

AFTER THE STORM.



CHAPTER XXIII.

FREEDMEN IN TENNESSEE.



Kicking a dead dragon, with other diversions — My hat is measured — I am introduced to King Cotton.

No lack of employment for coloured or colourless citizens of Memphis, but all heartily at work, and getting through as much business as is done in any place of equal size! This was my conclusion, after seeing the “Bluff City” during the last days of November, 1865.

Memphis lies in the south-west corner of Tennessee, far from that Unionist section of the State where Andrew Johnson worked his way to prominence. For many miles round the Chickasaw Bluffs, cotton has been, and still is, the one important product. No rice or sugar is produced hereabouts; no

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