

NIGGER CAMP MEETINGS.

Just about this time of year nearly all over the continent of North America the coloured people assemble at what are called camp meetings by the white people, but "grove meetings" by the negroes—the only camp being that formed by a few ragged canvas tents, in which the deacons and trustees of the churches "keep store" and sell refreshing food and beverages.

In the pleasant twilight of the picturesque woods, and under so much of the blue sky as remains unobscured by the leaves of the forest trees, may be seen the preacher's wooden stand, the dusky band of sweet singers roiled in below the stand, and in front and beside it the rows of elevated planks intended to accommodate the audience. The trees that skirt the clearing bear whitewash on their trunks to mark the limits of the camp and to warn off intruding teamsters who otherwise would hitch their horses too near the seats. Between the forest and the worshippers canvas booths are stretched; and it is in these that the sale of refreshments is carried on, some of the purveyors earning for themselves as much money as the church itself.

The ostensible purpose of the sable worshippers who maintain these meetings is to gain money for "de debt," inasmuch as, not being overburdened with cash, they build their churches on borrowed capital or labour, and have great difficulty in paying even the interest on the loan. From the opening to the close of the meetings they continually dun the audience, more especially the white portion thereof, which is attracted, not by piety or charity, but simply by the desire of having a good time, and being amused by the comicality of the whole performance.

At one of these meetings a person present said to Deacon —, "I thought your church discouraged camp meetings."

"Well, yas, it do," he replied: "it do 'scourage 'em—that is, not de church, but de conference; but you see, we defines dat to be for de puppus of stoppin' outsiders from a-comin' in and a-gettin' money which we might as well git ourselves. Dat 'casion was done made on account of a meetin' hold las' year in de name ob one ob our churches, but reely for de puppus of scoppin' in de money for deirselves."

In the day time there are strictly speaking no services. The niggers are in the tents or smoke and loiter about the woods. When business is quiet a nigger woman in one of the tents will probably whine out in nasal tones one of the melodies that was most popular at the last meeting. Others will gradually join in and swell the chorus. One of the most successful of these hymns in its time was the "well-known 'One mo' ribber to cross,' but as great a favorite also has been:

Don't, don't, don't, yer git weary;
Don't, don't, don't, yer git weary;
Oh, don't, don't, don't, yer git weary;
Waitin' on de Lord.

Keep yer shoes upon yer feet,
Den you shall walk de golden street;
Don't, don't, etc.

What kind of shoes dat de angels wear,
Dat dey can walk upon de air;
Don't, don't, etc.

Debbil's mad'n I am glad,
He he'd de soul he thought he had;
Don't, don't, etc.

I remember de day, recollect it well,
When my po' soul hung over hell;
Don't, don't, etc.

When I git thar, I'll be able to tell,
How I shunted dat dizzerned hell;
Don't, don't, etc.

I heard a rumblin' in de sky—oh,
Den I thought my e'd was nigh—oh;
Don't, don't, etc.

Tell yer what, sinnet, you better begin,
Cause it shunt quick an' you won't get in;
Don't, don't, etc.

A very comical song not unlike the preceding in some respects runs thus:

What kin' of collar do de angels wear,
Piecedilly collar;
Piecedilly collar, I'm goin' to wear,
When I go to glory.

What kind of beetle do de angels wear,
Long white tie;
Long white tie, I'm going to wear,
When I go to glory.

While this singing goes on, probably on the benches some young coloured men are discussing Scriptural points, a pastime they run into the ground, and which usually ends as did a discussion that occurred at a meeting that took place not long ago. Two village loungers, one lean and long, the other short and stout, ran their oratorical skills upon a snag which could only be got over by settling the abstruse question whether lying or stealing were equally bad; or, if not, which was the worst of the two evils. Both men talked with supreme gravity, and displayed greater familiarity with the sounds than the meanings of tremendous polysyllabic jaw-breakers. A tone of deep piety seemed to pervade the controversy. At length, the thin man inadvertently mentioned that somewhere in the Bible it says, "A liar shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." After he had made the quotation he was not less astonished than his opponent, but he saw he had gained an advantage, and hastened to use it.

