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ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

HIS wife dared not tell him Corot was dead, and that another, the power of whose pictures he felt even more,—namely, Millet,—was dangerously ill. It was now too late. One day in June, 1875, there was a quiet bustling to and fro in a small plain house on the Quai des Célestins. Men in dress-coats, with serious faces, forming a kind of deputation, and followed by others in black frocks with the ribbons of the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole, entered the courtyard. Students who affected some garb of Bohemia and students foppish in dress rubbed elbows with workmen in blouses, army officers, foreigners interested in art, and staid friends of the family. The householder and father, a master second to no other of his generation, lay in his coffin surrounded by many of the smaller works of art he had created. The dress-coats were present officially: they represented the School of the Fine Arts. The decorations and the uniforms were there to grace the last ceremonies of a member of the Legion of Honor. The art-students and foreigners came from reverence or curiosity. The blouses testified to the popular esteem for a man whose triumphs in art were reflected back on that great lower middle class of France from which he sprang. For Antoine Louis Barye was not rich ever, and was not noble in the hereditary sense, but when he died he had attained to pretty much everything except fortune which seems to a modest and honorable ambition worth the struggle. When the ceremonies at the house were done and the popular high artists of the day, such as M.M. Carolus Duran and Meissonier, had, with ardent gesticulations, extolled the beauty of the statuettes about the rooms after their generous wont; when, with its military escort, the train of mourners and friends left the courtyard behind the bier, then the worth of the

man and artist in the estimate of the rough people appeared. Moving through a quarter where workshops and forges and factories of all kinds are plenty, workmen still sweaty from their labor came to join the procession or to greet it, to make more motley but still more impressive the funeral of a person who was known to be modesty itself. No man in all Paris could cast bronze as he could; no foreman of a foundry but could take lessons from Barye in the elements of foundry-work. No one ever heard him belittle other artists or try to push himself; many could recall generous words of praise that came with doubled force from a man so quiet, so reserved, so silent. And here was a man of peace accompanied to his grave with military honors; a republican proceeding in pomp. Here he was, a member of that true democracy of the arts which does not deny to men the spiritual glories of an aristocracy provided they have shown their right to preëminence, accorded a funeral that a prince might envy. Here was a man who had seen in his atelier the highest princes of France, and the last king; who had been favored by an emperor and snubbed by envious bureaucrats, regretted and reverently followed by the most irreverent and leveling populace in the world.

Barye was born in Paris four years before that century began whose major part, and in all probability whose most stirring events, fell within his term of life. Still a boy, he was apprenticed to a maker of molds for the brass-work on uniforms. He was hardly through the half of his teens when Napoleon I., robbing for soldiers "the cradle and the grave," took him by way of the conscription. Luckily he was appointed to an inglorious but useful division, that of the military map-makers, so that when the Emperor's last card

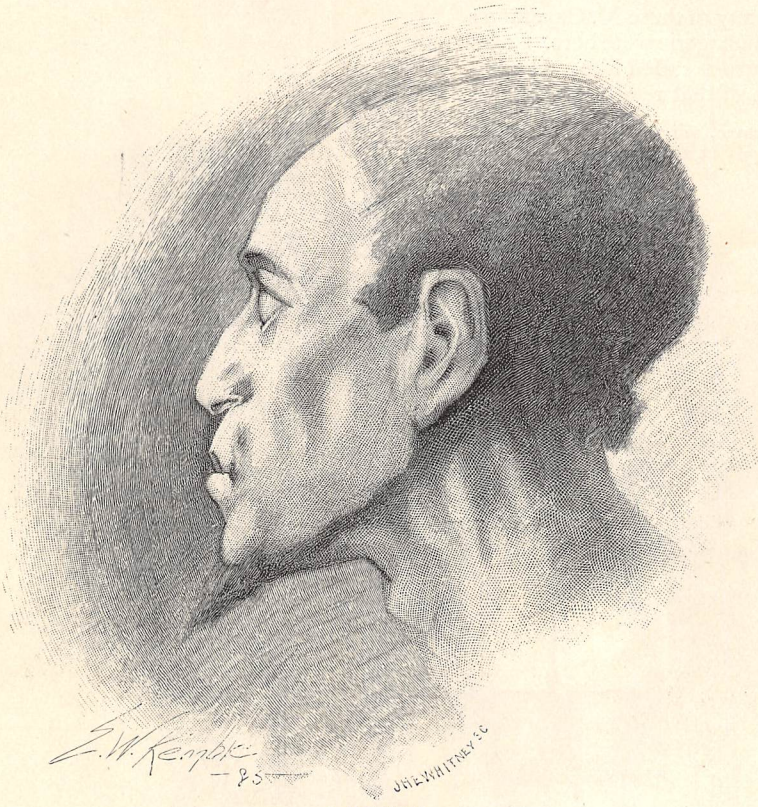
don't care what——says; I risked my life to find out how this was. Why don't you examine such an important point yourself? *McClellan always did.*" This closed the discussion very promptly.

This trait, well known to his troops, and the further fact that it was utilized for their benefit,—that he was careful not to expose them

without full knowledge of the work he put them upon, and that intelligent care was taken to provide against the effects of reverses,—were powerful elements in confirming the confidence he had inspired from the beginning, and it fixed the affection and devotion for his person, which has rarely been equaled in the history of armies.

Z.

## THE DANCE IN PLACE CONGO.



A MANDINGO.

I.

## CONGO SQUARE.

WHOEVER has been to New Orleans with eyes not totally abandoned to buying and selling will, of course, remember St. Louis Cathedral, looking south-eastward—riverward—across quaint Jackson Square, the old Place d'Armes. And if he has any feeling for flowers, he has not forgotten the little garden behind the cathedral, so antique and unexpected, named for the beloved old priest Père Antoine.

