef'n dey raal hongry dey would jump in, tell dey fill dat pen an' hab all ub dem moners in uh cluster."

Damon Mink: "You kyant qualify what you say, an' fum yo' talk, uh pusson mite s'pose de shirks know'd deah A. B. C.'s. Mon dat, you ain' in dis 'bate! Wha you cum fum, anyhow?"

"Fum Queen Anne's County; I'm uh free pusson."

Damon: "Well, we don' 'low no free niggahs ter 'bate heah!"

"Suppose meh sistah 'longs ter Mars John Tilghman? What den?"

"Set down; we ain' talkin' 'bout yo' sistah, an' dis subjec'is'stressin' ernuf 'doutin you breakin' de hyarts ub dese po' sistus talkin' erbout *jumpin'* shirks!"

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Hesakiah Sprouts: "Fris, you ain' got salbation nuff in yo' heart, dat's what's de matter wid you! Ef'n you had uh bin wha Jona wuz, in de whale's belly fuh three days, you'd uh had spavins an' cramps, kase you wudn' had any faith an' condidence in de whale, but Jona did."

Frisby Jemes: "Hessa, ef'n you had bin ris' by de qual'ty you wudn' say belly in de presence ub dese sistus; hits bad nuff in de presence ub shirks. Den ergin, da ain' no whales in dis 'bate."

Hessa: "Why, you don' no nuffin erbout de Bible, Fris! Talkin' 'bout qual'ty; I reckon de prodigal son 'longed ter de qual'ty, didn't he? His father had plenty ub serbants, fuh de Bible say: 'An' when he cum ter hissef he said, "How many hired serbants ub meh father's hab bread ter spare an' I perish wid honger?"' An' now, lis'n to dis: 'An' he fain wud hab filled his *belly* wid de husks dat de swine did eat.' Now, ef'n Jona, de prodigal son, St. Matthew, King Solomon, Jerry Myah, Genesis, an' lars, but not leas', John de Babtis, who all hab spoke on dis subjec', didn' cum fum de qual'ty, wha' did de qual'ty cum fum? I will preserb de res' ub meh remarks fuh de 'clusion."

Aunt Kyarline (in a whisper): "Hes, don' you mine Fris; his haid bin turnt since he bin drivin' de coach fuh Ole Miss."

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Uncle Reubin Viney was Sir Oracle among the negroes. He was very pious and austere, looked like an old portrait, could read a little, and spent his Sundays in reading and memorizing verses from the Bible. If he talked to you five minutes he would quote something from the Bible. When he got up all ears were listening, and all mouths were open. He said:

“Sistus, brudders an’ chillun, I is bin readin’ an’ studdyin’ fuh three weeks on dis ’bate, an’ Becky say she is tired ub dippin’ candles fuh me ter read by. De young oxen I is brakin’ is de wus’ I eber han’led; so worryin’ wid dem in de day time an’ rasslin’ wid dis ’bate at night, mecks me truly glad dat de time is come ter arbiter. I shall try an’ confine mehsef ter one word—watah. You will see de application pres’ny. Sister Sue, meck dat boy teck his musrat gum of’n de pew; you kin set yo’ musrat gum in de mash ez much ez you want, but not on dese pews, kase dey’re sanctified.

“We read in de fus’ book ub Gensis, ‘dat a ribber went out ub Edum ter watah de gyarden,’ an’ in Sams, ‘He maketh me ter lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside de still watahs.’ De *still* watah wuz de drink ub Mars Adum an’ Miss Eve in deah Edum home. Da wan’ no snakes, shirks, frogs, whales, er crockdiles in dat watah, fuh de Biblepressify hit wuz *still* watah. An’ mon dat, it mussa bin

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fresh, kase dey drunk it, an' it mussa bin jes' ez clare ez uh jewdrap, fuh I heah uh gre't Meffodis' preacher say: 'It 'flected back de lubliness ub Miss Eve when she dress hersef.'

Aunt Tillie: "Uncle Reubin, Miss Eve didn' hab no clos' ter dress wid!"

Uncle Reubin: "Well, I didn' say what sort she put on; mout erbin crows-foot, spechly ef'n de fros' had kilt de fig leaves, er it mout erbin Firginny Creeper, er she mout uh rap hersef in clusters ub grapevines; we all no dar wan' no fashion in *dem days*.

"De Bible say: 'Ez in water de face anserreth ter face, so de hart ub man ter man;' so de water wuz Miss Eve's lookin' glass, dat's what it mean; an' all dat watah wuz fresh; de consequence wuz, da wuz no shirks in it."

Jim Brooks, from Queen Anne's County: "I rid 20 miles ter heah dis 'bate, an' I wan' ter no what watah got ter do wid it. Ev'body seems ter hab fogot de shirks."

Uncle Reubin: "I has jes' 'cited uh vus fum Sams, an' I will 'cite an nerr fum Proberbs: 'Tho' thou shouldst bray uh fool in uh mortar 'mong wheat wid uh pessal, yet will not his foolishness depart fum him.' Why, Brer Brooks, ef'n it hadn' bin fuh watah de twelve Petracks mout neber bin bo'n. De narration say dat Mars Jacob met Miss Rachael at de

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well, an' ef'n de well had uh bin dry he mout neber hab met de mudder ub de Petracks.

“Now, what wud dat gyarden bin 'dout plenty watah? Dey wud uh lef' it, an' got an nerr gyarden; fuh not only Mars Adum an' Miss Eve baved in dat Paradise watah, but de seeds an' de vegetables sipped it, de flowers when deah faces got dusty, washed in it, de cups ub de blossoms hilt it, I specks, till de watah tu'n inter perfume, an' I kin almos' see de jewdraps hangin' on ev'y leaf, mo' lubly dan uh oyster pearl. It makes Uncle Reubin glad when he looks at watah, fuh it tu'ns our mills, gibs us cawn bred, brings de big schooners wid our boots, shoes, clothes an' mullasses, an' when de tide comes in, 'specially at sundown, when de birds is goin' ter deah nesses, an' de busy bees is wanderin' home, da is nuffin I lubs mo' ter look at, it's so quiet an' repose. No place kin be lonely ef'n watah is da; but it's uh sad thing, too, fuh what is mo' 'stressin' dan eyes full ub tears. But mos' ub all, young people ub dis chuch don' fogit dat watah wash yo' sins uh way, an' meck you ez white ez de lam'. But I am condident da is only one kind fit fuh 'mer-sion, an' dat's fresh watah.”

Sister Sue: “Dat's it; now yo'r climin' dem golden stairs, Brer Viney!”

Sally Mink: “Blessid be his brow, he's fairly chantin' de songs ub de Sams.”

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Mrs. Rodgers' Ned: "I is convicted, Brer Viney, an' I plays de fiddle no mo'!"

Uncle Reubin: "Now, you begin ter see de application. Jordan, wha' John de Babtis, wuz 'mersed, is fresh watah. Not far fum Jordan is de dead sea, which has mo' salt dan Miles Ribber, kase it will float uh man same ez uh egg; but de 'Postles tuck de fresh watah, kase I hab no doubt skirks wuz bad in dem days, an' prob'ly wusser, 'speci'lly in de dead sea. Jes' think ub our dear sistus, trem'lin', soaked wid faith an' salbation, speckin' ev'y minit ter hab deah legs bit orf! Da ain' uh sistuh in dis chuch dat ain' had chills dis spring. De cold watah got nuffin ter do wid it; it's shirk fright; dat's what's de matter wid 'em. But blessin's cum in disguise, an' Providence mus' hab brought dis 'bate, fuh it sot me ter read-in', thinkin' an' prayin', an' I am confluent we will all hab ter be baptize a-fresh; den da will be mo' moners, mo' shoutin', an' bless Gord, no shirk fright. I shall hab mo' ter say ef'n de application ain' well onda-stood."

Hesakiah Sprouts (in a whisper): "Pawson Demby, uh young man jes' cum in wants ter speak ter you. He is bashful; bin peepin' an' lis'nin' at de do'. Mebby Uncle Reubin's speechifyin' hab made salbation in his heart."

"Jes' so! Young man, who you 'long ter? Mars

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John Skinner? Well, wispuh what's in yo' heart; don' be feared, kase salbation's free!"

"Pawson Demby, yo' dogs is treed uh coon 'cross Peach Blossom Creek. Meh boat is on dis side."

Pawson Demby: "Belubbed sistus, as Brer Viney's gre't an' pow'ful speech has fuh *ever* 'cided dis question fuh fresh watah, it is move, secon', an' carried, dat dis meetin' 'jurn."

ROMP'S MUSTAKE.

Lars Sunday night me* an' Fred went ter de swamp
An' it wan' many minits fo' we heahd ole Romp
Talkin' ter hissef, an' tree'in' up'n uh pine
Dat wuz all obergrow'd wid uh big grapevine.

Speak ter him Romp! Mus' be uh 'possum, Fred,
De way dat dog is cacklin' an' losin' ub he hed.
An' feedin' on dese fros-bit grapes an' fat
Ef he won' meck yo' lip go flip-flop, teck dis hat.

Well, it won' be long fo' de breck ub day;
An' de possum, showly, he kyant git 'stray,
So den I'll clime dat little black-gum tree;
Dat pine's too full ub grapevines futto see.

De day broke clare, an' up'n de tree I clum,
An' in dem grapevines, twixt de pine an' gum,
A ressin ub his'self, yaller, slick an' fat,
Da lay uh gre't big ornry Thormas cat!

I tuck uh match an' lit de varmint's tail,
An' when he jump po' Romp an' Fred dey wail;
Dat yaller Thormas cat, on fire, ub cose,
Dey tuck to be uh red-hot, flamin' ghose!

Romp ain' no use fuh night dog any mo',
An' neber ter de swamp he wants ter go;
An' when he comes uh cross uh wile grapevine
He al'ays gits relarmed an' 'gins ter growl an' whine.

* Scipio Jones.

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Ef Romp had bin ub houn' blood, stid ub cur,
He'd know'd de difference in de scent ub fur.
So arfter dis I wants uh thorrybred;
When dey speaks up'n uh tree you ain' misled.

But if I steals de finis' thorrybred
Da ain' no use ub praisin' him ter Fred—
He's jined de chuch. Dat yaller Thormas cat
He tho't uh ghose is all de cause ub dat.

I 'gin ter think mehsef dat cat uh witch,
Fuh in de swamp ef it is dark ez pitch,
An he cum out! de branch it looks so bright
De brabest niggah's obercome wid fright.

I 'spises cats, an' fuh dem hab no use,
But it's mos' time I'd ended wid uh buse,
Fuh when I think erboutin' "Roms mustake"
Dis haid ub mine cummences soon ter ache.

LITTLE BILLY'S PUMPKIN.

Hayland Meadow was some ten miles in length, and on the upper half, used for growing timothy and for grazing, here and there stood aristocratic-looking trees—poplar, black-walnut, majestic oaks, imposing and graceful elms. The lower half was thickly wooded with smaller trees of many varieties, among which flourished the persimmon. Nature had with generous hands festooned many of the trees with wild grapevines, and when these were in bloom and twilight dews fell upon their blossoms, they filled that meadow with a delicious fragrance, sweet enough for Eden; every dewdrop in the dell seemed perfumed.

Through this vale, over mossy stones and snowy pebbles, chattered and meandered a crystal creek which joined other streams and emptied at Hayland marsh into Miles River.

The woodcock nested there, and in warm June days dozed under the shade of the fine old trees; and there the oriole sang a lullaby to her hanging cradle that rocked in the wind.

The tranquillity of the place was never disturbed save by the canticles of song birds and the almost

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nightly baying of some coon dog, for until of late the darkies never thought of going anywhere else to put up coons or 'possums than "Haylan'" Branch, as they called it

Little Billy was not pious, and, if he knew his prayers, never said them. He doted on all sorts of sports, and, though a poor shot, entered all the turkey-shooting contests Thanksgiving Day. He chewed the best tobacco, danced with the dancers, played the banjo and jewsharp, always had a jug of molasses, a pair of gum boots, fiddle-strings and fiddle—all purchased with his coon, 'possum and muskrat money.

Scipio Jones' experience had pretty well frightened off Miles River Neck hunters (see "Romp's Mustake"), but of late darkies from Queen Anne's and Caroline Counties had been hunting Hayland Branch, and Billy became jealous, wanting to be the only hunter, and sought to get his Mars Pinckney, who owned the meadow, to help him; and his success was more than he anticipated.

"Romp's Mustake" had been talked about until the story had so grown that most of the darkies thought the cat a ghost, and among the converts was Scip' Jones. The matter was discussed at bush meetings, corn-huskings and cake-walks; so after the christening of Mollie Jones' son (Scipio Jonas Jones) at Zion Church, John Poney, Uncle Stephen Demby and



MARS PINCKNEY WHEN A BOY.

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Scip' Jones were appointed to investigate Hayland Branch.

Billy was at the christening, of course, and wanted the ghost story to flourish, as it kept Talbot coon hunters from the branch. So he told his Mars Pinckney that "niggahs cum fum Kyarline an' Queen Anne's County ter hunt dat mash an' branch, an' 'skusin' de Talbot hunters, he wouldn' be s'prised ef dey som' time, when dey hongry, teck de oysters fum de cove;" (Billy did)—"an', young Marster, won' you qualify me ter say dat de branch hanted pow'ful?"

His Mars' Pinckney said with sternness: "Billy, that is not the truth! I want, however, to keep rogues and intruders out, and I will make and give you something that will scare every nigger out of my meadow from this day forward forevermore."

So his Mars Pinckney, full of youth and deviltry, took a big pumpkin, cut a hole through the top and bottom, and through the latter pushed a tallow candle with a big wick. He cut eyeholes and a mouth, and, at Billy's suggestion, tacked on a medium-sized cucumber for a nose, and on the sides or cheeks of the pumpkin, put sheepskin for whiskers, as Billy said, "ter meck hit look sassy;" and then a grapevine was trimmed up and tied through the top, and Billy was instructed what to do.

Parson Phil Demby was to baptize some sisters

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the next day—Sunday—and Billy thought that a good time to consummate his plans.

It was very cold. The boys were skating, and the sisters were dipped where the farmers had been cutting ice the day before. When Tilly Mink was shoved under she had one of her pockets full of apples. The water shocked her so, she immediately commenced to throw her arms around, pawed the bottom, pawed Parson Demby overturned an' thoroughly drenched him (it was an honest dip) and pawed and tore the pocketful of apples; and when Little Billy saw the apples come popping up, bobbing like net-corks, and the Parson's haste to get on dry land, he called out:

“Jes' gib huh 'nubba dip, Pawson Demby; huh sins is cummin' up fum huh in clustahs!”

The negroes on the shore thought salvation at last had struck Billy, and, the immersion over, they crowded about him.

Billy in a moment embraced his opportunity, and after a few remarks about the cold, wanted to know where he could buy another coon dog; expatiated upon the coon and 'possum tracks he had recently seen in Hayland meadows, and further said, apparently unconcerned:

“I kyant ondastan why dey don' hunt dat branch mo'. Ef'n I had uh nubba dog (Jasper is foot-sore, an'



Jes' gib huh an-nubba dip, Pawson Demby, huh sins is cummin'
up fum huh in clusters!

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I gwine ter git one), I'd pestah dat lubly branch when ebnin' cum, an' ornless hit snow er rain, I'd hunt ev'y parf in it."

Then and there the witch committee arranged for a hunt the next night. They asked Billy to go, but "he wuz gwine ter Kyarline County futto buy uh dog."

The moon was new and went down about 11 o'clock, and Billy calculated they would be along about that hour. So, holding the grapevine in his hand, he climbed a *witch*-elm tree, threw the vine over its slippery limb, rested his pumpkin-face on the ground, and whilst he was "meddowtatin'" he heard the voice of Scipio say to his thoroughbred hound:

"Put 'im up, Noahy!" and later, "I like de stile an' rovin' ub dat dog, don' you, Uncle Stephen?"

Uncle Stephen said, "Monstus fine! Carry hissef jes' like uh houn' I hunted over lars' wintah in Kyarline County dat wuz stole fum de man dat los' him; an' I heah him say he hope dat dog tree nuffin fuh de pusson dat stole him 'ceppin' ghos'es, witches an' sperrits, an' ef'n he ebba ketch him, dis uth wud trimble when he twiss he neck."

Scip's eyes began to feel too big—his roguery rebuked him; Noahy was the stolen dog. But his conscience was momentarily relieved by Noahy's giving tongue, and was tickled and delighted when Uncle Stephen said:

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“Dat’s uh coon, an’ dat’s uh qualified coon dog; uh sweetah tongue I ain’ heahd sence Mars’ Nickey’s Jerry-Myah died, name arfter a profit; an’ he wuz a profit, too.”

By this time they were all in a brisk trot, Uncle Stephen grumbling about the pace and declaring he could not keep up.

The witch committee were about one hundred and fifty yards from Billy, and when he saw the dog some thirty yards off, and hunting towards him, he quickly lit the tallow candle and slowly pulled the pumpkin face a few feet from the ground. Noahy saw it in a moment, retreated and yelped like a wild dog. All was consternation, and all hearts went pitapat. Presently Uncle Stephen, who had the most courage, said:

“ ’Pears ter me dat dog cum ’long wid som’ varment he ain’ ’quainted wid. I had a composition yistiddy week wid uh coon hunter I’s knowed fuh uh long time, an’ he say dogs dat ain’ ris on de watah al’ays gits skeered de fus’ time dey see pompusses an’ shirks playin’ on de ribber sho’.”

Scipio caressed the dog with trembling hands, and said:

“I don’ ondastan’ de ’spression ub dis dog. Otters is ornpropper varments ter projic’ wid; maybe he s’prised a sleepin’ otter, an’ de otter smack him, an’

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den babtiz him in de creek tell he mos' drown. Dey will do it! 'Specially on de new moon."

John Poney said: "De dog mus' uh scent dat witch Scipio bu'n de tail ub, sted killin'. Hit wuz ornrichious not ter kill dat witch, an' de fus' ting we know, de witch will hab young uns, an' den dis branch will hab ter be gib up, kase uh branch full ub scan'lous witches is wuss'n uh woods full ub sperrits."

Scipio Jones (affrighted): "Don' talk dat way, Brer Poney."

By this time Billy had slowly pulled his pumpkin face some twenty feet from the ground, and as the *witch-elm* bow was gently moved by the breeze, it gave the pumpkin face such a weird look that even Billy got *lonesome*. Uncle Stephen, less timid and more observant, though behind, was the first to see the pumpkin face. With a gasp, and dropping quickly on his knees, he wailed:

"Ef'n you is a ghos', Mars' Ghos', I 'spec you is uh ghos', an' ef'n you is uh witch, my Mistis Witch, I 'spec you is uh witch! I nebber sed nuffin ergin ghos'es an' witches in meh life, an' I's 70 year ole—an' nebber see an' bleebe in witches an' ghos'es; but I bleebe now, 'fo' de Lawd, I do! an' now I ondastan' why dis branch so full ub *witch-elm* an' *witch-hazel* trees."

Just then Billy gave his grapevine a gentle pull,

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bobbed the pumpkin, and Uncle Stephen, more frightened than ever, exclaimed in great humility:

“O Lawd, 'fen' Stephen, an' let he salbation resis' dat witch, an' de witch resis' he salbation, an' keep de witch fum leadin' po' Stephen ter”——

“Is you got de kramps, Uncle Stephen?” half frantically exclaimed Scip'. Uncle Stephen pointed his trembling hands at the witch-elm tree, and Scipio and John saw the pumpkin face.

A few minutes thereafter Uncle Stephen was trotting homeward alone—tired, dejected and scared almost out of his senses, and every now and then ejaculating, as he stumbled and trotted along:

“Dat orn'ry niggah, Scipio Jones, done breck up coon huntin' in dis branch!”

Scipio and John ran until they came to a haystack some two miles away, in which they made a hole and hid themselves until daylight, when Scipio took Noahy back to his owner.

On Sunday next Parson Demby gave notice “Dat Scipio Jones had got salbation in he hyart, an' wud be babtiz' Sunday cummin'.”

There was a great difference of opinion among the committee as to the appearance of the witch, and this was their testimony:

Scip' thought “Hit wuz erboutin ez big ez uh cow, an' had hohns ez long ez uh fencerail.”

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John Poney thought "Hit wuz 'boutin de size ub uh shock ub wheat, wid eyes 'bout de size ub buckets, an' uh mouf 'bout ez big ez uh shirk's."

Uncle Stephensaid he "Wuz sho' de face wuz 'boutin ez big ez uh barrel, an' melted lead run fum he nose, an' pusspuration ub fire drapped fum all ober he face, an' ebbry time de win' blow his eyes wink an' his mouf larf."

A few days after the ghost investigation Little Billy went over to the quarters of Uncle Stephen to hear the news, and found the old man putting his little grandchild to sleep and singing:

Sooky licked de ladle,
An' de baby rocked de cradle.
Rock——

Billy interrupted him, saying: "Howdy, Uncle Stephen?"

The old man was glad to see him, nervous and startled, too, for he had not gotten over his witch fright.

"Po'ly, Billy, ve'y po'ly; pow'ful mis'ry in meh back an' legs."

Billy said, in an innocent sort of way: "I jes' bought fum Kent County de fines' kin' ub coon dog—cross 'tween uh houn' an' rat-tan-terrier—an' I drap in ter'arsk ef'n you won' teck uh hunt wid me

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in Haylan' Branch to-night. Tell me hit's full ub coons, an' uh hunt mout do yo' back good."

Uncle Stephen gave Billy a solemn, stern look and said: "I wan' nuffin ter do wid coons, 'possums er 'coon dogs. Scip' Jones an' John Poney dey bof exerted me. I's los' meh tase fuh night hun'in'; an' when you heah de 'po't ub de witch committee, you will sell yo' dog, kase when dat 'po't gits knowed, da won' be no use fuh coon dogs, leas'wise 'roun' heah. I had uh talk wid Caesar Butler yistiddy, an' he say: 'He sho' dat Haylan' Branch witch tuck an' stole he 'possum fum de ashes lars' fall, an' bin stealin' he oystus all wintah.' Now de wexin' quession is, What we gwine ter do? Hit wud not s'prise me ef'n I move fum de county."

"Uncle Stephen, what wuz de 'port ub de witch committee?"

"Well, dey met lars' night over Bennett Tumlinson's wheelwright shop. Pawson Demby wuz chusen ter teck de cheah. Den we hed uh long composition an' hit wuz 'cided dat ghos'es may lib in cows' hohns, but witches don'—leas'wise de breed dat's in Haylan' Branch. We also 'cide dat ef'n all de cowhohns in Miles Ribber Neck wuz made inter one hohn, hit wud be too small fuh de witch ub Haylan' Branch ter 'pose in. Hit wuz also 'cluded dat de sperrit in Haylan' Branch wuz uh witch, kase hit hab whiskuhs, an'

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ghos'es don' hab whiskuhs. Pawson Demby say he sho' hit's de same breed ub witches dat's spok' ub in Samuel de Fus', and dat we mus' stop coon hun'in', hintimate Saul, an' all go ter witch hun'in' an' witch killin'. Dat de Bible 'splicitly spressify in de book ub Ex-odus: 'Thou shal' not suffah uh witch ter lib.' Pawson Demby mus' be mustakin'. Hit kyant be de same breed ub witches Saul kilt, an' ef'n dey is, dey's grown monstus since dem days; an' I bleebe 'sted ub de brudders ub Zion Chuch 'stroyin' de witches, de witches will 'stroy de brudders. Talk 'bout babtizin' in de presence ub shirks! I'd rudder sleep wid shirks dan see dat witch ergin. Hits de lars' time I's gwine on any committee! Mo'n dat, I's made up meh min' ter jine uh chuch dat don' 'low coon huntin', an dat chuch is de Presbyters."

After the war Billy, old and dispirited, drifted to a small town in Maryland. His independence, quaint humor (narrations and mirations) soon attached the townspeople to him, who kept him in tobacco, clothed and made him comfortable. Billy never tired of expatiating upon his old home, haunts, ole Miss and ole Mars. It was his nature to exaggerate, and he told about the fo'-in-hands he drove (he never drove) until it got to be a joke; and they would tease him and say they had heard he only drove mules and steers, which

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made him furious, and he would brandish his cane at his accusers.

When Mr. Cleveland was first elected President Billy was very much disturbed. He thought all the negroes would be sold into slavery, and his loquaciousness and solicitude suggested the following joke, which was played upon him to the amusement of the township:

At several places in the town, to which Billy's attention was called, printed notices were tacked up that on a certain day all negroes in Maryland would be sold to the highest bidder. When Billy saw it, he swore lustily, and on the day of sale he was made to stand on a goodsbox, and cried to the highest bidder. It was a very funny sight. Billy said: "Ef'n ole Mars, er Miss Henrietta wuz erlive dey'd kill ebery lars' one ub you."

The spectators walked around him, looked in his mouth feigning to tell his age, and praised his noble appearance. Billy looked scornfully at the laboring people, some of whom had been instructed to bid on him, and graciously at the gentry present. A pretended buyer asked if he belonged to the church.

Billy said: "I don' 'long ter no chuch, an' I ain' gwine ter jine, an' gib up meh fiddle an' banjo."

Just then some one looked him over and said: "Splendid, honest face! I will give \$5,000 for him."

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Billy said, with great pomposity: "I al'ays knewed uh quality niggah, an' I's glad ter be uh slabe, ef'n uh gemman buy me. I tole de niggahs ef'n dey wote de Dimcrat ticket dey'd all be sol' ergin, but dey sech ornry fools."

Finally a man said \$5,000 was nothing for him; he would give \$10,000. Whereupon a carpenter nailing shingles on a roof within earshot of the sale, knowing Billy's weakness for talking about his ole master's horses, and thinking to draw him out and please him, asked: "Can Billy drive a carriage?" Whereupon Billy broke up the sale by saying: "What in de h—l you wan' ter know fuh? You nebba own uh kerridge."

SERMON.*

Befo' preachin' I gib notice dat Miss Henrietta gwine ter gib uh cake-walk Chris'mus night ter all de serbents 'ceppin' Scipio Jones. Dar will also be uh feas' in de brick kitchen arfter de walk. De 'freshments will be uh cake ub figs, two clustahs ub resins, harf bushel ubkisses, pancakes, an' uh keg ub molasses. Some sistuh at de rebate ax Aunt Phillis how she cook pancakes. She 'ques' me ter say: "Three eggs bet up light, wid uh pint ub milk an' uh pint ub flower, den add uh tablespoonful ub butter an' lard, den cook, *de mo' carelesser de better.*

All de chillun dat got bladders hog killin' time an' kep' 'em, kin bus' 'em Chris'mus night arfter de cake-walk.

* Dr. John P. Durbin, one of the most eloquent of American orators, was able to speak to a child with such beauty of expression and propriety of enunciation that a company of educated ladies and gentlemen were entranced. Conversation was suspended and regret felt when the doctor turned from the delighted child to the rest of the company. In an earlier period, when enfeebled voice compelled him to suspend public efforts, he had gone from cabin to cabin among the negroes on the plantations of Kentucky, conversing with them on religion, and claimed that by this process he acquired his marvelously simple style.

Extemporaneous Oratory, Buckley, p. 94.

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Mollie Jones will also hab her two chillun chrissin. She qualify me futto say de names chusin will be Scipio Jonas Jones an' Nimrod.

De c'lection lars' Sunday wuz 83 cents. Aunt Phillis wuz sick wid de rumatiz an' wan' heah. She 'ques' me ter gib notice when she cum she will gib uh levy—dat will make 95½ cents.

De deacons has 'cided ter buy wid it, de new strain ub watermillion seeds, call de Annarandal Sweets.

Dey will 'be put in little packs, an' straws will be drawed fuh de packs.

Da will be uh fes-ti-val in de meetin' house nex' monf. De money made will be tuck ter buy uh kyarpet to go 'roun' de pulpit. Some ub de brudders fum Kyarline has promis' twelve gourds, uh new kine wid curled handles, one bushel ub sweet potatar slips, eight 'possums, an' fo' new mus'rat gums.

I am charm ter say de deacons has secur'd fum Mr. Plummer fuh 25 cents uh monf de priblig ub bab-tizin' in de Wye Mills dam, 'ceppin in de winter, *jes' befo' dey cut ice.*

You will find meh tex' in de 63 Sam, 6 Vus, writ by King Dabid when he wuz in de wilderness ub Juda an' hidin' hissef in de mountain ub Zip.

“When I recommember de 'pon meh bed, an' med-dowtate on de in de night watches.”

Sistus, brudders an' little chillun, we might fill dis

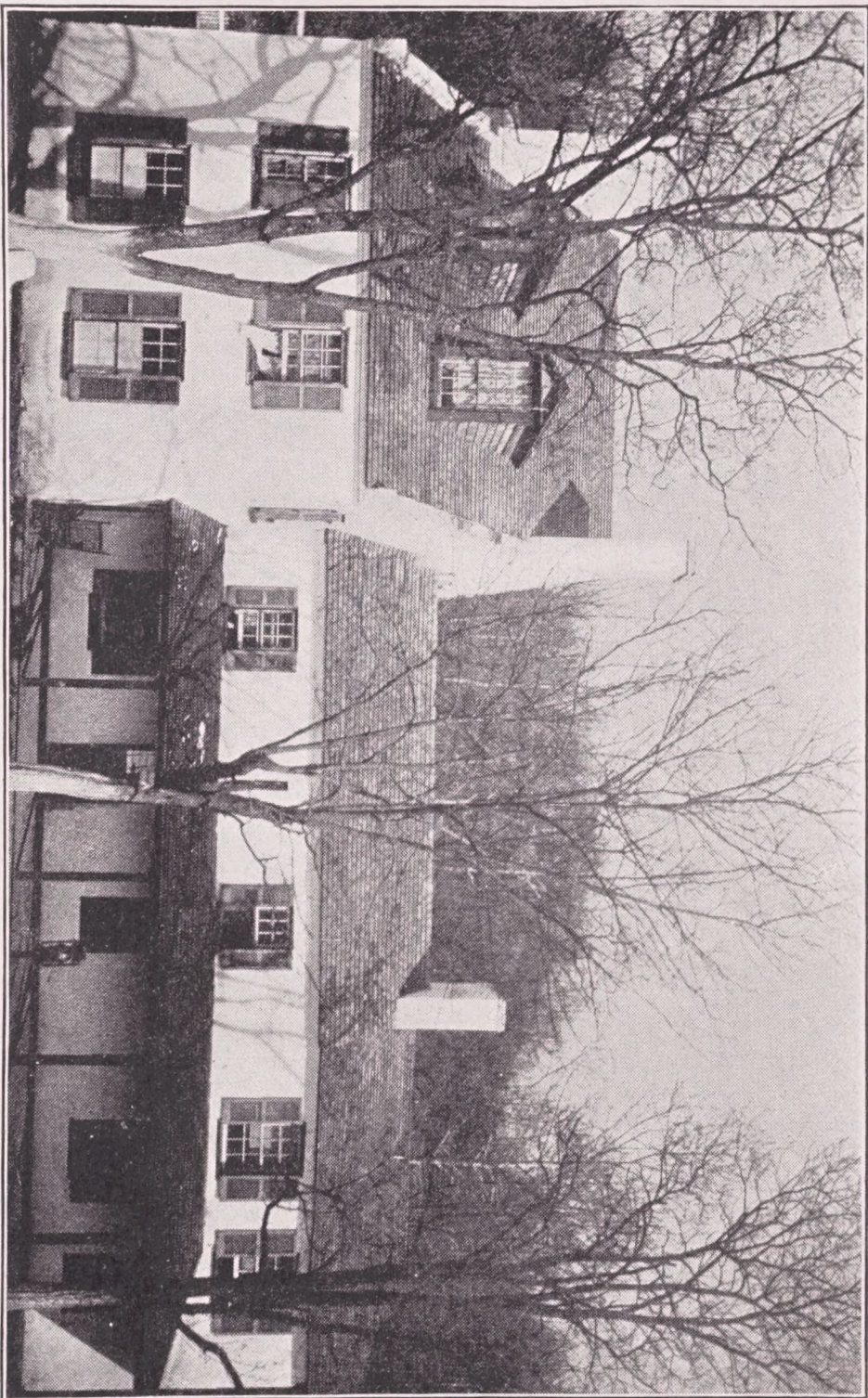
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chuch full ub some ub Mars Nickey's craps, cawn, oats, wheat, hay, fodder, an' buckwheat, an' fill de corners wid spider's webs, wasp nesses, mouse beds an' sich like, hab de chuch jam full, an' ubcose when it full it kyant be any fuller, den dey wud hab ter go ter de bawn; but dat what dey call mem'ry require no bawn. It can be packed jes' like dis chuch, ev'y crack filled, ev'y little hole chinked, an' yit da wud be plenty ub room.

