

ried round the circle, and each dancer was given a smoke by way of refreshment. Among the dancers were two squaws who seemed to be as eager to distinguish themselves as were the others. All had their faces painted with some red substance, which appeared in spots on the cheeks, the forehead, and sometimes on the chin. Sitting on the ground in one corner was a squaw, said to be at least 90 years of age. This strange specimen of humanity seemed to be taking as much interest in the proceedings as she had experienced in bygone years, when human scalps decorated the wild warriors of the plains, and savage rites had an earnestness and a reality not possessed now. The strange creature looked as if she had been brought from the regions of the dead and reanimated for the occasion. One much-excited savage seemed to be offended by the presence and curiosity of strangers, and leaping into the ring, he made a speech in which he seemed to give expression to his indignation, the appearance of his face at the same time being anything but agreeable. The whole performance was wild, weird, striking and barbarous, something that it was only necessary to see once.

NEGRO MUSIC AND FOLK LORE.

In the *Telegraph* (Philadelphia) of July 21, is an article in which it is stated that Professor D'vorak had contributed to the *Sun* a paper in which he makes the statement that there are no original negro melodies in the South, and no original stories of folk lore, giving the credit for such to white people.

Whether the publication in the *Telegraph* does the professor justice or not I cannot say, but as it there appears it is certainly not borne out by the facts in one of these departments, "Folk Lore." Not being a gifted musician, I am not able to analyze the weird melodies of the negroes, and tell from what old masters they may have been compiled. It may be true that many of the most popular airs came from such sources, but it is certainly true that in Africa these people often sing and dance half of the night.

For three and one-half years I lived among them, and came in contact with representatives of many tribes, and without exception I found that they all sing and dance a great deal. Moreover the song is ever suited to the occasion. The oarsman at sea has a different note and measure from the canoe man on the river, and the canoe man's song varies its time with the rapidity of the current against which he pulls. One of the most remarkable productions of vocal music I ever heard was sung by eleven stalwart canoe men as they pulled me over the falls of a strong river. The song quickened as we neared the strongest sluice, and the paddles were played with quicker and quicker stroke, until it became a rapid, whizzing sound, blending with the swift whiz of the paddles through air and water, until at the very hardest pull, when the paddles flew with incredible speed that carried us over 4 feet in three minutes, so terrific was the struggle of muscle versus torrent's rush. Then as they got breath enough, the song began just where it was left off, and gradually flowed out into smooth, slower measure, in perfect harmony with the paddling in smoother water.

I have also heard the dirge songs over their dead, and if any civilized composer ever wove these into note I never have been

treated to any sound thereof from string or pipe. So much for music, which I make no attempt to treat, save as a witness of its cruder forms. But to say the negroes have no "folk lore" is certainly wide of the mark. Being a Southern man and accustomed to the stories of "Bre'r Rabbit" from childhood, I experienced no little delight when I found Mr. Harris had made "Uncle Remus" tell them in book form. The first volume of these stories happened to fall into my hands just as I was returning to Africa in 1881, and I determined to investigate this matter of folk lore somewhat among the Africans at home.

The fact that I had some thirty-six different tribes represented in our schools gave me more than ordinary opportunity to do this. I gave it out in all the schools that I wanted the children to write me all stories as they had heard them. The results were beyond my expectation, for I found some of these stories carried in them very deep studies in the emotions and life of the human heart, even grappling the immortality of the soul. I think it can be proved that almost all of Uncle Remus' stories are translations from African environment to that of America. "Bre'r Rabbit," for instance, was the nearest approach to "Nar" the negro could find on this side of the Atlantic. "Nar" is the smallest, smartest, perhaps swiftest of the deer species, is not much larger than a cat, as graceful as an Italian greyhound, watchful as one can conceive and runs like the wind.

He it is that gets into close places, and always gets out, plays pranks on the sober and more clumsy animals, gives wisest advice in general counsel, which is rarely taken; but the animal creation pays severely whenever it neglects "Nar's" counsel. Elephants, lions, bush cows, leopards, eagles, monkeys, deer of larger species and even whales of the deep would have found it to their interest to have heeded "Nar." I suppose when the negro landed in America Bre'r Rabbit was the nearest he could come to matching "Nar," and so we have what "Uncle Remus" tells us.

I do not hesitate to say, and I have now about 100 MSS. written by Africans in their native land, that the native Africans are extremely rich in folk lore, very rare, delicate and discriminating in its wonderful analysis of the nature and passions of the human heart.

When these specimens of African folk lore came into my possession my first impulse was to publish them, but as I began to study them with the primary view of getting at the inside of the African's mode of thought, it began to dawn upon me that these settings carried in them truths much more profound than one at first dreamed, and that to do them or the people who formed and loved them justice required much more intimate knowledge of animal life and deeper, keener penetration into the subtle wisdom oftentimes wrapped in an expression than I possessed, and so these MSS. are still unpublished, for I don't want to add another caricature to the people already cruelly caricatured and misrepresented until it would be hard to get a pure study of the real man of Africa.—C. C. P. Penick, formerly Bishop of Cape Palmas, W. A. Sun.

The pictures drawn in our minds are laid on in fading colors, and if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.—Locke.

ART NOTES.

The monument to be erected at Via Regio to the poet Shelley, near where his body was washed up by the waves and cremated 72 years ago, will consist of a statue by Duccesi, on a fitting pedestal, and it will be unveiled some time in August.

A monument to John Brown on the site of the old fort wherein he took refuge at Harper's Ferry is an early possibility. Capt. Chambers, an old and respected citizen at that place, has set about getting subscriptions and already has secured promises of \$15,000 for the monument.

At last the Louvre has a "Turner. The great ideal painting, "Ancient Italy," was bought by the French Government, the other day, for \$40,000. It was painted in 1838, the year before "The Fighting Temeraire," and thus at the height of Turner's magnificent genius.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has been spending the summer in Spain, has entirely rewritten his work on "Pen-and-Ink Drawing," and added a number of illustrations to it, making it virtually a new book. It will be published by Macmillan & Co. in the fall—not in the size of the first edition, which was a rather awkward folio, but in the large quarto style, which is much more agreeable for reading.

The seventh number of the new issue of *The Portfolio* contains a monograph on "Fair Women," by William Sharp, the illustrations to which are chosen mainly from the works of English painters, and are, many of them, portraits of women more famous in other ways than for their personal beauty. The list includes, however, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Snake in the Grass," G. F. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Langtry, George Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Ariadne" and a "Portrait of a Lady," by Bernardino Luini. These are all full-page plates. In the text appear examples of Jan Vermeer of Delft, Rossetti, Piero della Francesca, L. Alma-Tadema and other painters.

A brother of M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of France, once wanted to buy one of Corot's pictures. The painter let him have it on condition that he "pay the butcher and baker bills of my friend Millet." Casimir-Perier accepted the condition; but when he came to pay, he found that Millet had lived on credit for twelve years and the bills amounted to twenty-two thousand and twenty-four thousand francs, respectively. He paid the total—more than nine thousand dollars—and though his picture was worth only about fifteen hundred francs at the time, the bargain was a good one, for the picture—"Biblis" (Nymphs in the Forest at Sundown)—is now worth fully thirty thousand dollars.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Paderewski opens his London season November 22, and begins his next American season at the Metropolitan Opera House December 27, and will play his "Polish Fantasie," for piano and orchestra, for the first time in the United States. Mr. Walter Damrosch and his orchestra will accompany Mr. Paderewski. Paderewski will then leave immediately for the West, play in San Francisco and Western cities, and will not return to New York until the end of March. This is a complete change from the original programme.