The old Rue Royale lies across the sleeping garden's foot. On the street's farther side another street lets away at right angles, north-

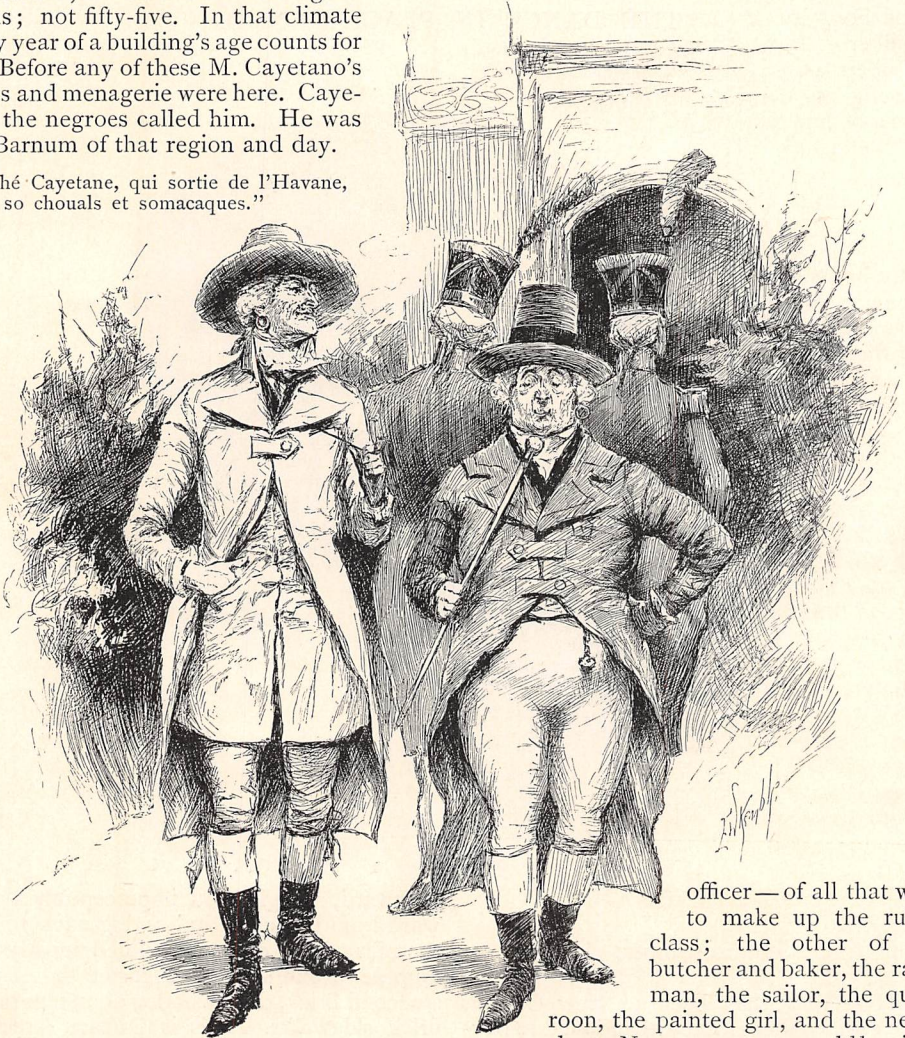
westward, straight, and imperceptibly downward from the cathedral and garden toward the rear of the city. It is lined mostly with humble ground-floor-and-garret houses of stuccoed brick, their wooden doorsteps on the brick sidewalks. This is Orleans street, so named when the city was founded.

Its rugged round-stone pavement is at times nearly as sunny and silent as the landward side of a coral reef. Thus for about half a mile; and then Rampart street, where the palisade wall of the town used to run in Spanish days, crosses it, and a public square just beyond draws a grateful canopy of oak and sycamore boughs. That is the place. One may shut his buff umbrella there, wipe the beading sweat from the brow, and fan himself with his

hat. Many's the bull-fight has taken place on that spot Sunday afternoons of the old time. That is Congo Square.

The trees are modern. So are the buildings about the four sides, for all their aged looks. So are all the grounds' adornments. Trémé market, off, beyond, toward the swamp, is not so very old, and the scowling, ill-smelling prison on the right, so Spanish-looking and dilapidated, is not a third the age it seems; not fifty-five. In that climate every year of a building's age counts for ten. Before any of these M. Cayetano's circus and menagerie were here. Cayetano the negroes called him. He was the Barnum of that region and day.

"Miché Cayetane, qui sortie de l'Havane, Avec so chouals et somacaques."



"THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE RICH MAN."

That is, "who came from Havana with his horses and baboons."

Up at the other end of Orleans street, hid only by the old padre's garden and the cathedral, glistens the ancient Place d'Armes. In the early days it stood for all that was best; the place for political rallying, the retail quarter of all fine goods and wares, and at sunset and by moonlight the promenade of good so-

ciety and the haunt of true lovers; not only in the military, but also in the most unwarlike sense the place of arms, and of hearts and hands, and of words tender as well as words noble.

The Place Congo, at the opposite end of the street, was at the opposite end of everything. One was on the highest ground; the other on the lowest. The one was the rendezvous of the rich man, the master, the military

officer — of all that went to make up the ruling class; the other of the butcher and baker, the raftsman, the sailor, the quadroon, the painted girl, and the negro slave. No meaner name could be given the spot. The negro was the most de-

spised of human creatures and the Congo the plebeian among negroes. The white man's plaza had the army and navy on its right and left, the court-house, the council-hall and the church at its back, and the world before it. The black man's was outside the rear gate, the poisonous wilderness on three sides and the proud man's contumely on its front.