Ef'n yo' mem'ry wuz chock full ub all de chunes in de Zion hymbook, an' uh camp meetin' cum wid 500 new hymns, dat mem'ry wud right straight meck uh place fuh dem chunes an' teck 'em in widout crowdin' anything.

Ef'n de Angel Gabrul wuz ter meet you, an' gib you 'struction fuh uh week, an' say: "I miricle you ter recommember all dis Scriptur'," dat strange thing called mem'ry wud in uh moment make room, de mos' triflin' thing wud not be 'sturbed. Oh! it's uh pow'ful thing, mem'ry. "When I recommember de 'pon meh bed"—dat's de application. What wud we do widoutin mem'ry?

S'pose, fuh instinct, de tremlin' stars *fogot* ter cum out ter keep deah faithful watch; s'pose de moon fogot de stars an' lay uh sleep fuh six months. But wus-sa still, s'pose de sun fogot de sunrise, sunset an' twilight, an' as de Bible say, "Darknes' brooded ober



MARRS PINCKNEY'S HOME, 'FAUSLEY.'

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de deep." Mars Pinckney say, "No wegetables an' plants wud grow, 'ceppin pisin ones; de trees wud all die, da wud be no birds singin' 'ceppin de martin-gales an' hooppo-wills, no bees hummin', no flowers bloomin', no playful colts an' skippin' lam's—it wud be like de lars' day fuh sinnahs." But I heah somebody cummin' long talkin' ter hissef. It's mem'ry, an' he meck de stars say: "I recommember an' lub de young moon, de harf moon an' de harves' moon. Den de man in de moon say, "'Cose you do; kase I am de crown an' you de stars in it." Den de moon say, "I recommember de ribbers, coves, creeks, all de beases ub de field, all de fishes dat keep quiet in de day but leap an' play in meh meller light, an' I rides th'oo de clowds mo' prowder dan King Solomon did wid his prancin' race hosses an' chariots in Egyp' lan' co'tin' Phareo's daughter; kase I is so gran' I am bleege ter be noble, fuh I hab millions ub trees, ribbers, creeks, ribbulets, fruits an' flowers—all de beases ub de field ter burhol, but dey hab only one moon ter make mirations erboutin, so I am de gran' oberseer ub de night."

Den heah cum de sun creepin' up, sorter playin' hide an' seek wid de mawnin', an' say ter de dawn, "Recommember me! Recommember me!" Den de dawn put his arms roun' de yearth an' you heah de sweet jewdraps say ter de flowers, trees an' water-

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million blossoms, "Good bye;" an' right 'way de birds sip de jewdraps jes' befo' dey melt, ter wet deah th'oats fuh de lars' mawnin'. Hallaluja, dey'r gwine ter sing.

Bimeby de sunbeams cummenc' ter play an' say, "I recommember uh dark place; I will drap in an' meck it bright," an' de sweet potater wines, cucumber wines, all de vegetables, fruits, flowers, craps an' grasses is kiss' an' caress' by dem sunbeams.

Ah, sistus an' chillun, I cud preach uh monf boutin dat sun, but I mus' pars on an' say befo' I include recommembrance, dat we kin all be sunbeams; we kin hab uh brighter light in our bresses dan de sunlight, ef'n we recommember what babtism will do, feas' our hyarts on de ripe fruit ub salbation, hab on our feet de golden slippas ub faith, an' shoostings ub justification. Den de sunlight ub de c'lestial home will flud our souls ez we sing an' pray ter be at de lars' day 'mong de cherupins an' serupins dat dances—no, not dances—dat shouts by de light ub de sun, moon an' stars, on de c'lestial sho'.

We will now teck de nex' application ub meh tex', "Meddowtate on dee in de night watches."

Brudderin, all nature is uh meddowtationist; dat is, all satisfied nature.

Did you eber think erboutin it?

Now, teck fus' uh cow, when she gits plenty ub

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grass, lays down an' chaws huh cud, blinks, winks huh eyes an' meddowtates, an' ef'n she is not uh stripper, I specks she thinks how nice it will be when somebody milks huh gre't big bag, so full ub milk dat it will 'stress huh befo' long ef'n it's not stripped.

Uh settin' hen is uh gre't muser (I wan' ter 'splain dat what dey call meddowtatin' in de Bible days, dey call musin' in dese days, an' what dey call damsels in Bible days, we call ladies in dese days). Yes! uh settin' hen is uh gre't meddowtater, prob'ly one ub de gre'tes'. Dey sets twenty-one days, an' dey say ter git uh good hatchin' dey should be sot on twenty-one eggs, so as ter 'low huh one egg uh day ter muse on. 'Cose she thinks erboutin what de diffunt color ub de chicks will be, how many will be roostus, how many hens, how many will be black legs, specklelegs, yaller legs, an' how many good layers. Den she gib uh little cackle, which is larfin' 'mong fowls, an' say ter huhsef: "Heah cum ole Miss Osman, de hous'keeper, de keys jinglin' same ez bells fum huh ap'on strings, lookin' ergin fuh dat speckle hen, settin' an' musin' un'er de steps right at de do'."

But, brudderin, de gre'tes' meddowtaters is de 'cendents ub Mars Adam an' Miss Ebe, an' 'mong de ladies in de Bible, I s'pose Miss Rachel, de mudder ub some ub de Petracks, wuz de slyis' meddowtater, an'

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de mos' 'spected, kase Uncle Reubin say she hab de finis' toom, de biggist chariot, an' mos' moners ub any ooman de Bible speak ub. When Jacob fus' met huh at de well she wuz musin'; dat is, huh 'flections wuz deep like de well. She look so peart, sweet, an' sad-like, de narration say, dat Jacob wep'. How-some-eber, Jacob wuz uh unsuspectin' shepherd, an' wuz smut 'mejatly by Miss Rachel's cunnin' lubliness. Mo'n dat, Miss Rachel had bin ris' by de qual'ty, an' knew'd how ter look sorf-eyed an' sly, jes' like Miss Henrietta use ter look when she feel sassy; 'sides, Miss Rachel cum outin' uh musin' fambly. Her pa, Mars Laban, meddowtate (so de Bible say) seven year befo' he gib Miss Rachel ter Jacob, an' he made uh mustake den, kase Jacob soon tu'n ornry, an' hab fo' wives.

One ub de gre'tes' meddowtaters mention 'mong de men in de Bible, is spoke ub in de fus' book ub clover.

Rasmus Jasper Jemes: Pawson Demby, da ain' no book ub clover in de Bible.

Did I say clover, Rasmus? Well, den, I meant de fus' book ub Timothy. I's bin mowin' grass all de week, an' I got 'fuse erbout de name.

But I mus' hurry on to de gre'tes' meddowtater in de Bible, de one dat writ de 'squisit' tex' I preach fum, King Dabid! I ain' bin able ter fin' it in de Bible, but I think he mus' uh bin close kin ter Noahy, kase he had mos' ez much charm ober beases, an' he had uh

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arm ub steal. Jes' think ub dat! It wuz his lef' arm. De Bible don' say what his right arm made ub, but I 'specks it wuz made ub steal er brass, kase he kotch de lion by de beard wid his lef' han', smut an' kilt him wid his right han'. Now, Sampson kilt uh lion, but it wuz uh young one. Little Dabid mus' uh bin think-in' 'bout dem lions when he writ, "Meh hyart wuz *hot* widin me; when I wuz musin' de fire burned." Well, it cum ter pars dat de Lawd say unter Samuel de fus', "I wan' uh king;" an' Samuel de fus' say, "I no uh man named Obid, dat's got some monstus fine sons, but Obid he ain' no 'count kase he fogot his son name Jesse; but it turn out all fuh de bes', kase Jesse got 'fended, run 'way, an' merried what dey call in dem days uh damsel, an' ris uh fine lot ub sons.

While Samuel wuz musin' erbout deah quare names, who should cum 'long but Jesse, deah pa. So Samuel say, "Wha you gwine?" An' Jesse say, "Ter help Saul ter 'noint meh youngis' son." An' Saul meck uh 'miration erbout his oldes' boys, an' say, "How many chillun you got, anyway?" An' Jesse say, "Six sons, an' de youngis' uh sweet boy name Dabid, fair ub eyes, lubly coun'nance, an' uh monstus cunnin' hyarp player. I s'pose he's meh favorite son, kase he so bad; dat's why I wan' you ter 'noint him." An' Saul say, "Wha is he? I will 'noint him an' meck him uh king." Jesse wuz so s'prise he almos'

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had uh spavin, an' say, "Dat chile nuffin but uh boy, an' you kyant think how bad he is. Mo'n dat, I kyant well spare him; he mines de sheep, sells de hides ub de beases; an' 'tain' nuffin fuh him ter kill uh ox kyart load uh week, ub lions, bars and striped tigers.

Belubbed, Jesse didn' wan' ter say anything ergin his son, but de fac' is, dat boy spent mos' ub his time playin' de hyarp wid uh cunnin' arm an' han' ub steal, an' wussa yit, young ez he wuz, meddowtatin' an' longin' fuh Phareo's daughter an' other damsels.

Jesse bu'nt insects erroun' hissef, an' 'pon 'flection 'cided ter let he son be uh king, an' git salbation.

Befo' I go any fudder wid dis King Dabid narration I wan' ter say ter de chillun in de chuch, you don' hab ter be so strong ter de looks ter be gran'. De feebl'es' an' de baddes' chile in dis chuch may meck de strongis' man an' de bes' Babtis' preacher.

King Dabid wuz tuck fuh uh king, tho' he wuz de younges' an' de feebl'es' ub dem boys, wid uh lubly face an' long curls, jes' de way Miss Henrietta's use' ter grow—but heah is de application:

De Lawd look in de hyart ub little Dabid; he saw brabery, an' de future writer ub Sams; so he right way gib him uh arm ub steal an' meck him king!

Will he meck you uh king?

Yas; de Lawd will gib you uh erligious arm ub steal, meck ebery chile in dis chuch uh king in his

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army ub salbation, an' mebbe uh Sams writer, ef'n you intimate little Dabid.

Well, arfter dis' gression, I cum ter de time when Dabid grow up, hab uh beard, git mad wid Saul an' de Flistines, an' meck his barbers cut orf one side ub de Flistines' whiskus ter tell dem in battle fum his soldiers; so when Goliar heah tell ub it he larf, stroke he beard, an' say: "He nuffin' but uh sassy boy."

Now, it cum ter pars when King Dabid fine out how Goliar talk erbout him, he den an' da meddowtate in de night watches how he kill Goliar, an' s'prisin' ter say, he 'cluded ter kill him wid uh stone. So he jump fum his chariot, tuck fum uh brook five stones, put 'em in his sheppard bag, an' in his han' ub steal he had uh sling. When Goliar saw him, de Bible say, "He disdain him kase he wuz but uh striplin' " an' he tole him ef'n he totch him "he wud gib his flesh ter de fowls ub de air (cose dey mus' uh bin buzzards), an' ter de beases ub de field."

Goliar look so much biggah dan de cunnin' little hyarp player, 'magin' dat he stop futto meddowtate, an' ter git his steal arm wuckin'. He put his han' in his sheep bag, tuck out uh stone, an' when Goliar wuz erboutin fo' hunard yards orf he sling dat stone, not 'speckin' ter hit him de fus' sling; but bless yo' souls, dat stone tuck de hole top uh he haid orf—ez de Injuns say, "scalped him." Den Dabid run, stood

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on Goliar, cut de res' ub he haid orf, hurray an' shout, when his sharpshooters cum up an' run de army ub Goliar to deah tents.

De nex' day de man dat King Dabid wuz feared ub, wuz feared ub King Dabid, fuh it almos' tuck Dabid's bref when Saul cum wid uh white flag an' say :

"I is tuck Goliar's place; you had better s'render; ef'n you will I will gib you meh daughter."

David meddowtate, shuck Saul's han', tuck his daughter, had huh sant ter his tent, an' as de Bible say, "Behabe hissef wisely." When King Dabid look good at Saul an' think how small he wuz ter Goliar, he felt peart, spunky, an' say, "Ef'n you cud see de mules, jackasses, chariots, an' jablins dat I hab got you wudn' talk dat way" (er words signifyin' dat).

Brudderin, Saul's temper ris, he throw'd one ub dem jablins at him, which Dabid dodge, run home ter his damsel, tole huh erboutin his father-in-law. Now, what did dat 'stress damsel say? She say, "You ain' heahd de wus yit. Pappy sant me word dat when you teck yo' robe orf, go ter baid, an' fall uh sleep, futto let him no; dat den he will cum an' 'sasinate you. Dat's what I merried you fuh, but you got sech winnin' ways, you sech uh lion killer, hab sech strong ahms, look so lubly when you play de hyarp, dat you hab conjur me, an' I lub you jam down ter de roots ub meh soul. Dey shan't 'sasinate you; so jine yo'

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army, I will put uh scarecrow in de baid, an' while he rejoice an' stab de baid you kin be marchin' on his army."

* Bimeby Saul cum 'long, stole in de room, stab dat scarecrow all ter smash; but jes' den he heah de artil'ry ub Dabid. So he run ter his army, an' walk ober uh hunard acre field full ub kilt Flistines, an' saw de res' ub his army flyin', leabin' all deah camels an' jackasses.

Saul had de biggist army, kase dat night 'cruits cum fum Zip, an' de nex' day dey met ergin, fit and skirmish, skirmish an' fit, till bof armies got ve'y tired.

Saul, he 'gin ter meddowtate, an' think King Dabid uh witch, kase he sho' he kilt him in baid, so he got pow'ful skerd, 'fraid ub King Dabid—too skerd futto wait till de night watches ter meddowtate; so he meddowtate all day, an' dat night he made spittoon bridges, tuck his army 'cross de ribber, so he cud 'cruit fuh jackasses an' camels, ez da wan' none lef' 'ceppin' sixteen white asses dat pull his chariot, so he cummenc' ter mortify de place, sant his staff futto look fuh uh drobe ub asses, an' his sutler say, "We kyant fine dem asses."

Saul say, "I kin fine dat drobe; so he meck bleebe he look fuh de asses, but all de time he wuz 'rangin' ter ezert. (Meh eyes is so bad I kyant wear meh specks, so I got Uncle Reubin ter read dis gran' narration ter

* Samuel i, 19.

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me lars' week; so I is preachin' ezactly de way de Bible say.) Well, Saul say ter Jonah, his spittoon oberseer, "King Dabid is so cute an' cunnin' I's feared he may hab one ub dem torpeders un'er dis mountain futto blow us up; dafo' I am gwine ter ezert, an' wan' you ter go wid me 'cross de ribber in one ub dese spittoon bridges ter see King Dabid.

Jonah say he lub King Dabid, hab de gret's speck fuh him, wuz anxious ter be an' exerter, but he had once bin in de whale's belly three days and three nights; so he had ernuff ub de sea. Den he wep' on de bres' ub his Pappy Amelikite, who wuz skerd stiff, an' wuz weepin' on de bres' ub Jonah, who fudder say, dat he rudder risk his life in battle, er be kilt by de jawbone ub an ass, dan sink on one ub dem spittoon bridges an' be et up by shirks."

Amelikite had condidence in de spittoon bridges, ezerted wid Saul, an' wid two fence rails dey paddled de boat ober ter de camp ub King Dabid.

Sister Becky: "Pawson Demby, wha' dey git fence rails fum dem days?"

Sister Becky, mos' any pusson but me wud teck a *fence* at dat question.

Ev'ybody nose dat de rods ub ches'nut, hazel, poplar an' pine Jacob, de son-in-law ub Mars Laban, had piled up, wuz fence rails. In dese days dey call 'em fence rails; in dem days, rods. Ez big uh farmer ez

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Jacob wuz, wid all de thousands ub mules, jack-asses, speckled cattle, goats, sheep an' cows he had, how he gwine ter raise de cawn, oats, wheat an' barley he did 'doutin fences? Why, his beases wud hab 'stroyed his craps in one day.

It cum ter pars Amelikite wen' wid Saul, an' Saul say, "Tell it not in Gath" (I s'pose dat wuz uh army 'spression er watchword); so dey bail out de boat, paddle 'cross de ribber, an' landed near uh tent. Da sot King Dabid on uh sycamo' stump (sycamo' trees wuz de fa-vo-rites in dem days; dat's de tree dat little Zackius clum), musin' an' I s'pose long-in' fuh de wife ub Urihy, an' meddowtatin' er dotin' on Miss Abigail, de wife ub Nabal, who wuz smut wid him, cudn' resis' his beauty, an' cum ter him wid five damsels ez bridemaids, all uh straddle ub asses. I kyant gib deah names kase Samuel de fus fogot ter mention 'em.

Saul open de composition, an' speak fus by sayin': "King Dabid, dis man kep' comp'ny wid me crossin' de ribber; his name Amelikite. We is bof'n us ezerters an' tired ub wah." Den King Dabid say, "Set down; I speck you horngry, too? Hab some kid an' hardtack, an' tell me de news."

Saul told him de Flistines wuz mortifyin' de moun-tain, an' ev'y man wud die befo' dey vaccinate de place.

King Dabid ris up, shuck his curls, an' say, "Ef'n

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it ain' vaccinated mejately I'll cross de ribber wid uh thousan' chariots, fifty thousan' artil'ry, twenty thousan' cavelry on mules, all my damsels on white jackasses, all blowin' rams' hohn's, an' de Flistin's I don' 'stroy I'll teck pris'ners, throw in de ribber to de shirks dat's bin feedin' heah fuh two weeks on some ub meh dead mules.

Jes' den one ub his spies cum in an' say, "King Dabid, dat young mule yo' son Ab-so-lum bin ridin' hung him in uh oak tree!"

Den King Dabid snort smoke fum his nose, weep an' wep', an' wep' an' weep; jes' ez he begin ter git pearter his fus' wife heah Saul's voice, so she stold 'way fum de res' ub de wives, stood by de sycamo' stump an' say ter King Dabid:

* "I look thoo uh winder lars week, saw you leapin' an' dancin' befo' de Lawd wid all yo' might, an' I 'spise you in my hyart!"

Den King Dabid cry, grit he teeth, meddowtate, an' made up he mind ter stop dancin', sin no mo' an' jine de Babtis' chuch; so he throw erway his swo'd an' say, gimmy de pen, cummenc' ter wright sweet Sams, an' he eyes shine same ez two stars, he lubly face glo' wid de beauty ub holiness, he call fuh he hyarp ub uh thousan' strings, twank it—an' lemmy read you what he sing:

* II Samuel vi, 16.

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“De Lawd is meh shepherd; I shall not want. He meck me ter lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me 'side de still waters. He resto'eth meh soul; he leadeth me in parfs ub richtousnes fuh 'his name sake (mus' ask Uncle Reubin who he name fuh). Yea, tho' I wa'k thoo de valley ub de shadder ub death, I will feah no evil, fuh thou art wid me; thy rod an' thy staff dey comfort me.”

Den he chuned his hyarp ergin; he wep' an' he weep, an' he weep an he wep'. Den he meddowtate an' bimeby he say: “O, my son Ab-so-lum, my son, my son, Ab-so-lum!”

Uncle Reubin Viney: “Befo' we teck up de c'lection I wan' ter say, da will be uh gre't rebate Thanks-gibbin night in Zion Baptis' Chuch; subjec', secon' chapta Zacharyhy, 6 vus.

“‘Ho, ho, cum forth an' flee fum de lan' ub de north, saith de Lawd; fuh I hab spred you uh broad ez de fo' winds ub heabin saith de Lawd.’

“De rebate will be ter 'cide ef'n Ho, ho wan' uh Chine er Japne, who wuz he?”

HO, HO.

There had been a great deal of discussion among the darkies as to who was "The gret's rebater, Mars' Pinckney's Damon Danridge, er Mars' Nickey's Rasmus Jasper Jemes," and a committee was appointed to select a subject, with the advice and consent of the negro preachers of Queen Anne, Caroline and Talbot counties. They were about three weeks deliberating, and finally a part of the following verse from Zachariah was selected:

"Ho, Ho, come forth, and flee from the land of the North, saith the Lord: for I have spread you abroad as the four winds of heaven, saith the Lord."
(Chapter II, verse 6.)

Deacon Damon Danridge for the affirmative.

Deacon Rasmus Jasper Jemes for the negative.

Damon Danridge was the body servant of the Rev. Wm. Pinckney, once Bishop of Maryland, and was a splendid servant, neat, orderly, and as a rule very dignified—"Kase he driv uh preacher." He heard most of his marster's sermons, was a good listener, and was so devout and worthy that his brilliant and

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learned marster became much attached to him, read to him, and taught him to read.

His learning made him very top-lofty, and he assumed an air of great wisdom with all, was credulous and simple-hearted; the darkies thought him wondrous wise because they could not understand the big words he used. He conjured up and cherished the preaching and sayings of his grand marster, and delighted in repeating the same. If his marster had said to him, "Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel," he would have seen it as did Polonius.

Rasmus Jasper Jemes had a great local reputation as a debater; he was a deacon, and when the regular preacher did not turn up Ras filled the "pull-pit," and filled it well; two of his sermons—"His Bref Kinleth Coals" and "Let Us Meck Brick"—were considered marvelous by the darkies. Indeed, some of them thought him inspired (Ras thought he was)—for instance, in 1833, when the stars fell, all the negroes on the plantation were terrified; they hid under beds, in barnlofts, hay and straw stacks; they thought judgment day and come. Finally Aunt Phillis, John Boney and Little Billy, more courageous than the rest, went to see Rasmus. He was frying some bacon and did not know about the falling stars. He walked boldly and confidently out of his quarter, but when

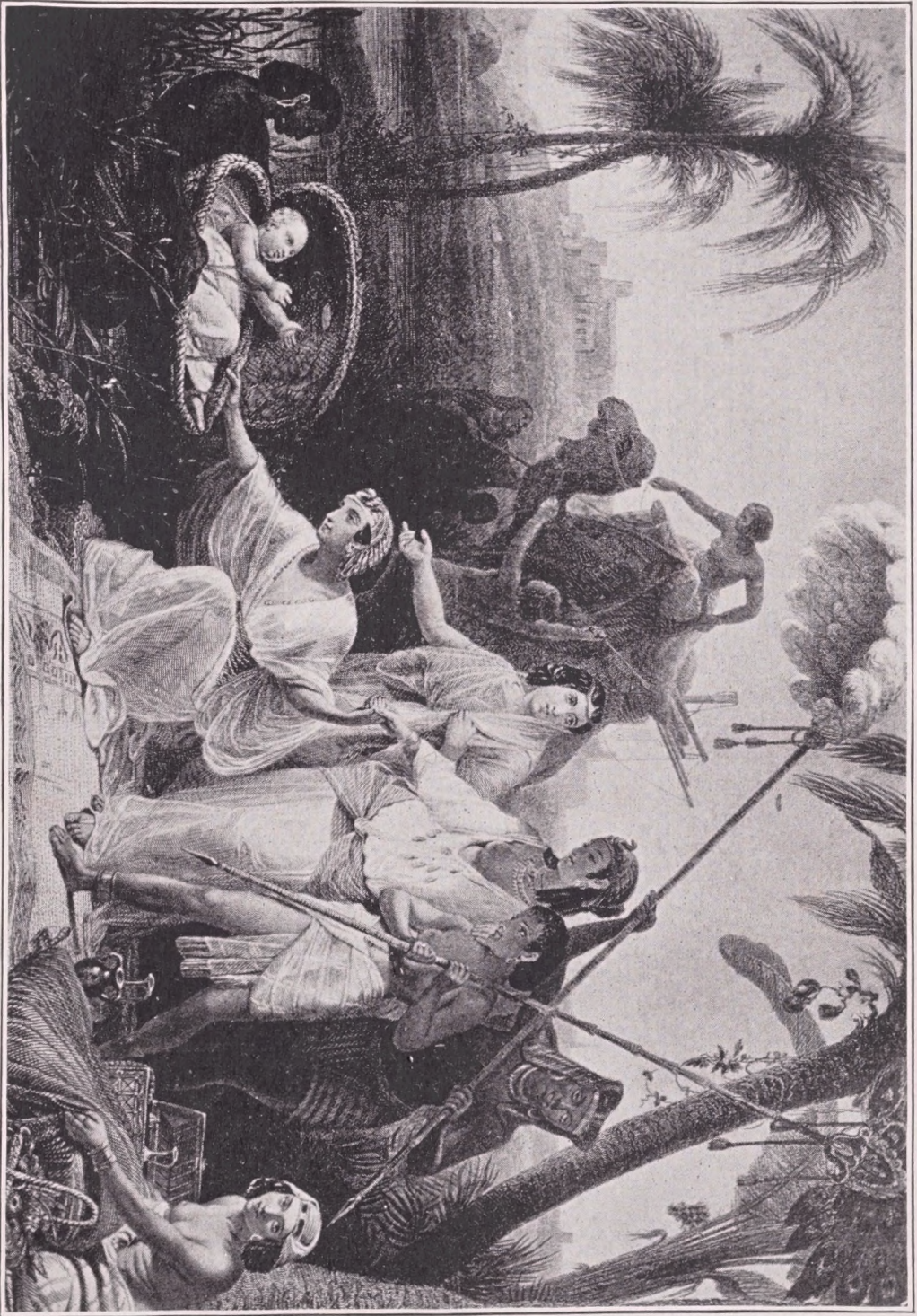
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he saw the shower of stars, was soon affrighted, and dodging about, said, "Look out, Mars Lawd, hits Rasmus Jasper Jemes."

Ras could read a little, was far from being dull and doted on debating. The subject, "Ho, Ho," had been discussed far and near, and Rasmus had "rassled" with it diligently; and now that the time had come, Zion Church was packed and jammed. Uncle Reubin Viney, good and just, Sir Oracle among his "Brers," was judge.

The servants had all chipped in and gotten Captain Stitchberry, of the grain schooner Margaret Jane, to buy the best \$15 church-clock in Baltimore. It was bought just after Parson Demby preached his great sermon on "Fogitfulness." Three-fourths of them could not tell the time.

On the door-face of the clock was a picture and written under it, "The Finding of Moses." It represented eleven females and a camel. Four of the figures were very black. One of them, sitting in the bullrushes and water, held in her lap a large basket with a top, in which was Moses, and the daughter of Pharoah was looking wistfully at the prophet, who was crying lustily, judging from the size of the tears in the picture. The black figures had in their ears immense gold-colored earrings, almost big enough for Moses to crawl through.



The picture on the face of the Moses clock.

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Captain Stitchberry had selected wisely, for no rosary could have been more adored than that clock. The sun, moon and stars went by it. When it struck you would suppose a small dinner-gong dwelt within.

Uncle Reubin Viney was seated on the platform when in strode Damon and Rasmus, looking as proud as peacocks and confident as two victorious gladiators.

They were both well-figured and had fine faces. Rasmus had on a blue swallowtail coat with brass buttons, which he had borrowed from Ned Young and which was given the latter by his marster *twenty years before*. It was still new-looking, and rarely ever worn except on Sundays.

Damon wore a coat given him by his marster. It was too big and too long; however, it gave him a priestly look—was once worn by his “Mars’ Pinckney,” and of course, fit him. Shortly after they were seated, had sipped some water and cleared their throats loud enough for the deaf to hear, the Moses clock struck eight, whereupon Uncle Reubin arose and said: “Sistus an’ brudders, I hab bin ’pinted futto judge an’ ’cide dis rebate, which am, ‘Ef’n Ho, Ho wan’ uh Chine er Japne, who wuz he?”

“De jan’tor will please light de big lard-oil lamp, an’ ev’y nuss, dairy maid, maid, cook, laundress an’ farm-hand, young an’ ole, is ’quested not ter gib any ’spression ter deah feelin’s ez dis house is sanctifide. I

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now hab de honah ter interjuice Brer Deacon Damon Danridge.”

Damon sipped water complacently, pulled up his coatsleeves that were too long, and said: “Sistus an’ brudders, I heahd meh Mars’ Pinckney ub de Pisco-palium Chuch an’ de gret’s preacher on uth, say, ‘De gret’s books ebber writ wuz de Bible an’ uh book called Shakespeare,’ which say, ‘Dar’s mo’ things in heaben an’ yearth, *Horace*, dan wuz ebber dremp ub in our phlos’phy’ (phlos’phy means rash-nal), an’ I’s gwine ter cummenc’ meh speech wid de miration he woun’ up wid—leas’wise it will sorter clustah ’roun’ meh arg’ment.

“Lars wintah arfter meh Mars’ Pinckney got fros’-bit crossin’ Miles Ribber ferry, an’ wuz kep’ in bed, ev’y day he used ter read an’ ’splain de Bible ter me, an’ arfter he drap uh sleep, ter keep meh mind fum bein’ too sot on erligeon I used ter go down to Haylan’ Branch an’ set snares. One mawnin’ Little Billy went to de snares wid me, so in one ub ’em wuz uh dog fox, kotch by he tail.”

Deacon Jemes (interrupting): “What Little Billy an’ fox tails got ter do wid dis rebate?”

Damon Danridge: “Uncle Reubin, dis is de rash-nal part ub my discose.”

Uncle Reubin: “Is you layin’ de foundation, Damon?”

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Damon: "Ezactly so; precisely!"

"Well, Little Billy he say, 'Strange ter me Noahy didn' pizin dem shirks in de yark, an' strange, gre't ez he wuz, he didn' hab mo' 'fluence wid de Petracks.'

"'Erboutin' what?' sez I.

"'Well,' sez Little Billy, 'why did dey meck de animals' tails so curisome? Why did dey gib uh fox long hyah so uh fly kyant bite he skin, an' uh long bushy tail dat ain' no use ter him?'

"Kase when de fields is frosty, de houn's feel good, an' his tail git wet—jes' full ub fros' an' dew—den dar's sho' ter be uh kilt fox, an' den Mars Nickey will say, *not pursidderin' de wet tail*, 'Da ain' no red fox on uth kin git erway fum meh houn's.'

"'Brudderin, dis is uh gre't subjec'. Now, teck uh pig fuh instinct, dat we lubs ter eat; dat ain' ornry like uh fox, yet he's made fuh de flys ter pester! His leetle curly tail is not much bigger dan uh goose quill, an' not mo'n harf ez long; uh tail he kyant switch when de blue-tail fly dribes him in de ribber.

"'Well,' sez I, 's'posen de fox hab de pigtail; it would breck up fox huntin'; dey nebber cud ketch him den! Mo'n dat, de Bible say Sampson went out an' kotch 300 foxes an' tern 'em tail ter tail, an' lit deah tails wid uh torch, den sot 'em loose an' dey run 'mong de cawn an' craps ub de Flistines an' buhn 'em up. Now, s'spose Sampson, sted ub takin' 300 fox-

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tails, tuck 300 pigtails—sot dem uh fire. Da wud uh bin uh pow'ful lot ub squeelin', dat's all!

“An' Little Billy say, ‘Jes' so; jes' so!’

“Uh terrapin's tail ain' longer dan yo' eyelash, an' uh mus'rat's tail almos' ez long ez *Rasmus' foot*; you skins mus'rats, hangs 'em up by de tail, an' sells de skins, but you don' sell terrapin skins, an' don' hang 'em up—consequencely dat's de application.

“S'pose de peacock hab de elephant's tail, an' de elephant de peacock tail, *now how wud dat look?* Er uh cow had uh roostuh's tail, an' uh roostuh uh cow tail? Da is some free niggahs fum Henracka County, Furginny, haulin' deah sain in Miles Ribber, an' fum what I kin heah, dey wud soon breck up de breed ub chickens, ornless de chickens all hens. Jes' tread on de roostuh's tail, dat's all.

“Sistus an' brudders, I no I got yo' condidence—I cud *swap tails* all night, an' you wud see all de time de wissum ub de c'rator ergin swappin'. ‘Da is mo' things in heaben an' yearth, Horace, dan is drempp ub in our phlos'phy.’

“Now, dis is de rash-nal part ub meh discose, ter show dat you kyant change things 'doutin' makin' mistakes. You kyant meck Ho Ho uh Chine any mo' dan you kin change de animals' tails.

“Dese days people don' meddowtate ernuff. Ef'n people wud meddowtate an' read de Bible like I is

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fuh two weeks on dis subjec', dey wud hab no doubt 'boutin de thurrybred Japne ped'gree ub Ho Ho. Hit's plain ez daybreck, an' I spressify ergin, you kyant change it any mo' dan you kin change de animals' tails.

"Now, dis brings us ter de pus-nal part ub meh discose, an' ef'n you projic wid dat fambly you kyant git erway fum de fac' dat Noahy wuz uh man ub quare tase, an' prob'ly had uh harf dozen wibes, which wuz de fashion in dem days.

"Noahy mus' uh bin uh man ve'y fon' ub de differn' shades ub color; fuh instinct, Ham's Ma mus' uh bin uh cullud pusson, *Sham's* uh white pusson an' *Japheth's* uh Japne.

