

# The Daily Morning Astorian.

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ASTORIA, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885.

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### COLORED PEOPLE. UNRESTRAINED JOLLITY.

Evening Amusements—Innocent Songs and Pastimes of Worthy Fellow Citizens.

The colored population of Philadelphia is increasing every year and this town has now the largest colored population of any Northern city. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina contribute the most, while South Carolina and Georgia send many. While a great many improve the opportunities here afforded and seek material and mental betterment, a large number still cling to their old superstitions, customs, and traditions. Conjuring and the attainment of ends by the aid of "charms" and fetishes are still firmly believed in as during ante-bellum times. A down-town herb doctor or gupherer does a very lucrative business in combining the offices of leech and medium and retailing "charms" at prices within the reach of the most humble of his callers.

In the Seventh ward there is a colony of Southern colored people who clan together and look with suspicion upon their neighbors of like hue who are "Yankees." Their worship in a little mission-room on Lombard Street, below Eighth, is characterized by all the emotional demonstration that marks such gatherings south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Minister and congregation are always in close sympathy, and whenever the former demonstrates the presence of the Spirit by unusual fervor it is not an uncommon occurrence for the aisles to be thronged with shouting worshippers—awaying, singing, half-frenzied mass of humanity. Then some white-haired prototype of Uncle Tom begins a low chant, that could be scarcely called a hymn, while the shouting members beat time with their feet and join sobbingly in the refrain. And so for the night the fantastic worship is continued, the sounds from within the close little room ringing out strangely on the still night air.

Their games differ but little from their mode of worship. Both are intensely emotional, and the songs of the games seem to have the same physical effect on the participants as the wild spirit of worship on a congregation.

### EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

From a little frame shanty on Lombard Street, below Seventh, one night last week, came the sounds of unrestrained jollity. A visitor stooped to enter the low doorway, and stepping down about half a foot found himself in a plain, uncarpeted little room. The only adornment on the walls was three theater lithographs and the room was lighted by a smoky oil lamp. Several games of varying shades and as many gals were laughing heartily over some joke, but stopped upon the entrance of the new arrivals. Old Peter, a character of the neighborhood, who had acted as guide, presented the stranger as his friend and the latter was at once placed on amicable terms with the company.

"What you people waitin' fur?" asked Peter as he glanced around. "Thot' you'd a begin yer games time I got here."

"We're waitin' fur Ike an' he's not got yere yet," answered a belle, attired in a red jersey with a huge red bow of the same color stuck on the side of the head.

At this instant the door opened, and there was a general exclamation of "Yere he is!" and a dapper little negro entered. Ike, Peter explained, as that gentleman was making his excuses, was the "chimer," who was in demand on all festive occasions. He was conversant with many games and could always remember or improvise couplets suitable for any occasion.

The couples formed a ring and joined hands. The miss with a red jersey stood in the center of the circle, and as it began to move around her, led by the "chimer," the company sang:

"Go round, go round de candy,  
Go round de candy gal,  
She lubs some o'her feller,  
Go round de candy gal."

"You tech 'er an' yer ha' do stick;  
You kiss 'er an' she lubs yer tick,  
Dat ole candy gal."

"She galls like de sun on yaller men,  
She smile like de sun on yaller men,  
Dat ole candy gal."

"She berry flurum dium, too;  
She berry brush like young Miss Sue,  
Dat ole candy gal."

"Go round, go round de candy,  
Go round de candy gal,  
An' now I know she lubs me,  
Go round de candy gal,  
De candy, de candy, dat sweet ole candy gal."

During the singing of the last stanza the "Candy Gal," by a coy smile and a coquetical nod, indicated her choice among the men, who stepped into the circle and arm in arm they promenaded, while the song was resung. Then another miss took the ring and the same procedure was repeated ad libitum.

The amount of fun they extract from this simple play is something striking. Each face was lighted with a broad smile as if in anticipation of some good joke, and once when one of the girls stumbled over her partner's prolegs, the singing was demoralized for the time and the room rang with hearty laughter.

ter be," sighs Peter, as the singing stops. "Dar wuz a time onst we'n times wur more libly like and de boys wanted ter meck a good 'press-hun had ter shake a mean foot an' ter's de double shuffle all ter flinders. Wen dey didn't have music dey used ter pat an' sing:

"'Juba dis an' Juba dat,  
Juba eat de yaller fat."