Before the city overgrew its flimsy palisade

walls, and closing in about this old stamping-ground gave it set bounds, it was known as Congo Plains. There was wide room for much field sport, and the Indian villagers of the town's outskirts and the lower class of white Creoles made it the ground of their wild ball game of *raquette*. Sunday afternoons were the time for it. Hence, beside these diversions there was, notably, another.

The hour was the slave's term of momentary liberty, and his simple, savage, musical and superstitious nature dedicated it to amatory song and dance tinged with his rude notions of supernatural influences.

## II.

## GRAND ORCHESTRA.

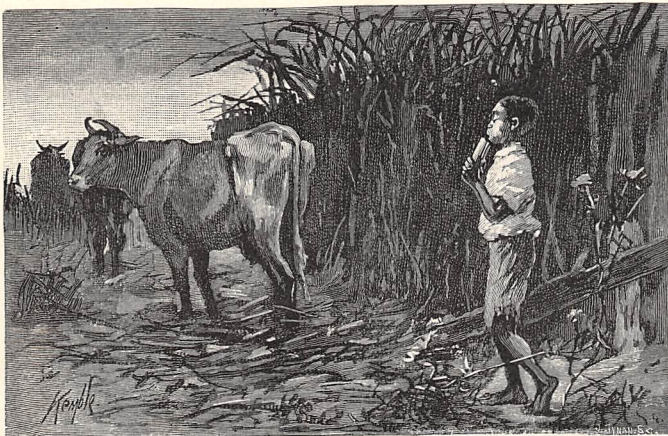
THE booming of African drums and blast of huge wooden horns called to the gathering. It was these notes of invitation, reaching beyond those of other outlandish instruments, that caught the Ethiopian ear, put alacrity into the dark foot, and brought their owners, male and female, trooping from all quarters. The drums were very long, hollowed, often from a single piece of wood, open at one end and having a sheep or goat skin stretched across the other. One was large, the other much smaller. The tight skin heads were not held up to be struck; the drums were laid along on the turf and the drummers bestrode them, and beat them on the head madly with fingers, fists, and feet,—with slow vehemence on the great drum, and fiercely and rapidly on the small one. Sometimes an extra performer sat on the ground behind the larger drum, at its open end, and “beat upon the wooden sides of it with two sticks.” The smaller drum was often made from a joint or two of very large bamboo, in the West Indies where such

could be got, and this is said to be the origin of its name; for it was called the *Bamboula*.

In stolen hours of night or the basking-hour of noon the black man contrived to fashion these rude instruments and others. The drummers, I say, bestrode the drums; the other musicians sat about them in an arc, cross-legged on the ground. One important instrument was a gourd partly filled with pebbles or grains of corn, flourished violently at the end of a stout staff with one hand and beaten upon the palm of the other. Other performers rang triangles, and others twanged from jew's-harps an astonishing amount of sound. Another instrument was the jawbone of some ox, horse, or mule, and a key rattled rhythmically along its weather-beaten teeth. At times the drums were reënforced by one or more empty barrels or casks beaten on the head with the shank-bones of cattle.

A queer thing that went with these when the affair was pretentious—full dress, as it were—at least it was so in the West Indies, whence Congo Plains drew all inspirations—was the *Marimba brett*, a union of reed and string principles. A single strand of wire ran lengthwise of a bit of wooden board, sometimes a shallow box of thin wood, some eight inches long by four or five in width, across which, under the wire, were several joints of reed about a quarter of an inch in diameter and of graduated lengths. The performer, sitting cross-legged, held the board in both hands and plucked the ends of the reeds with his thumb-nails. The result was called—music.

But the grand instrument at last, the first violin, as one might say, was the banjo. It had but four strings, not six: beware of the dictionary. It is not the “favorite musical instrument of the negroes of the Southern States of America.” Uncle Remus says truly that



BLOWING THE QUILLS.



A FIELD-HAND.

that is the fiddle; but for the true African dance, a dance not so much of legs and feet as of the upper half of the body, a sensual, devilish thing tolerated only by Latin-American masters, there was wanted the dark inspiration of African drums and the banjo's thrump and strum.

And then there was that long-drawn human cry of tremendous volume, richness, and resound, to which no instrument within their reach could make the faintest approach :

“Eh ! pou' la belle Layotte ma mourri 'nocent,  
Oui 'nocent ma mourri !”

all the instruments silent while it rises and swells with mighty energy and dies away distantly, “Yea-a-a-a-a !” — then the crash of savage drums, horns, and rattles —

“For the fair Layotte I must crazy die !  
Yes, crazy I must die !”

To all this there was sometimes added a Pan's-pipe of but three reeds, made from single



Eh-h-h ! pou' la belle La - yotte ma mour - ri 'no - cent, Oui, 'no - cent ma mour - ri !  
Yea ! For the fair La - yotte I must cra - zy die, Yes, cra - zy I must die.



contrast that discord can furnish must have been present, with whatever there is of ecstasy in maddening repetition, for of this the African can never have too much.

And yet there was entertaining variety. Where? In the dance! There was constant, exhilarating novelty—endless invention—in the turning, bowing, arm-swinging, posturing and leaping of the dancers. Moreover, the music of Congo Plains was not tamed to mere monotone. Monotone became subordinate to many striking qualities. The strain was wild. Its contact with French taste gave it often great tenderness of sentiment. It grew in fervor, and rose and sank, and rose again, with the play of emotion in the singers and dancers.