"I am confluent dat Ho Ho wuz uh Japne, wid uh strain ub Chine blood, an' my phlos'phy will show it.

"De Bible tells us plain ez plain kin be, dat Noahy had three sons—*Sham*, Ham an' *Japheth*. Sham, ez befo' mentioned, wuz uh white pusson; Ham wuz uh cullud pusson, an' *Japheth* mus' uh bin uh Japne. I bleebe ef'n Noahy cud speak, he wud say so, an' ef'n you will follow de application, hit will be ez clare ez de jewdraps on de vines, er de fros' on de fodder.

"I ain' bin ridin' wid Mars Pinckney fuh nuffin."

By this time the audience was fast getting "Japne,"

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and Rasmus anxious. So he said: "Damon, Mars Pinckney bin heppin' you wid dis rebate!"

"Well, s'pose he is; don' I 'long ter him an' he 'long ter me?"

"Well, hit don' pester me, fuh Mars *Arthur* holp me. He ain' no preacher, but I reckon he kin read an' wright ter keep pace wid de bes' ub preachers."

"Meshac wuz de son ub *Japheth*. He wuz uh cunjerrer an' cud walk on fire, an' ub cose he got hit fum he Japne Pa.

"In de fus' book ub *Cronicles*, fus' vus, by 'westigation, you will fine dat *Japheth* wuz de gre't-gre't-gre't uncle ter *Joktan*, an' he had uh son name *Jobab* (you see how dey keep up de fambly names), an' *Joktan* wuz kin ter *Mibsam* (dat's wha de *Chine* cross cum in), an' *Joktan* wuz also uh connection ub *Jakan*. Well, put uh "p" wha dat "k" am, an' you hab *Japan*. Mars Pinckney say hit's plain ter his mind.

"Dar's fusion in de Bible erbout de name, kase in some places dey call it *Akan*; an' dat fusion is kase dey got uh "k" 'sted ub uh "p" in po' *Jakan*'s name. It's uh sad thing ter twiss uh man's name dat way.

"Ez I hab de 'cludin' re-marks, I will add mo' ter de application ef'n Brer Rasmus rassles hyard wid de subjec'."

Deacon Rasmus Jasper Jemes:

"Sistus an' brudders ub *Kyarline*, *Queen Anne*'s

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an' Talbot County: Ef'n Shake—what de res' ub he name?"

Uncle Reubin Viney (with austerity)—“Shakespeare.”

“Well, ef'n Shakespeare an' Horace (I dunno what Horace he talkin' erbout, but ef'n he mean Miss Rodgers' Horace, I won' bleebe anything he say), an' if dat book an' Horace is ez ornsortin an' mixed up ez de mirations ub Brer Damon Danridge, den I don' think much ub de book. Mo'n dat, Rash-nal an' Pus-nal got nuffin ter do wid dis rebate, an', Brer Viney, I wan' you ter rule Shakespeare, Horace, Rash-nal an' Pus-nal outin' it.

“Hits ornpropper ter talk erbout dat book 'long side de Bible. I wouldn' walk 'cross dis room ter shake hands wid Shakes-peare, an' ef'n de truf wuz knewed, I speck he wuz one ub dem Quakers.

“Belubbed, ev'ybody kin see fum Deacon Danridge speech dat he got no confluence in Ho Ho's breedin', ebin got ter bring pig-tails in dis rebate. What dey got ter do wid uh Japne er Chine?”

Deacon Damon Danridge—“Ef'n you had read any phlos'phy you'd no dat Chinese hab pig-tails.”

“Youkyant see th'oo a millstone less'n it got uh hole in it, but you kin see th'oo uh pain ub glass ef'n da ain' no hole in it, an' it's clare ez uh pain ub glass dat Ho Ho wan' no Chine er Japne. I kyant read

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an' spell so ve'y well, ez I nebber 'longed ter er dribe fuh uh *Piscopalium preacher*, but Little Billy kin read, an' he bin readin' ober an' ober ter me de Book ub Cronicles, Rebellion, Jerry-Myehr, Sams, Daniel, Jona an' Zacharihy, so I reckon dem books jes' ez trufful ez de Book ub Genesis. Now, de Book ub Daniel say, chapter de fus', "De chillun ub Juda, Daniel, Hana-Nia, Mishel an' Azarihy all had deah name chang' by Nebacudnezzer. Daniel's change ter Bell-Shazzer, uh ooman's name; Hana-Nia, uh man wid uh ooman's name, ter Shadrack; Mishel ter Meshac, an' Azarihy ter Abednegro. 'Cose he mus uh bin uh dark pusson like Ham"——

Deacon Damon Danridge—"Brer Jemes, kin you qualify dat lars miration?"

"Sut'ny I kin! Hit's all in de Book ub Daniel erboutin de time Daniel saw de han'writin' on de wall. Now, ef'n de chillun ub Juda had deah names changed, why cudn' Noahy change de animals' tails ef'n he felt like it? Brer Danridge, wha's Rash-nal now? An' wha's yo' condidence in Ho Ho's breedin'?"

"Why dey change de names ub dem chillun is mo' dan I kin ondastan; dey wan' ornry, an' had dun nuffin; fac' is, de king say [reading from the Bible], 'Dey ten times better dan de musisioners an' 'strone-mers in de law;' an' dey wuz fine players, too. De

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Bible say, 'Dey played de cornet, flute, hyarp, an' sackbut.' Dat lars' instrument is ez much uh myst'ry ter me ez Ho Ho.

"We read in de book ub Daniel dey played *all kinds ub music*; mo'n dat, dey wuz all 'ceppin' Daniel *fireproof*.

"I kin almos' see sweet little Ham playin' wid dem gre't musisioners. Kin anybody see Ho Ho? Not ef he wuz uh Chine er Japne, kase dey wudn' 'low no *sech music ez dat dem days*, when de Petracks made de laws.

Now, Zacharyhy he only name fo' pussons—(I'm readin' fum de Book ub Zacharyhy)—an' all de names 'ceppin' Ho Ho's cummenc' wid de letter "b." He lubbed "b" so much, wonder he didn' name Ho Ho Bo Bo. I s'pose Brer Damon wud call Bochim, Bill-hah, Be-Tah, Beth-Sham an' Belzebub Chine er Japne. Well, I reckon *de lars one* wuz Chine. Leab you alone, Brer Danridge, you'd meck rat-eaters ub all de saints.

"Obid, de pa ub Jesse, is only spoke ub uh few times in de Bible; how-some-ebber, he wuz uh gran' man, an' he gre't-gre't-gre't-gre't granpa wuz Ram."

Damon—"Ras, you mean Sham."

"No, I don'; I mean Ram! I reckon I bin readin' an' westigatin' de Bible ez well ez Brer Damon, an' I wan' ter tell him when C'lumbus 'sciver'd Americy

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he 'sciver'd Talbot County befo' he did Kyarline County. I s'pose you'd call Obid uh Chine?

"Ho Ho is only mentioned once in Zacharyhy's narration, but think what er gre't man he wuz, fuh de vus say, 'Ho Ho, cum forth an' flee fum de lan' ub de North, saith de Lawd: fuh I hab spread you abroad (jes see what condidence Zacharyhy had in him) as de fo' winds ub de heaben, saith de Lawd.'

"In dem days de fo' winds mus' uh all blow'd *Souf*, kase Zacharyhy tells him 'Ter flee fum de lan' ub de *Norf*.'

"My erpinion is dat Ho Ho wuz de nick name fuh one ub de Petracks, fuh I once heah Mars Pinckney say in uh sermon dat Ab'ham, Isaac er Jacob, I fogit which, dwelt in de *Souf* country.

"Zacharyhy knew how ter spressify hissef. 'Tain' no use mentionin' gre't people all de time. Damon nose how ter spressify hissef *sometimes*, but not ter night. He wudn' interjuice Rash-nal, Pus-nal, Horace, Shakespeare, an' all sorts ub animals' tails in dis rebate, ef'n he wan't skeetin' [skating] on thin ice, an' fustyfied.

"Mo'n dat, is da *any* pusson heah dat s'poses Zacharyhy, whose Pa wuz uh king, would put all dat condidence in uh Japne er Chine?

"Lars' but not leas', Little Billy say he thinks he read somewha in de Bible dat Ho Ho hab a beard.

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Now, ef'n de Japnes an' Chinese don' hab beards dese days, 'twuz ornpossible dey had beards dem days."

Uncle Reubin Viney: "Dis hab bin uh pow'ful arg'ment, an' arfter careful meddowtatin', I 'sposed ter think Ho Ho uh Japne wid two Chine crosses, but it's uh subjec' ub gre't consequation; dafo' I pint Pawson Phil Demby, Deacon Damon Danridge an' Deacon Rasmus Jasper Jemes arbiters futto such de Scripturs, an' ef'n dey fine Ho Ho had heavy whiskus den I 'cide Ho Ho wan' no Japne er Chine."

Little Billy: "Pawson Demby, hit woudn' s'prise me ef'n hoe-cake wuz *Ho Ho* cake, name arfter Ho Ho. John Poney al'ays sez ho ho cake."

Tilly Mink: "Dat's kase he stutters! Let dat man's tung 'lone, Billy; you no he tung-tide."

Deacon Rasmus Jasper Jemes (with great ostentation): "Uncle Reubin, it's bad 'nuff ter hab Horace, Rash-nal, Pus-nal an' Shakespeare in dis rebate, an' wussa still ter call Ho Ho uh Japne er Chine, but ter call de sweet hoe-cake uh Japne er Chine cake, is mo' dan I kin ondastan, an' hit's scanlous an' ornichious.

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RASH-NAL AN' PUS-NAL.

De summer night hit's lubly when you wa'kin wid yo' gal
An' she sweetah dan de honey ub de bee;
An' she 'low dat you kyant kiss huh, kase hit ain' rash-
nal,
At de grapevine hangin' by de holly tree.

But de summer night gits lublier, when swingin' 'side
dat gal,
An' yo' ahm a'mos' destracted 'roun' huh waise;
Kase she look inter yo' face, an' say, "Ain' you pus-nal?"
When you go down on huh mouf an' teck uh tas'e.

Da's no swing like de grapevine! hit's sut'ny de bes',
Kase you hab ter set ornpropper all de time,
You swing so close togedda dat you kine er mus' caress,
Fuh you al'ays got dat black gal on yo' mine.





BLACK CREEK, BELOW THE FALLS.

DE COMPOSITION UB DE SNIPE.

Little Billy was as black as a tar pot, short of stature, very bow-legged, cunning as a fox, and smart. When he drew his bow across a fiddle it made you feel like dancing, and when there was a dance among the overseers, Billy played, and called out, "Swing yo' partners;" "pigeon wing," "ladies ter de center," etc. He set muskrat traps, fished on Sundays, and often coon and 'possum hunted Sunday nights. His bow legs enabled him to climb like a cat, and no tree was too big for him to *negotiate* if Truman treed up the same; and when Billy sang out, "Put him up, True!" and Truman "chawed de bark an' wep, an' 'stressed hissef," as Billy would say, you might be sure there was a coon in the tree.

Billy was a slave, helped to milk the cows, tote fire wood, pick the chickens, turkeys and geese, and was "horngry" all the time. The negroes thought Billy monstrous wise, but thought Satan would get him. He was an innocent fabricator, and a harmless rogue.

One day whilst husking corn he said he had once killed twelve eagles at a shot. The darkies remon-

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strated with him, and said they had never seen more than two eagles at a time, whereupon Billy said he had killed ten. They continued to taunt him until he dropped to three, and then said, "I'll die befo' I drap another eagle!"

One Saturday in March Billy sauntered to the humble cabin of Jerry and Caesar Butler, brothers and free negroes, to steal a dozen raw. They lived at the head of a creek, fished, oystered, and hunted the marsh for muskrats for a livelihood. Saturday night the boat came, and he knew they would have several barrels of oysters for the steamer. The weather was not very cold and he assumed they were oystering, because the day before whilst they were out Billy had slipped over and stolen a cooking 'possum. Arriving at the cabin, lo! and behold, Caesar and Jerry were both on deck, the former lamenting and pondering about his 'possum, the latter skinning a lot of muskrats he had trapped the night before.

Caesar was fond of 'possum, and returning from oystering hungry and tired, stopped at the country store, bought a pint of applejack and a fat 'possum, went home, put his 'possum in the ashes, covered it with coals, took several swigs of applejack, and went soundly to sleep—'possum struck.

When Billy appeared the 'possum was nicely roasted, which Billy ate, piled the bones

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in Caesar's lap, greased his hands and face, so when Caesar awoke he found his hands and cheeks greasy, and a pile of 'possum bones in his lap. He licked his hands, and said, "Dat's 'possum;" felt his cheeks and said, "Dat's 'possum sho'," and when he saw the pile of bones in his lap, said: "Dat's 'stonishin' applejack, an' de mos' ornsatisfactionis' 'possum dat ebber I et."

Billy was very generous and when he had money would buy oysters, but without money would invite himself to take, and generally took them, for he was prodigal. It was nothing unusual for him to go to the country store and buy two eggs' worth of molasses, of which he was very fond.

Billy had to have an excuse for his midday visit, so he pondered quite a while inventing one. The 'possum came to mind, and his heart sank into his boots. Then he thought of the snipe that had pitched on the marsh the night before, and soon had a yarn ready; so as the two old brothers sat gazing into the soothing fire, watching some bacon fry, he sauntered in, looking *meek like*, and said he had "come to tell dem what he heahd de Jack Snipe say on de mash lars nite, when he wuz mus'rattin'." Jerry and Caesar were credulous and superstitious, but questioned Billy's hearing the snipe talk. True they thought them "ve'y 'ceitful and *quare* birds, but nebber heahd dem

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talk." Billy said, "Crows an' parrots talk, but dey wan' anyt'ing ter jack snipe. Ghoses an' witches libbed in cow's hohns! Watah rail tu'ned inter frogs an' jack snipe tu'ned into jack-uh-ma-lanterns, which wuz 'ceitful larf in witches, but after all, hit all ain' harf ez strange ez uh little blossom meckin' uh water-million."

The brothers were now perplexed and anxious to hear Billy's story, and when urged said he "wuz too hornrgy to tell 'bout hit, mus' go home an' git some dinner;" whereupon Jerry suggested oysters, which Billy said he "wuz not ve'y fon' ub, but dey wud do." Then he gave the snipe story, as follows:

"I wuz mus'rattin' on de mash lars' nite. De moon had jes' riz, an' de tide wuz creepin' in jes' ez quiet an' rash-nal ez uh settin' hen. De creek an' de mash look so lubly, I 'gin ter muse an' fogot 'bout de mus'rats, an' wuz t'inkin' boutin uh new chune I's learnin' ter play, call, 'I Sweeps de Kitchen Clean'—when, sizz! cum uh flite ub dem snipe, an' dey mos' lit on me. I reckon dey wud, but I say, 'You better mine yo'sef, snipe!' Bimeby one ub 'em say ter uh frog dat wuz chawin' uh grasshopper not mo'n de length ub uh fence rail fum me, 'Lubly nite, Mr. Frog!' "

Jerry: "Now, hush! I al'ays sed dem birds wuz strange—cum ter day an' gone ter morrow!"



Partridge Hunting at "Fairlands"—Rob Roy and Rose.

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"Den de snipe say, 'What sort ub frogs you bin keepin' comp'ny wid?' Uncle Jerry, I got so skeerd an' cole I ain' got warm yit."

Uncle Caesar: "Po' Billy! Won' you hab uh sip ub applejack?"

"Ef you don' t'ink I'll get too het up."

Uncle Caesar: "'Cose you won'!"

"Well, den, heah's luck!"

"Sarvis ter you, Billy! Now go on 'bout dat sassy frog an' snipe."

"Well, de frog he say, 'T's uh white-bellied frog, I is! I ain' no kin ter toad frogs. I is uh qual'ty frog. What kounty you fum, Mr. Snipe?'"

Uncle Jerry Butler: "Now, Billy, you mean ter tell me you heahd dat composition?"

Little Billy: "'Cose I did! Ain' you nebber heahd uh frog talk, Uncle Jerry?"

"No indeed, chile!"

"Dat's kase you don' keep quiet 'nuff. How cum dey hab sich *long tungs* ef'n dey kyant talk? Why, heah's uh book gib me by Mars John Charles lars' Chrismus, writ by (I kyant read de fus' part ub de name, but hit en's wid Sop) [Aesop]. Dat pictur' is wha de frogs is askin' fuh uh king."

Uncle Jerry: "De Lawd bless meh soul, what is we ter speck nex'? Lemme see de pictur', Billy."

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“Well, I struck at dat frog wid meh paddle. He jes’ wink he eye, grunt, an’ gib me sich uh curisome look, dat I got so skeered an’ cole I kyant git wa’m; so I don’ feel peart ’nuff ter tell de res’ ub de story.”

Uncle Jerry: “Teck sum mo’ applejack, Billy; but don’ teck much, kase hit’s applejack dat mecks you *ve’y fogitful*.”

“Dat lars’ drink mecks me feel nice an’ wa’m! Well, when de frog say, ‘What kounty you cum fum?’ de snipe say, ‘Souf Kharlina!’ Den de frog say, ‘What meck you set so fur out in de mash? De mud, grass an’ bresh is fine in heah, an’ jes’ ez wa’m ez uh tose, an’ plenty ub tussocks, too.’ De jacksnipe say, ‘I nebber sleep er feed ’doutin I kin see all ’roun’ me. I’s got uh game leg, an’ I will tell you all erbout mehsef. What yo’ fus’ name, Mr. Frog? Bull! Dat’s uh lubly name. Meh name is Cap’n Jack Snipe!’

“Mr. Frog: ‘What sorter spring you hab?’

“Cap’n Snipe: ‘Not ve’y nice. Grasshoppus an’ wumms is so sca’ce, an’ ez I befo’ tole you, I got uh game leg an’ kyant git ’roun’ good. “All moufs mus’ eat, but all moufs musn’ eat gravel.” Dat’s chicken an’ tukkey food, I eats wumms, grasshoppus, an’ sich like.’

“‘Well, how boutin de game leg, Cap’n? I ’gin ter think you ain’ got no game leg.’

“‘Deed I is; an’ dat game leg cum fum fallin’ in

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lub. Let me tell you fus' what meh tase is an' how brabe I is. I lub de juicy mash, glade an' meadow, an' I is feared ub nuffin ceppin hawks, owls, guns, dogs an' mus'rats. But when I tu'ns inter uh Jack-uh-ma-lantern I ain' feared ub nuffin.' "

Uncle Jerry: "Billy, look at me! You sho' dat snipe spressify dey tu'n inter Jack-uh-ma-lanterns?"

"Cross meh hyart an' bref."

Uncle Jerry: "Well, den, I eat no mo' snipe! Dat mus' be de reason I's bin dreamin' so bad."

Little Billy: "Talkin' 'bout dem Jack-uh-ma-lanterns meck me feel quare. I is trimlin' like uh aspine leaf."

"Teck 'nubba nip, Billy, an' try ter 'stain yo'sef tell you git th'oo dis s'prisin' narration."

"Well, he say: 'Meh name Cap'n Jack Snipe, an' I cummand uh comp'ny ub snipe, an' we gwine ter summer on dis mash wid some cute young lady snipe fum Souf Kyarlina, dat's gwine ter mate heah, an' ub cose, nes'. De mus'rats don' meck any mo' mirations 'bout dis mash den I do. An' de wumms, an' de sweet roots dat grow heah wud 'tract uh snipe fum any State. I heahd uh woodcock say lars' summer dat she had trabel uh good deal, but had nebber seen sich uh mash ez Wile Goose Mash. I sleeps well out on de mash kase I am de cap'n ub dis comp'ny ub snipe, an' has ter watch out. Dat's why I ain' shuck

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yo' han', Mr. Frog; kase I is ve'y sociable, an' likes frogs eben ef dey do say when he go co'tin' he carry uh swo'd an' pisel by he side. Hit's mos' my co'tin' time!

“Mr. Frog: ‘When's dat?’

“‘When de peach an' cherry trees am bloomin', when de bees am suckin' clober, an' de patridge say, “Bob White,” we gits in lub, an' wants uh mate. It's 'nuff ter meck you cry, Mr. Frog, but dat's de time I got uh game leg. Hit wuz one lubly day early in May. I wuz sorter dozin' 'side uh tussock, ebery now an' den ketchin' uh grub wum, when I saw uh gran' lookin' pinter dog, gallopin' same ez uh race hoss, cummin' my way, an' not fur behin' him uh man in gum boots. Sez I ter mehsef, sez I, when you git erboutin uh hun'erd ya'ds fum me I'll dart 'way. Jes' den uh putty young lady snipe fum Firginny darted fum un'er uh nearby tussock, winked huh lubly black eyes in de mos' coaxin' way, spread huh tail like uh dear little fan.’”

Uncle Caesar: “Wan' she uh sassy snipe?”

“‘So I say in de p'lites' way, “Won' you tase dis wum?” In uh moment she stood 'side me an' say in words mo' sweetah dan de mockin' birds, “I's got such miration fuh you I kyant resis'.” A moment later I heahd dat gunner say, “Careful da!” I ris up.

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Bang! Uh number ten shot wen' th'oo meh thigh,
an' dat's why I got uh game leg.' ”

Uncle Jerry Butler: “Billy, I s'pose I mus' bleebe
yo' story, kase I heah 'em read down ter de sto' lars'
nite, dat uh hen lay uh gole egg, which is wussa yit.
How-some-eber, I sut'ny wud lub ter ketch one ub
dem breed ub chickens uh roosin' 'roun' heah.



NANCY YOUNG.

In Pleasant Valley, at the head of Fausley Creek, there were several quarters, in one of which lived Nancy Young, not a stone's throw from the quarter of Aunt Cassey. Nancy helped in milking the cows, churning, making butter, and at harvest time helped the cooks, but Mammy Nancy, as the darkies called her, was virtually her own mistress, and was never required to do hard work; in short, she was the plantation doctress, and it was seldom that any little darkies came into the world without Mammy Nancy's assisting their advent. The negroes thought her inspired, and when they had ailments Nancy made them a decoction that went to the spot; in brief, she was well acquainted with the use of herbs. She had faithfully nursed Mrs. Isaac Atkinson, a Quakeress and neighbor, who imparted to her many of her secret remedies; some of these would have enlightened a modern doctor. For example, she had a remedy for what she called "cowbuncle," which was almost a specific for carbuncle. Nancy especially doted on making cat-



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nip tea, and when she held in her faithful arms a cantankerous baby, and crooned and gave it catnip tea, "De chile wan' pestered no mo.' "

She was motherly, sympathetic and a born nurse, and not only attended the servants, but nursed the ladies of the neighborhood. She was extremely pious, and if she had not been, I do not know what would have become of Little Billy; she was his wife.

Nancy was full of determination and spirit, and when Billy came in early in the morning from 'possum hunting without a 'possum, she always suspected he had been to Major Rudd's store, and took the strong hand with him that he took with his steers, and would not let him have his banjo and pipe.

The earliest watermelons grew in her garden, and she had spring chicken weeks before her neighbors. Billy was not allowed even to go into the garden, for she was afraid he might disturb her herb patch. It did not disturb Billy, however, who preferred his corn-cob pipe and banjo. Nancy was very fond of music, and once she said to me: "Billy ain' got no erligion, but he do play de banjo same ez uh cherrypin" [cherubim].

Some gypsies struck their tents on the main road about a mile from Nancy's home, and one night a man rode up, inquired for Mammy Nancy, and said his wife was sick. She was soon with the gypsy, who was

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ailing some two weeks, and when Nancy returned she was not only a doctress, but a firm believer in witchcraft, and could tell your fortune by looking at your hand.

Nancy was making some bone-set and snake-root tea—Billy had the shakes, so she said—when Billy broke the silence by asking, “Nancy, what’s de matter wid dem hens?”

“Billy, you know uh mink skerd de hens week ‘fo’ lars’, an’ ’sturbed deah mem’ry fuh layin’. I ain’ got but eight eggs ter-day an’ none yistiddy, so dese all we got fuh suppah.”

“Is you got de spider hot? Well, den, cut orf eight slices ub bacon an’ den we will hab uh slice ub bacon fuh each egg. Heah’s some kinlin’ wood I picked up in Mars Pinckney’s woodpile, an’ by de time de bacon is fryin’ good—dat is, de grease bilin’—speck me back wid fo’ catfish I kotch in de net lars’ nite, which will keep us fum gittin’ horn’gry befo’ suppah time. I’m gwine ter de rebate ter-night.”

“Billy, ez I ondastan’ hit da ain’ much use gwine. Uncle Reubin, Pawson Demby an’ Damon Danridge is on de side futto ’sterminate de witches, an’ dat fusty niggah, Jerry Jones, is fuh lettin’ de witches lib. Now I don’ kuh any mo’ fuh him dan I do fuh uh shirk! Tell me, lars’ nite at Mage Rudd’s sto’ he spressify hissef dat he wuz so well ’quainted wid

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de witches in Haylan' Branch dat dey al'ays bow ter him when dey meet him; an' he say he of'n hab composition wid 'em, an' dat dey hab de gre'tes' condidence in him; an' Mage Rudd say he has heahd de witches mo'n once praisin' him. He's got uh bran' new fiddle an' bo' dat cos' \$9, which he made fum coon hides in one monf. De fac' is, strange ez hit may seem, dey won' let nobody hunt in Haylan' Branch ceppin Jerry. Mo'n dat, dey tell me he said he wan' feared ub de sponsibility ub rebatin' by hissef; dat de witches sass him sometimes, but fuh de mos' part dey kine and lubly."

"Now, Nancy, Jerry nebba spressify dat de witches lubly."

"Yas he did! Mo'n dat, Ceaser an' Jerry Butler heah him, an' dey so pestered 'boutin dem witches 'stead ub walkin' fum deah house thoo Pleasant Walley ter wha dey keep deah boat on de ribba, not mo'n uh quarter ub uh mile fum deah house, dey walks two miles 'roun' de walley, dey so feared dem witches ride an' whup 'em. Hit wudn' s'prise me ef'n de debbil wuz ter transplant Jerry same ez de Lawd transplanted Eunuch. Why, he's ebin 'cused de Petracks ub lubbin' an' keepin' comp'ny wid witches. Hit's scan'lus! Damon Danridge say dat he heah Jerry Jones say dat Samuel de fus' use ter let witches roos' all erroun' his house, an' dat hit's true dat

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Moses fell out wid uh witch an' say, **“Thou shall not suffah uh witch ter lib,”* an' he mout uh kilt 'em all, but jes' den Mars Noahy an' his cullud son Ham driv up wid uh bag an' say, *“Saul, I'm bleegeed ter hab uh par ub witches fuh meh boat,”* an' Jerry 'low dat de sponsibility resses wid Mars Noahy, de father ub dat lubly boy Ham.

“Stephen, what is de rebate ezactly? I dunno what you gwine fuh! I hab uh gre't mine ter meck you stay home an' hab nuffin ter do wid witches. How kin you go ter de rebate when da is three hens hatchin', an' minks imperdent? Da is only one thing I want you ter go fuh, an' I bin layin' out futto tell you.

“Yistiddy mawnin' I wuz crossin' de road gwine ter de thicket wha dat speckled hen name “Yaller Legs” is hatchin'—in de pile ub jack-oak brush close ter de spring—when, lo an' beholst! dat free niggah Jim Brooks cum erlong. He wuz dribin' in his kyart uh po' leetle harf-starbed steer, an' I wuz jes' thinkin' ter mehsef, Is dat kyart movin' er no, so slow wuz he gwine. De truf is de leetle steer wan' much bigger dan one ub Mars Pinckney's wethers. Tho' I nebba been interjuiced ter dat Jim Brooks (me dat waits on de qual'ty), jes' ez I cross de road dat free niggah say ter his steer, ‘Step up, Pete, step up; an' look out,

* Exodus xxii, 18.

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stranger, dat you don' git run ober!' Now, I consider dat de wus' sort ub impotence, an' I wan' you ter tell him so ef'n he is at Zion ter-night. I'm not gwine ter stan' hit. Ef'n he had uh par ub fars-trottin' steers like Uncle Simon's, hit wud be bad 'nuff, but ter be 'sulted by dat sort ub miration is scan'lus."

"Well, Nancy, stay home an' let me go ter de rebate; dem chickens' hatchin' is pow'ful waluble. I gib Mage Rudd five levys fuh thutty ub dem eggs, an' he say dat breed ub chickens cum fum Henrico County, Firginny, an' once lay uh gole egg; so ub cose dey wuf watchin' day an' nite. Mo'n dat, I am one ub de arbiters, an' I won' let dat imperdent free niggah Jim Brooks dat 'sulted you cum in Zion, ef'n hit breck up de rebate. I holp ter meck de brick fuh dat chuch, an' I sut'ny got some sponsibility in de matter."

"Well, Billy, when you spressify yo'sef dat way, ez de moon is so young, an' hit so dark, I will stay home."

Their conversation was interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, which Nancy opened and exclaimed, "Bless meh soul an' body, an' body an' soul, ef'n hit ain' young Mistis! Why, honey, howdy; an' wha you bin?"

"Mammy Nancy, one of Father's ewes died in February and left a dear little lamb. I took it to the

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house, fed it from a bottle, and it became like Mary's little lamb—everywhere that I went the lamb was sure to go. Early this morning I started out to get the first spring flowers. After I had walked about a mile I heard Snow Flake bleating, and looking back saw her gambolling after me. When I passed the fold a hundred or more of beautiful leaping lambs romped around her, and soon my sweet Snow Flake seemed to forget me and skipped and played with the other lambs. I felt that I would be a wolf to take that lamb from the flock; and yet, Mammy Nancy, I love that little lamb so much. And, oh! how I have watched and tended it! Finally I walked to your spring, sat down and cried, and then I felt thirsty; and when I looked for the gourd that hangs on the nail in the pine tree it was gone. So I have come for the gourd.”

“Dat's Billy's carlesomeness; dar's de gourd, honey, in de watah bucket. Miss Marg'retta, you looks ez sweet ez dem flowers dat's reposin' on yo' bres'. I bin heahin' erbout you. Dey tell me de bows jes' cum in drobes futto see you. De fac' is, you is mo' beau'ful an' beau'ful ev'y day. Dey tells me dat de young marsters cum fum Balt'mo' ter see you; howsome-eber, I heah dat Mars John Charles Dickinson, fum Queens Anne's County, is yo' favorite. He! He! He! Dat's what Miss Osman say. Got uh new



Courtesy Knapp Bros., Knoxville, Tenn.

You gwine ter merry uh king an' hab thutteen chillun!

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ring on yo' fingah, too; but Ole Mars ain' gwine ter let you merry anybody ceppin uh Pres'dent er sompin' like dat. Chile, lemmy tell yo' fortune?"

"All right, Mammy Nancy."

"Do you wan' uh long fortune er uh short fortune?"

"Well, a short one to-day and to-morrow I will come and get the long one."

"Mistis, I will teck yo' lef' han' ter-day. How does you keep yo' han's so white an' dimpled? Dar's many uh one ub dem young men dat fox hunts wid Ole Mars dat wud gib deah hyarts ter hole dis han'; deed dey wud. One, two, three, fo' five, six, sebin, eight, nine, ten, 'lebin, twelbe, thutteen. Yo' gwine ter merry uh king an' hab thutteen chillun. Billy, go out an' see how dem hens is hatchin."

When Billy was sent out Margareta thought it was going to be a long fortune, so she switched the conversation off and said, "Has Billy got religion? We haven't heard of his being at Major Rudd's store of late, fiddling and banjo playing."

Nancy said, "Billy goes ter Mr. Dawson's sto' now, uh mile fudder up de rode, futto sell his eggs, mus'rat hides an' coon hides. You see Mage Rudd fell out wid Billy, an' 'twuz all uh accident. It wuz dis way: Fus' place Mage Rudd sol' Billy some eggs dat cos' 2 cents uh piece. He say dat de breed ub chickens

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dat dey cum fum once laid uh gole egg. Well, Billy's eggs all hatched ducks. Billy wuz furisome, an' wen' right 'way ter Mage Rudd's sto', but he got sich uh way ub twissin' his tongue dat he twiss out ub it by sayin' dat somebody swap eggs wid Billy. Cose den I molested him boutin dem duck eggs, an' he say, 'Nancy, I hab got uh ve'y fine new lantern fuh sale, an' I wan' ter sell you one.' Sez I, 'Why; I's got uh good lantern.' 'Well,' sez he, 'Billy's so black you wan' uh fus'-class lantern ter stick outin de winder in de mawnin' ter see ef'n day is broke!' Now, qual'ty people wud nebba talk dat way, an' dat's what made Billy skeer dem frogs ub Mage Rudd's."

"Well, what did Billy do?"