"Dat ar was wrote a-puppus for jess sich fellows as you," said he; "for scollers and pharisees wid no better business than 'to go roun' de country 'spressin' sentiments fer to

immoralize chillen and female wimmin. Sich kind er fellers ought to be locked up, that's my 'pinion."

"Well," said the other, quietly, "I never hain't bin locked up, like some pussons I knows on."

"Go 'way dar, yer—coon," said the thin man; "you 'fer to that agin'n I'll punch yer misable head." And the rest of the discussion was of the same pattern.

On the occasion of the meeting last referred to, at night the grove was illuminated as usual by the glare of a number of lamps nailed to the trees. The presiding elder announced the presence of Sister Mehitabel who had drawn such throngs to the grove by her forcible, though simple, eloquence. Some one of the many collectors handed in a counterfeit half-dollar to the woman preacher, and after she had examined it she said nothing but took a basket and went herself to collect among the white people.

"I just gave you half-a-dollar," said a young store clerk as she passed him, imagining the fraud was undetected.

"Oh, you put in that, did you?" said the preacher; and she hastened back to the pulpit, and holding out the bad coin in one hand she attacked the young man with the bitterest sarcasm at her command. He left with his friends, utterly demoralized.

"If anything I have said makes you sick," said the lady, "remember that God has got the medicine to cure you." This sally caused a roar of laughter, and the woman, boiling with indignation, fiercely added: "Laugh on, laugh away; you can easy laugh yourself out of heben, but yer can't laugh yourself out of hell."

After this lady had sorted the sisters and brethering to come onto de Lord in the usual style, she wound up the peroration of her sermon thus: "Now, then, my dears, help us to lift old Zion out'n de mire—be merciful wid your money—den to de Lord; yo' money's a-burnin' in yo' pockets, a-cryin' to go to de boxes." She added that the church wanted a certain amount, and the baskets or boxes then went forth again on their unceasing journey. The singers in the choir were meantime going to work gradually, rocking to and fro, slapping their knees, fanning themselves and closing their eyes as they do in singing only when "de ecstasy" is reached. The tune was that of a Methodist Sunday-school hymn, only slightly altered. The words were:

Wash! John says you must.

Amen.

And Jesus says he will save.

Amen.

Halleluwa to de Lam!

Amen.

Jesus died for every man.

Amen.

Oh, my! de de water run chilly and ah cold.

Amen.

But I'll keep ah Jesus warm in ah my soul.

Amen.

Wash! John says you must, etc.

Amen.

He absets upon his ab-dazzling throne.

An' claims de kingdom for his own.

Den it's, did yer heah John the daptist.

Ah-h-h! a preachin' in de wilderness!

Amen.

Did yo' ever heah de likes befo'?

De ah gospill preach among de po'.

Amen.

Oh, den it's sinnet, yo' may stin' and gore.

I love my Saviour's name to praise.

At the conclusion of this hymn the pastor announced that the required amount had not been reached, and out went the baskets once more to "gather up the fragments."

Sister Mehitabel then knelt on the "leaf seat," and prayed fervently for "all de chon he, nashun and washuppers in de worl," and in the course of her petition addressed the architect of the universe thus:

"You lily ob de walley, you mountain set in azure, you never dryin' stream, etarnal in de ages, mighty beyond de knowledge ob men, give these here people credit for chibery cent that have been collected."

She concluded in ordinary language.