## III.

## THE GATHERING.

IT was a weird one. The negro of colonial Louisiana was a most grotesque figure. He was nearly naked. Often his neck and arms, thighs, shanks, and splay feet were shrunken, tough, sinewy like a monkey's. Sometimes it was scant diet and cruel labor that had made them so. Even the requirement of law was only that he should have not less than a barrel of corn—nothing else,—a month, nor get more than thirty lashes to the twenty-four hours. The whole world was crueler those times than now; we must not judge them by our own.

Often the slave's attire was only a cotton shirt, or a pair of pantaloons hanging in indecent tatters to his naked waist. The bondswoman was well clad who had on as much as a coarse chemise and petticoat. To add a *tignon*—a Madras handkerchief twisted into a turban—was high gentility, and the number of kerchiefs beyond that one was the measure of absolute wealth. Some were rich in *tignons*; especially those who served within the house, and pleased the mistress, or even the master—there were Hagars in those days. However, Congo Plains did not gather the house-servants so much as the "field-hands."

These came in troops. See them; wilder than gypsies; wilder than the Moors and Arabs whose strong blood and features one sees at a glance in so many of them; gangs—as they were called—gangs and gangs of them, from this and that and yonder direction; tall, well-knit Senegalese from Cape Verde, black as ebony, with intelligent, kindly eyes and long, straight, shapely noses; Mandingoes, from the Gambia River, lighter of color,

of cruder form, and a cunning that shows in the countenance; whose enslavement seems specially a shame, their nation the "merchants of Africa," dwelling in towns, industrious, thrifty, skilled in commerce and husbandry, and expert in the working of metals, even to silver and gold; and Foulahs, playfully mis-called "*Poulards*,"—fat chickens,—of goodly stature, and with a perceptible rose tint in the cheeks; and Sosos, famous warriors, dexterous with the African targe; and in contrast to these, with small ears, thick eyebrows, bright eyes, flat, upturned noses, shining skin, wide mouths and white teeth, the negroes of Guinea, true and unmixed, from the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Cape of Palms—not from the Grain Coast; the English had that trade. See them come! Popoes, Cotocolies, Fidas, Socoes, Agwas, short, copper-colored Mines—what havoc the slavers did make!—and from interior Africa others equally proud and warlike: fierce Nagoes and Fonds; tawny Awassas; Iboes, so light-colored that one could not tell them from mulattoes but for their national tattooing; and the half-civilized and quick-witted but ferocious Arada, the original Voudou worshiper. And how many more! For here come, also, men and women from all that great Congo coast,—Angola, Malimbe, Ambrice, etc.,—small, good-natured, sprightly "boys," and gay, garrulous "gals," thick-lipped but not tattooed; chattering, chaffering, singing, and guffawing as they come: these are they for whom the dance and the place are named, the most numerous sort of negro in the colonies, the Congoes and Franc-Congoes, and though serpent worshipers, yet the gentlest and kindest natures that came from Africa. Such was the company. Among these *bossals*—that is, native Africans—there was, of course, an ever-growing number of negroes who proudly called themselves Creole negroes, that is, born in America;\* and at the present time there is only here and there an old native African to be met with, vain of his singularity and trembling on his staff.

## IV.

## THE BAMBOULA.

THE gathering throng closed in around, leaving unoccupied the circle indicated by the presence of musicians. The short, harsh turf was the dancing-floor. The crowd stood. Fancy the picture. The pack of dark, tattered

\* This broader use of the term is very common. The Creole "dialect" is the broken English of the *Creoles*, while the Creole *patois* is the corrupt French,

not of the Creoles, but rather of the former slave race in the country of the Creoles. So of Creole negroes and Creole dances and songs.

figures touched off every here and there with the bright colors of a Madras *tignon*. The squatting, cross-legged musicians. The low-roofed, embowered town off in front, with here and there a spire lifting a finger of feeble remonstrance; the flat, grassy plain stretching around and behind, dotted with black stumps; in the distance the pale-green willow undergrowth, behind it the *cyprière* — the cypress swamp — and in the pale, seven-times-heated sky the sun, only a little declined to south and westward, pouring down its beams.

With what particular musical movements the occasion began does not now appear. May be with very slow and measured ones; they had such that were strange and typical. I have heard the negroes sing one — though it was not of the dance-ground but of the cane-field — that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line, and was confined to four notes of the open horn.\*

But I can only say that with some such slow and quiet strain the dance may have been precluded. It suits the Ethiopian fancy for a beginning to be dull and repetitious; the bottom of the ladder must be on the ground.

The singers almost at the first note are many. At the end of the first line every voice is lifted up. The strain is given the second time with growing spirit. Yonder glistening black Hercules, who plants one foot forward, lifts his head and bare, shining chest, and rolls out the song from a mouth and throat like a cavern, is a *candio*, a chief, or was before he was overthrown in battle and dragged away, his village burning behind him, from the mountains of High Soudan. That is an African amulet that hangs about his neck — a *greegree*. He is of the Bambaras, as you may know by his solemn visage and the long tattoo streaks running down from the temples to the neck, broadest in the middle, like knife-gashes. See his play of restrained enthusiasm catch from one bystander to another. They swing and bow to right and left, in slow time to the piercing treble of the Congo women. Some are responsive; others are competitive. Hear that bare foot slap the ground! one sudden stroke only, as it were the foot of a stag. The musicians warm up at the sound. A smiting of breasts with open hands begins very softly and becomes vigor-

ous. The women's voices rise to a tremulous intensity. Among the chorus of Franc-Congo singing-girls is one of extra good voice, who thrusts in, now and again, an improvisation. This girl here, so tall and straight, is a Yaloff. You see it in her almost Hindoo features, and hear it in the plaintive melody of her voice. Now the chorus is more piercing than ever. The women clap their hands in time, or standing with arms akimbo receive with faint courtesies and head-liftings the low bows of the men, who deliver them swinging this way and that.