"Well, Mage Rudd had uh empty mullasses barrel in front ub de sto', an' de flies wuz swa'min' erroun' hit same ez uh swa'm ub bees, an' Mage Rudd's toad-frogs wuz almos' ez thick ez de flies, an' dey wuz ketchin' de flies same ez de debbil ketches sinnahs.

"Well, 'twuz erboutin sundown when Billy cum erlong an' seed dem flies an' frogs. So he got uh piece ub ole rope, hide hissef 'hine de barrel, an' den he twiss dat rope thoo de grass ezactly like uh snake. De frogs dat wan' full ub flies an' cud jump went all ober dat sto', in de butter, mullasses, sugar, brakin' eggs, lamp chimneys, nockin' down bottles, an' wussa still, dey jumped 'roun' Mage Rudd's ole maiden sis-

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

tuh's feets an' ankles, tell she tuck up huh dress like she gwine wadin'. Mars Pinckney say she mussa tho't de frogs wuz *garter* snakes. But de mos' 'stressin' part ub all wuz de frogs dat wuz full ub flies an' cudn' hop; dey los' deah mines—bellerd an' wep', wep' an' bellered wuss dan uh pon' full ub horny calves. Uh big frog pon' wuz nuffin ter hit.

“Mage Rudd 'low he didn' keer fuh de flies, er de things dat wuz 'stroyed in de sto', but he did keer *fuh dem frogs*; dat he wuz uh widderer, wid no chillun, an' summer ebenin's dem frogs 'mused him; an' lars, but not leas', dat he wuz keepin' dat rope *fuh Billy*, an' when he kotch him he wud meck him jump leap frog.”

Billy fully intended going to the debate, but on his way he met a lot of coon hunters, forgot the debate and returned to his quarter about daylight, when he explained matters to Mammy Nancy. She said, “You shan't hab yo' pipe fuh uh monf.” Whereupon Billy, to melt Mammy Nancy, tuned his banjo, twanged it and sang:

“Didn' my Lawd d'liver Daniel?
D'liver Daniel, d'liver Daniel.
Didn' my Lawd d'liver Daniel?
An' why not ev'y man.

“He d'liver'd Daniel fum de lions' den,
Jo-nah fum de belly ub de whale,
An' de He-boo chillun fum de fiery furnace,
An' why not ev'y man.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“De win’ blows Eas’ an’ de win’ blow Wes’;
It blows like de judgment day,
An’ ev’y po’ soul dat nebba did pray
Will be glad ter pray dat day.”

When Billy had finished singing Nancy said, “I reckon you kin hab yo’ pipe, Billy, ef’n you promise ter jine de chuch.” And Billy promised “ter jine.”

MARS PINCKNEY’S ’SIMMONS

De chickens all hab gone ter roos’, de milkin’s almos’ ober;
I heah de hooppo-will’s loud song, de rabbits in de clober,
De ’possum gittin’ out ub bed, de coon he ’gin ter wake,
An’ one, er bof, in Haylan’ Branch, I specks ter obertake.

Da ain’ no moon, de stars is brite, de ’simmons ripe an’
sweet—

De ve’y night fuh Traveler ter sent uh varment’s feet;
Befo’ de roostus crow hit’s day, an’ ’fo’ de Bob White stir,
I no I’ll heah de lubly tongue ub meh dog Traveler.

Jes’ ez I harked him in de branch, an’ wa’k ’long de parf,
I seed de bushes moobin’, an’ I heahd uh leetle larf;
’Twuz den de dog cum ter de tree an’ made uh monstus
fuss,
An’ what wuz in dat ’simmon tree wuz wuss dan scanalous.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

At fus' I tho't hit wuz uh owl, but coon dogs don' tree
owls,
An' Traveler wuz too skeer'd ter bark, 'twuz jes' uh stream
ub howls;
So den I look up in de tree, an' settin' 'pon uh lim',
Wuz uh cunnin' leetle niggah, sorter hummin' ub uh hymn.

I saw 'twuz leetle Ezzy feedin' on dem 'simmons ripe—
De night befo' he'd tole "De composition ub de snipe;"
He al'ays spressify hissef in sech uh cutesome way
Dat ev'ybody lubbed him, an' bleebe what Billy say.

So I didn' wan' ter 'stress him, but meck bleebe I did,
An' said, "Fum Caesar's quarters hencefof you is fuhbid;"
An' den dat leetle roscal say he didn' cuh fuh me,
"Dese is Mars Pinckney's 'simmons, an' Mars Pinckney's
'simmon tree."

I tole him ef'n I had uh ax I'd cut de fruit tree down,
An' ef he fell an' breck he neck when he struck on de
groun'
Hit wouldn' 'stress me any, kase you t'ink yo'sef so wise,
An' you de sort ub niggah dat de Babtis' chuch dispise.

“DEM DAYS.”

“Is this Uncle Stephen Demby?”

“Yas, honey; dat's meh name! I jes' got in fum crabbin'. Lemmy put meh paddles un'er de house ter keep dese carelessom' gre't-gran'chillun ub mine fum fin'in' 'em. Dem two gals, Marfy an' Muhtilda, out da in de watah sorf crabbin' is meh gran'chillun. An' jes' look at dem two boys er ridin' dat cow ub Mars Pinckney's; dem is meh gre't-gran'chillun, an' dey monstus bad. (Ef'n you don' git of'n dat cow I'll whup you till da ain' no bref in you!) Dar's three ub dem boys, an' dey name Stephen, Saul an' Bonypart, an' like ez not de one name Bonypart is ridin' dat cow's calf. Deah gre't-gran'mammy gibs 'em too much cawn bred, an' hit natchelly puts noshuns in deah haid.”

“Do you live here?”

“Yas'um; but de road don' go no fudder. You'r sho'ly on de rong road, chile; dat's de road ter de Royal Oak, an' de road you on is wha dey bin haulin' oyster shells, ter fix de road you lef'.”



Dem two gals, Marthy an' Muhtilda, out da in de watah sorf
crabbin' is meh gran' chillun.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“Uncle Stephen, I know exactly where I am, and I have come to see you, and want you to tell me all about Talbot County before the war, so that I can put it in my magazine.”

“Well, bless meh soul an' body, an' meh body an' soul. Heh! heh! heh! Jes' speekin', I reckon, futto see Mars Pinckney 'roun' heah; I'm sho' he bin meekin' 'mirations at yer. Uh foxhoun' don' lub uh fox hunt mo' dan de ladies 'roun' heah lub Mars Pinckney, an' I heah Mars John Charles Tilghman say ter ole Mars Nickey, ‘He is ez hainsome ez de son ub King Dabid-Ab-so-lum, dat got kilt by uh mule.’ Mules wuz ornry in dem days. Now, how you gwine ter put Talbot County in yo' mag'zine? You jes' tezin' po' ole Stephen. You see I's al'ays libbed wid de qual'ty, an' ain' easy ter fool. Now, you sho'ly ain' got uh mag'zine?”

“Indeed I have, dear Uncle Stephen.”

“Well, what we gwine ter cum ter. Ef'n meh dear ole Missis had ebin seed one ub huh chillun ridin' on one ub dem one-wheel t'ings she'd uh tuck an' spanked huh an' kep' huh in bed fuh two weeks; but ter t'ink ub uh lubly young mistis like you is, habin' uh mag-zine—chile, I is libbed too long. It's mos' ez bad ez ghoses an' witches.”

“Uncle Stephen, don't you think I could manage a magazine and put the nicest sort of stories in it?”

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“Well, den, what good it gwine ter do you? I wish de one dat 'sploded at Petersbu'g had nuffin in it but stories. Why, honey, it blowed up an' kilt fo' thousand' mules, an' I dunno how many millions ub soldiers, an' de good Lawd only nose how many plantations. Is you got uh pa? Well, chile, you will twiss yo' po' pa's feelin's sum ub dese days ornless you stop playin' wid mag-zines.”

“Why, Uncle Stephen, you are too old to have been a soldier in the civil war.”

“Indeed I wuz, honey, an' I wuz skeer'd stiff! You see dey tuck me ter Easton, gib me toddy, 'fused me, an' 'swaded me ter go. I's got uh pension, fuh I drobed uh fo'-hoss mule team fuh six monfs. I didn' keah fuh de wah; fac' is, I kep' 'way fum de battlefields. I wud uh bin uh exerter, but wuz fear'd ter ezert! So I jes' had ter pine fuh ole mars, ole miss, an' Sookey. Sookey's meh wife, an' she al'ays wid 'em. She use ter look fuh ole mars' specks, an' keep de flies of'n ole miss.”

“Uncle Stephen, my magazine is a kind of book that comes out every month and has pretty stories in it, and they tell me that you can tell a pretty story.”

“Heh! heh! heh! mistis, I al'ays know'd I wuz uh qual'ty niggah.”

“So I have brought you a nice bundle of tea, tobacco, and a new straw hat, for I want you to tell me



Deah gre't gran' mammy gibs 'em too much cawn-bred, an' hit
natchelly puts noshuns in deah haid.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

all about yourself and something about Talbot County before the war."

"Well, I s'pose dey name books arfter mag'zines, kase dey big soun'in' t'ings? I's pow'ful bleegeed ter you fuh de tea, 'baccy an' de hat. I'll hab ter teck dis sweet blue ban' of'n de hat, kase it will skeer de fish an' keep 'em fum bitin'. You mus' be fum de Souf?"

"No, I am from the North."

"Well, you mus' uh had uh mammy fum de Souf, den."

"Maybe, Uncle Stephen. And now tell me something about the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Talbot County, before the war."

"Well, hunny, I cum outin' uh fambly dat lib wha you see dem tall elm, hoss chestnut an' big oak trees. De place name Otwell. I wuz bo'n da—and so wuz meh fava an' his fava. Meh fava's name wuz Phil Demby, an' Pawson Demby, de 'stinguis' Babtis preecher, is meh brudder, an' name arfter meh fava. None of my fambly wuz free niggahs, er 'longed ter po' white trash. My m'uvva she named Phillis. Dey called huh Arnt Phillis; an' she libbed at Otwell, an' wuz Mars Nickey's favorite cook. All de niggahs on dat plantation slep' wid sheets on deah beds. Mars Nickey didn' hab, an' he wouldn' hab no common niggahs. When de oberseers cum ter de po'ch ter git

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

deah orders, dey al'ays stood wid deah haids unknivered, rain er no rain; dey know'd deah place. An' Chrismus Ole Mars gib all de serbents toddy, but ef'n dey get tipsy, he whup 'em sho'! Meh muvva, Phillis, wuz de fus' cook at Otwell. Chile, she wuz uh cook! but one ub de slow-paced sort. Nowadays dey cook uh ham in fo' hours; dem days it tuck meh muvva two days, an' dem wuz Mars Nickey's orders.

“How-some-eber ev'yt'ing wuz slow in dem days. Dey use ter teck uh gre't big silver tank dat hilt boutin uh gallon, er mebbly two gallons, an' fill it wid mint julip, an' it had two gre't big han'les jes' like ram's hohns on de sides. An' Saul an' Damon—dey wuz de house serbents—dey meck de julips (I use ter holp when dey ve'y busy, an' tase de julip an' see ef'n it sweet nuff), an' when de gemmen cum in fum fox hun'in', Saul an' Damon wud pars 'roun' de tank; an' *you kyant tell how slow dey wud drink fum dat tank.* An' when dinner time cum it tuck 'em boutin fo' hours, sometimes mo'n fo', an' sometimes all nite futto eat dinner. Dey riz bees, an' dey meck peach brandy, an' dey drink what you call peach an' honey. How cum dey don' drink peach an' honey dese days? Why, de ve'y bref ub it mecks you feel nice.

“Fo' de wah all de hom'ny wuz bet in uh gre't big mortar; de hom'ny dey mecks nowadays is nuffin

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ter hit. All de wheat wuz cut wid uh cradle, an' when dey all in uh row swingin' deah cradles, sayin' nuffin an' lookin' so full ub condidence, it remin' you ub de fus' ub de flood tide in de creek—mus' go on. Uncle Reuben al'ays tuck de haid row. Swing he cradle same ez Sampson. Steambo'ts cum once uh week dem days, an' dey tuck all day ter cum, an' dey stay all nite, an' go 'way nex' mawnin'. Now dey cum in fo' hours, an' fo' er five uh day.

“People ebin dance slower dem days; use ter dance de min-e yet. Mars Tilghman co'tin' Mis Henrietta, an' he bow ter huh same ez uh tall poplar when de win' blow hyard; an' ez fuh Miss Henrietta, she jes' ez graceful ez uh putty kitten, an' stylish ez uh unbroken thurrybred colt. Ef'n de flo' had uh bin kivverd wid de hunard-leaf roses, an' she wuz uh dancin', she wudn' mash one. Many uh time, thoo de wintah, I'b seed 'em dance. I'd bin de haid waitah at 'Otwell' ef'n I hadn' bin so waluble futto breck de steers an' colts. Ole Mars' he had de gre'tes' confluence in meh 'ravity, an' I wuz al'ays 'roun' de kitchen, kase, ez I befo' tole you, meh Muvva Phillis de haid cook. Mam Juby, she de secon' cook, and 'sis' mammy.

“Why, hunny, ebin de peaches an' watahmillions wuz bigger dem deys, kase dey didn' grow up so fars; dey tuck deah time; an' ez fuh oysters an' fish, why

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

dem days you cud walk out in dat cobe not fudder dan yo' nees, an' git all de oysters you wan', an' set rite at dat stake an' pull in de fish tell you go 'stracted, an' de wile ducks quackin' all 'roun' you. Dat's de stake Leetle Billy wuz uh fishin' at when de shirk pull him ove'bode. Leetle Billy wuz uh ornry niggah, al'ays playin' de fiddle, mus'rattin', tellin' ghose stories, fishinin' on Sunday, an' dancin'. Mo'n dat, he nebber 'longed ter de chuch, an' it wan' no use ter talk ter him. How-some-eber, ev'ybody liked Billy; al'ays peart, al'ays hab 'baccy in he pocket, an' gib lib'ly. Billy wuz uh qua' chap; he wan' lazy, but he didn' lub hyard wuck. Well, he tied he bote at *dat ve'y stake*, an' jes' fuh fun, befo' de tide tu'n an' de fish bite, he put uh gre't big sorf crab on he hook, flung de bait out, tied de line 'roun' he leg, tuck his fiddle out an' 'mence ter play jigs an' sich like. Bimeby he wen' uh sleep, an' uh shirk cum 'long an' tuck dat bait, pulled po' Billy ove'bode, an' Billy wen' uh skeetin', bobbin' up an' down like uh passel ub 'scovey ducks bavin' deah sef, an' prayin' fas' ez he cud git de watah fum he mouf. Billy say he wuz jes' prayin' dat de fiddle wudn' git los', but Cap'n Stitchberry sez he nebba heahd uh moanah pray mo' pow'ful. Mo'n dat, ef'n Cap'n Stitchberry hadn' cum 'long in he pungy wid uh load ub oyster shells, an' kotch Billy when he wuz fai'ly sailin' 'long,



I'd bin de haid waitah at "Otwell" ef'n I hadn' bin so waluble
futto breck de steers an' colts. Ole Mars had de gret's
confluence in meh 'ravity.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

de shirk wud hab 'stroyed Billy. Mars Innis Randolph says, 'Dey kyant tell whedder de niggah wuz uh fishinin' er de fish wuz uh niggerin'.' Dat's de way people gits talked boutin dat fishes on Sunday.

"Dem days dear ole Mars Nickey had seben sons, an' dey all wen' Souf in de wah; all got kilt 'ceppin' Mars Pinckney, name arfter uh Bishop, an' he wuz de wiles' an' de gayes', an' he didn' git uh scratch. Dem chillun gittin' kilt, wid *me* leabin' Ole Mars, meck him seck an' breck his hyart. ('Skuse dese teahs, young mistis!) So he died! Meh pappy Demby use ter 'long ter Mars Nickey's fava, an' dribe de fo'-in-han' an' rid' 'hine in de saddle when Mars Nickey drobe in de gig. Bof ub 'em wuz name Nickey, an' he wuz de fif' Nickey dat wuz bo'n at Otwell. I heah Leetle Billy say dat he heah Mars Tilghman say dat he heah Mr. Stevens say—de man dat use ter run Mars Nickey's win' mill—dat de fus' Mars Nickey cum ober de bay wid uh man name Klumbus, an' dey 'scover Talbot Kounty. Dat wuz in de time ub de Petracks. [Patriarchs.]

"Dem days dey had what you call gigs. 'Cose you nebber saw one ub dem ole-time gigs. Well, you almos' had ter git up in 'em wid uh leetle ladder, dey so tall an' stylish. Dey wuz fuh two hosses tandy, one in de shaf', de udder in de lead. Dat's de way dey wen' co'tin', an' dey wo' silk stockin's, an' no

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

pants, 'ceppin' ter deah knees. Pappy say ev'ything wuz slow in dem days, 'ceppin' de race hosses, fox-houn's, an' de young; an' de ole marsters, dey luck so peart an' 'squisit' in deah silk coats an' socks, silk all ober, dat de young ladies cudn' resis' 'em. Dem days som'times dey had three er four wibes. One mistis hardly hab de hunnysuccele growin' ober huh grave 'fo' dey git annurr wife. I had five wibes meh-sef. Heh! Heh! Heh!

"When Pawson Demby, meh brudder, got 'ligion, den I got 'ligion. 'Fo' dat I use ter ride race hosses, an' me an' Mrs. Rodgers' Ned, an' Mars Nickey's Big Billy (you see dey had two Billys, an' dey use ter call one Big Billy an' de udder Leetle Billy) use ter play de fiddle, an' two waitahs fum Myrtle Grobe, Hesakiah Sprouts an' John Poney, use ter play de flute an' banjo, an', hunny, people use ter cum fum Kyarline an' Qweens Anne's County futto heah us play, 'Wha You Gwine, Sistah Sue?' 'Rosin de Bow,' 'Debbil 'mong de Tailors,' 'Yaller Cow,' an' sich like.

"Meh deah chile, I cud tell you heap mo' 'boutin dem days; but when I look ober da—Ole Mars' gone, all de hoss ches'nut, elms an' poplars (dey call dem Lombardy poplars) dead—de apple an' de peach archard 'stroyed wid age, de cobe wha dey use ter swim de hosses so shaller dat uh kildee kin wa'k 'cross, an' wussa yit, de man what wuz wonce uh oberseer



SCIPIO JONAS JONES AND NIMROD.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

libbin' in de ole house, how you 'speck I feel? An' much ez I lub de ole place, I's 'fear'd ter go da; fuh dey tell me Leetle Billy plays de fiddle an' dances in de yard sometimes, an' he bin dead six monfs nex' harves'. Ef'n I hadn' preserbation in meh hyart, an' 'long ter de chuch, I'd be 'fear'd ter lib heah. Do you 'long ter de chuch? Ef'n you don' git salbation rite 'way, den yo' mag'zine will bloom jes' like de blossoms on dem crabapple trees, an' you will long fuh de chuch jes' ez much ez uh hen longs fuh huh los' chickens. Ef'n I hadn' jine de chuch I, tu, mout be uh ghose like po' Billy—he died fum eatin' tu much watahmillion he stole—an' I mout uh bin wid him.

“Ef'n Ole Mars wuz libbin' dem crabapple trees wud hab uh new fence 'roun' dem. Das wha' he burried Cicero, he favorite p'inter dog. Hunny, I will nebber fogit dat name; I recommember it jes' ez well ez I recommember yistiddy. All de niggahs in de mansion call him Cis, an' it meck Ole Mars 'stracted. He stan' us all, young an' ole, leetle an' big, Aunt Phillis, tu, all in uh line, befo' de po'ch, an' he say: 'Dem me, ef'n I don' sell you all ter Georgy ef'n you don' stop callin' dat dog Cis. He's uh gre't dog, an' name arfter uh gre't man; I won' hab it. I will wuck de plantation wid free niggahs 'fo' I hab it.' An' he tell de leetle niggahs dey

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

kyant play 'roun' de po'ch fuh uh monf ef'n dey don' learn ter call dat dog Cicero. Den he meck us all say arfter him, C-i-c-e-r-o, C-i-c-e-r-o, C-i-c-e-r-o—Cicero!

“When he wuz uh young dog, boutin two year ole, Ole Mars cum fum partridge shootin' one day, an' all de dogs jump out de wagon at de po'ch 'ceppin' Cicero; he wuz almos' tu tired an' sleepy ter mobe. But when Mammy Phillis call him he got hongry rite 'way; jump out an' struck he haid 'gin de iron scraper dey teck de mud of'n deah boots wid, an' kill hissef. Hongry an' thusty ez Ole Mars wuz, he wep'! An' he say, 'I wan' you an' Reubin ter dig uh grabe un'er dem crabapple trees, an' in de mawnin' we will burry him.' An' so de nex' mawnin' Uncle Reubin an' I wuz stan'in' by de grabe meddowtatin', an' heah wuz me, heah wuz Uncle Reubin, an' heah wuz Cis. Pres'ny Marster cum an' put Cis in de grabe, an' I thowd uh spade full ub uth on Cis; an' Uncle Reubin riz up his haid, an' he say, 'Mars Nickey, ain' you gwine ter say nuffin?' An' Mars Nickey he luck like his hyart wud breck, an' he say 'Nuffin, Reubin!' Den Uncle Reubin thowd in uh spade full ub uth, lean on he shovel an' sorter whispuh like, 'Den I will say he wuz uh good *ole* dog!'”

“Marster's favorite dogs wuz houn's; he lub 'em so he nebber low you ter call uh houn' uh dog. An' he

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

had seben hosses dat done nuffin but hunt ober dem dogs; an' dey wuz hosses, fuh it tuck uh hoss ub qual'ty ter kerry him; he wuz uh pow'ful man. Fus' you read de Bible, hunny, boutin de time King Dabid wuz all dress up in his new nuniform an' whup de Flistins, an' den teck uh look at Ole Mars' pictur, you sho'ly wud think King Dabid favo'd Ole Mars, he so hainsome; an' Mars Pinckney de ve'y spit ub him! When Mars Nickey git on he hun'in' close he glitter jes' same ez uh star! Yaller wes' (yaller wuz he favorite color), no pants 'ceppin' ter de nees, an' dey yaller; an' green welwet cote—bless meh soul an' body, an' meh body an' soul, he look jes' like King Solomon mus' uh look when he wen' struttin' arfter annurr wife. An' when he blow he hohn an' you heah de houn's moanin' an' Jedge Kyarmichael's, Mars Lloyd's, Kun'l Winders, an' Mars Tilghman's an' all de qual'ty dogs cummin' troo de cawn fields almos' nockin' down de cawn, an' all ub 'em carryin' uh chune, chile you'd almos' wish yo'sef uh houn'! Yas, indeed, hunny, dem wuz days futto recommem-ber. An' sich hosses Ole Mars had; dey jes' jump an' hunt. Da ain' no hosses dese days like de hosses dem days. Fuh instinct, like Don Won, Black Nite, Jew-drap, Junius, Fanny Esler, an' Sky Lark. Jes' cum in meh quarter an' I'll show de pictur ub dem

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

hosses. I done lef' 'em ter Mars Pinckney when I die; you see, I wan' ter keep 'em in de fambly.

“Mars Nickey had he quare ways, tu, jes' like under people. Fuh instinct, he wud nebber lite he cigah fum uh match, al'ays fum uh cole uh fire, stuck on uh fork; an' I lub ter tote de fork ter him—sho' futto gimmy uh levy. When he shabe he nebber look at uh glass; jes' wa'k all 'roun' de room meddowtatin an' shabin', an' shabin' an' meddowtatin', kase he wo' no whiskus, an' 'spise uh beard. One time I nebber will fogit; Mars Jimmy cum fum Woodstock, had his fiddle in de kerridge an' wuz full ub peartness. He wuz dribin' Robbin an' Red Bird tandy togedda—jes' cum futto see he pa—an' tho't he wuz ve'y fine wid uh mustache on he lip. Ole Mars wuz in uh fine umuh, wid uh barsket full ub mushrooms on he ahms, but when he see dat mustache on Mars Jimmy, he say, cussin: “You kyant lite tell you cut dat hyah orf.”

“I recommember one thing mo' I fogot. Ef you wants ter git uh good view ub de ribber, an' be tu fur fum de house ter heah Billy's fiddle, jes' teck dat parf, an' hit's uh nice leetle wa'k ter dat grobe ub cedartrees, an' when you gits da you will see what'll s'prise you. Ole Marster lubbed ev'yt'ing dat wuz good—an' da's wha he burried he good an' favorite foxhoun's. I kyant read, but I nose ev'y name on dem *houn's toom-*

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

stone poses. He nebber done anyt'ing 'dout hit rashnal, an' he sho'd dat 'sponsibility when he name he foxhoun's. Lite-foot wuz uh booful houn'; neck almos' ez long ez uh goose's, an' sich long, sorf ears, gre't big brown eyes, an' sech uh signifyin' 'spression 'bout he haid, dat when he los' de sent, an' bay an' look at de sky, hit made yer raal sad. He wuz so swif' an' nimble dat he skeercely tech de uth, an' hardly bresh de jewdraps fum de clober.

“Chimes had uh tongue dat wuz ez sweet ez uh *martingale's*, same ez uh bell. Jefferson wuz uh gran' feller, white all ober, 'ceppin' uh yaller spot on he lef' side, not much bigger dan uh new moon. He wuz ve'y stylis' an' clean, 'pear'd like he wuz dressup all de time. He wuz ez brabe ez Mars Pinckney, an' ez gentle ez uh lam'—'ceppin' uh *black dog cum 'long*; den da wuz trubble. Mars Nickey didn' like nuffin *black hissef*, 'ceppin' de niggahs, so he 'cided ter hab no mo' black houn's er black sheep on de plantation, all fuh de lub ub *Jefferson*.

“But Ole Mars had one houn' he lub mos'; he wan' so pow'ful fas', but he wuz al'ays true. Ef de sent wuz cole, er ef'n it wuz uh los' sent, you'd heah 'em say, 'Wait tell Jerry cum 'long, he will pick it up;' an' de young an' de ole houn's had condidence in him, an' 'spected him. His name wuz Jerry-Myah, an' Ole Mars say he gib him dat name kase Jerry-Myah wuz uh profit.”

DAT CHRISMUS CAKE.

Scipio Jones say dey gwine ter hab uh cake walk
An' uh hus'in' Mars John's cawn—it wuz ev'ybody's talk,
So dey 'pinted uh cummittee ter 'quire 'bout de cake
Ter be raal sho' dat Scipio wuz makin' no mistake.

He al'ays foun' out ev'yt'ing, an' yet he wuz no good,
An' ef'n he tried ter tell de truf, wuz nebber ondastood;
Fuh de ghoses an' de witches he lubbed ter talk erbout
Wuz al'ays in de cow's hohns when udder people out.

De cummittee went uh 'quirin' an' dey foun' dat Sistuh
Chew
Had tole de plum-cake secret ter only one er two;
An' Scipio he lis'en while she milk de cows an' say
Dat Mistis gwine ter meck uh cake dat's walked fuh
Chrismus Day.

So Mistis mixed de Chrismus cake an' fill it full ub plums,
An' Scipio look in de stobe an' stuck in it his thum's.
De heat wuz so ornple'sant an' bu'n dat roscal so
He scream an' cry, "Aunt Phillis cool de thum's ub
Scipio."

When Mistis saw de Chrismus cake an' heahd 'bout dem
thum's
She say, "Dat niggah Scipio shan't ebin hab de crum's;"
An' when dat walk wuz ober you cud see rite on he face—
Don' stick yo' thum's in plum cake an' git yo'sef dis-
grace.

Da ain' no use ub talkin'; it's al'ays out ub place
Ter stick yo' thum's in anyt'ing ter ebin git uh tase—
Ornless you bin invited, an' den it's al'ays bes'
Ter wait an' hab cool fingahs an' eat wid all de res'.

WHEN SAUL RUN ERWAY.

Miss Marg'retta wuz ve'y fon' ub Saul, an' when he run erway hit 'stress huh pow'ful. Uh showman cum 'long wid uh circus an' 'swaded po' Saul ter go. Miss Marg'retta teach him ter read an' rite, kase da wuz recommonbrances clustah'd 'roun' Saul's mammy dat made Miss Marg'retta fon' ub de chile. Lars' week I had uh lettah fum de po' boy, rote fum Balt'mo.' Mars Pinckney red hit fuh me, an' hit say dat when de circus got ter Balt'mo' de showman sot him ter wuck feedin' de snakes. Saul's letter spressify dat he lef' dat circus in uh run! Saul al'ays wuz smart. He! He! He! Ef'n he had fed dem snakes, he mite bin 'flicted like Uncle Snake-bit Jim.

Arfter uh few days Saul say he got de place ub waitah on uh tugboat; uh nice place, but de lettah say he wuz so sad an' lonesom' he wuz mos' dead. ('Skuse meh cryin', Muhtilda.) He say he misses de ribber so—de cluckin' hens, crowin' roostus, de calbes moanin' fuh deah ma's, de sweet little skippin' lam's an' de singin' birds—but he say he mos' miss Mars Nickey's houn's, an' dat he will nebber refuse ter hunt fuh hens' nesses fuh he aunty ef'n he kin git

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

home, but he sho' Ole Mars won' let his foot tech Woodstock.

Fus' I tho't ub gwine ter Ole Mistis, but she so sad I 'cided not ter trubble huh. Muhtilda, she will nebber git ober de deaf ub Mars Francis. Ev'y day befo' he died she teck uh barsket on huh ahm, pahr cissers in huh han', an' go ter de gyarden befo' de jewdraps of'n de flowers, an' wid dem cissers she wud cut wiolets, heal'trope, 'benas, sweet-lizziums, roses an' udder sweet flowers, tell de barsket full. Den Mistis wud meck 'em in bokays, an' meck me ty 'em wid lamp wick. You see hit's sorf, an' don' squench de flowers. Dem days I had ter put one ub de bokays in ev'y room, but dese days she don' hab no bokays; jes' puts all dem flowers ev'y mawnin' on Mars Francis' grabe.

Whenebber I tho't ub po' Saul meh hyart got sick; 'pears ter me 'twuz sick all de time. So I wa'k up an' down de gyarden prayin' sorf ter mehsef, thinkin' an' thinkin', so I 'cluded ter see Ole Mars, an' bine meh haid up'n uh hankcheah an' wen' ter see Ole Mars erboutin Saul. He wuz gwine fox huntin', wuz settin' in de hall, Damon wuz puttin' on he spuhs, when I wa'k in, made uh curchysy an' cummenc' ter cry an' limp. Ole Mars lif' up he hainsome face an' say:

“Well, Sookey, what's de matter?”

I say, “I heahd fum Saul; it meck me so 'stressed



So I bine meh haid up'n uh hankcheah an' wen' ter see Ole Mars
boutin Saul.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

an' po'ly, Marster. He say he so rejected an' lonesom', dat his hyart mos' breck. He wan' ter cum home."

Den Marster cuss an' say: "Wha de scan'lus scoun'l at?"

An' I say wid meh hankcheah ter meh eyes, "Balt'mo'."

Den Ole Marster say: "Sookey, Saul's muvva Nancy (yo' sistah) wuz uh splendid 'ooman; nuss'd yo' Miss Marg'retta when she had de scarlet fevah. Saul wuz uh baby, an' she mos' fogot Saul, she wuz so faithful ter yo' Miss Marg'retta."

Den I say: "'Zac'ly so, precisely, Marster!"

Den he say: "Nancy kotch de fevah an' died; yo' Miss Marg'retta wuz so 'stracted she mos' 'dopted dat chile—tech him ter read an' rite." Den Mars Nickey cuss ergin an' say: "Eddication mecks nig-gahs bad!"

Den I say: "So hit do, Marster, so hit do; fuh hit sut'ny meck Saul bad. Fuh he wuz riz so careful. Miss Marg'retta ebin bo't him uh nanny-goat fuh uh wet nuss, an' dey got so fon' one nerr dat when Saul wud tottle outin de quartah de goat wud 'mejately nanny, twinkle huh little tail jes' like uh aspine leaf, run up ter de chile, an' he wud set un'er dat goat, nuss huh hissef, an' pat he han's on de goat's sides. It mecks me think ub yo' son Mars Francis what died.

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I nuss him tell he so big he hab teef. When he wuz horn'gry he wud run up ter me same ez uh little lam', pat meh bresses when he nussin', same ez Saul did de goat's sides, an' sometimes when he feel sassy—mos' got ernuff (jes' playin' wid de milk)—he wud bite me. An' many uh time I had ter smack him hyard; an' den his brite eyes, brite ez uh fish-hawk's, but big an' sorf, wud fill up wid teahs. Den he wud git in meh lap, pat meh ole face an' say, 'Mammy! Mammy!' play wid an' put he fingah froo meh ear-ring, jes' ez gentle an' lubbin ez uh cherrypin er serrypin. My! he little fingah jes' ez smoo'be ez de inside ub uh oyster shell. Den I sing, 'Git on bode, little chillun.' Den he go ter sleep, an' he bref on meh cheek jes' ez sorf ez de down on uh goslin'." Den I say, "Mars Nickey, he wuz de ve'y spit ub you!"