"An' it ain't ebery scrub as can dance 'Juba,' either. Den de boys an' gals both used ter 'wing,' an' some de dere feet fanned fro' de air so dey'd cut yer like a razor 'f dey'd hit yer. De young folks nowadays dey does Yankee notions inter de head an' feel ter high-tone ter 'string'—leastways de gals do. Some o' de boys are berry fine at it, but dey on sho' it off at de dances. A go 'winger,' dough, 's an ornament 'society."

The couples arranged themselves on the floor again in two lines, facing each other, and began to mark time by stamping their feet and clapping their hands. This was kept up for a brief interval. Then they sang:—

"Steal my lub, I steal 'er back,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
Old 'Juba' ter rain no mo',  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo'."

"Rain a little, snow a little,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
Young Miss Sweet like 'possum meat,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo'."

"My lub she is a galls girl,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
Her eye do shine an' her ha' do curl,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo'."

"Rain, storm, blin' Tom,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo',  
So steal my lub, I steal 'er back,  
Ain't goin' ter rain no mo'."

Then each amorous recovered his duceina, who, in turn, was taken from him to the other side again, each time the "chimer" introducing new couplets, and the rest of the players joining in the refrain, and they ceased only when the perspiration was streaming down their faces. At a call from an aged negress, with her head tied in a bran new bandana, who had all along sat quietly in the little kitchen, they trooped out of the room to partake of an inconceivable amount of cold chicken, pigs' feet, chicken pot-pie, ham and cabbage, pickled tongue, fruit, pies, and doughnuts that the old "mauma" had prepared.

"What you goin' fur?" asks Peter with an offended air. "You ain't seen de best part of de fun yet. You see no goin' without seer' Brown, sho'?" While the demagogic folks done fill dere stomachs; dey feel jus' like shoutin' den an' dey Brown'll shake up things mighty lively, I tell yer."

The repast was finally completed and the company came, laughing and joking, into the room. "Now we'll have Brown," said the "chimer," and the announcement was met with shouts of "Yes, Brown!" "Oh, Miss Brown!" "Brown, Brown!" At the same time clapping of hands and stamping of feet was begun, while the cries for Brown became more frequent and vociferous. Then they sang:—

"Miss Brown she like sugar an' tea,  
Miss Brown she like candy;  
An' all I want is a nice young man  
To be so very handy."

"Brown! Oh, Brown! Oh, Brown!"

"Oh, mister, you turn under;  
Oh, mister Brown, come dis way;  
Oh, mister Brown, you turn under;  
Brown! Brown! Brown! Oh, Brown!"

"Oh, mister Brown, a little faster;  
Oh, mister Brown, shake your feet;  
Oh, mister Brown, a little faster;  
Oh, mister Brown, come right neat.  
Oh, mister Brown, you turn under;  
Oh, mister Brown, come dis way.  
Brown! Brown! ho! ho! Brown!"

Any one of the male players assumed the identity of "Brown" and in that role darted across the room and secured Miss Brown, then back to his station. Another "Brown" went through the same maneuver, then another and another. The time grew faster, the couples darted more rapidly across the little space, following each other in quick succession. Faster and faster, until the rapid tramping of feet seemed like that of a regiment of soldiers on a double-quick. "Brown, Brown, oh, Brown!" sounds high above the noise as if in invocation. The couples ceased running backward and forward, and all shouting "Brown," clapping their hands and swaying their bodies to and fro in the wild excitement, they whirled and surged about. Little spirals of dust rose from the crevices of the floor. The room became filled with dust, still the wild revel goes on. With dusty faces gleaming in the dim light and eyes bloodshot and staring from the wild exertion, they kept it up. The old woman who had been looking on from the kitchen doorway joined the revel. Its wild spirit seemed infectious and he spectator felt an impulse to yell. It is pandemonium—the wild tarantula dance, one of the savage rites of the sun-worshippers, and these the devotees who exert themselves until they fall exhausted and prostrated to the earth. Peter, who has been twisting nervously in his seat all along, unable to withstand the impulse longer, has added himself to the shouters, and his voice, as if inspired, chimes in the weird chorus for "Brown." Whirling, swaying, surging, and jumping, and intent on their wild sport, the visitor is entirely ignored. He is a mere atom, a thing not of their paradise; so unnoticed he gains the door and steps into the street. As the distance increases between him and the phantasmagoria the sounds of "Brown! Oh, Brown!" become

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