See! Yonder brisk and sinewy fellow has taken one short, nery step into the ring, chanting with rising energy. Now he takes another, and stands and sings and looks here and there, rising upon his broad toes and sinking and rising again, with what wonderful lightness! How tall and lithe he is. Notice his brawn shining through his rags. He too, is a *candio*, and by the three long rays of tattooing on each side of his face, a Kiamba. The music has got into his feet. He moves off to the farther edge of the circle, still singing, takes the prompt hand of an unsmiling Congo girl, leads her into the ring, and leaving the chant to the throng, stands her before him for the dance.


Will they dance to that measure? Wait! A sudden frenzy seizes the musicians. The measure quickens, the swaying, attitudinizing crowd starts into extra activity, the female voices grow sharp and staccato, and suddenly the dance is the furious Bamboula. (See page 529.)

Now for the frantic leaps! Now for frenzy! Another pair are in the ring! The man wears a belt of little bells, or, as a substitute, little tin vials of shot, "bram-bram sonnette!" And still another couple enter the circle. What wild — what terrible delight! The ecstasy rises to madness; one — two — three of the dancers fall — *bloucoutoum! boum!* — with foam on their lips and are dragged out by arms and legs from under the tumultuous feet of crowding new-comers. The musicians know no fatigue; still the dance rages on:

"Quand patate la cuite na va mangé li!"

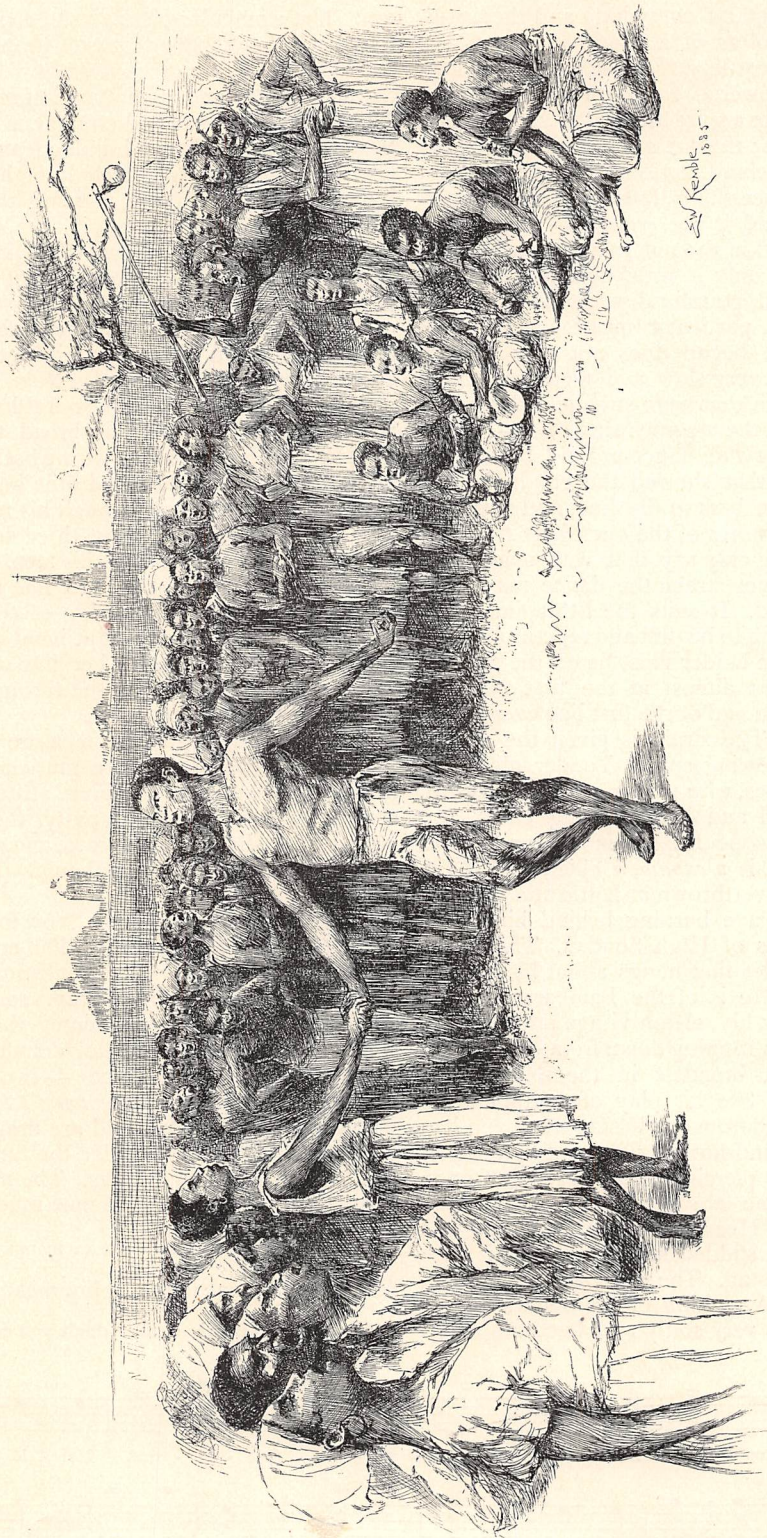
And all to that one nonsense line meaning only,

"When that 'tater's cooked don't you eat it up!"

\*  


An - no - qué, An - no - bia, Bia - ta - ia, Que - re - qué, Nal - lé - oua.  
 Au - mon - dé, Au - tap - o - té, Au - pé - to - té, Au - qué - ré - qué, Bo.





THE BAMBOULA.