Den Mars Nickey teck out his silk hankcheah, wipe he weepin' eye, trem'lin mouf, an' he say, "Sookey, teck uh seat!"

Jes' think ub meh settin' down befo' Ole Mars! Den he teck uh pinch ub snuff, th'ow some on de flounces ub he shut, call Damon an' say, "Bring me some peach an' honey!"

Den he say: "I will 'struct Cap'n Stitchberry, de fus' time de Margaret Jane sails fuh Balt'mo', futto bring Saul home, but he kyant lib heah wid meh good an' faithful serbents; he got ter lib at 'Fausley,' drap

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

cawn, plough—be wuf sompin'. Kyant hab any mo' boots. Tho' Nancy wuz his mother, got ter weah shoes; I only gib de bes' serbents boots!"

Muhtilda, I jes' natchelly swep' de flo' wid meh curchysys, I feel so thankful. An' when I lef' I say: "Meh Marster, yo' mo' an' mo' like Mars Francis ev'y day; same brite eyes, like uh fish-hawk's, but sorf an' big!"

Den Ole Mars teck nubba pinch ub snuff, dust he shut flounces wid it, cut hissef on de leg wid he ridin' whup an' say: "Sookey, I change meh mine; when Saul cum back he kin wuck in de gyardin wid yo' husban', Stephen."

When I wen' out de do' da wuz Cap'n Stitchberry stan'in' befo' de steps wid he haid orncover'd waitin' fuh his orders fum Mars Nickey; Stephen wuz holdin' Sylph, Marster's favorite mare; Music, Jerry-Myah, Sweet-lips, Jefferson, Chimes, an' all de res' ub de houn's (Ole Mars wudn' let you call 'em dogs) wuz playin' erroun' Stephen, chunin' up, an' Sylph wuz almos' crazy fuh Ole Mars ter git in de saddle—she jes' scorn de yearth when she gallopin' an' cud almos' jump ober de moon. Well, I felt ez proud an' happy ez Sylph an' de houn's did, kase, Muhtilda, ev'ything look'd lubly ter me. So I meck up meh mind I ain' gwine ter scold Stephen any mo'—he did look so peart, holdin' Sylph wid uh yaller wes' Ole Marster

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

jes' gib him. But what meck me mos' happy, I heahd de wabes moanin', I luck at de ribber, an' da wuz de Margaret Jane wid huh sails sot, jes' prancin'. I knew'd what dat signify—so hit won' be long befo' Saul cum back.

Saul sing songs, play de hohn dat Little Billy gib him, wid locks an' keys, dances, too. How-some-eber, hit's jes' what de qual'ty do; but da ain' nuffin wichious erboutin Saul, an' I sut'ny has miss him pow'ful. Da ain' uh houn' on dis place dat ain' look sad sence Saul lef'. When dey cum home wid deah sore feet, ears an' legs all scratch up, full ub briars, Saul, 'doutin Ole Mars habin' ter tell him ev'y day, biles uh pot ub squaw-root, baves dem houn's feet an' legs, an' you kin see dem settin' 'roun' waitin' fuh deah turn.

Heah cum Ole Miss now; look at dem chickens an' de cows all lookin' at huh—ub cose meckin' mirations ter deahsebs erbout huh. Dat lady behin' wid uh barsket on huh ahm an' all dem keys on huh ap'on strings, is Miss Betsey Orsman, de housekeeper. Dey bin ter kivver all dat grabe ub Mars Francis wid flowers—'ceppin' de toomstone. De vusses on hit ev'y serbent in dis house has larnt. Think ub dat!

“Kyant you say 'em, Aunt Sookey?”

“Yas, indeed, chile, dat I kin; but I will arsk Miss Betsey arfter Ole Miss gits by. Honey, she's uh

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'citer; she jes' gibs huhsef up ter glory when she speechifyin'. I will ax huh kase she likes ter say it.

"Miss Betsey, will you say dem vusses what's on Mars Francis' toomstone?"

"Why, certainly, Sookey; now listen good:

"The seasons as they fly,
Snatch from us in their course, year after year
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
The parent, ever honored, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the filial tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth—to-morrow knells us to the tomb."

"Miss Betsy is an ole maid, Muhtilda. De reason she's wa'kin' fum us so slow is kase she's meddow-tatin'. Dey tell me dat one time Cap'n Stitchberry wuz in lub wid huh, but he gib huh up kase she tu fon' ub vusses; an' he tell Mars Pinckney dat she lubbed him tu much. She's ve'y fon' ub Mars Pinckney, an' don' mine his teasin', so de udder day he tole huh—

"Da nebber wuz uh goose so gray but soon er late
Wud fine some wan'rin' gander fuh uh mate."

"Now, wan' dat sassy?"

"Saul wuz pow'ful fon' ub cracklin'-pone wid mullasses, an' I gwine dis minit futto meck uh pone fuh

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dat po' boy. I's bin watchin' de ribber all de mawnin'. It wudn' s'prise me ef'n de Margaret Jane cum in de ribber befo' de sun sot; so don' you go home, Muhtilda. Den I will sen' fuh Little Billy futto tell us some stories; Susan fum Mars Carroll's is cummin ober—ub cose Ezra Viney will keep comp'ny wid huh; an' lars', but not leas', Stephen got three dozen sorf crabs, six watahmillions an' two ole hens I kilt yistiddy dat had stopped layin'. So we will hab uh happy time eben ef'n Saul don' cum ter night.

“Dar's Billy now, talkin' ter Juba Viney; got his banjo hung 'roun' his neck. Dem's mus'rat hides he's got tied 'roun' his wais'; gwine ter Mage Rudd's sto', I 'specks. O—h, Billy; we are 'speekin' Saul dis eb'nin'. Kyant you cum ober, sing us some songs an' play us some chunes arfter Stephen goes ter set his net? He rejects ter you bein' so pus-nal wid de witches;* ain' fogib you yit fuh gittin' up'n dat 'simmon tree an' sassin' Uncle Caesar Butler.”†

Billy knew Aunt Sookey would have something good for supper, and knew that she doted on Saul, so he soon turned up at her quarters, and quickly asked for Uncle Stephen, whom he knew would not welcome him.

* See Little Billy's Pumpkin.

† See Mars Pinckney's 'Simmons.

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“Da he is, jes’ paddlin’ his boat fum de sho;”
responded Aunt Sookey. “Gwine ter set his net.”

Billy smelt the frying crabs, and asked in apparent ignorance: “Is you had supper, Aunt Sookey?”

“No indeed, honey; de lard jes’ cummenc’ ter bile.”

“Well, den, I will sing uh new chune I jes’ larnt, while de table gittin’ sot:

“On Tom-big-bee ribber so fair I wuz bawn,
In uh hut made ub leabes ub de tall yaller cawn;
An’ dar I fus’ met wid meh Ju-la so true,
An’ I row’d huh erbout in meh gum-tree canoe,
Singin’ row away row, o’er de watahs so blue,
Like uh feather we’ll float, in meh gum-tree canoe.

“Wid meh hands on de banjo an’ toe on de oar,
I sing ter de soun’ ub de ribber’s sorf roar;
While de stars dey look down at meh Ju-la so true,
An’ dance in huh eye in meh gum-tree canoe.
Singin’ row away row, o’er de watahs so blue,
Like uh feather we’ll float, in my gum-tree canoe.”

“Billy, dat’s lubly; kyant you sing jes’ one mo’ song befo’ I puts de butter on dese sorf crabs?”

“Yes’m!”

“Sometimes I libs on de fat ub de lan;
Sometimes I libs on de lean;
An’ when I gits meh day’s wuck done
I sweeps de kitchen clean.
Den heah meh true lub weep,
Heah meh true lub sigh,
Way down in Callio
Dis niggah’s bawn ter die.”

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“I kyant sing an nerr vus, Aunt Sookey, kase I so horngruy, an’ I kyant stay tu long kase I ain’ sot meh mus’rat gums yit, an’ I bleege ter go ter de sto’ futto sell dese hides. Mo’n dat, Mars Pinckney gwine fox hun’in’ de fus’ thing in de mawnin’ long befo’ de sun up.”

Billy ate heartily, and the *jamboree* was broken up by the incoming of Uncle Stephen. Billy, to be very polite to Uncle Stephen, whom he knew did not like him, said: “Uncle Stephen, I jes’ watch you all *day* long yistiddy ketchin’ oysters; you sut’ny kin ketch oysters.”

Uncle Stephen leaned wearily on his paddle and said: “Y-a-s, Billy! Ef’n I wuz uh chicken you wud watch me all *night!*”

Billy soon departed, and when he was well into the darkness, twanged his banjo and sang:

“I ain’ no tukkey buzzard,
I ain’ no saint;
I ain’ no tukkey buzzard,
So glad I aint.”



BLACK CREEK FALLS.

“LET US MECK BRICK.”

Sistus, brudders an' chillun: Pawson Demby wuz 'specially 'quested futto prech at de gre't bushmeetin' gwine on in Bolingbrook Neck, an' dey sent up uh *fo'-hoss-mule team* an' kyart fuh him lars' night. He 'quested me futto say ter de congation dat he wanted yo' pray'rs fuh de gre't cause he gwine ter prech erbout, an' he also qualify me ter say his tex' will be fum de book ub Deutron'my, 22d chaptah, 10th vus: “Thou shalt not plough wid uh ox an' uh ass togedda.”

Some free niggahs 'long de Choptank dat cum fum Henraccah County, Firginny, is ploughin' wid uh mule an' uh ox, an' hit's stressin' de Babtis' 'roun' de ribba pow'ful, kase hit's sech uh wiolation ub de Scripturs.

De witches in Haylan' Branch is keepin' uh good many sistus fum cummin' ter de chuch Sunday nights. De c'lections consequationly is so small I is 'fraid we kyant git de kyarpit fuh de pulpit by Chrismus; but ev'y little bit helps, ef'n hit's only uh rabbit's foot, kase dey will sell at de festival fuh 6 cents uh dozen.

Ez I ain' had uh ve'y long notice, meh discose dis

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ebinin' will be breef. You will fine meh tex' in de book ub Gen'sis, 11th chaptah, thud vus:

“LET US MECK BRICK.”

Den, ergin, de fif' chaptah ub Exodus, all ub de sebinth vus: “Ye shall no mo' gib de people straw ter meck brick, ez heahtof'; let dem go an' gavva straw fuh demsebs.”

You all recommember dat Mars Nickey say lars' New Year Day dat ef'n his serbents, young an' ole, 'habe demsebs well fuh uh hole yeah he gwine ter build 'em uh little brick chuch. Well, de serbents is bin monstus good fuh uh hole yeah, 'skusin' Little Billy, an' he so curisome Marster don' mine him. 'Sides, he muvva Nancy nuss Mars Pinckney. So arfter de cawn wuz hus'in' Mars Nickey tole me an' Reubin ter go ter de clay bank an' meck boutin fifty thousan' bricks, an' dey wud be uh plenty ter build uh chuch dat wud hab uh real top-lofty pulpit, uh moaners' corner, an' hole boutin two hun'erd serbents. Mars John Chamberlain, Mars Tench Tilghman, Mars Samuel Dickinson holp ter buy de shingles an' furnachy.

Wuckin' dat clay (an' Moses wud hab praised dat clay), meckin' an' haulin' dem bricks ter dat lubly cedar grove, made me think ub dis tex' night an' day, an' I is wanted fuh uh yeah ter preach on dis gre't subjec'.

I see some dear sistus heah fum Queen Anne's. I

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s'pose you cum ober ter de bushmeetin' in Oxford Neck, so I wan' you ter ondastan what uh 'squisite spot Cedar Grove is fuh uh brick chuch, befo' I git fudda wid meh spressifications boutin bricks.

Sistus, da is uh little creek called Peach Blossom. De fus' peach seed dat cum ter Amer'ca wuz fotch ober an' planted 'long Peach Blossom Creek, Mars Pinckney say, erbout de time Klumbus 'skivered Amer'ca; dat's why hit's called Peach Blossom. De same man fotch ober some apple seed, an' de apples wuz named arfter him, Catlin apples.

Peach Blossom is erboutin uh harf mile long an' uh hun'erd ya'ds wide, an' empties inter Fausley Creek. De watah is fum five ter eight feet deep, de bottom ez clean ez de deck ub Cap'n Stitchberry's schooner, de Margaret Jane, sandy, an' ez hyard ez uh mule's haid, but you kyant see de bottom 'ceppin heah an' heah, kase da's wha Mars Nickey got he oysters bedded, an' da's wha Uncle Stephen sets Mars Nickey's net, ketches de spot, hogfish an' pan rock dat cums in dat creek ter feed ober de oysters, an' den ter meddowtate. Mos' at de haid ub de creek is uh proud-lookin' grove ub cedars; 'mong dem cedars is *twenty cedar toomstone poses*, wha Ole Mars burried he good an' favorite houn's, an' da's wha de new Zion Chuch gwine ter be swottuated.

Belubbed, da nebber wuz uh mo' 'chantin' creek!

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

On hits banks grows lubly trees, fum de sas'fras an' dogwood ter de gre't elms, walnut an' poplar trees. Sistuh Cassey, befo' she died had uh cabin at de haid ub de creek; de honeysuckle an' wile rose seeds strayed fum huh house all 'long de banks ub dat creek, an' now de honeysuckle an' wile roses blooms an' clustus 'roun' one nerr day an' night—hit's uh heb'nly spot. Hit don' matter how de win' blow, ef'n you paddle yo' skiff in Peach Blossom Creek hit's so cam, quiet an' shady you kin heah de little jinny wrens, sparrows an' crickets singin'. De watah looks so smove an' happy when de tide go out an' when de tide cum in, dat it al'ays mecks me think ub Ole Miss' face; fac' is, you jes' wanter set down an' muse, an' you won'er why all erligeons ain' de Babtis in Talbot County, ter wash deah sins erway in Peach Blossom. But I mus' tu'n ter de application.

Little Billy wucked two days dribin' uh ox team, den ub cose he got tired. Mammy Nancy 'quested me ter arsk you all ter pray fuh him arfter de doxol'gy; he is ve'y bad. Ef'n Mars Nickey knew'd what he say he'd whup him sho'; kase he say Mars Nickey wud hab built dat chuch, good er bad niggahs; dat he tole him all dat he wanted him ter do wuz ter see ezactly wha de bricks wuz drapped, an' ter be sho' none ub dem bricks wuz drapped ergin dem *houn' cedar pos' toomstones*. Billy fudda spressify dat he bleebe de chuch wuz gwine ter be uh kind



Ole Miss, when sweet sixteen, going to dance the minuet.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ub monumen' ter he good an' faithful houn's an' good an' faithful serbents.

Meh brudderin, I hab now laid de foundation. So I wan' you fus' ter persidder de pictur on de face ub dat lubly clock; befo' she strike ergin I am gwine ter tell you who de fus' brickmakers wuz, an' how dey cum ter meck bricks.

Way down in Egyp' lan' long time befo' Klumbus 'skivvered Talbot County, da wuz uh king named Fario. He wuz uh gre't man, an' you kin 'magin' what style he lib in fum de fac' he had six hun'erd wibes, two chariots fuh each wife, an' dey nebber is bin able ter fine out ezactly how many hosses, mules, jackasses, steers, cows, sheep, goats an' serbents he had; an' he had so much ter meck him peart dat he got ter be uh ve'y wile man. Well, dis king had uh lubly daughter, de apple ub he mouf an' de ve'y spit ub de king. She had uh nice 'scluded little ribba (I specks it wuz mos' ez putty ez Fausley Creek) futto bave in; she likewise had fo' er five hun'erdhan'maids, an' all longed ter de qual'ty. De Bible call 'em damsels. I think hit's uh good name fuh maids dese days, 'skusin', ub cose, free niggahs. Well, de narration say dat Miss Fario wen' down ter de ribba wid huh damsels futto bave. Dey wuz orndressin' huh, ten maids wuz teekin' de rings of'n huh ten fingahs, two mo' maids wuz teekin' huh earrings out, an' uh

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nubba teckin' de *earrings* outin huh nose. (All de qual'ty wo' rings in deah noses dem days.) Jes' ez she erboutin orndress—you see dey didn' ware no bavin' suits in de time ub de Petracks, an' bad ez de men wuz dey didn' bave wid de ladies; so da wuz sut'ny no mails 'roun', 'ceppin' uh monstus fine baby boy three monfs ole, dat wuz kivverd up wid bull-rushes, an' 'rapped in flags (I s'pose de flags wuz some ole sorf battle-flags)—well, jes' ez de king's daughter put huh little feets in de watah ter see ef'n it tu cole, she heah uh chile cry. She jumped back relarmed, an' say ter huh maids, "What's dat?" Den she look in de bullrushes, an' lo an' beholst, da wuz uh cute-some lookin' cradle wid flags 'roun' hit (Is'lite flags, I s'pose), an' uh baby fairly harkin'; he cryin' so.

Hit is s'pose by narrationists dat de ma ub de chile got de frog fright, kase frogs wuz so thick, an' gittin' thicker, dat dey wuz in de kitchens, smoke houses, parlors, tubs, cookin' ubbins, an' in de beds; so de chile's ma meck uh sort ub deck-ober cradle ub mud, tar, pitch an' beeswax, dat made hit frog-proof, an' da's wha dey sho'ly foun' de baby. Pres'ny Miss Fario saw uh ooman stan'in' neah by, so she say, "Is you de muvva ub dis chile?" She say, "Yes'm!" Miss Fario say, "Cum heah an' nuss dis chile right 'way an' I'll pay you ter be de chile's mammy. I'm gwine ter 'dopt him; he uh monstus fine chile. 'Sides I want

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something futto caress; an' ez I foun' him in de watah, I'm gwine ter gib him de lubly name ub Moses, kase de Bible say in Egyp' lan' Moses is de name fuh watah."

Bimeby he grow'd up ter be uh gre't man, an' wuz ve'y friendly wid de Petracks. Pres'ny you will see de application.

Well, de king say ter de Petracks, "We is gwine ter hab uh gre't famin', kase de frogs, locusses an' grasshoppus is uh carryin' on high." So dey all 'cided ter buy all de cawn dat wuz riz dat yeah. Pres'ny heah cum de famin', sho' nuff; den de Gyptian farmers an' sheppards cum ter Joseph. Dey say, "Joseph, we horn'gry; we ain' got no cawn!" Joseph right 'way say, "I's got plenty cawn!" So dey buy uh plantation ub cawn, an' Joseph teck de money ter de King, an' de King he hab uh gay time ober dat money ub de Is'lites.

Now, strange ter say, wid all de hosses, chariots, foxhoun's, an' I 'specks, fine coon dogs dat dey could wusship, an' wid deah wissum tu (kase Mars Pinckney say dey knew'd mo'n we do)—fuh all dat dey wusship crockdiles (why, de Bible say King Solomon had six hun'erd wibes an' three hun'erd *crockdiles*; jes' think ub dat!), el'phants, ants, bulls, butterflies, grasshoppus, frogs, an' I dunno what not, an' dey didn' keer no mo' fuh one ooman dan uh man keer

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

fuh uh yaller-jacket's nes'. Yas, indeed; dey wusship 'mos' ev'ything 'ceppin' uh damsel. Dey had drobes ub wibes, but dey didn' hab no condidence in deah wibes. Why, ef'n dey hab uh composition ebin wid uh Pawson, dem Kings an' Judges wud 'mejately hab deah huids cut orf.

Well, hit cum ter pars in erboutin uh yeah dem po' Is'lites cum back ter de Petracks mo' hornigry dan ebba, an' tell deah tale ub 'stress. Dey say, "We ain' got no money; we spend hit all fuh cawn. Our fodder is all 'zausted, so we fotch our cattle; we will gib dese cattle fuh cawn. So Joseph count de cattle an' teck 'em fuh cawn. Now, dat's two yeahs ub de famine. Dar's five mo' yit.

Well, hit cum ter pars uh yeah arfter dat dey cum ergin an' dey say, "We ain' got uh *cent dis time*, an' no cattle; how-some-eber, we mus' hab cawn; we kyant lib 'dout hit. So dey gib all deah plantations. So King Fario own all Egyp' lan', an' he carry on higher still, jes' scan'lus, ve'y mischevious, kase he own mos' ez many plantations ez Ab'ham.

Brudderin, uh yeah went by, an' heah cum dem po' hornigry sheppards an' farmers ergin. Dey say, "We almos' starbed we so hornigry." King Fario say "What you got ter gimmy, now?" An' dey say, "Nuffin 'ceppin' our bodies, futto be yo' slabes."

Moses wuz uh gre't man, ve'y gre't man (he nuss

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wuz uh cullud pusson), so he look on all de time, stroked his whiskus, leaned on dat cutesome rod ub his'n an' didn' say nuffin, jes' meddowtate an' muse, muse an' meddowtate. Now, Moses natch'ly felt po'ly kase he had kilt uh Gyptian de day befo' fuh kickin' uh Is'lite, one ub he people. Pres'ny heah cum King Fario, dribin' fo' jack-asses in uh chariot he had jes' bought wid sum ub his cawn money. Little Billy say he read somewha in de Bible dat King Fario shuck han's wid Moses, an' say ter him in uh whispuh :

“Moses, I'm gwine ter teck all dem Gyptians ez slabes. Dar's such uh drouf, so many frogs, locusses an' grasshoppus, da ain' no use ter set 'em at wuck in de fiel's, so I'm gwine ter meck 'em wuck hyard fuh dat cawn. I wan' at leas' uh harf million sot ter wuck dis day, but what dey gwine ter do? Dat's de consequence! Dar's uh gre't deman' fuh bricks ev'ywha, but meh clay ain' ve'y good.”

Den Moses riz up his rod, gib it uh twiss, an' cunjured dat rod. Den dey had uh little serpent dance, an' while dey wuz uh dancin' Moses say, “You got 'bun'ance ub straw, an' ef'n de straw gib out you got plenty ub stubble.” King Fario say, “Uh case orntried is hyard ter justify.” Den Moses gib he rod nubba twiss (Little Billy say dat de rod wuz made outin witch hazel wood), an' he spressify, “I's foun' out uh

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way ter meck bricks 'doutin straw!" An' right 'way dem po' slabes wuz sot ter brick-meckin'.

"Let us meck brick."

Den arfter dey bin meckin bricks 'boutin two hundred yeah hit cum ter pars dat de profit Ex-o-dus said, "Ye shall no mo' gib de people straw ter meck bricks, ez heah tofo'; let 'em go an' gavva straw fuh dem-sebs."

Brudderin, when you gib bricks uh *solid* thought hit's uh pow'ful subjec'. Fac' is, we is all bricks, an' made fum de same clay I is not spressifyin' de application ter straw bricks, kase I dunno how dey is turnt ter clay.

Bricks is our house futto dwell in an' wusshup in while we libbin', an' our house in de groun' tell de day cum when de gre't Marster blow He hohn an' we stan' befo' uh gate finah dan any King Sol'man ebba had. Belubbed, is you gwine ter try an' swing on dat gate? [A voice: "Yas, Lawd!"] an' be da ter heah St. Peter say "Heah cum meh chillun; lemmy call deah names." Brudderin, sistus an' little chillun, will he call yo' names?

Tilly Mink: "Brer Rasmus, I'm mos' swingin' on dat gate now!"

Well, den, meck dat boy Scipio Jones, settin' 'side you, teck dat sweet-tater harness orf, an' dat piece ub sheep rib outin his mouf, he chawin', fuh uh bit.

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At de lars camp meetin' uh ve'y 'stinguish' Babtis' pawson said he wuz s'prised dat de lubly daughter ub King Fario merried King Sol'mon, uh man dat wuz-shup'd frogs, bulls, el'phants an' crock'diles fuh pets. My 'pinion is she fell in lub wid dat *brick* house ub de King's, dat de Bible say had two thousan' baf tubs, an' teck thutteen yeah ter buil'. Den, ergin, de bricks wuz laid in gole. King Fario's daughter cudn' resis' uh house like dat, an' I don' think 'twuz hyard ter ondastan'. Huh merryin' de King, dafo', wuz uh subjec' dat wuz rash-nal.

When we gittin' our heb'nly trunk packed, an' when we trabblin' up ter St. Peter's gait, I kin see Uncle Reubin, Aunt Phillis, Uncle Stephen, Aunt Sookey, Rasmus Jemes, Damon Danridge, Pawson Phil Demby an' Mammy Nancy trottin' 'long de road in de beauty ub holiness, goin' ter St. Peter's gait an' longin' ter git deah han's on de gait futto ring dat bell. An' I kin see Little Billy (be sho' an' pray fuh him, Sistus; ef'n coons, 'possums, fiddles an' banjos had nebba 'zisted, he wudn' be uh sinnah)—yas, I kin see Little Billy stan'in' wid Jasper pullin' dat bell tell he mos' breck de wire, an' pester St. Peter so dat he say, "Who dat tryin' ter breck meh bell?" Den de bell wen' jing-uh-ling ergin! Den St. Peter 'mejatly stuck he lubly haid ober de gate an' say, "Gwuffum heah, Little Billy; you

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ain' bin 'nointed. You got ter lib wid dem you likes ter keep cump'ny wid; fuh instinc', witches, ghoses, jack-uh-ma-lanterns an' de chillun in de wilderness ub Zip!" You kin 'magine how po' Billy's face look—much mo' sadder dan Scip Jones' look at de cake-walk lars' Chris'mus; an' when St. Peter smile same ez uh serry-pin an' say, "Heah cum meh chillun; walk in de watah, fuh hit's al'ays wahm; let me babtiz you in de golden ribba," Billy wuz so 'stressed dat he kicked Jasper an' say, "Hit's all yo' fault; ef'n you wan' sech uh good coon dog I'd nebba bin led 'stray."

Now, dis will cum ter pars: When St. Peter sees Aunt Phillis an' Uncle Reubin cummin' 'long he will say, jes' ez sho' ez judgmen' day is cummin', "Cherry-pins an' serry-pins, an' Ham, de cullud son ub Noahy, bresh de dust fum two ub de bes' seats in de Lawd's kitchen fuh dem two saints, an' tell 'em we gwine ter hab uh festibal!" I wan' Ham ter set 'long side you an' pint out Samuel de fus', an' secon', Moses, King Dabid, King Fario, Zackeus de climber, an' lars', but not leas', Ho Ho, an' you'll see fum he habin' whiskus he ain' no Chine er Japne. Den de profit Noahy will renounce dat King Dabid an' he son, King Sol'mon, gwine ter sing uh jewette to-gedda—King David, ub cose, playin' on his hyarp ub uh thousan' strings; an' I 'specks dat sweetes' son ub

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Noahy, Ham, will play de banjo. Bless meh soul an' body, an' meh body an' soul, belubbed, what uh festibal hit will be! Sistus, I kin see 'em all.

Tilly Mink: "Yas, Brer Rasmus, all clustah'd 'roun' de pul-pit."

John Poney: "Kin you see me, Brer Rasmus?"

No; I am lis'nin' ter 'em talk. Dear little Jona will tell erboutin' his sea voyage; St. Peter, dat lubly 'possel, ub how many shirks he kotch an' kilt; Little Jack-a-ass erboutin how slippery wuz de sycamo' tree he clum; Jacob erboutin de lubly streaked, striped an' speckled cattle he riz; Nimrod erboutin coon dogs, King Sol'mon erboutin he thorrybreds—brudderin' I cud preach fum dis tex' fuh uh monf an' nebba git rejected, but I mus' migrate ter dem dat ain' bin 'mersed. Wha will dey be when dat sweet festibal is gwine on? Cole ez hit is—an' dar's fo' back logs on de fire—I say cole ez hit is, tu cole fuh uh 'possum ter be out, yit I feel so het up fum dis discose dat I kin almos' tase de red hot melted lead, an' sizzlin' brimstone dat de sinnah hab ter resis' on.

"You kyant eat uh hoe-cake but once!" so cum ter demoanah's bench now; cum while de hoe-cake ub salbation is brown wid faith, an' all kivver'd ober wid de graby ub redemption, an' hab yo' fingahs filled wid streams ub goodness. When you go befo' St. Peter, de gre't fisherman, he got Moses stan'in' by he side wid dat curisome rod ub his'n.* Den Moses tap you on

* A negro superstition.

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de han' wid he rod, an' ef'n you good yo' fingah nails will fly back, an' Moses will pull fum yo' fingahs gre't long strings ub goodness; an' ef'n you bad, gre't long black bad strings.

Uncle Reubin Viney say dat he heah uh gre't Mefodis' pawson say dat Unuch, who wuz transplanted, wuz so good dat he didn' hab any fingah nails, an' de Mefodis' pawson also say de reason de debbil is called Ole Scratch is kase he fingah nails long ez uh roostus spuhs.

Now, when Moses tap yo' fingahs what he gwine ter pull out? Belubbed, now is de time fuh de checkeration ub yo' sins. Burhol' de golden stairs starin' you in de face! Sistus an' brudders, you mus' try ter clim' dem stairs. Hit will meck yo' legs, ahms, risses an' hyarts so strong, jes' ez it did little Zackasses when he clum dat slippery sycamo' tree; an' when you git ter de top ub dem golden stairs you will see fus' Ole Mars Nickey, Mars Tilghman, Mars Jimmy an' Miss Henrietta wid wings 'hine an' befo' an' cullud angels cononly breshin' de dus' fum Miss Henrietta's cheah, an' lookin' fuh huh specks, an' you'l see de same sweet ringlets in huh hyah. Yas, indeed! kissen huh lubly brow, neck an' bres' jes' like de jewdraps kisses de snowballs in de gyardin. An' pres'ny she will raise up dem sweet han's ub huh'n dat's of'n bin bu'nt meckin' poltices fuh good an' bad serbents, open huh

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cherrypin mouf an' say, "Dem's meh good serbents; I knew'd dey'd be heah!" An' den she'll call Ham an' say, "Gib 'em nice seats in de Lawd's kitchen;" an' while she gibbin' orders King Dabid chune he hyarp, Gabriel he trumpet, an' all de res' ub de gre't singers an' players git 'roun' de organ Den King Sol'mon, wid uh pow'ful bow an' uh book ub songs un'er his arm, ax Miss Henrietta futto play de organ; an' Miss Henrietta bow fum him an' look ez prow'd ez uh peacock—an' she wuz, tu! An', belubbed, she say, "I'm sho' you ain' pus-nal, den ergin you ain' rash-nal, King Sol'mon, kase you had tu many wibes; an' ef'n it wan' fuh dem lubly songs ub yo'n I wudn' fogib yo' sassyness er keep comp'ny wid you."

Lars' but not leas', I 'specks Aunt Phillis sot at de melojin in de Lawd's kitchen wid all Marster's good an' faithful serbents 'roun' huh, an' when Moses teck he rod an' gib dat rod uh twiss, dey all included by singin' togedda, de fo'f vus ub hym 473:

"He suvrin pow'r widout our aid
Made us ub clay [dar's de application] an' formed us
men;
An' when like wan'rin' sheep we strayed,
He fotch us ter his fol' ergen."

Befo' we sojourn I fogot ter renounce dat Mage Rudd say de keys ub de heb'nly organ wuz all made

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ub gole. Yistiddy I ax Mars Pinckney erboutin hit, an' he say, "Sho'! Da wuz uh *Key* made ub gole dat writ uh gre't an' pow'ful song." Think ub dat! I dunno what he mean ezac'ly, but I s'pose hit sompin in rebellion.



OLE MISS.
(Miss Henrietta.)

JUBA VINEY'S YALLER PANTS.

Flowers were fading. Roses, hyacinths, honeysuckle, buttercups and bluebells all gave "sigh for sigh." 'Twas the last of summer—the hour when birds fly homeward to their nests, wandering bees seek their hives, chickens their roosts. 'Twas twilight, and its dews bathed the blooming clematis, climbing and caressing the latticed porch; a wooing breeze wafted its perfume through Otwell House, and awoke the waves on the slumbering river.

Aunt Phillis had early leave to attend a Baptist prayer meeting, consequently the crickets were having a concert in the kitchen, little darkies were romping merrily on the lawn. Ole Mars was visiting Col. Leonard Hollyday and shooting sora and blue-wing duck on Wild Goose Marsh. Miss Henrietta had just tuned her harp and bade the servants be quiet. Presently all was silence, save the drowsy burr of some insect.

Her voice was mellifluous, her face pure and noble, and the servants worshipped her as the ancient Jews worshipped Queen Esther. She sang, "There is a green hill far away," and her beautiful fingers at

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times touched the strings softly as snowflakes that fall upon the warm cheek of a maiden and melt into tears—as did her voice.