"I 'zire to make de publicashuns for Sunday for de Sabbath," said Brother Jefferson Jones, from the pulpit. "We'll hab 'us' de mornin' prayah, afternoon survis in de afternoon, an' a gran' time at night atah de usual 'rangements. We will hab a gran' march roun' de groun's den we'll 'semble front de pulpit—right heah—whar we'll shake hands, givin' each other the right han' ob fellowship. After dat singin' and a-shoutin'. You kin sing jis as long'n 's loud as you 'zire to, and de white folks as don't want to retiah needn't to do it, but kin stay 'n sing 'z long 'z they behave theirselves. But my deahs, we want money to hf' old Zion from out'n her trouble. Wal, come all on yer, enahow, and jine in de sing."

Here the whole assembly straightway fell to singing boisterously the following—in such a manner as to wake the echoes of the night in the most wonderful manner:

Oh, preacher, you oughter bin dar

Yas, my Lord!

A settin' in de kingdom.

To heah ole Jordan roll.

Roll, Jordan roll;

Roll, Jordan roll;

I want ter get to heben when I die

To heah ole Jordan roll.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
J. R., Hamilton.—Letter received. You will perceive that we have attended to the contents.

In giving in our Column this week the following account of the Detroit tourney, we must call the attention of our readers and chessplayers generally to the fact that our American cousins appear to be practical in all things, even in the matter of Tourney prizes. It will be seen that one of the prizes in the tourney just mentioned is a Mills Range, with a full set of stove furniture. We have always objected to money prizes, as they might be considered as partaking to some extent of the nature of gambling. A good kitchen-range, however, and any other object calculated to add to the comfort of home and its connections would find favour with a great many, especially with the younger members of our clubs, having an eye to the gratification of others besides themselves as regards the nature of the prizes they might become possessed of by their skill in the game of chess.

The Detroit tourney commenced last week with the following entries: A. W. Allen, Chas. S. Bell, Max Krolik, Chas. Puchard, Fred Rosenfeld, Wm. H. Sexton, John B. Stontenburgh and Edward Mason. Stontenburgh and Mason subsequently withdrew, leaving the first six named to compete for the prizes, which consist of handsome sets of chessmen for the first and second, and a Mills range—with a full set of stove furniture for the third, which was the special prize offered by the Michigan Stove Company, and is so fine that the players are in doubt which to play for, the first or third prize.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

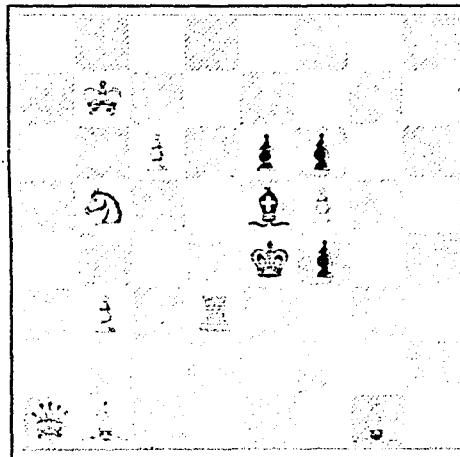
The proposed Philadelphia-London match by cable assumes a more hopeful hue. A few days ago a communication, dated September 7, was received from Secretary Minchin, who is at present at Boulogne, Sur Mer. He speaks as follows to Mr. Emerson Bennett, who, as chairman of the home club's committee wrote the last letter to the St. George's: "Your courteous letter of the 5th August was duly forwarded to me from London to-day. It is at present vacation time with the St. George's Chess Club, and I shall not probably return to England till the end of the month. I lost no time in privately acknowledging the receipt of your letter by assuring you that I shall take the earliest opportunity, after my return to London, of calling a committee of the club to consider your proposition, when I trust that the match by cable can be arranged on the terms you now propose.—*Philadelphia Sunday Times, Sept. 25.*

Shortly after the insertion in our Column of Problem No. 342, we received a letter from the composer calling attention to its unsoundness. We are partly to blame for its insertion in this condition, as we should have looked over it, but trusting to the well-known skill of the author, we neglected to do so. We insert it again to-day with the corrections of the composer.

PROBLEM No. 320.

By Dr. Ryall.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 47810.

(From Land and Water.)

THE BERLIN TOURNEY.