It was a frightful triumph of body over mind, even in those early days when the slave was still a genuine pagan; but as his moral education gave him some hint of its enormity, and it became a forbidden fruit monopolized by those of reprobate will, it grew everywhere more and more gross. No wonder the police stopped it in Congo Square. Only the music deserved to survive, and does survive — coin snatched out of the mire. The one just given, Gottschalk first drew from oblivion. I have never heard another to know it as a bamboula; but Mr. Charles P. Ware, in "Slave Songs of the United States," has printed one got from Louisiana, whose characteristics resemble the bamboula reclaimed by Gottschalk in so many points that here is the best place for it: \* As much as to say, in English, "Look at that darky," — we have to lose the saucy double meaning between *mulet* (mule) and *mulâtre* (mulatto) —

"Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,  
Doesn't he put on airs!  
Hat cocked on one side, Mr. Banjo,  
Walking-stick in hand, Mr. Banjo,  
Boots that go 'crank, crank,' Mr. Banjo,—  
Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,  
Doesn't he put on airs!"



THE LOVE SONG.

It is odd that such fantastical comicality of words should have been mated to such fierce and frantic dancing, but so it was. The reeking faces of the dancers, moreover, always solemnly grave. So we must picture it now if we still fancy ourselves spectators on Congo Plains. The bamboula still roars and rattles, twangs, contorts, and tumbles in terrible earnest, while we stand and talk. So, on and on. Will they dance nothing else? Ah! — the music changes. The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged. The quick contagion is caught by a few in the crowd, who take it

up with spirited smittings of the bare sole upon the ground, and of open hands upon the thighs. From a spot near the musicians a single male voice, heavy and sonorous, rises in improvisation, — the Mandingoes brought that art from Africa, — and in a moment many others have joined in refrain, male voices in rolling, bellowing resonance, female responding in high, piercing unison. Partners are stepping into the ring. How strangely the French language is corrupted on the thick negro tongue,

\* VOICE. ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

*Fine.*

Vo - yez ce mu - let la, Mi - ché Bain - jo, comme il est in - so - lent. Cha - peau sur co -

PIANO—*Sempre staccato.*

té, Mi - ché Bain - jo, La canne a la main, Miché Bain - jo, Bottes qui fé crin, crin, Miché Bain - jo.

*D. C.*

as with waving arms they suit gesture to word and chanting and swinging and writhing has and chant (the translation is free, but so is risen with it, and the song is changed. (See the singing and posturing): RÉMON, page 530.)

En bas hé, en bas hé, Par en bas yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Counjaille  
'Way yon - der, 'way yon - der, 'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are calling, but Coonjye,

a dé - baut - ché. Par en haut yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé pou' Mom - selle Su - zette,  
has bewitched me. 'Way up there they're call - ing me, They are calling for Mom - selle Su - zette,

Par en bas yé pé - lé - le moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Coun - jaille a dé - baut - ché.  
'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are call - ing, (but) Coonjye has be - witched me.

V.

## THE COUNJAILLE.

SUDDENLY the song changes. The rhythm sweeps away long and smooth like a river escaped from its rapids, and in new spirit, with louder drum-beat and more jocund rattle, the voices roll up into the sky and the dancers are at it. Aye, ya, yi!\*

I could give four verses, but let one suffice; it is from a manuscript copy of the words, probably a hundred years old, that fell into my hands through the courtesy of a Creole lady some two years ago. It is one of the best known of all the old Counjaille songs. The four verses would not complete it. The Counjaille was never complete, and found its end, for the time being, only in the caprice of the improvisator, whose rich, stentorian voice sounded alone between the refrains.

But while we discourse other couples have stepped into the grassy arena, the instrumental din has risen to a fresh height of inspiration, the posing and thigh-beating and breast-patting

But the dance is not changed, and love is still the theme. Sweat streams from the black brows, down the shining black necks and throats, upon the men's bared chests, and into dark, unstayed bosoms. Time wears, shadows lengthen; but the movement is brisker than ever, and the big feet and bent shanks are as light as thistles on the air. Let one flag, another has his place, and a new song gives new vehemence, new inventions in steps, turns, and attitudes.

More stanzas could be added in the original *patois*, but here is a translation into African English as spoken by the Creole negro:

CHORUS. I done been 'roun' to evvy spot  
Don't foun' nair match fo' sweet } *Bis.*  
Layotte.

SOLO. I done hunt all dis settlement  
All de way 'roun' fum Pierre Soniat';  
Never see yalla gal w'at kin  
'Gin to lay 'longside sweet Layotte.  
I done been, etc.

SOLO. I yeh dey talk 'bout 'Loïse gal—  
Loïse, w'at b'long to Pierre Soniat';  
I see her, but she can't biggin  
Stan' up 'longside my sweet Layotte.  
I done been, etc.

Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Qui ci ça yé comme ça ma chère ? Mo l'aimé toé,  
Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Quo fère t'apé crié ma chère ?

to conné ça, Si - yé to zi - é et vien bo moin; Mo l'aimé toé, to con-né ça, Si - yé to zié et vien bo moin.



A MARCHANDE DES CALAS.

SOLO. I been meet up wid John Bayou,  
Say to him, "John Bayou, my son,  
Yalla gal nevva meet yo' view  
Got a face lak dat chahmin' one!"  
I done been, etc.

The fair Layotte appears not only in other versions of this *counjaille* but in other songs. (See MA MOURRI, page 531.)

Or in English:

Well I know, young men, I must die,  
Yes, crazy, I must die.  
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,  
Yes, crazy, I must die. Eh-h-h-h!  
For the fair Layotte, I must crazy die,— Yes, etc.  
Well I know, young men, I must die,— Yes, etc.  
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,  
I must die for the fair Layotte.