Below the porch sat Little Billy an enrapt listener. Just as the song was ended Juba Viney strolled by, and Little Billy said:

“Howdy, Juba! Which way you bin?”

“Ain’ bin no wha; jes’ gwine.”

“Wha you gwine?”

“Gwine ter Mage Rudd’s* sto’; tells me mus’rat hides is riz—wuf uh levy. I’m gwine ter sell mine.”

“Well, wait tell I chain Jasper, den I’ll go wid you.”

“What’s de matter wid Jasper, Billy?”

“Why, uh coon bit him in de foot lars nite. Nebber wud hab bit him ef’n Jasper hadn’ been ’fused. I smoked de coon outin uh holler, an’ de smoke ’fused de dog.”

“I’s glad futto hab you go, Billy, kase I wants yo’ ’sponsibility. I’s gwine ter buy some things at de sto’. I specks ter fill bof dese bags, dat’s full ub mus’rat hides, wid what I buy.”

“I wud teck meh mus’rat hides, too, but I sprain meh ankle, back, ahms, risses an’ han’s lars nite clim’in’ uh tree. I ain’ able ter tote nuffin, so I kyant teck meh skins ter nite.”

* Told the negroes he was a major in the war of 1812. He was a teamster.

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"Tho't you say you smoke de coon out?"

"So I did, but dis wuz uh nubba coon."

"I hope Mage Rudd won' be shut up; I wan' ter git sompin nice fuh Susan. She 'bout done promise she gwine ter hab me, Billy; wud uh merried me long 'go, 'ceppin' fuh dat yaller niggah dat dribes fuh Mrs. Rodgers. She nebba bin in lub wid Jerry; hit's only when Mrs. Rodgers cum ter see Miss Henrietta, an' he got on glubs dat's got fuz on 'em, uh ban' 'roun' he hat; bras' buttons on he coat, white-top boots on, an' uh sorter pine burr on de side ub he hat, an' al'ays hab he pocket full ub can'y dat's got vusses in 'em. Billy, don' you say nuffin boutin hit, but I'm gwine ter hab meh pockets made bigga, an' gwine ter hab one pocket full ub dat can'y all de time. What you s'pose dat can'y got in it? Hit almos' cunjah Susan.

"Ef'n Susan cud jes' see me once dress up dat way, why, man, she cudn' resis' me futto sabe huh life. Nite befo' lars' when she seed me gwine ter Zion, wid meh yaller pants on dat's got black stripes down de legs, dem I bo't at Mage Rudd's, she jes' wuz charm'; an' when I show'd huh meh new par ub gallisters* I got ter ware wid dem pants, she 'low, 'Juba, you sut'ny do look peart.' When Aunt Sookey seed me she sez, 'Juba, you luck tu sweet ter lib.' Den Uncle Stephen he smole uh grin an' say, 'Wait tell Jerry cum prancin' erlong, you won'

* Suspenders.

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think so.' Den dey cummenc' titterin' an' pokin' deah necks out jes' like uh passel ub geese wid young goslin's; mos' 'gusted me! Billy, Mrs. Rodgers al'ays call dat niggah Jerry-Myah. I nebba knew'd any niggah 'roun' heah name' Myah, did you?"

"Not dat I kin recommember. He cum outin de Cyahrmichael fambly, an' dey monstus cute sort ub niggahs."

"Well, he ain' 'stressin' me! I walk home fum Zion lars' Sunday wid Susan. She did luck tu cute in dat new Josey ub hern! I dunno which 'track huh mos', de gre't sermon ub Pawson Demby er meh yaller pants. He preach fum de book ub Daniel erboutin de time de William goat (Pawson Demby say 'twan' perlite ter say Billy goat in de pulpit) fit an' smut de ram an' breck he hohns. He 'cluded fum two profits (I fogit de name ub de fus' one, but hit got Zek in it), an' hit wuz all erboutin de new moon, six lam's an' uh ram. De udder profit wuz de gre't Gencis, an' Pawson Demby 'splain ter us 'bout de two hun'erd yews an' twenty rams dat Jacob sont See-saw."

"Juba, you mean Esau, de hunter."

"Yas, dat's hit, Billy. You see, I kyant read ter 'fresh meh mem'ry. Well, hit wuz uh real farmer's sermon, but I wuz glad when de 'cludin' time cum, kase Pawson Demby preach two hours an' uh harf,

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de pew wuz so crowded an' we sot so close dat bof meh feet wen' 'sleep; truf is, dey got so tired, an' 'twuz so wahm, I wud hab tuck meh shoes orf, but I didn' hab no stockin's on. Mrs. Rodgers' Jerry wan' at chuch. Tilly, he sistah, say he had uh chill. Wish hit had shake he haid orf! So I walk home wid Susan. When she got in de kitchen an' tuck huh shoes orf she say ergin, 'Juba, you sut'ny do look peart!' Den she put huh han' in huh pocket, pull out one dem can'y vusses, an' she say hit say:

"Wiolets red, roses blue,
Sugah sweet; me too."

"Den she pull out nubba, an' hit say—

Lub hangs 'round dis lubbin' hyart
Like flies 'roun' uh apple tart.

"Den she put huh han's un'er de ap'on strings 'roun' huh 'squisit' waise—so! 'Cose I knewed what dat me'nt, so I tuck uh good tase ub dem big sweet lips ub huh'n. Den she try ter look like she 'fended, an' say, 'Go 'way, Juba; you al'ays wan' ter be pus-nal.' Den she skip 'long ter de dairy, an' huh feet tech de groun' jes' ez sorf an' lite ez uh 'possum's. Bimeby she cum back wid huh ahms full ub uh gre't big crock ub clabba, all kivvered ober wid brown sugah. Den I hilt huh an' kiss'd huh sho' nuff, mo'n six er

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seven times. I'd uh kiss huh six er seven hun'erd times, but I heahd Miss Henrietta cummin' ter see boutin some ginger cakes she cookin' in de stobe. I wuz sut'ny glad to heah huh, tu, kase I specks Susan wud uh scolded me pow'ful. Dunno tho'; kase when Miss Henrietta cum tippin' in so sorf dat huh little feets wudn' uh mash uh rose ef'n de kitchen flo' bin kivvered wid 'em, Susan she wuz uh singin', 'Dar is uh happy lan' fa', fa' erway,' same ez uh martingale. How-some-ebba, she mus' uh bin uh little 'fused, kase she cummenc' ter stir dat clabba—when I heah Miss Henrietta an' breck uh 'way—same ez hit wuz eggs, butta, cawn meal an' butta milk, gittin' stirred fuh johnny-cake. I's teckin dis bag futto carry what I's gwine ter buy huh. I wudn' teck uh kyart-load ub mus'rat hides fuh dat gal's lub! An' ef'n Mage Rudd is got 'em, I's gwine ter buy harf peck ub dat sweet can'y dat's got vusses, some ammons, resins, dates an' apples—'nuff futto fill dis bag. Den fuh mehsef I wan' ter git uh mouf orgin, two mo' juice-hyarps, an' wid de res' ub de money I's gwine ter see ef'n I kyant buy uh new par ub pants, yaller wid black stripes, an' uh fiddle."

"You better buy sompin' dat will meck money."

"What's dat?"

"Why, some ub dem new kine ub steel traps, 'sted ub wasein' yo' money on can'y, resins, an' sich like

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fuh dat gal Susan futto eat wid Mrs. Rodgers' Jerry. Juba, you sut'ny mus' t'ink 'tain' no trubble ter ketch mus'rats an' skin 'em, de way you wase yo' money; mo'n dat, I wants ter borry two dollars fum you mehsef tell I sell meh mus'rat hides. Now, what you wan' wid two par yellow pants? Dey ve'y putty, but one par nuff fuh dis summer, dat's harf gone."

"Well, Billy, I spile dem pants day befo' yistiddy, which I will tell you boutin, tho' hits uh composition dat's ornpleasan' ter me. Well, I had bin haulin' cawn all day ter Cap'n Stitchberry's schooner, de Margaret Jane. I wan' ter dress up ter teck Susan ter de 'bate at Zion Chuch, so I jes' fed Crow an' Ab'ham, tu'n 'em loose, an' didn' teck deah yoke off. Fus' place, dat white steer Crow is dangersome ter projic wid—Uncle Stephen say de gre'tes' kicker he ebba saw; an' he say de nite Crow wuz bohn wuz de wus' nite he ebba saw. Blowin', dark an' snowin'—so dark dat's why dey call him Crow. Uncle Stephen say when uh leetle ca'f he wud kick his ma, ole Snowball, quick ez he wud kick you. So, 'cose I didn' wan' dat steer ter kick me big ez he is. I heahd Uncle Silas say one time he wuz plowin' wid Dove an' Pigeon—dey wuz de bigges' an' strongis' mules Mars Nickey had. He plow'd up uh yaller-jackets' nes', an' he wuzn' watchin Dove er Pigeon; he wuz jes' watchin' an' fightin' dem yaller-jackets. He say he

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had mos' wo' out uh bran' new straw hat fightin' 'em, an' wuz mos' 'zausted, when dey got on Dove. She gib uh kick, *bof* huh feet hit him on de haid an' gib him de haidache all day. An' dat uh steer name Sampson—an' he wan' sech uh pow'ful steer neba—kick him on de haid wid *one* foot, an' he haid ache fuh *two* days.

“Well, ez I wuz tellin' you, I hadn' mo'n fed Crow an' Ab'ham, when dat new oberseer, Dan Sharp, cum 'long an' sez ter me, jes' ez I wuz startin' ter see Susan, ‘Why didn' you teck de yoke of'n dem steers?’ So I say, ‘Kase I fogot hit!’ ‘Well, den,’ he say, ‘you lazy roscal, teck hit orf now!’ I wuz all dress up in meh bes' summer close, an' I recommembered what you say boutin dat oberseer; so I riz meh haid up an' say, sassy-like, ‘You roscal yo'sef.’ Billy, wid dat he fairly foam at de mouf, run arfter me fas' ez uh colt; den I run an' run, but he gain on me (you see, I had meh shoes on), an' I wuz so feard gittin' kotch an' whupped, da wuz nuffin lef' fuh me but ter run in de creek, at de mouf ub Haylan' Branch, up ter meh neck—*wid dem new yaller pants on*. Arfter I had bin in de watah boutin twenty minutes, mebbly uh harf hour, long nuff fuh Dan Sharp ter git his bref back, he say, ‘Who uh roscal, you black imp; me er you?’ I sez rite quick, ‘I is!’ Den he say, ‘You kin cum outin de creek.’ Den I tu'n fool,

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ez hit tu'n out, an' say, 'I ain' gwine ter cum out; I's gwine ter suffah in heah. I's gwine ter git de cramps, an' uh mis'ry in meh back, an' den go an' tell Mars Nickey an' Miss Henrietta how I kotch dem cramps.' Den Dan Sharp say, 'Ef'n you gwine ter tell yo' Mars Nickey an' Miss Henrietta, den I will keep you in heah tell midnite.' Den he teck out he watch an' say, 'I'll send de fus' one ub de chillun dat cum 'long de road fuh meh supper. I ain' sorry ter stay heah, kase I heah tell ub de dancin' parties de witches hab in dis branch, an' I wanter see how long hit will teck 'em ter gib you spavins when dey gits ter dancin' an' meddowtatin' 'roun' you an' tryin' ter meck sturrups in yo' hyah.'

"Billy, I had meh hyah all tied up in twisses, but when de oberseer talk dat fashion, meh hyah riz up on meh haid so quick hit bus' dem twisses. I mos' had uh spavin, sho' nuff. When meh bref cum back I say, 'Befo' de Lawd, Mr. Sharp, I promis' not ter tell.' Den he lemmy cum out. Well, Billy, ef'n you cud hab seed de colour de salt watah tu'n dem lubly pants, you'd uh wep'. Do you recommember uh ole white-eyed, pie-coloured hoss dat good ole Quakah, Mars Isaac Atkinson, had name Skeuball?"

"'Cose I do. Mars Isaac use ter say witches made stirrups in he main, an' sometimes rid him ober ter Fausley." [Billy was that witch!]

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“Well, de colour ub dem pants ’mine me ub ole Skeuball; I kyant ’magin’ what de man dat made de muslin cud uh put in hit. An’ Billy, I kyant ondan’ how cum Mr. Sharp run me in dat creek. I’m mo’n twice ez big ez you is, an’ you say when he cuss you, you cuss him back. ’Cose arfter what you spressify ter me, when he sass me I rite ’way ’cluded ter sass him. So I say, ‘You roscal yo’sef.’ Billy you no de consequence ub dat miration. I ’ten’ ter ax Mr. Sharp when he meck up wid me how cum hit dat Billy kin cuss him an’ I kyant ebin sass him.”

“Juba, don’ tu’n fool ergin. Don’ say nuffin ter him nohow; hit will jes’ meck him mad ergin, an’ dat gre’t big man mite breck bof our necks. Da wuz uh checkeration in our composition de nite I tole you, fuh Mage Rudd tuck his broom an’ fairly swep’ me outin his sto’ fuh spillin’ mullasses on de sto’ flo’, an’ I wuz tu fusstified ter tell you de res’ ub what I did boutin Mr. Sharp. Well, Juba, de res’ is, when I wan’ ter cuss him I goes way up ter de top ub de hill ’hin’ de bawn. Den I looks all ’roun’ an’ ’roun’, an’ ef’n I don’ see Mr. Sharp no wha neah, I jes’ cuss, cuss, an’ cusses him; an’ dat way, hit do mo’ good dan yo’ way, kase you kin git mad ez you wan’ ter, spressify yo’sef jes’ ez yo’ wan’ ter, an’ hit don’ teck de colour outin yo’ pants.”

“Well, Billy, I ain’ fogot de spilein’ ub dem pants,

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

I tell you. I bin t'inkin' 'bout breckin' meh wud an' tyin' meh haid up'n uh hankcheah an' tellin' Mars Nickey de ve'y fus' time he ax me how I feel. Den I'll say, "Po'ly, Mars Nickey; ve'y po'ly eber sence Mr. Sharp run me in yo' creek at de foot ub Haylan' Branch mash an' kep' me stan'in' in da mos' all nite tramplin' on yo' oysters. Now, what do you t'ink, Billy, boutin dat?"

"Ez you gwine ter tell Marster in de summah time er de wintah time?"

"Dunno, Billy; I ain' t'ink 'bout dat."

"Well, teck my 'vice an' tell him in de summah time, kase boutin uh harf hour arfter you tell him, da will be tu pussons stan'in' in de creek up ter deah moufs—one will be Mr. Sharp, tudda, Juba Viney."

“HIS BREF KINLETH COALS.”

Sistus, brudders an' chillun: You will fine meh tex' in de forty-fus' chaptah ub Job, an' uh part ub de twenty-fus' vus: “His bref kinleth coals.”

Fus'ly, meh discose ter-day will be 'boutin strange things.

Da is some people in dis congation, 'tickerly Little Billy, dat kyant ondastan' why we don' no mo' er-boutin witches, an' ghoses. De fac' is, sence de witch cummittee went inter Haylan' Branch, saw uh ghose er sperrit—an' dey sut'ny saw one er de udda—da has bin too much witch talk in dis congation. Fuh instinct, what diffunc' do hit meck ef'n hit de same sort, er not de same sort, ub witches dat Saul talk erboutin when he say, “Thou shal' not suffah uh witch ter lib.” Mo'n dat, he cud 'ford ter talk dat way, fars ez he cud run.

De Bible say, “Saul an' Jonithan wuz swiftah dan eagles.”

Secon'ly, Meh belubbed sistus, da is some things you nebba kin fine out, stranger dan witches an' mo' 'structive dan witches er jack-uh-ma-lanterns.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Thudly, Dis lubly oak pulpit Mars Nickey had built fuh us wuz once uh acorn—think ub dat; an' you may keep on thinkin', but you kyant ondastan' it.

Fo'fly, Miss Henrietta cum in de chuch yistiddy an' look 'roun' while I wuz sweepin'. She say: "Reubin, Chris'mus I gwine ter gib de chuch uh melojin." She had in huh bres' fo' er five little wiolets, an' dey jes' fill de chuch full ub deah sweetness—dunno tho', kase I specks some ub de sweetness wuz fum huh bref, kase hit's jes' like uh lam's.

Now, den, what cud be mo' strange dan de odah fum uh little wiolet? Hit cums peepin' up in de early spring, den hit buds an' blooms, an' uh bed ub dem wiolets is ez sweet ez dat hyarp ub uh thousan' strings dat little Dabid played 'pon. What's in de groun' 'ceppin' de wumms ter gib dat wiolet odah? Mars Nickey say dat wumms sweeten de uth an' meck holes futto let de air in. You kin smell de wiolet, but you kyant kerry dat odah 'way wid you; but uh jewdrap kin cum 'long erboutin sundown, drap on dat flowah, res' uh little while, an' what's de consequence? Why, dat little jewdrap will 'sorb ernuff ub dat odah ter meck yo' hankcheah smell sweet fuh uh hole Sunday, an' you kin teck hit outin yo' pocket ev'y five minutes, ef'n you wan'ter.

What's witches er ghoses 'long side de mistification ub uh jewdrap? Why, de action ub young chickens

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

is mo' curisome ter me dan witches. Ef'n uh chicken is only two days ole, and not strong ernuff ter git on he ma's back, an' uh wile tukkey, er wile goose, er buzzard cum sailin' 'long, hit don' pesterfy de ole hen er any ub huh chicks. Dey keep on playin' wid dere toes an' tryin' ter pick up ebery little trem'lin' sunbeam dat's playin' wid de grass; but jes' let uh little sparrow-hawk, er any kind ub hawk cum 'long, you'll see dat ole hen renounce hit ter huh chicks quick ez you kin wink yo' eye. Den you kin look an' look, but you kyant fine one ub dem little chickens ter sabe yo' life.

Now, why is dat? Hits da *in-sence*; dat is, de sence dat's in 'em.

Sixly, Teck uh little cherry blossom dat you cud put in Miss Henrietta's thimble; hit mecks uh cherry tree. I's talkin' now boutin dem small breed ub cherry blossoms dat grows at Fausley, on dem monstus gre't big trees. Why, some ub de bumps on dem trees is big ernuff ter set on. Pow'ful big cherry trees! What's witches ter de cherry blossoms dat mecks dem big trees? You kyant 'splain hit.

We do no sompin' erbout witches; fuh instinct, we kin ondastan how some breed ub witches kin lib in cows' hohns—dem small ones dat Little Billy say lit on Pigeon's mane (an' you no mules don' hab long manes) jes' same ez uh pack ub mice wid wings, one

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

night when he ridin' Pigeon thoo Haylan' Branch. Billy say de biggis' one he saw dat time wuz uh white one, wid spuhs on, boutin ez big ez uh young rabbit befo' dey leabe deah nes'—an' ub cose at uh 'stressin' time like dat Billy mus' uh saw twice. Mo'ober he say ef'n de witches had uh had bobtails he wud uh tuck 'em fuh rabbits; but deah tails wuz ve'y curi-
some—erbout twice ez long ez uh 'possum's, an' rap all 'roun' deah ahms.

But de stranges' thing ub all is what I now cum ter seben'ly—

“HIS BREF KINLETH COALS.”

We kyant say our pr'ars widout hit. Hit's got fingahs, I s'pose plays hohns an' all insterments dat you blow on. Hit sings, howls, whispuhs an' moans same ez uh mo'nah. Hit's uh thing wid three names.

Ev'ybody lubs de part dat 'longs ter him mo'n uh jus' man lub his wife, er King Dabid lubb'd Ab-solum. We kin see hit in wintah when hit's cole an' frosty, but kyant see hit in de summah when it dry. Hit's wid us whedder we ersleep er wake. Som'-times hit's ez weak ez uh nat, den ergin stronger dan de little hills dat de Bible say, “skipped like lam's.” Hit's wahn in summah an' cole in wintah. Hit's gentle one day an' sassy nubba day. Hit kerries in hit's bres' de storm an' scatters de clowds. Hit wuz wid Jonah in de whale's belly. Hit kin sow an' reap.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Ezactly so, precisely. Hit's stronger dan all de steers, cows, hosses, mules an' men on dis plantation. In quaresomeness da's nuffin kin tech it; uh barnyard full ub witches is nuffin ter dis mis'try.

“HIS BREF KINLETH COALS.”

Ately, hit kin be ez sorf ez de fevvers on uh humin' bird's bres' er de down on uh wile goose's neck. Belubbed, hit's nebba still; al'ays goin' somewha, an' de Bible say you kyant see hit. No snail kin creep 'long slower dan hit kin, an' no ghose run fasser.

Ninely, Hit kin canter, rack, gallop, trot; hit's got all de gaits, an' when hit comes ter swif'ness, dar ain' nuffin un'er de sun, an' I specks ober de sun, dat kin run erway fum hit. Hit kin sing ez high ez Aunt Phillis an' ez low ez Little Billy. Sometimes hit coughs same ez an ole cow dat's tryin' ter swaller uh nubbin 'dout chawin' hit.

Leb'nly, De fac' is, sistus an' brudders, our bref, de win', er air—three names fuh one thing—mus' be uh pusson. How cud it cough, whistle, sing, cry, moan same ez uh sinnah, whispuh, sow an' reap, ef'n it wan' one ub dem Possels er Petracks in disgise.

“HIS BREF KINLETH COALS.”

Twelf'ly, *Any way you look at hit*, hit sut'ny mus' be some kine ub pusson. Brudderin, hit mus' be Job, fuh Job say, “O, recommember dat meh life is

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

wind."* Dar's uh gre't deal mo' ub it in Haylan' Branch dan witches. In de summahtime hit sweetens Haylan' Branch; huvverin' ober de wile grapewines, dem nights in June, drinks itself full ub 'licious odahs an' brings dem two miles ter Mars Nickey, Miss Henrietta an' de chillun settin' on de po'ch lookin' at de Tred Avon, an' ter ev'y good an' bad niggah on de plantation. Sistus, I specks de gyarden ub Edum wuz full ub wile grapewines. 'Cose Miss Eve knew'd what de sweetes' ub odahs wuz, an' I specks Mars Adam an' Miss Eve spent da moon-honey 'roun' dem wile grapewines.

Thutteenly, Ter cum back ter de application, what is de win'? Is it uh Cherrypin er Serrypin, er Job in disgise?

Damon Danridge: "Uncle Reubin hit cudn' be uh Cherrypin er Serrypin, kase sometimes de win' goodtemper'd, den ergin hit's angry."

Uncle Reubin: "Damon, I 'cepts yo' 'spons'bility, kase when de win' gits rale mad hit orften mecks de clowds weep snow an' cry rain. Think ub dat! An' when you see de ole steamboat Marylan' lash ter de warf, an' Cap'n Stitchberry's ole yaller sail schooner, de Margaret Jane, clair up ter de haid ub Fausley

* Job vii, 7.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

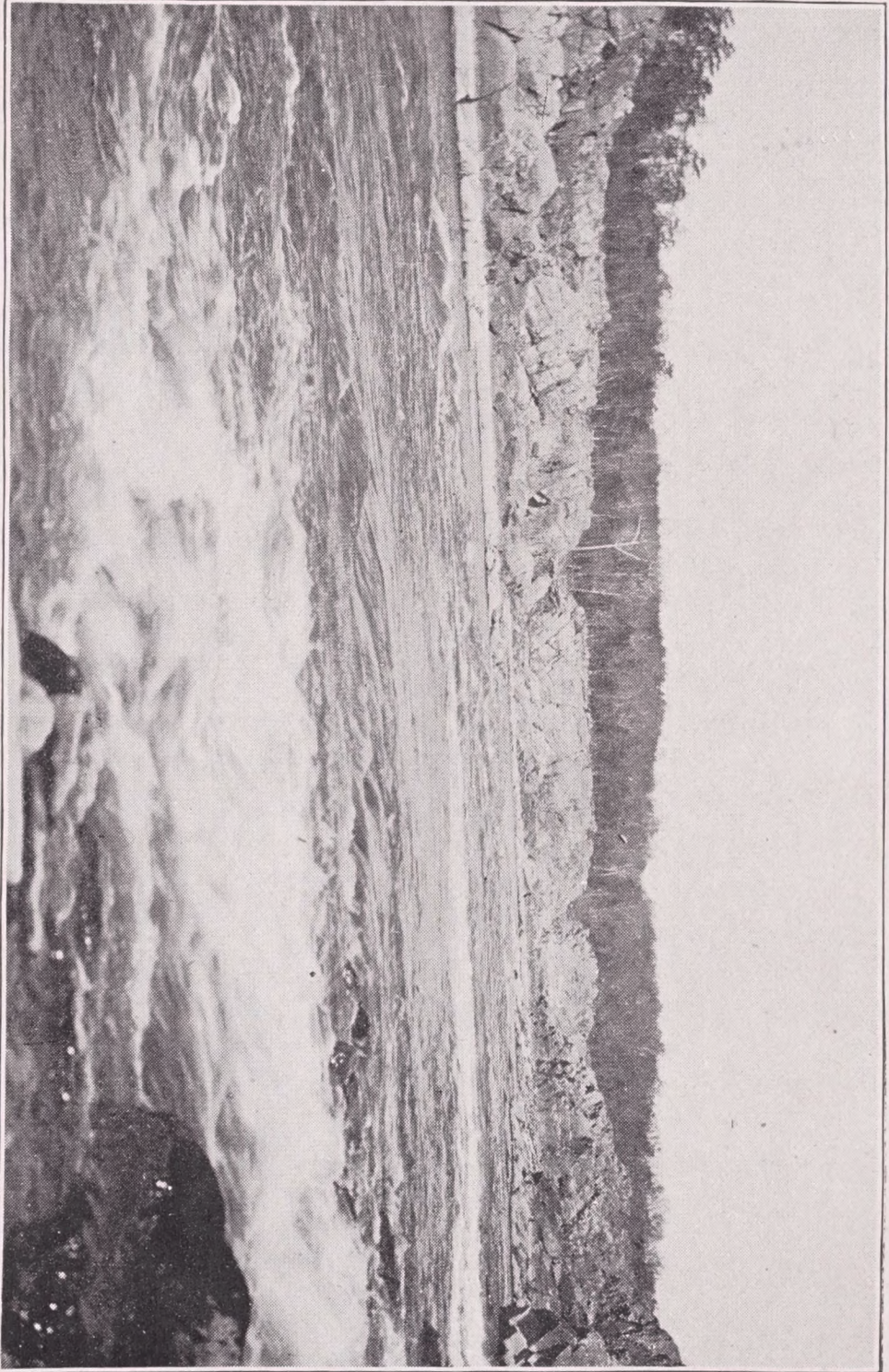
Creek, you kin see 'mejatly de win' almos' got uh spavin.

Fo'teenly, Sistus, brudders an' little chillun, teck care ub yo' bref; fuh de Bible say, "We all do fade ez de leaf." You wan's de bref ub life all de time, night an' day, right wid you. Brudders, sometimes hit's too full ub applejack, udder times mebbly hit's wasted tellin' lies, dancin', playin' de fiddle, singin' songs, stealin' watahmillions, an' habin' foolish compositions erbout ghoses, jack-uh-ma-lanterns an' witches, when de same bref mout uh bin used futto pray wid an' sing hymns. Ef'n you don' teck care ub yo' bref you will be class wid dem dat's call uh bag ub win'—an' da ain' nuffin mo' onsartin' dan de win'.

Lars' but not leas', when you go home talk erboutin' de win' 'sted ub ghoses an' witches, ondastan' yo'sebs, pray fuh de bref ub de lam' futto be wid you, an' when you rassle wid yo' lars bref an' hit whispuh sorf ez uh Cherrypin—

"Yo'll not git los' in de wildernes'
Wid uh lighted can'le in yo' bres'."

Light de can'el! Ef'n you don' light hit good an' hab de wick ub salbation, den de blessed Lawd will *blow* hit out an' say ergin: "Foxes hab holes, an' de birds ub de *air* (dar's de application) hab nesses; but de Son ub Man hath not wha ter lay His haid."



BLACK CREEK FORD.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

DAT AUNTYDOTE.*

Dramatis Personae.

Mars Dick—A country doctor.

Ben—a credulous darkey.

Mike—a Talbot County mule.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Ben's cabin near a swamp.

When Mike, meh mule, tuck sick Mars Dick cum ridin' by
An' say, "Uh case orntried is hyard ter jestify;
Still, I kin git him well, meck up yo' mine ter dat,
Ef you will turn yo' pollyticks an' be uh Dimmycrat.

"I's gwine ter try an' git inter de Legislater, Ben,
An' I wan' ter run uh haid ub de res' ub all de men."
De consequation wuz I say, "I'll vote fuh you, Mars Dick,
Fuh dis po' wretched mule ub mine is mighty, monstus
sick."

Den Mars Dick say, "Be quick! Run ter de swamp an' get
Snake-root, squaw-root, mash-mallars an' bone-set;
Ros' 'em in uh spidah tell dey squench up inter uth,
Den da ain' no tellin' what sich uh powder's wuth."

* A story of the late Senator Vance Versified.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Hit seems ter me de price wuz big dat I got fuh meh vote,
Kase Mars Dick say dem swamp yearbs wuz uh pow'ful
auntydote

Fuh hic-cups, cramps, brownchytiz, bruises, bu'ns, haid-
aches,

Rheumatiz an' measles, conwulsions and de shakes.

An' den Mars Dick he tole me, in de mawnin' 'fo' I feed
Futto go inter de swamp an' git de largis' reed I seed,
An' fill hit full fum en' ter en' wid dat gran' auntydote,
Pull out Mike's tongue, put in de reed, an' blow hyard
down he thote.

SCENE II.

In 'bout uh week I heahd uh nock—'twuz Mars Dick at
de do';

I'd jes' begun uh leetle bit ter walk 'cross de flo';
De pussperation baved meh face, an' I had so leetle bref,
Dat Mars Dick say, "Why, Ben, what's de matter wid
yo'sef?"

I say ter him, "Dat auntydote wuz wus'n dangerous,
De mule he gib uh pow'ful snort, *an' his blow wuz de fus'!*
De bone-set's clustah'd 'roun' meh bones, de snake-root's
in meh brain,

Meh back is full ub mis'ry, an' meh haid is full ub pain."

MORAL.

Young Marster ain' de kine ub man dat suits de Legislater,
He spressify his condidence too much ter meck uh 'bater;
Dat auntydote dey call it wud nebber tech meh thote
Ef I hadn' pestered pollyticks an' sole fuh weeds meh vote.



“SKYLARK.”

Mars Matthew wuz ridin' in de lead on Skylark, an' his favorite hound, Jerry Myah, wuz tonguein' ez sweet ez er Melojin, an' leadin' de pack.

EZRA.

Ezzy, as the servants called him, was a brother to Little Billy, almost as smart, but in character as unlike as Jacob and Esau were in appearance, for Billy had very little character and Ezzy a great deal. He was short of stature, well figured, good featured, perfect teeth, and though 60 years old, was full of life, gracious and light-hearted. He doted on a horse race, could cut the pigeon wing and was as fond of a fox hunt as Squire Weston. As much as he loved to eat, he would leave a steaming breakfast of hominy and sparerib if he heard a pack in full cry.