The following first game which was contested between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne, in the seventh round, will undoubtedly be followed by our readers with eager interest.

(English Opening.)

White.—(Dr. Zukertort.)

1. P to K4

2. P to K3

3. Kt to K3

4. P to Q3

5. Kt to B3

6. P to Q4

7. P to Q Kt3

8. B to Kt2

9. R to K2

10. Castles

11. R to Bsq

12. Kt P takes P

13. Kt to K5

14. P takes P

15. Kt takes Kt

16. Kt to Kt sq

17. Q to Q3

18. K R to Q sq

19. Kt to Q2 (d)

20. Kt to Kt3

21. K takes B

22. R takes Q

23. Kt takes Kt

24. B to Q B3

25. K takes R

26. B takes R P

27. K to K3

28. B to Kt4

29. R to B3

30. K to B2

31. P to K R4

32. R to B2

33. B to Q2

34. B to K3

35. P to R4

36. P takes P

37. R to B3

38. P to R5

39. B to R sq

40. B to Q2

41. R takes P

42. R takes R

43. R to Q R4

44. K to B sq

45. R to B4

46. R to Q R4

Black.—(Mr. Blackburne)

1. P to K3

2. Kt to K R3

3. P to Q Kt3

4. B to Kt2

5. B to K2

6. P to Q1

7. Castles

8. P to B4

9. Kt to B3

10. R to B sq

11. Q P takes P

12. Kt to Q R4

13. P takes P

14. Kt to Q2 (d)

15. Q takes Kt

16. B to K R3

17. K R to Q sq

18. B to R3

19. B takes P

20. B takes P (ch)

21. Q takes Q

22. R takes R

23. R to Q7 (e)

24. R takes B (ch)

25. P takes Kt

26. B takes P (ch)

27. P to B3

28. K to B2

29. P to K4

30. K to K3

31. P to Kt3

32. P to K R3

33. P to Kt4

34. P to R3

35. K to B4

36. R takes P

37. R to B3

38. K to Kt5

39. K to R4

40. R to Q3 (f)

41. K takes B

42. R to Q4

43. R to Q7 (ch)

44. P to B4

45. R to Q4

46. P to K5

47. R to R2
48. R to R4
49. R to R3 ch
50. R to R sq
51. R to B sq
52. P takes P
53. R to R sq
54. K to Kt sq

47. K to Kt5 (g)
48. K to Kt6
49. R to Q6
50. P to B5
51. P to B6
52. P takes P
53. R to Q4
54. R to Q7

White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) Much has been said for and against this continuation. Whether or not good, the result is often lost time and a weakened position.

(b) Both parties have developed on the same lines, and yet Black has the initiative, against which the presence of White's Q R P at R3 is certainly no compensation.

(c) A move which bodes ill for White, having regard to the latter's obvious weaknesses.

(d) Unsatisfactory and ominous, but he has no good resource open. It is not too much to say that all this mischief is directly attributable to his fourth move; a fact which certainly militates against that move, though the theoretical question as to its merits and demerits is not exactly settled thereby.

(e) It will now be perfectly clear that Mr. Blackburne obtains some profit from the sparkling struggle. However, a long contest is in view, for there will be Bishops of opposite colours.

(f) Giving away a Pawn, but doubtless Mr. Blackburne is well satisfied to pay that price to get rid of the troublesome element of opposing episcopal hues.

(g) We may here leave Black with a clearly-assured victory.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 342.

White.

Black.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 348.

As this Problem, in its amended condition, appears as Problem No. 350, the solution will follow in regular order.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 346.

White.

Black.

1. R to Q8
2. Q to R6 ch
3. Kt mates

1. K to B3 (chests)
2. K to Q4

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 347.

White.

Black.

Kt at K3
B at Kt5
Kt at K R2
Pawn at K4

K at K4
Q at Kt2
Kt at Q Kt6
Pawn at K3
Q2, and Q B3
and 4

White to play and mate in two moves.

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