## VI.

## THE CALINDA.

THERE were other dances. Only a few years ago I was honored with an invitation, which I had to decline, to see danced the Babouille, the Cata (or Chacta), the Counjaille, and the Calinda. Then there were the

Voudou, and the Congo, to describe which would not be pleasant. The latter, called Congo also in Cayenne, Chica in San Domingo, and in the Windward Islands confused under one name with the Calinda, was a kind of Fandango, they say, in which the Madras kerchief held by its tip-ends played a graceful part.

The true Calinda was bad enough. In Louisiana, at least, its song was always a grossly personal satirical ballad, and it was the favorite dance all the way from there to Trinidad. To dance it publicly is not allowed this side the West Indies. All this Congo Square business was suppressed at one time; 1843, says tradition.

The Calinda was a dance of multitude, a sort of vehement cotillion. The contortions of the encircling crowd were strange and terrible, the din was hideous. One Calinda is still familiar to all Creole ears; it has long been a vehicle for the white Creole's satire; for generations the man of municipal politics was fortunate who escaped entirely a lampooning set to its air.

In my childhood I used, at one time, to hear,

every morning, a certain black *marchande des calas* — peddler-woman selling rice croquettes — chanting the song as she moved from street to street at the sunrise hour with her broad, shallow, laden basket balanced on her head.

be covered by the roll of victims. The masters winked at these gross but harmless liberties and, as often as any others, added stanzas of their own invention.

The Calinda ended these dissipations of the



Mi - chié Pre - val li don - né youn bal, Li fé naig payé trois pi - ass pou ren - tré.



Dan - cé Ca - lin - da, Bon-djoum! Bon-djoum! Dan - cé Ca - lin - da, Bon-djoum! Bon-djoum!

In other words, a certain Judge Preval gave a ball — not an outdoor Congo dance — and made such Cuffees as could pay three dollars a ticket. It doesn't rhyme, but it was probably true. "Dance, dance the Calindá! Boujoum! Boujoum!"

The number of stanzas has never been counted; here are a few of them.

"Dans l'équairie la 'y' avé grand gala;  
Mo cré choual la yé t b'en étonné.

Miché Preval, li té capitaine bal;  
So cocher Louis, té maite cérémonie.

Y avé des négresses belle passé maitresses,  
Qui volé bel-bel dans l'ormoire momselle.

Ala maite la géole li trouvé si drôle,  
Li dit, "moin aussi, mo fé bal ici."

Quatchman la yé yé tombé la dans;  
Yé fé gran' déga dans léquairie la." etc.

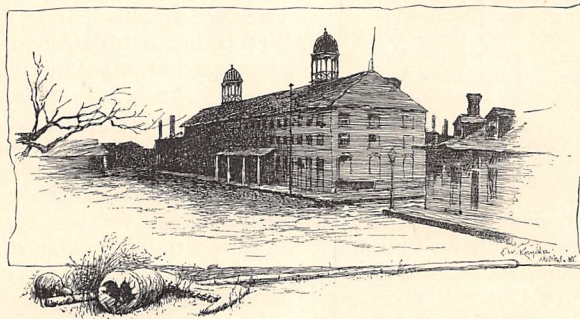
"It was in a stable that they had this gala night," says the song; "the horses there were greatly astonished. Preval was captain; his coachman, Louis, was master of ceremonies. There were negresses made prettier than their mistresses by adornments stolen from the ladies' wardrobes (*armoires*). But the jailer found it all so funny that he proposed to himself to take an unexpected part; the watchmen came down" —

No official exaltation bought immunity from the jeer of the Calinda. Preval was a magistrate. Stephen Mazureau, in his attorney-general's office, the song likened to a bull-frog in a bucket of water. A page might

summer Sabbath afternoons. They could not run far into the night, for all the fascinations of all the dances could not excuse the slave's tarrying in public places after a certain other *bou-djoum!* (that was not of the Calinda, but of the regular nine-o'clock evening gun) had rolled down Orleans street from the Place d'Armes; and the black man or woman who wanted to keep a whole skin on the back had to keep out of the Calaboose. Times have changed, and there is nothing to be regretted in the change that has come over Congo Square. Still a glamour hangs over its dark past. There is the pathos of slavery, the poetry of the weak oppressed by the strong, and of limbs that danced after toil, and of barbaric love-making. The rags and semi-nakedness, the bamboula drum, the dance, and almost the banjo, are gone; but the *bizarre* melodies and dark lovers' apostrophes live on; and among them the old Counjaille song of Aurore Pradère.

#### AURORE PRADÈRE.

- CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)  
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
- SOLO. Some folks say she's too pretty, quite;  
Some folks they say she's not polite;  
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!  
More fool am I!  
For she's what I want and her I'll have.
- CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)  
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
- SOLO. Some say she's going to the bad;  
Some say that her mamma went mad;  
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!  
More fool am I!  
For she's what I want and her I'll have.



THE CALABOOSE.

Mr. Ware and his associate compilers have neither of these stanzas, but one very pretty one; the third in the music as printed here, and which we translate as follows:

SOLO. A muslin gown she doesn't choose,  
She doesn't ask for broided hose,  
She doesn't want prunella shoes,  
O she's what I want and her I'll have.

CHO. Aurore Pradère, etc.

This article and another on a kindred theme were originally projected as the joint work of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, musical editor of the "New York Tribune," author of "The History of Choral Music in New York City," etc.; and the present writer. But under the many prior claims of the journalist's profession, Mr. Krehbiel withdrew from the work, though not until he had furnished a number of instrumental accompaniments, as well as the "Quill Song" credited to him, and much valuable coöperation.