He had a most remarkable memory; for instance, he knew the mothers of all the calves and lambs, the names of all the oyster pungies, schooners and canoes in the river. I suppose in Bolingbrook District there were a hundred foxhounds; he knew all of their names, and when they passed him in full cry would exclaim, "Da goes Chimes, Jerry-Myah, Boxer, Juno, Jew-Drap, Sweet-lips, Heatherbell, Sweetheart," etc. He sang, played the banjo and was a decided beau. Indeed, he was a born sport, and like his brother, Little Billy, not fond of hard work. He was an ex-

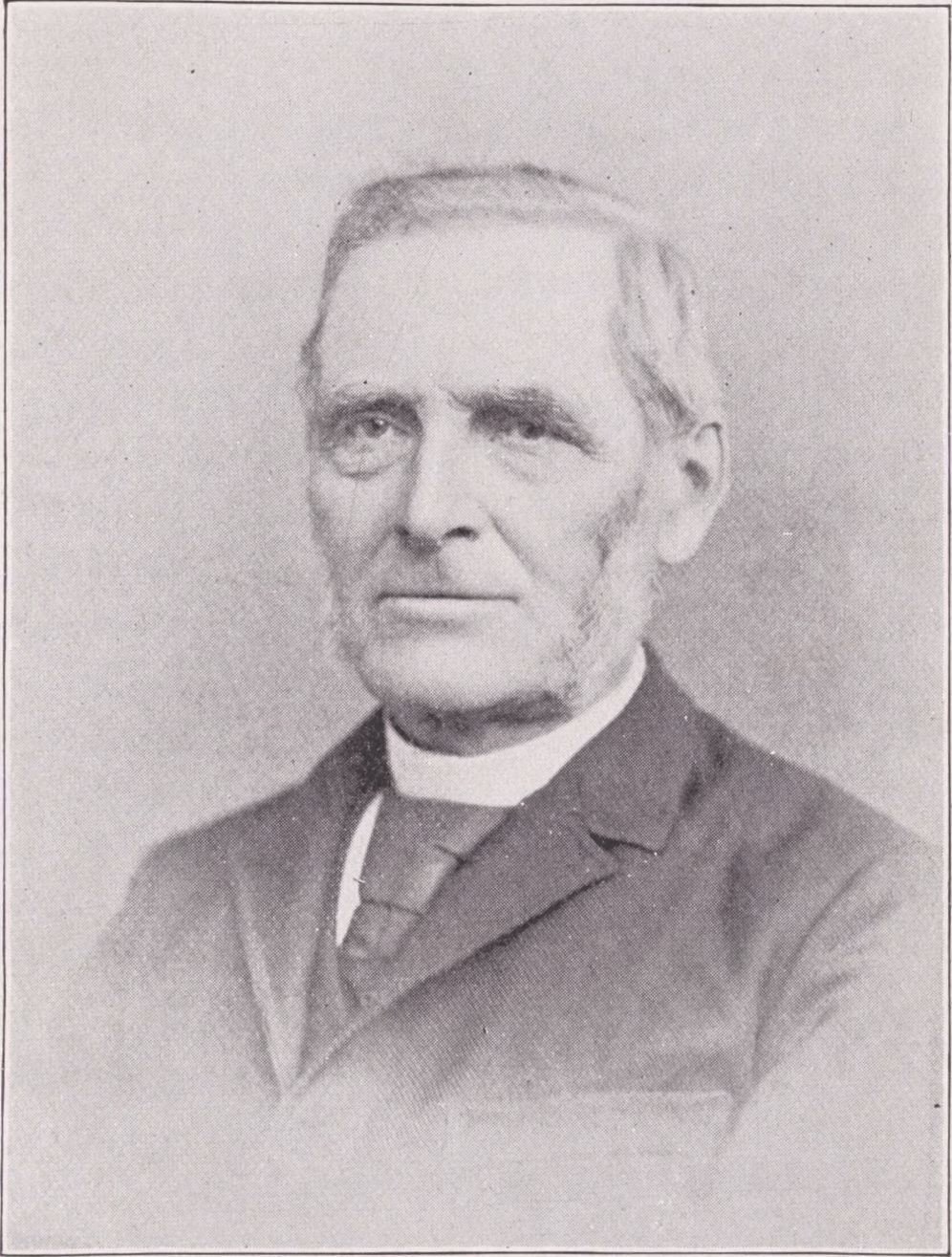
Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ceptionally good horseman, had good hands and good judgment; in Queen Anne's County had ridden and won two races for his Marster; could break a yoke of oxen in a week; schooled the hunters, broke the colts, rode them bare-back, and, as he would say, "Dey jes' drapped into his ways."

Ezra had his faults, however, and annoyed the overseers with his shortcomings. For example, he doted on coon hunting, and when he had been coon hunting all night, would go to sleep for hours next day husking corn and not husk enough to pay for his bacon. If a fox was run through the estate, Ezra would pack in and forget his work. When the overseers would call him to account he would say, "I cudn' help gittin' 'stracted an' harkin' up dem houn's. Mars Matthew wuz ridin' in de lead on Skylark, an' his favorite houn', Jerry-Myah, wuz tonguein' ez sweet ez uh melojin, an' leadin' de pack."

Late in September, 1857, to judge Cotswold sheep his Marster was invited to the great cattle and horse show to be held in Memphis, Tenn., the next month. As Ezra was fond of animals, and trifling about hard work, had good manners and full of kindness, his Marster concluded to send him to Memphis with eight sheep, the pick of the flock.

They stopped in Baltimore, where Noah Walker & Company fitted him out with two suits of brown



Dey 'long ter Mars Matthew; his Gre't Gran Pa, dey tell me, hope
C'lumbus ter 'sciver Talbot County, an' dat wuz befo'
de Petracks (Patriarchs) cum ober.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

livery with brass buttons. He was given a new hat, as he expressed it, "Wid uh burr on one side de hat;" but his new boots particularly charmed him, as the best servants got boots, and the others shoes. From Baltimore, Ezra was sent direct to Memphis, and his Mars Matthew joined, in Richmond, Col. John Ware, of Virginia, who bred Cotswold sheep and exhibited in Memphis.

At the Memphis show, three of Ezra's sheep took blue ribbons, one a red ribbon. He was standing in front of his sheep cot, two days after arriving—standing as though he was going to have his picture taken, delighted with himself and the blue ribbons. A man came along and said:

"Has your Marster many sheep like these?"

"Many? Erbout ten thousan'; dey jes' run an' tuck de fus' dey kotch."

Another man said, "Whose sheep are these?"

"Dey 'long ter Mars Matthew; his gre't granpa, dey tell me, holp C'lumbus 'sciver Talbot County, an' dat wuz befo' de Petracks cum ober."

Presently a neat, likely looking mulatto girl came along, looked admiringly at Ezra, leaned over the rail of the sheep cot and said demurely, "Kin I pat one ub yo' sheep?"

"Sut'ny, honey; dey won' bite," Ezra said. "Do you lib 'roun' heah?"

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“Yas, indeed;” and she added, “Wha you cum fum; 'roun' heah?”

“Bless meh soul an' body an' meh body an' soul—ter think I cum fum dis place! Why, dar ain' no salt watah heah! I cum fum de Eastern Sho' ub Maryland, Talbot County. Uncle Stephen Viney say dat he heah John Poney say dat he heah Pawson Phil Demby say dat meh fambly bin libbin' in Talbot County fum de times ub de Petracks. It's de fines' place on uth; don' hab ter wuck much; da ain' much lan', mos' ev'ything salt watah, ribbers, bays, creeks and cokes. Fuh instinct, I tecks meh boat”——

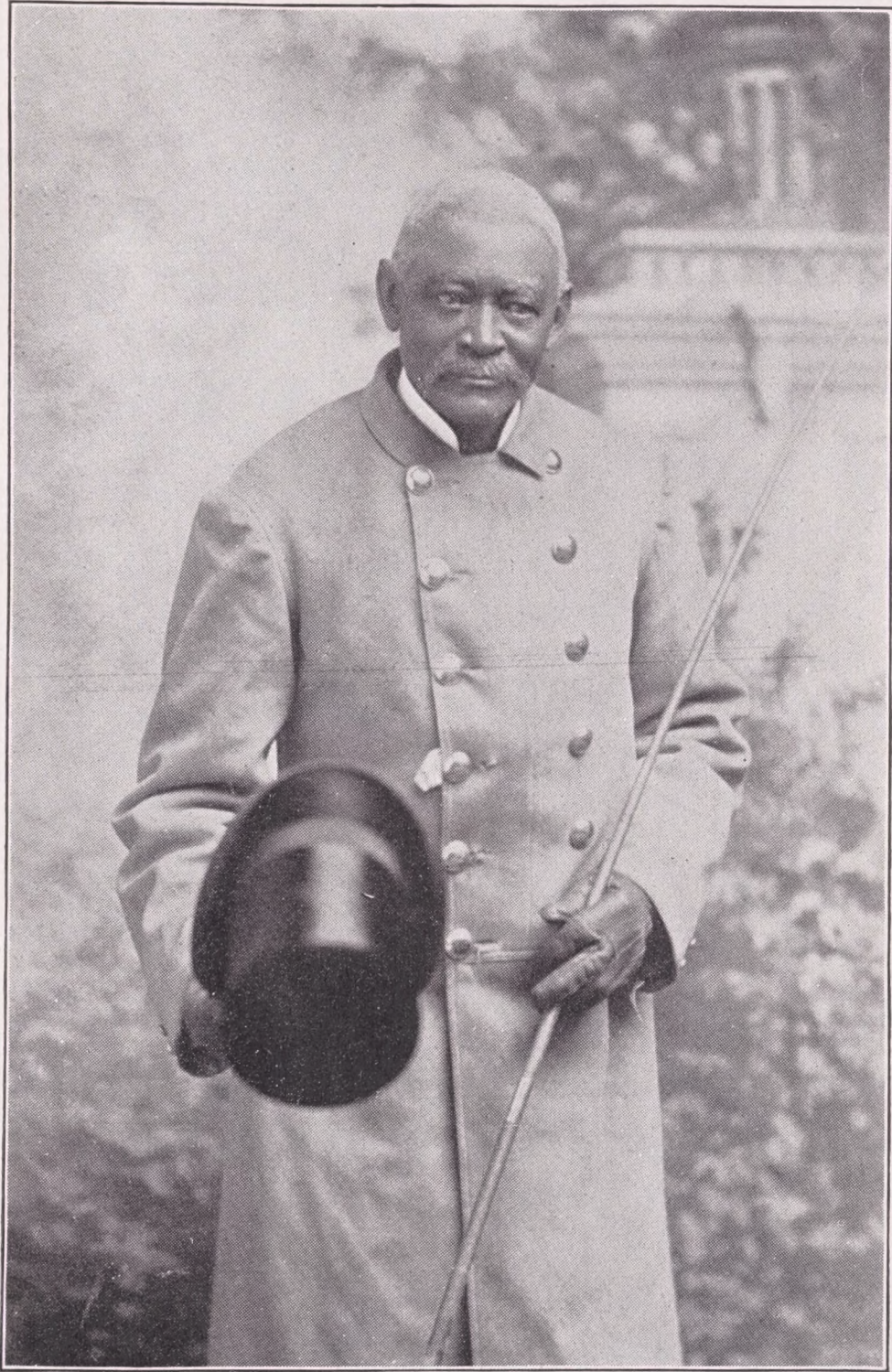
“Is you uh free pusson?”

“Me? Dey don' 'low free niggahs down dar; dey all qual'ty slabs.”

“Well, you said you had uh boat.”

“Sut'ny I did. Ef'n uh serbent wants uh boat he jes' say ter Mars Matthew, ‘I wants uh pine tree, meh Marster, futto meck uh boat,’ an' rite 'way he say, ‘Teck yo' choice in de fores’;’ an' den ten er twelbe serbents almos' meck dat boat in one night; dey call 'em dug-outs. Well, I kin teck meh boat an' cross de watah fum Mars Matthew's ter Mars Jimmy's, erbout uh harf mile, in uh harf hour an' mebbly fish meh net on de way; ef'n I had ter go by lan', it wud be twelbe miles erroun'.”

“Is de fishin' good down da? Any mullets?”



Meh name is Ezra, but dey call me Ezzy.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

"Mullets! We gib dem ter de hogs. We eats what dey call spot, hog-fish, yaller-neds, catfish, pearch, sheepshead, crokusses, bay mackrel—dat lars fish de bes' ub all; don' hab ter mobe yo' lips an' tongue 'tall; hit jes' melt in yo' mouf—an' crabs an' oysters dey almos' beg you ter eat 'em. Coons in de swamps, an' 'possums in mos' ev'y 'simmon tree. Serbents don' hab much ter do; I dress up dis way mos' all de time."

"Well, you sut'ny do look peart in dat suit, an' you sut'ny mus' lib in uh pow'ful fine country. I'm a chambermaid, an' 'longs ter Mars Bedford Forrest, who's showin' some game chickens an' fine cattle, heah; dat's one ub his serbents stan'in' in front ub dem cattle; ax him ter bring you 'roun' ter-night ter see me; I's jes' pinin' ter heah sum mo' erbout dem ribbers an' ocean. Meh name is Muhtilda."

"Meh name is Ezra, but dey call me Ezzy."

"Well, kin I 'speck you, Ezzy?"

"Yes'm; erboutin supper time."

Every night Ezra went to see Matilda, and every day, as long as she could get off, Matilda came to see Ezra. The result was, at the end of the week they were married. Ezra never said a word to his Marster about it, and urged her to be silent. She was faithful, dependent and obedient. Ezra told her "he wuz not gwine ter say anything ter his ole Marster tell de

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

day befo' gwine home, and den his Mars Matthew wud buy huh. Ef'n I say anything rite 'way he mout git rejected, teck me home by mehsef, teck off dis nuni-form; mo'n dat, he mout whup me, an' nebba let me go ter any mo' shows." Matilda grew so worried that she cried and cried; she was more than perplexed, almost hysterical, so she told Ezra she was going to see and talk to his Marster. Ezra was affrighted, and said, "Ef'n you tu'n fool an' git ter prancin' erroun' Marster, he will say dat he is sho' you mus' uh run 'way wid me, an' dat he don' like Tennessee niggahs."

Matilda had more courage, however, than Ezra, so she interviewed Ezra's Marster, who said:

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope your Marster is good and kind to you?"

"Y-a-s, indeed, meh Marster; he is ve'y 'zactin' an' punnounced, but he is jes' ez kind ez kind kin be; ef'n I hadn' fell in lub wid Ezzy, dat Eastern Sho' an' his boat, I wudn' arsk you ter buy me an' leabe Mars Bedford; but you know Ezzy hab ve'y cutesome ways."

"Suppose I can get your Marster to buy Ezra and make him promise never to sell him as long as he behaves himself; how then? I hate to part with him, but I have servants enough."

"Meh Marster, dat will settle de 'spute rite 'way;

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

please sell Ezzy to Mars Bedford. I'm sho' he wudn' part wid me, an' Ezzy wud suit him futto handle de hosses."

Mr. Forrest said he would not take five thousand dollars for Matilda; she was all in all the best servant he ever owned, and after a brief talk not only bought Ezra, but the sheep; so they did not have to come home and carry their tails behind them.

N. B. Forrest soon became attached to Ezra, thought the world of him, and when the Civil War broke out took him as his body servant. Ezra served him faithfully during the war, and when General Forrest disbanded his troops at Gainesville, Ala., May 9th, 1865, General Forrest told Ezra he would give him a home and take care of him as long as he lived. Ezra said, "He wud like once mo' ter see Mars Matthew an' Miss Mary an' den cum back." Whereupon General Forrest presented him with Pigeon, a mule, and gave him money enough to go home. He rode some hundred and seventy miles to the home of a Mrs. Sanson, where he stayed two weeks, and then took the train from Rome, Ga., for home; and one bright, beautiful morning early in June, timid and lonesome the steamer landed him at Miles River Wharf, Talbot County, Maryland, a mile by water from "Fairlands."

All faces were strange to him; he knew no one and

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

no one knew him. "The Rest" had been burned during the war, and the new house looked strange. Across the river and opposite "The Rest" was "The Anchorage." It looked changed; there were no little negroes playing on the lawn. "The Villa" further up the river was almost hidden by the trees that had grown so since he left. Timidly he turned his longing eyes on "Fairlands," and he saw, a mile away across the river, grand pecan nut, majestic oak, poplar and horse-chestnut trees. He pulled from his pocket a bandanna handkerchief almost big enough to cover a baby's crib, and said, brushing tears from his eyes, "Dat's wha Mars Matthew an' Miss Mary lib. Dat's 'Fairlands.'" He asked an old darkey unloading fish and soft crabs from his canoe if, for thirty cents, he would land him at the foot of the "Fairlands" garden. "Git abode; I got meh net sot at de foot ub de gyarden."

"Ev'rything is so changed," he said inaudibly, as he took his seat in the bow of the boat. "Mars Bedford tole me I al'ays had uh home wid him," and he almost regretted leaving his far Southern home.

What a lovely day it was! The air was of caressing softness; the breeze was so light that the sail sometimes jibed, the ripples kissed lightly the sides of the boat that floated lazily along; the balmy June air, the

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

sweet breath of the salt water, all, coupled with Ezra's fatigue, soothed him and presently he was asleep. His hat fell off beside him, and

Da wuz no wool on de top ub his haid,
In de place wha de wool orter grow.

Here and there on his face were little tufts of beard that looked like tiny grains of popped corn.

In about an hour the boatman turned the stern of his boat towards the shore and pushed her on the beach at the foot of the garden back of the dwelling—spanked the water with his paddle, and Ezra awoke, got out, walked through the water bushes and soon was strolling along one of the garden walks. He thought how strange it was in the month of June those once leafless and carpet-like walks should be strewn with leaves; then he noticed that the box hedges were ragged and in places had paths through them; the grape arbors were decayed here and there and tottering, and many grapevines were trailing over and embracing leafless and dying peach and pear trees——

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Only the birds seemed to care for and own this once enchanting and beautiful garden, "warbled their native wood notes wild" and sang hallelujahs to the

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morning-glories and other flowers. Acres of air were filled with the delicious perfume of blooming grapevines, and the canticles of birds.

Ezra sank upon an old rustic seat and said again, "Mars Bedford say he wud al'ays teck care ub me. I'm sorry I spent meh money and lef' de Souf, but I wan' ter see Mars Matthew an' Miss Mary once mo'," and again he took out that bandanna handkerchief. His solitude was broken by old Sam'l, once one of the gardeners, the only servant that stayed when they were emancipated. He had on his arm a basketful of cling peaches. He said, "I s'pose you bin sorf crabbin' 'long de sho' an' cum up heah ter res' yo'sef dis sweet, lubly day?"

Ezra said: "I ain' bin crabbin', do' I lubs crabbin' an' lubs crabs futto eat. I'm jes' fum de wah; fit in mos' ev'y battle. Mars Berford Forrest *wuz wid me all de time*. Ub cose you hearn tell ub him."

Sam'l looked at him inquisitively, and said:

"Now, hush!"

And then Ezra's face beamed, he recognized old Sam'l, and he said, "Don' you recommember me, Brer Sam? I's Ezzy, Leetle Billy's brudder, dat Mars Matthew sold ter Mars Bedford befo' de wah." Whereupon they embraced.

Ezra was very hungry, and soon commenced to eat up the peaches, when a little darkey about three



So by and by "Ezra" was bowing to and greeting Miss Mary.

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years old whom Sam'l said was his grandchild, looked into the basket and said something that probably meant to ask for peaches. Whereupon Ezra said:

“Do de chile talk, Brer Sam?”

Brer Sam'l said, “Well, I kyant tell ezactly; he mecks de sounds, but kyant fo'm de wuds yit.”

Then with timidity and a trembling voice he asked Sam'l for Mars Matthew and Miss Mary. Sam'l said, “Losin' he good an' faithful serbents dat wuz 'swaded 'way, seein' de lawn kivered all de time wid twigs an' leabes, ev'ything goin' ter wase, young Mars Matthew gittin' kilt at Petersbu'g, 'stressed him so pow'ful dat he got so he cudn' recommember anything; fuh instinct, he wud fogit de tex' befo' he lef' de chuch; he almos' fogot his A B C's; den ergin, he wuz eighty years ole, an' den he died. Mistis 'structed Pawson Phil Demby, John Poney, Damon Danridge, Rasmus Jemes an' mehsef ter meck de toom. She wudn' hab nobody else, an' you kyant 'magine how fine it look.

“Ezzy, sence you bin 'way we has had uh gre't preacher at Zion Chuch, an' we hab all got erligion an' tu'n Presbyters; de shirks wuz so bad we had ter gib up de Babtis' erligion. Jes' let me git annerr barsket ub peaches, Ezzy, an' den I'll go up an' tell Ole Mistis you'r heah, an' she will sho'ly see you.”

Whilst Sam'l was gone, Ezra thought of the straw stacks he used to climb and slide down, how his young

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Marster, killed at Petersburg, used to drive Rasmus, Saul, Little Billy and himself tandem, all harnessed up with sweet potato vines, and prancing with sheep-rib bits in their mouths like colts. And then he recalled the colts he broke, gazed upon the river where he used to wade the hunting horses along the beach to wash and tone up their legs; then he thought of his brother, Little Billy, his coon dog, Jasper, and of his boat, and wondered where they all were. He wiped his eyes, took a chew of tobacco, when his crowded thoughts were diverted by Sam'l's return. So by and by Ezra was bowing to and greeting his "Ole Mistis." Thinking to condole with her and leave the impression that he always thought his Marster of sound mind, he said, "Miss Mary, people use ter say dat Mars Matthew wuz rash-nal, but I nebber did think Mars Matthew wuz rash-nal."

The old lady could scarcely repress a smile, and told Ezra the quarter where he was born and lived (on Heart's Cove, a beautiful sheet of water near the homestead and an arm of Miles River) should be renovated and made comfortable as his home, and all that she required of him in his declining years was to keep her in oysters, fish and crabs, an easy task and eminently to the taste of Ezra.

In a few days, helped by his young Marster Arthur, Ezra was comfortably domiciled in his quarter on



MARS ARTHUR.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Heart's Cove, and was very happy. He wished he had ridden Pigeon home instead of giving her away; he missed her so. He did not seem to worry about his wife the war had separated from him. One day whilst he was chinking and fixing up his boat, which old Sam'l had taken good care of, and singing lustily—

“When Israel wuz in Egyp' lan';
Let meh people go;
Oppress'd so hyard dey cud not stan';
Let meh people go;
Go down Moses, way down in Egyp' lan';
Tell ole Phario,
Let meh people go”—

his young Marster Arthur, a lad of 15, who had already grown fond of him, and found him always entertaining, took a seat near him, asked him some questions about the South and if he saw anything of the war.

“Who, me? Mars Bedford wuz wid *me* an' we fit mo'n uh hunard battles, I specks, skirmages an' all.”

“Who do you mean by Mars Bedford?”

“Why, Gen'l Forrest; de gre'tes' warrior dat ebber libbed. Yo' Pa sole me ter him. He wuz jes' Mistah Forrest dem days, an' wuz uh private de fus' ub de wah; think ub dat! Well, when de wah broke out he tuck me fuh one ub his bodyguard; dat is, ter guard his body an' keep dem blue coats 'way. He had uh

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hunard an' fifty men in his bodyguard, an' I wuz rite 'side him, his serbent an' waitah—an' mo'n dat, wid him night an' day, ceppin in de battle; den I al'ays hilt his hoss when he fight on foot. You see when de battle 'tall ornsartin he meck dat bodyguard git of'n deah hosses an' he draw dat big swo'd ub his'n an' say, 'Foller me,' an' 'mejatety de blue coats see Mars Bedford an' dat long swo'd ub his'n, dey sho' ter run, don' meck no difference ef'n dey ez thick ez grass-hoppus. Some people say he cud look like uh goblin an' tu'n inter uh sperrit in uh han'-ter-han' fight; once uh week he sharpen his swo'd same ez uh raiser, an' arfter his brudder got kilt (nebba saw uh man cry so in meh life) he sharpen dat swo'd ev'y day an' he say, 'Ef'n dey don' s'render arfter I say s'render, I'll cut de huids of'n ev'y one I gits close 'nuff ter,' and he did it, too."

"Now, Ezra!"

"Young Marster, I hab seed too much sufferin' an' too much sorrow ter meck fun ub it; mo'n dat, I'm gittin' ter be uh ole man, an' I wan' meh heb'nly Marster's lub; so what I am tellin' you is de truf. I will cross meh hyart an' bref uh thousan' times ef'n you wan' me ter." Then he was contemplative for a moment, when he resumed chinking his boat and singing—

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

“Oh, cum 'long Moses, you'll not git los';
Let meh people go;
Stritch out yo' rod an' cum ercross;
Let meh people go.”

“Stop singing, Uncle Ezzy, and go on with your story.”

“Jes' think ub dat chile callin' me uncle. I's gwine ter teck him fishinin' ev'y day wid me, an' sorf crabbin', too, when I gits dis boat fix'. He is de ve'y spit ub Ole Mars. Well, young Marster, I wo' uh gray nuniform, an' rode de bes' mule in de Souf, name Pigeon. Some wha erboutin Chrismus, 1862, close ter Lexington, Tenn., uh gre't big kunnel s'rendered ter Mars Bedford. He wuz almos' skeered stiff, trem'lin' like uh aspine leaf, but when Mars Bedford say, smilin', 'You fellows didn' meck much ub uh fight,' it gib dat kunnel condidence, an' rite 'way he look peart an' say, 'Gen'l, won' you please exchange me soon?' An' Mars Bedford say, 'Yas; go an' git me de bes' mule in yo' cumman', an' I'll exchange you fuh de mule.' Dat's how I got Pigeon. Befo' dat I had uh wufless, lazy hoss, an' Mars Bedford wanted ev'ything lively 'roun' him. Den ergin, I carried uh coffeepot, jes' big 'nuff fuh *me* and Mars Bedford, sugah, coffee, hard-tack, blackin', blackin' brush, soap an' towels, an' sich like. De Gen'l tied strings 'roun' de bottoms ub uh heavy par ub canvas

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

pants, an' I stuffed deah legs full, tell dey jes' strut out; den I put dem straddle Pigeon's back an' tied 'em ter de saddle so ef'n de amblabus wuz behin' I had 'nuff perwissions fuh Mars Bedford an' me tell de amblabus cum up. Pigeon, she al'ays kep' up. De mammy ub dat mule mus' uh bin uh thurrybred, she wuz al'ays peart an' fresh; de fac' is, da wan' much jackass erbout huh; she nebber blowed huh trumpet 'ceppin she horn'gry. When I got ev'rything on meh ahmy saddle, front an' back, de pack wuz erbout up ter meh shoulders when I sot in de saddle, but den ergin, it didn' pester me, kase I wuz almos' settin' in uh bungproof.

"Pigeon wuz ve'y feard ub watah (da sut'ny wuz no Babtis' blood in huh) an' dat mecks me think ub what dey call de Streight raid. It wuz in April, 1863. Mars Bedford had been fightin' consonly fuh days, an' de hosses an' men hadn' slep' fuh two nights, 'cep-pin in de saddle, an' had nuffin ter eat. Mars Bedford picked up uh box ub crackers, put dem in his amblabus an' divided 'em wid his men. Da wan' uh thing in meh pants legs futto eat, 'twuz 'zausted. Befo' tryin' ter cross what dey call Black Creek de Gen'l made uh speech ter his men, callin' fuh all dat wuz willin' ter cross; all 'sponded 'ceppin de men asleep in deah saddles, *an' I wuz one ub 'em.* Gen'l Streight wuz retretin' jes' ez fars' ez he cud, an' cross

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ober an' bu'nt de bridge ober Black Creek. De creek wuz muddy, swollen, deep an' dangersome. Mars Bedford wuz meddotatin' how ter cross, an' de sharpshooters wuz firin' fum de udder side. Seberal ladies walked up, an' one ub 'em erbout sebenteen year ole, say, 'Whose cumman' is dis?' an' somebody said, 'De advance ub Gen'l Forrest's cavelry.' She wuz all stirred up, an' she say, 'Pint Gen'l Forrest out,' an' when dey pinte him out she made such uh curchysy she mos' swep' de groun', wiped wid huh ap'on de pusspuration fum huh face and said, 'Dear Gen'l Forrest an' brabe soldiers, I know ub an ole ford neah heah, erboutin uh harf mile 'way, an' ef'n I had uh mount I cud teck you rite ter de ford. We hab no hosses; dem blue coats teck 'em all. De way is th'oo briars an' fallen trees an' drif'wood an' sich like. I kyant walk well in it.' Den Mars Bedford say, 'I will put you up behin' me, my chile.' Then huh ma say, 'No! No! meh daughter; you mout git kilt, an' you is meh only yew lam'.' Den Mars Bedford say, drappin' dem sorf eyes ub his'n on huh an' lookin' ez fine ez uh cherrypin er serry-pin, 'Git up behin' me fum dis fallen tree.' Den huh mudda almos' hab spavins, but she clum up on dat hoss. Mars Bedford call fuh uh scout an' 'way he went. Ub cose I wuz wid him; jumpin' logs, tearin' up de briars an' weeds. Arfter dey had gone boutin uh harf mile, Miss Emma,

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dat wuz huh name, say, 'Stop, Gen'l Forrest, dis heah ravine runs down ter dat ford an' de ford runs dis way: > .' Den dey got off an' walked ter de ribba, but de watah wuz so high an' so muddy dey cudn' see de ford; but she say, 'It's bin heah ev'y sence I wuz uh baby. I know almos' ev'y rock in it an' ezac'ly wha it is.' Den I heah bang! bang! bang! and den erboutin fo'ty bangs, an' heah cum de bullets. I wuz peepin' wid Pigeon fum behin' uh big rock. *Oh, I wuz al'ays wid him.* Den I heah Miss Emma say, 'Gen'l stan' behin' me; dey won' shoot me.' Mars Bedford say, 'Git behin' dat rock an' stay da tell I cum fuh you.' Den Mars Bedford teck out his spy-glass an' spied all 'roun' an' he heah some twigs crackin' behin' him, an' he looked 'roun', an' da wuz dat chile almos' in his footprints. De Gen'l's eyes almos' spit fire, an' his mouf trimbled. Den he say, jes' like he orderin' uh charge, 'Stay behin' dat rock!' Den she say, 'Gen'l, I wuz fear'd you mout be wounded, an' I wanted ter be neah you.' Den he sot down befo' de rock—me an' Pigeon wuz behin'—tu'n'd his sorf eyes up ter de sky an' say, '*De worl' kyant whup us wid sech women!*'* Pres'ny he holped huh up de

* "The legislature of Alabama donated to Miss Sanson a section of the unappropriated public lands of the state as a testimonial of the high appreciation of her services by the people of Alabama. and directed the Governor of the State to provide and present her with a gold medal, inscribed with suitable devices commemorative of her conduct."



MISS EMMA, DAT WUZ HUH NAME.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

ravine—all de time de sharpshooters wuz firin', an' some ub de balls wen' th'oo huh dress—an' when she got up de ravine she say, 'Dey jes' wounded meh crin'line!' an' she tuck orf huh sunbonnet an' shuck it at 'em. Gen'l Forrest sant her back ter tell de res' ub de cumman' ter cum, artil'ry fus'. Almos' befo' dey got ter de ford dey limbered up, fired uh few bung-shots, an' dem blue coats soon lef' dat ford. Den Mars Bedford tole one ub his officers ter teck uh regiment an' hole dat ford, and dey hilt it. Ev'y-thing wuz ready, an' Mars Bedford started erhaid ober de ford, when Miss Emma call him back, almos' cryin', and she say, 'You'r gwine 'rong; you see de ford run dis way: > .' Den she clum er rock an' say, 'Lemmy git up in front ub you an' show de way.' De Gen'l say, 'No; git up behin'; dey mout shoot you.' An' she say, 'No; I mus' ride in front, hab de reins, so dat I meck no mustake.' Den Mars Bedford teck orf his nuniform coat, fold an' put it in front ub him, den he teck orf his felt hat an' put it on de coat, an' she jump on jes' ez s pry ez uh colt, an' he say ter his soldiers, 'Follow me.' His scout, Mars Torm, wuz one ub de fus' ter follow. Mars Bedford stop his hoss an' say, 'You kyant go; yo' ahm is badly shot an' broken; you is not fit ter fight er swim.' So den he wuz orf ergin. De hosses wuz neighin', de creek wuz twissin', rum'lin' an' tum'lin', de hosses

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stoppin', stum'lin', an' backin' jes' de same ez ef'n 'twuz dark. I cudn' say nuffin but meh prayers, an' I mos' choke sayin' dem. Mo'n dat, Pigeon she wuz carryin' on high, jes scan'lus; wudn' eben put huh feet in de watah. De watah wuz so high dey had ter teck de caissions orf, an' de soldiers waded wid de powder on deah shoulders. It tuck two hours ter cross, but bless Gord, dey all got ober. Befo' dey got harf way 'cross Mrs. Sanson, Miss Emma's mudda, wuz at de ford, an' she wuz almos' 'zausted fum walkin' th'oo de briars an' tangled bushes."

Ezra commenced again to chink his boat, singing—

“You'll not git los' in de wilderness;
Let meh people go;
Wid uh lighted can'le in yo' bres';
Let meh people go.”

Arthur was by this time intensely interested, and after Ezra had bitten off a fresh chew of tobacco, said, “Well, what then?”

“Well, den Mars Bedford rode back wid Miss Emma, got orf his hoss, tuck her down—I nebba saw him so 'cited an' hainsome. Den he mounted, tuck orf his hat, kissed his han', jes' so, an' soon he wuz dashin' up de hill ter jine his troops. Mars Torm, po' feller, did look so 'stressed ter be lef' behin'.

“When Mars Bedford wan' talkin' his eyes jes' ez

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

sorf ez uh 'possum's, but when he wuz serioussum an' opened his mouf, da wan' no apples in his eyes, nuffin but fire, an' when he tole his favorite scout, Mars Torm, ter stay back, he jes' tuck root on dat spot.