As may in part be seen by the names attached to the musical scores, the writer is indebted to a number of friends: Mr. Krehbiel; Miss Mary L. Bartlett,

of Hartford, Conn.; Madame Louis Lejeune, of New Orleans; Dr. Blodgett, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; Mr. C. G. Ware, of Brookline, in the same State; Madame Clara Gottschalk Petersen, of Philadelphia; and in his earlier steps—for the work of collection has been slow—to that skillful French translator and natural adept in research, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, of New Orleans; the late Isaac N. Philips, Mr. Louis Powers, Miss Clara Cooper Hallaran, the late Professor Alexander Dimitry, all of the same city; Madame Sidonie de la Houssaye, of Franklin, La.; and, through the editors of THE CENTURY, to Mr. W. Macrum, of Pittsburg.—G. W. C.

QUILL TUNE.

NOTED BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

*Quill notes on the staff; voice notes below.*

THE BAMBOULA.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

Quand pa - tate la cuite na va man - gé li, Na va man - gé, Na va man - gé.

Quand pa - tate la cuite na va man - gé, Na va man - gé li.

## RÉMON, RÉMON.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.

Mo parlé Ré-mon, Rémon, Li parlé Si-mon, Si-mon, Li par-lé Ti-tine, Ti-tine li tombé dans chagrin. O

femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme Romolus, O-o! O femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme, qui ça volez mo fé.

The musical score for 'RÉMON, RÉMON' is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, 2/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, 2/4 time). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

## BELLE LAYOTTE.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.

Mo de - ja rou - lé tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle La - yotte, Mo de - ja rou - lé

tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle Layotte. Mo rou-lé tout la co - lo - nie, Di - pi cé Mi - ché

Pierre So - niat, Pancore 'oir in grif-fonne comme ça, Com-pa - rabe a mo belle La - yotte.

The musical score for 'BELLE LAYOTTE' is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef, 2/4 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, 2/4 time). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes.

MA MOURRI.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri, Oui, 'nocent, ma mourri ; Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Oui, 'nocent, ma mour-ri. Eh-h ! pou la belle La-yotte ma mour-ri 'nocent, Oui, 'no-cent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri, Oui, 'nocent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Ma mourri pou la belle Layotte.

AURORE PRADÈRE.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, C'est li mo ou - lé, C'est li ma prend. 1. Ya moun qui dit li trop zo - lie ; Ya 2. Ya moun qui dit li gagne la geole ; Ya 3. Li pas man - dé robe mous-se-line, Li

*Fine.*



D. C.

moun qui dit li pas po-lie; Tout ça ye dit Sia! Mo bin fou bin, C'est li mo ou -lè, c'est li ma prend.  
 moun qui dit so m'man te folle; etc.  
 pas man - dé des bas brodée; Li pas man - dé sou-liers prinelle, C'est li, etc.

*George W. Cable.*

### WILL THE LAND BECOME A DESERT?

IN spite of the fact that Americans are really fond of trees, and do not, like Spaniards or Turks, exterminate them wantonly for the sake of exterminating them, the trees will yet be sacrificed under the strong demand for fuel, lumber, and land to cultivate. Forests will not produce bread, and the millions of the future must have bread. The question of forest extermination must be looked at quite unæsthetically. Under such a sacrifice of the woodlands as appears likely to come, will the land become a desert? Is there any less fearful side to the picture than that which Bryant shows us in his "Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers":

"The springs are silent in the sun;  
 The rivers by the blackened shore  
 With lessened current run;  
 The realm our tribes were crushed to get  
 May be a barren desert yet"?

Our country is not now meagerly provided with forests. In addition to the vast aggregate expanse of woodlands which are the property of private persons or of States of the Union, the timber-lands owned by the Federal Government in 1880 were estimated (no exact account of the matter having ever been made) at 84,000,000 acres. This area is half the size of Texas, and twice the size of Virginia. These woods are widely scattered, 20,000,000 acres being in the Southern States, and a very large proportion of the remainder west of the Mississippi. But this total area falls far short of the one-quarter of the land which, it is held, should be left wooded for climatic reasons. If the land is to become arid for want of timber, it is clear that the Government, without planting trees on its lands or seizing private woodlands, cannot prevent it, though it may preserve in special districts the proportion of timber-land which is deemed desirable.

The forests of the region west of the hundredth meridian, themselves very considerable in extent, though not relatively so, do not prevent that part of the country from being arid as a whole; nor has the destruction of forests on the Atlantic slope made this region arid. In the Far West natural conditions have been undisturbed until very lately. In the East timber-cutting has been unchecked; but the East is vastly better wooded to-day than the West. The aridity of the Western plains cannot be due to their loss of trees at some former epoch, for it does not appear that they have ever been wooded. They are a raw and primitive surface. Our own arid regions, like the other great deserts of the world, are supposed to have been swept together or distributed by marine currents, and to have been elevated above the ocean by the same means as the other upheaved strata.\* Lieutenant Ives, an early explorer of the trans-Mississippi region, found, indeed, in the central basin, near the Mexican border, tracts with trees standing dry and dead, as if killed within a recent period; but such discoveries have been extremely rare. There is no large district in our West (I mean large relatively to the mass of the country) known to owe its aridity to disafforesting. The character of the soil, not the hand of man, has prevented the clothing of a great portion of the Western plains with woods. We find, for instance, that the line upon these plains marking the junction of the carboniferous rocks with the cretaceous and the tertiary is a distinct limitation of many trees. The soil and the underlying rocks are too porous to retain sufficient moisture to nourish forests, † though the earth struggles to clothe itself with trees, and has, where the conditions are in some measure favorable, been able to do so; and the gradual transformation of the surface

\* G. P. Marsh, "The Earth as Modified by Human Action," p. 546.

† "Distribution of the Forests and Trees of America." J. G. Cooper, Smithsonian Report, 1858.