“He wuz uh ve'y curisome man; fuh instinc', he had uh swo'd made jes' futto suit hissef. It wan' quite ez long ez uh fence-rail, but mos' nighly; you wudn' think he wud cut blue coats huids orf but he wud. It's so curisome—he wuz so gentle an' he talk so sorf, but den ergin his eyes, when he on uh scout er charge, jes' like uh fish-hawk's. How-some-ebba, I once heah ole Mars Nickey say uh race hoss dat prances an' bucks an' goes ev'y which way at de pos'—jes' like uh dug-out in rough watah—ain' no race hoss; dey th'ow up deah tails befo' dey go two miles. But de nice quiet ones like de fo-mile hosses Mars Matthew use ter own, when dey at de pos' you'd s'pose dey habin' deah pictur taken. Well, Mars Bedford wuz sho'ly uh fo'-miler in his ways, an' he al'ays had his way, too.

“Mrs. Sanson inwited Mars Torm ter meck huh house his home tell he git well; mo'n dat, she spressify huhsef dat she al'ays lubbed ter nuss Cornfederates. Den she look at Pigeon an' me an' say, ‘I kin teck good care ub you, too, an' yo' mule. Peter, Simon an' Nancy is ve'y ole, so you kin holp 'em ter milk de cows, chu'n de butter an' pick de strawberries. Young

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Marster, I stayed da fuh two weeks, until de watah fell in Black Creek. I got fat, so did Pigeon, an' den I crossed de creek an' jined Mars Bedford.

“ 'Twuz jes' erboutin harves' time;
Let meh people go;
When Joshua led his hos' divine;
Let meh people go.”

“Oh, go on, Uncle Ezzy.”

“Well, in erboutin free monfs Mars Torm, de scout, jined us. He looked fat an' slick, an' Gen'l Forrest lubbed an' 'spected him so he kissed him. He didn' kiss me, but I wud uh kissed him.”

Between you and me, kind reader, after greeting General Forrest, “Mars Torm” hurried to his humble hammock. His thoughts were more of “Black Creek” than the tented field. From a pocket in his gray jacket he pulled out and fondly kissed a daguerreotype. When he opened it a pressed rose leaf fell out. It may have been the rose leaf which a dear kind hand had placed between the pages she loved to read to him, and the mate to the one he had. He sank into his hammock, and the tranquil twilight saw him weeping, and then reciting:

“Between two songs of Petrarch,
I've a purple rose leaf prest,
More sweet than common rose leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.



MARS TORM.

(From a time-worn photograph.)

His thoughts were more of "Black Creek" than the tented field.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

When she gave me that her eyes were wet,
The rose was full of dew;
The rose is withered long ago—
The page is blistered, too.

“One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air,
A firefly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed him lightly off again,
And he glittered up the vine,
And died into the darkness——”

A bugle sounded. Forrest was in the saddle. The scout's reverie was over.

“Well, de nex' big fight wuz at what dey call 'Brice's Cross Roads;' dat's de place Mars Bedford had uh spavin [fainted] fuh one hour. I fanned him consonly wid meh hat; he had de gre'tes' condidence in me. At uh place call 'Ripley', a few days befo' dis fight, uh farmer sant what dey call in Mississippi, mountain oysters ter Mars Bedford. Dey ain' nuffin ter Eastern Sho' oysters; some people say dat Mars Bedford eat too many an' dey gib him de spavin, but I know dat ain' so. I wuz waitin' on de table an' stan'in' rite behin' him, an' arfter helpin' Gen'l Beauford an' Gen'l Rucker he stir dat soup fuh mo'n five minutes befo' uh mountain oyster cum on top. Den I say, 'Dar's one, Marster,' an' he tu'n an' gimmy uh look wid dem eagle eyes ub his'n dat meck me trimble.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

I know what meck him sick, an' I'm gwine ter tell you. De fightin' wuz so furisome dat Gen'l Forrest say ter his bodyguard, 'Dismount; draw yo' swo'ds an' foller me,' an' when de blue coats seed Mars Bedford, 'way dey went. Well, he had so few men 'long side de blue coats, dat not uh man cud be spared ter go an' git watah, so Mars Bedford felt so thusty an' weary dat he drunk de powder watah fum de sponge bucket, an' dat's what gib him dat spavin.

"Honey, you ain' but fifteen years ole, so Brer Sam'l say, an' ef'n I wuz ter tell you how many wuz kilt an' wounded in dat fight it might meck you see ghoses an' witches in yo' sleep, an' keep you fum growin'. I hilt Gen'l Forrest's hoss, Pigeon an' two other hosses when he dismounted, an' 'pears ter me de hosses looked 'stressed, da wuz so many kilt on bof sides. Now, dat's all I'm gwine ter tell you erboutin battles.

"Young Marster, chillun musn' know too much. Fuh instinct, yistiddy I wuz chinkin' dis boat (an' I gwine ter name huh Miss Emma) when Mars Jimmy's chillun cum erlong gwine home fum school; dey clum all ober me, an' pres'ny one ub 'em say, 'Uncle Ezzy, what is uh vulgar fraction?' Ub cose, I had ter tell de truf, so I say, 'Hit's somethin' little boys an' girls musn' talk erbout.'

"In May, 1865, we all s'rendered at Gainesville,



Uncle Ezzy, what is a vulgar fraction?
Ub cose, I had ter tell de truf, so I say hit's somethin'
little boys an' girls mus'n' talk erbout.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

Alabama. Mars Bedford gib me Pigeon an' money ter cum home wid ef'n I wanted ter. Fuh fo' days I hunted 'roun' Gainesville 'mong de troops futto fine Mars Torm. I knew'd he lib near Rome, Georgia, an', ub cose, he had ter ride de same road I did, so I wanted him ter let me ride ez far ez Mrs. Sanson's wid him. Dem sweet people wuz so kine ter me I wuz gwine ter gib 'em Pigeon; mo'n dat, I wuz feard ter ride by mehsef in uh gray nuniform fum Gainesville ter Black Creek, erboutin two hunard miles. How-some-ebba, I 'cluded ter ride jes' at night, an' bless Gord, in erbout uh week I struck Black Creek ford hornngry an' tired. De birds wuz singin', roostus crowin', hens uh cacklin' an' de watah in de creek ez clear ez uh jewdrap, an' Pigeon she jes' nach'ly went in de watah kase she seed Mrs. Sanson's house—wuz hornngry an' ve'y tired. I wuzn' watchin' de mule, an' de fus' thing I knewed Pigeon gib uh monstus buck an' mos' jumped of'n de ford in dat deep watah; den she tuck uh good look wid huh ears an' went 'long—an' what you s'pose frighten'd dat mule? He! he! he! he! dar sot on uh plank 'tween two rocks Mars Torm (no wanna I cudn' fine him) an' Miss Emma fishin' in de deep watah at de foot ub de ford. I meck bleebe I didn' see 'em, *an' dey sut'ny didn' see me*; you see dey wuz fishin'. When I got 'cross de ford, Pigeon wuz so tired she stop an' res', an' I

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

watch to see ef'n de fish bitin', kase I wuz al'ays fond ub fishin', and I heah Mars Torm say, in words ez sorf ez dem riffles, 'I lub dis creek; de watah so repose, an' cums twissin' in dis big pool gittin' stiller an' stiller tell it seems ter stop, res' an' be so happy. Oh, ef'n meh hyart wuz ez happy ez dis stream! It chatters, an' sings, an' smiles, an' baves itself in de sunlight; it looks so contented, but I am so sad'—an' he did look rejected. Den Miss Emma open huh cherrypin mouf an' say raal sorf, 'What's de mattah; yo' ole woun' hurt you?' An' he say, 'No; it's de new woun'; I mus' leabe ter-morrow, so I mus' tell you dat yo' sweet eyes, lubly hyart, beautiful, brabe soul has 'chanted me ev'y sence I fus' saw you, an' I wan' ter arsk befo' I go, dear Miss Emma, dat you will let me lub you. I don' arsk you ter lub me.' Jes' de way I use ter cote—He! He! He! 'ceppin I use ter say:

“Roses red, violets blue,
Sugah sweet, me too.”

“Den Mars Torm spressify, 'Fuh free monfs, dear hyart, I et yo' bread an' butter'—an' I think he say mullasses—'an' ter-morrow I go ter seek meh fortune, an' ef'n Gord prospers me, I shall arsk you to meck meh life 'chanted.' Den she say, ez sorf ez de note ub uh *martingale*, 'Thormas.' Den he say, 'Angel, did you say Thormas?' An' she say, 'Yes; meh brabe

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

an' gentle'— an' rite 'way 'pears ter me dey bof had on dat big sunbonnet ub her'n; an' wussa yit, de two fishin' rods wid deah reels wuz floatin' down dat ribba, ober an' ober de riffles. Dey wuz fogot when dem two chillun said yes ter one nerr.

“Well, 'pears ter me all ub uh sudden I got so sleepy dat I put meh ahms 'roun' Pigeon's neck (she wuz use ter dat) an' went ter sleep. Bimeby I woke up wid uh curisome an' mos' quaresome feelin'. Bless de Lawd, I tho't uh jack-uh-ma-lantern had got me, sho'. Dem chilluns wuz feelin' so peart an' sassy dat dey tied erroun' meh neck uh live eel dey had kotch, an' I wudn' fogit er fogib 'em ter dis day 'ceppin dey wuz in lub an' I wuz uh lissinin.' Honey, I wuz skeard stiff. Bung shells wuz nuffin ter dat.

“Dey wuz all so kin' at Mrs. Sanson's (de Lawd bless dem people) I stayed dar two weeks res'in', an' den dey sent me ter Rome, Georgy, futto teck de train fuh 'Fairlands.' When I got in de kerridge 'long side Simon, Miss Emma say, 'Dear me, Ezra, what is you gwine ter do wid Pigeon?' So I say, larffin' an' sassy like, 'I gib huh ter you, Miss Emma, an' Mars Torm, fuh uh weddin' present.' Mars Thormas smile an' say, 'You scan'lus ole scamp.' ”

In his narrative dear old Ezra showed wonderful memory, but forgot to mention that in that hour of anguish, whilst crossing Black Creek, as the waters

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got deeper and deeper, finally up to the flanks of the horses, Mrs. Sanson sank upon her knees and with wrinkled, aged and uplifted hands, said:

“From lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence and famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

“Good Lord deliver us.”

Early in the spring of 1866 Ezzy frequently paddled his canoe over to “Woodstock,” where in a cabin on the riverside lived Jerry and Ceasar Butler, old bachelor brothers. Their sister Cassey, a widow of some six months, was their guest. The brothers for the most part lived out on the water, oystering, fishing and crabbing. Cassey liked her surroundings so much that her visit was now three months long, and she interested herself mostly in raising chickens and ducks. The dusky damsels in the neighborhood said Cassey was going to marry Brer Snake Bit Jim, a hand on Captain Stitchberry’s schooner, the “Margaret Jane,” and he had been keeping company, as they expressed it, with her for about five months. She was the loudest singer in Zion church, a *wholesale* Baptist, and walked in the water like a pious one when immersion time came, and some uncharitable people said that when she came home from meeting chickens had better roost high. Though twenty years younger

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than Ezra, his war stories and adventures charmed her. She thought him a hero and soon they were betrothed. Ezra was not one of the slow-paced sort.

Ezra's young Marster was very much annoyed at the idea of his marrying Cassey. He knew her to be self-willed and high tempered, and told Ezra that if he brought her to Fairlands he would charge him \$25 a year for his quarter and ten acres; but Ezra was too fond of telling war tales and having a listener that almost smothered him with caresses when he told of hair-breadth escapes. So one bright May day Parson Phil Demby pronounced them man and wife—his third wife.

Ezra made a living crabbing, fishing, oystering and cultivating a little grain. He was an expert angler, and if a dinner was given by any of the gentry between May and November and a boiling rock wanted, Ezra was notified and he would be sure to catch the rock. He loved children and children loved him. If the overseers' little ones wanted to go fishing, they would go to the garden and in sight of him commence to dig worms and when they reached the bateau, he would be there bailing or shoving her from shore. Soon he would add sufficient peelers and soft crabs to the bate, and then to the hurdle. Ezra's pole, some eighteen feet long, was of cedar growth, with the bark stripped off; a coarse line and cork about the size of a

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duck egg, and when he gave a grunt and slashed it out, the water almost surged; but somehow or other, the fish, and good ones, too, loved his bait. "Ef'n you chilluns don' stop er talkin' an' rockin' dis boat I'll paddle straight home. You pester de fish so dey won' bite, an' hit 'stresses me pow'ful."

Autumn came and he did not find his quarter as happy as formerly. As a consequence, he spent a great deal of his time at the mansion. Even the solemn and sour old maiden housekeeper, Miss Betsy, whose apron strings were strung with keys and who for forty years had lived at Fairlands, was indulgent, and welcomed him. One day I came upon him cleaning her bird cage and singing over and over:

"Tell me a dream, M-a-r-y,
Tell me a dream;
My Lawd, de King ub Manuel."

I said, "Why don't those canaries lay?"

"Miss Betsy say dey bof boys," was his reply.

The cook liked him, and he liked her more than he did Cassey. He often toted for her baskets of chips to make the fire burn brightly, put on the big back logs, and turned the turkey in the tin kitchen. Twice a week on winter nights he was sent for to beat the hominy in the big mortar. When he grew weary of the iron pestle, and wanted to chaff some servant, he would say, "I sut'ny does lub ter beat dis hominy—a

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—heh—heh—heh,” and then we boys would “spell” him and he would praise our industry until we nearly collapsed from fatigue.

“O, call back yesterday; bid time return.”

He had a local reputation for his original sayings and deserved it. For example: “You kyant eat uh hoecake but once;” “All moufs mus’ eat, but all moufs kyant eat gravel;” “Ev’y man’s mouf ain’ uh prayer book;” “Uh case orntried is hyard ter justify;” etc., but from being chaffed by the young men at the “Royal Oak” and St. Michaels, towns near by, where he sold his crabs and fish, and bought fishhooks and tobacco, had become somewhat shy and reticent.

One cold and windy day in December I started for Wild Goose Marsh, famous as snipe ground, with the view of burning the same. So to fully enjoy Ezra’s confidence and to get him to talk freely, I put a half-dollar in his hand, invited him to stop shucking oysters and go with me to the marsh and assist in burning the same. His young Marster’s pointers, “Rob Roy” and “Rose,” whom he had adopted and who had adopted him, were lying in his boat. He expatiated a few moments upon the “quaresomeness ub snipe an’ jack-uh-ma-lanterns,” and then got in my carriage. Meantime I was taking in his raiment. He said, “I’m not dress up, kase I’m shuckin’ oysters.” He wore

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an old dressing gown some one had given him in the long ago. It must have had twenty patches from the size of a blacking box up to a tin plate. His vest, from patches, was of many colors; it was fastened with seven buttons, and no two of them alike. One foot was shod, and the other wrapped in an old piece of carpet. "Meh cawns hu't me so," he said. He was smaller and more bent than ever, and extremely interesting. A drink of applejack and a good lunch, the brilliancy of the burning marsh and my interest in him made him very loquacious. With apparent earnestness I said, "Uncle Ezra, how long have you lived on this estate?"

"Who, me! Bawn heah erboutin uh hunard year ago. I cum outin de Hollyday fambly. Ole Mars' grabe is ober dar wha you see dem willows weepin'. Dar's uh gre't big slab ober de grabe, an' on hit is uh passel ub A. B. C.'s an' uh anker, wid stars an' eagles an' little grapevines all erroun' 'em. Mars Pinckney say, 'Dat's what dey call in dem days de coat ub mail.' His wuz uh gre't fambly, an' Mars Thormas wuz uh cap'n an' fit an' wuz kilt in de Revolutionary Wah."

"Are you sure of that, Uncle Ezzy?"

"'Cose I is. I heah Phil Demby's fadda say dat he holp ter put him in de amblabus when he wuz shot. He saw de British what shot him, an' de ve'y bung-shot dat hit him. Boss, what glorisome days dem

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wuz. I kin recommenter 'em mehsef. Dese days 'pears ter me dey is spilin' ev'ything by changin'. An' hits ergin de Scripturs. Fuh instinct, when I wuz uh young man de Mefodis' 'roun' heah use ter hab what dey call meetin' houses; dey use ter shout an' moan, an' moan an' shout pow'ful. Dey cummence ter pray at fus' sorf, an' den deah voice got so strong toreckly you cud heah 'em uh mile orf. An' de chunes wuz so fine, dey didn' stop at de corners; dey jes' swong 'roun'; dey cud turn deah voices same ez uh whirlwin' an' ter play de fiddle, dance, er hab uh melojin wuz cornsidered ornry an' onricheous, an' hit wuz, too. But in dese days ev'ything is changed in all de chuches, 'ceppin de Babtis'; de only change de Babtis' made is ter babtize regular in fresh watah in Cap'n Tomlinson's mill pon', '*ceppin jes' befo' dey cut ice*. You see dey had ter gib up salt watah, de shirks wuz so bad. Mo'n dat, de Bible don' spressify salt watah. Den ergin Pawson Demby tuck de shirk fright an' de consequasion wuz he hilt several pussons down too long. Tilly Mink got erligion an' wuz thinkin' boutin it so much (jes' persidderin hit all de time) dat she fogot ter teck outin her dress some apples dat wuz swotuated in huh pocket. Well, Pawson Demby hilt her un'er so long dat she pawed de bottom; almos' tore huh dress orf, an' she mout erbin hilt un'er de watah tell she wuz drowned, but she got holt Pawson

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Demby's legs, an' fuh erwhile it 'peared like she wuz babtizin' him. Brer Billy los' his specks lars' spring, so cudn' see good, an' when he seed de apples uh bobbin' up, I s'pose he tho't dey wuz sperrits, kase he sung out ter Pawson Demby, 'Jes' gib huh annubba dip, Pawson Demby, huh sins is cummin' up fum huh in clustahs;' but Pawson Demby lef' well ernuff be well ernuff. Kase Tilly Mink nebba did hab much erligion, an' when she seed dat distructed frock an' dem kyart-house apples dat we all knew'd growed in Ole Mars' archard, huh 'ligion lef' huh jes' ez fars ez she got it. Huh hyah riz on huh haid, an' she talked jes' scan'lous, an' 'lowed she gwine ter jine de Presbyters. Well, hit may be fuh de bes', but uh case orntried is hyard ter jestify."

"Yas, sah; ev'ything is changed. Ebin Mefodis' preachers an' de elders, shuh. Dey struts an' prances erroun' same ez colts an' tukkey gobblers in de spring, an' hits dribin uh lot ub 'em ter distruction. All moufs ain' prayer books, boss. Hit's de same thing wid dem Presbyters dat Tillie's gwine ter jine, an' when it cums ter de 'Piscopaliums hit's wussa yit. Up heah at St. Thormasses dey bu'n insects in what dey call uh—I fogit de name—an' dem preachers dat kyant talk good—an' mos' ub 'em kyant—dey sorter sing what dey talkin'. I heah Cap'n Stitchberry's brer say who halls de sain—an', ub cose, he er Babtis'

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—dat ef'n Ole Mars wuz erlive an' went ter St. Thormasses, he wudn' no wha he wuz, kase dey bows like uh passel ub muscovy drakes. Boss, dem muscoves is quaresome ducks. T'other day I saw Brer Sam's boy, Rasmus, bowin' ter uh passel ub muscovy drakes an' dey wuz bowin' ter him. So I say ter de boy, 'What you doin' ter dem ducks?'

"Talkin' drake talk.'

"Well, what de ducks say?'

"I dunno, but *dey* do!'

"All dis changin' business is ergin de Bible, too. Lars' Sunday Pawson Demby preached erbout hit. His tex' wuz fum de Profit Jerry-Myah: 'Kin uh Ethiopium change his skin er uh leopard his spots?' An' Pawson Demby say 'twuz ornpossible.

"Jes' befo' Chrismus I went ter Easton wid uh load ub Chrismus trees, an' one ub de fus' things I seed wuz uh lubly lookin' young Mistis dribin uh cullud pusson; he wuz uh settin' behin' huh wid his ahms folded, all dress up an' smilin' same ez uh ole gray goose smilin' on uh gander. Well, I nebba 'spected ter lib ter see uh change like dat. Fac' is, mos' all de ladies 'roun' heah gittin' changed, an' ve'y sassy, tryin' ter be like de men. Fuh instinct, dar is uh lady doctor an' uh lady lawyer, dey tells me, in Balt'mo'. Think ub dat! An' hit's all ergin de' struc-

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tions ub Gen'sis, Rebullation, Jerry-Myah, Noahy an' I 'specks all ub de profits. Kase de Bible say dat 'ooman kyant ebin pray in publuc. Boss, da ain' no use talkin', fum de cricket an' grasshopper clean up ter man, de male de gre'tes' an' bes' lookin'. Dar's uh little Jinny Wren settin' on dat reed singin' beau'ful. Now, ain' hit s'prisin' wha he git dat voice fum dat you kin heah 'cross de ribba; hit sut'ny is strange. Well, dat he wren, don' he look peart; an' he is peart, too. He kin meck uh hawk hide hissef. You see he's de male. Well, look at dat cock sparrow; don' de hen look meek 'long side him? Boss, I'm gwine ter teck mos' ev'ything dat wuz in de yark, ter show dat ladies musn' try ter be men, an' change deahsebs. Hit kyant be did any mo' dan you kin gib de female birds de feathers ub de males. I s'pose de bobolink is de mos' dress up ub all birds, fuh he changes his clothes twice uh yeah, an' when he got on dat beau'ful spring suit ub his'n his wives do clustah erroun' him. De cock partridge (some people call 'em Bob White), de oriole, pigeon, teal duck, tukkey, canlas-back duck, woodpecker, red-wing blackbird, de wood-duck, tu beau'ful futto kill; how lubly de males is 'long side de females. Den ergin, pursidder de roostus; don' matter ef'n dey shankhy, banty, game, er what not, dey'r boun' ter hab lubly feathers all streaked an' striped same ez dem cattle

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dat Jacob, de father ub de Petracks, owned. Mo'n dat, ef'n two roostus fight, de one dat whups jes' crows, flaps his wings, an' heah cums his wives an' de udder roostah's wives all runnin' off wid him. Dat's jes' de way de ladies 'roun' heah runs arfter Mars Pinckney."

Ezra seemed much pleased with his talk, and with a wisp of burning grass in each hand, continued to fire the marsh, and for the moment forgot my presence and sang:

"We cum ter dis worl' bof naked an' bare,
We al'ays goes thoo it wid sorrow an' care;
We go when we die de Lawd only nose wha';
Ef'n you'r uh thurrybred heah, yo'll be uh thurrybred da."

Pretending to entirely dissent with Ezra and to keep him interested and talkative, I said, "Well, how about robins, doves, mocking birds, jack snipe, woodcock and other birds where the male and female are alike?"

"Well, boss, Mars Pinckney say ef'n you gib de birds you kyant tell erbout uh wumm, ef'n *he* takes it hit's uh he, an ef'n *she* takes it hit's uh she."

"How about owls, Ezra; they look alike, and they don't eat worms?"

"Well, Noahy, dey tell me, name him de bird ub wissum, an' ub cose made him wise, an' de female kyant fool him, *like dey mos' gen'ly kin de males*. Fuh

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instinct, when de female owls think deahsebs smart—bin out all night an' talkin' in condidence 'mong deahsebs erbout it—de male, ef'n he deceitful (*an' some males is*), kin lissen an' nod his haid jes' same ez ef he wuz uh sleep an' meck bleebe he uh lady owl, an by an' by all unbenonsted ter de lady owl, fine out ef'n his wife bin uh tootin' an' uh hootin' erroun'. Mo'n dat, he mout erbin keepin' comp'ny hissef all night wid some sassy lady owl. *Dar's wha his wissum cum in.*

“S'pose de gentlemens an' ladies look jes' like one nerr an' dress up de same, Lawdy, by an' by heah wud cum judgment day sho' nuff, an' we wud soon burhol dis worl' on fire an' uh cislin'. So hit won' do fuh dem ter look de same, an' we don' wan' no changin', deed we don'; we wants de males ter look proud an' prancin' all de time, an' de females ter burhol 'em an' not look sassy. I mos' fogot one ub de lublied ub de fowls, dat will meck meh sponsibility stronger—dat's de peacock. When de peacock spreads his tail in de spring an' looks his peartest, dey tells me sometimes de hens git too po' ter lay; dey so in lub dey jes' eat nuffin; jes' meddowtate an' look at deah mates struttin' erbout. Da ain' nuffin like uh peacock's tail 'ceppin sometimes in de fall when de dew is ve'y heavy an' sorter fog-like an' fros'-like, jes' uh

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little missy, an' heah cum de sun risin'; an' when hit strikes de trees, bushes an' wines full ub dat fog, fros' an' mis', da ain' no rainbow er peacock's tail kin hole uh can'le ter it, I don' keah who raises de peacock. Well, boss, I am sho' you see de application, but strange futto say, Mars Pinckney, wid all his wissum an' pursidderin', is, 'pears ter me, on de fence. Natchelly, ub cose, he is s'pose ter change kase he got so many sweethyarts. He is ve'y fon' ub fishin' wid me. One day we wuz fishin' fuh rock an' tailor an' waitin' fuh de tide ter tu'n. I rents meh house fum him. I don' al'ays pay at de lars' ub de monf, er de lars' ub nex' monf, an' I owed him so much rent I wuz mos' 'fear'd ter argue wid him an' talk ter him wid all meh soul erboutin dis changin' business 'roun' heah, an' ub de lubliness ub de male in kontras' ter de female; but I did it. Well, den he say, sorter snuffin' meh composition orf, 'Ezra, you no mo' erbout sorf crabs, fish an' watahmillions dan you do erbout things changin'.' Den he say, 'Don' people all erroun' heah change money, change deah names when dey git merried? Don' de watah we fish in change fum ebb tide ter flood? Eggs ter chickens, sinnahs ter moaners, sun, moon, win' an' seasons change. De acorn changes ter de oak, peach stone ter de peach tree. Wumms ter butterflies.'"

"Ezra, your Mars Pinckney is right. That's the

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long and short of it. Your Parson changed baptizing in salt water for fresh water. You have confessed it, and you are changing all the time. Your hair was once black, now it is white. To-day is bright, cold, windy and sunny. To-morrow will be changed; it can't be just like to-day. Even your oxen, Lawyer and Farmer, like a change. Grass is good enough when there is no wheat field to jump into, but when the wheat is green, sweet and rich, they leave the grass."

"Jes' so, boss, jes' so."

"Why, you would get tired of bacon and cabbage if you had it all the time."

"Who, me? I nebba got tired ub it yit."

"And, Ezra, if Aunt Cassey, your good and kind wife, hadn't changed her mind and married you instead of Uncle Snake Bit Jim, her name would now be Mrs. Snake Bit Jim."

"Dat's what I say, boss; dat's de application ezactly. I don' like dis changin' business. Bless Gord, I wish Cassey hadn' change huh mine."

Memories of happier days come to us all. May they soften the pillow of dear old Ezra. His first wife was my nurse, and many a time his willing hands, to give her's rest, have rocked my cradle.



Who could our baby tears repress
And lull us into drowsiness.
Mammy.

Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.

MAMMY.

There are pictures of the past in memory's gallery before which we love to linger. To one it is perhaps the old homestead in the North, or the South. To another, a woman's face. To a woman mayhap this picture is suggested by a simple tress of hair, or fragrant dust, *once* violets, or an old letter, perchance kissed many times, or tear-wet, who may know? To me it is my old—

MAMMY.

Who nursed and fed us from her breast
And in her tender arms caressed?

Mammy.

Who washed our faces, combed our hair
And tied us in our baby chair?

Mammy.

Who soaped and bathed our little forms,
And rocked us in her loving arms?

Mammy.

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Who, when we stumped our little toes,
Put balsam on to heal our woes?

Mammy.

Who could our baby tears repress,
And lull us into drowsiness?

Mammy.

Who tucked us in our baby cot,
And all our badness soon forgot?

Mammy.

Who always patted us to sleep,
And "Prayed the Lord our souls to keep?"

Mammy.

Who rests from sorrow 'neath the sod,
And all the paths of duty trod?

Mammy.

ANAH.

Uncle David, though threescore years and ten and bent with age, was quite useful on the plantation, and was not afraid of work. His labor, however, had not been of a wearing kind. Once a week he drove Sue, a kind and gentle mare, to the mill with a load of corn and returned with bags of sweet cornmeal, the like of which is hard to get nowadays.

In 1853 Sue foaled a bay mule colt with a black stripe down his back that made a cross on his shoulders. David christened the colt Anah, because he heard Parson Phil Demby preach a *pow'ful* sermon Christmas, the text of which was, "This was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness, as he fed the asses of Zibion his father."*

Anah was a lively colt, and when David went to the mill often romped ahead of Sue on the road, much to the anxiety of the mother, and sometimes in a don't-care way lagged behind for a quarter of a mile or more; and though Uncle David characterized him as *worrysome an' scan'lous*, he was very fond of the colt and the colt fond of him. By and by Anah was big and old enough to break, and David soon had him

* Genesis xxxvi, 24.

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going kindly and taking his old dam's place in the cart.

David was always relied upon to select and haul the Christmas tree, which was placed in the brick kitchen. It was literally a tree, and on its many boughs hung gifts for the household and servants.

The woods loam was selected by David and hauled by Anah for Kerchibell, the old Scotch gardener, who put it on his early spring plants and flowers; indeed, almost every day the mule was hauling something, with David on the cart singing or nodding.

Every Saturday at 12 o'clock the servants were allowed to quit work and haul the seine. The terrapins caught were brought to the mansion, with a goodly number of spot, hog and other fish; the rest of the fish the servants were allowed to market for pin-money. At such times Uncle David was always on deck with Anah.

For twenty-five years Anah did faithful work, and David loved him and talked to him as though he was a human being, and said, "Anah almos' knew'd his A. B. C's." Like most mules, however, in his old age he got full of kinks, and would bite and kick anyone but David, who said, "He hab grow'd 'ceitful an' ub cose I hab ter scole him."

The old man was very credulous and as easily chaffed by his marster as Polonius was by Hamlet.

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For example: One day whilst Anah was kicking up and putting on airs and David was grumbling and saying, "He ain' no good no how; I sut'ny am tired ub dis mule," his Mars Jimmy walked past the cart and said, "I'm going to sell that worthless old mule and get you a nice little mare I can buy at a bargain. True she is hip-shot, spavined and very lazy, but will do for your work."

David was perplexed and disconsolate and at bed-hour went to the stable. Anah was munching his oats, and David, little and bent, stood behind the mule, who switched his tail and laid back his ears as if to say, You are going to take away my oats. The old man's eyes brimmed with tears; he had a big, kind heart, and his affection for the mule was really touching. Finally he said, "You recommember me all de time, don' you, Anah? Don' I al'ays feed you good an' rub you an' gib you uh sorf bed?" Then he walked into the stall, stroked the mule's ear and said, "Jes' ez sorf ez uh 'possum's ear; you know I ain' gwine ter let 'em sell you, Anah. Mars Jimmy kyant find an nerr mule in Talbot County like you. He ain' gwine ter sell you, an' ef'n he do, he got ter sell me wid' you, dat he is! Well, da ain' no tellin'; Mars Jimmy mout sell dis mule ter-morry, so I'm gwine ter sleep wid him dis night, fuh it mout be de po' mule's lars' night heah. I'll put some mo' hay

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in de bottom ub de manger, an' wid dese corn-cobs I'll meck uh pillah, put meh coat on it, an' den I'll kivver mehsef wid hay. Lemmy see—no, I won' teck meh shoes orf, kase I mout hab ter git up futto git him some oats." His bed arranged, the old man said, "I heah Pawson Demby say dat our blessid Lawd an' Sabior wuz bawn in uh stable, so hit sut'ny good ernuff fuh me." Weary and sad, he leaned against the manger, said his prayers, and then he snuggled in the hay and sang his favorite hymn:

"What kind ub shoes you gwine ter wear?

Golden slippers!

What kind ub shoes you gwine ter wear?

Golden slippers I'm bound ter wear, dat outshines de glitter-in' sun.

What kind ub crown you gwine ter wear?

Star-ry crown!

What kind ub crown you gwine ter wear?

Star-ry crown I'm bound ter wear, dat outshines de glitter-in' sun.

What kind ub robe you gwine ter wear?

White robe!

What kind ub robe you gwine ter wear?

White robe!

Long white robe I'm bound ter wear, dat outshines de glit-ter-in' sun.

What kind ub hymn you gwine ter sing?

New hymn!

What kind ub hyarp you gwine ter play?

Golden hyarp!

Golden hyarp I'm bound ter play, dat outshines de glit-ter-in'—sun—.

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Then all was hushed!

Mayhap Uncle David dreamed he had on his golden slippers that outshone the glittering sun, wore a starry crown and long white robe, sang a new hymn, and played upon a golden harp, for the Bible tells us—

“The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.”

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