

WPA Alabama Writers Project
FOLKLORE & FOLKWAYS (CUSTOMS)
Jefferson Co.#5, Editors Collection



Oxford

STOCK No. 0753 1/2

Submitted by -
Barbara Williamson

Jesus left this world one day
on a cloud he went away
to prepare a place somewhere for you
and me -

Carry on until I come
Use your talents everyone.

(2)

What a gathering that will be
What a day of jubilee,
when the Saints of God will be
gathering home -

Up from every clime they come
Waving palms of victory upon
Heaven their with joy will sing -
Welcome -

Submitted by —
Barbara Williamson

Will Done —

Pray for me, pray for me, pray for me
If I never, never, see you any more
Pray for me, pray for me, pray for me
I will meet you on Canaan shore

(2)
Take a stand, take a stand, take a stand
If I never, never see you any more
Take a stand, take a stand, take a stand
I will meet you on Canaan shore

(3)
Preach the word, Preach the word, preach the ^{word}
If I never, never, see you any more,
Preach the word, preach the word, preach the ^{word}
I will meet you on Canaan shore —

SLAVERY IN ALABAMA

Prior to admission to the Union on Dec. 14, 1819, Alabama was a portion of Mississippi Territory which comprsed the area now covered by the states of Mississippi and Alabama. The laws respecting slavery enacted on March 6, 1805 by the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of Mississippi Territory were operative in both States.

On August 2, 1819 the Alabama Constitutional Convention assembled at Huntsville, Ala., adopted the first state constitution under which the newly admitted state should be governed, and that instrument contained the following provisions pertaining to slavery:

"Sec. 1. The general assembly shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves, without the consent of their owners, or without paying their owners previous to such emancipation, a full equivalent in money for the slaves so emancipated.

They shall have no power to prevent emigrants to this state from bringing with them such persons as are deemed slaves by the laws of any one of the United States, so long as any person of the same age or description shall be continued in slavery by the laws of this state; Provided, that such person or slave be a bona fide property of such emigrants; and provided also, that laws may be passed to prohibit the introduction into this state of slaves, who have committed high crimes in other states or territories.

They shall have power to pass laws to permit the owners of slaves to emancipate them, saving the rights of creditors, and preventing them from becoming a public charge. They shall have full power to prevent slaves from being brought into this state as merchandise, and also to oblige the owners of slaves to treat them with humanity, to provide for them necessary food and clothing, to abstain from all injuries to them extending to life or limb, and, in case of their neglect, or refusal to comply with the direction of such laws, to have such slave or slaves sold for the benefit of the owner or owners.

"Sec. 2. In the prosecution of slaves for crimes of a higher grade than petit larceny, the general assembly shall have no power to deprive them of an impartial trial by a petit jury.

"Sec. 3. Any person who shall maliciously dismember or deprive a slave of life, shall suffer such punishment as would be inflicted in case the like offence had been committed on a free white person, and on the like proof, except in case of insurrection of such slaves."

AN ACT TO REGULATE PATROLS

On December 17, 1819, the Legislature of the State of Alabama passed an act to regulate patrols. Extracts follow:

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama, in general assembly convened, That every male owner of slaves, and all other persons below the rank of ensign, liable to perform patrol duty as herein after directed. *****

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of each patrol detachment, to visit all negro quarters, all places suspected of entertaining unlawful assemblies of slaves or other disorderly persons unlawfully assembled, and upon finding such disorderly person or persons, to take him, her, or them, if free before the nearest justice of the peace of such county, or make report thereof to said justice; so that he, she, or they may be dealt with according to law; and if any slaves shall be found so assembled, or strolling without a pass, or some token from his or her owner or overseer, the said patrol may give any such slave any number of lashes, not exceeding fifteen. * * * * *

Slaves Emancipated by Legislative Enactment

"An Act to authorize Marie Evans and Lewis Tilman to emancipate certain slaves therein named.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That Marie Evans of the county of Madison, be, and she is hereby authorized to emancipate a certain negro man slave named Richard Evans, aged about twenty seven years, so soon as said Marie Evans shall have executed to the Judge of the county court of Madison, and his successors in office, a bond with sufficient security, to be approved by said Judge, conditioned, that the said Richard Evans shall never become chargeable to the state of Alabama, or any county or town therein.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That Lewis Tilman of the county of Limestone, be, and he is hereby authorized to emancipate his slave Jack, so soon as the said Lewis Tilman shall have executed to the Judge of the county court of Limestone, and his successors in office, a bond with sufficient security, to be approved by the said Judge, conditioned that no creditor shall sustain any loss by reason of said emancipation, and that said slave Jack shall never become chargeable to the state of Alabama, or any county or town within the same."

Approved - November 19, 1821

"An Act to authorize Killis Walton to emancipate a negro man named Tom.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That Killis Walton, of Lawrence

county, be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to emancipate and set free a negro man slave, aged forty years, named Tom, so soon as she said Killis Walton shall have executed to the chairman, or chief justice of the county court of Lawrence, and his successors in office, a bond, with sufficient security, to be approved by the county court, conditioned, that said Negro slave Tom, shall never become chargeable to this state, or any county or town within the same."

Approved - December 11, 1820

"An Act to authorize Thomas Johnson to manumit a certain person of colour therein named.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc. That Thomas Johnson of the county of Madison, be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered, to manumit and set free from slavery, a certain boy of colour named Martin, so soon as the said Martin arrives at the age of twenty one years; Provided, That the said Thomas Johnson shall, on or before that time enter into bond to the chairman or chief justice of Madison county, in the sum of five hundred dollars, conditioned, that the said Martin, so liberated, shall not become chargeable to the public."

Approved - December 4, 1819.

"An Act to authorize Lemuel Mead to emancipate a Negro man slave named Richmond.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc. That Lemuel Mead of the County of Madison, be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to emancipate a certain negro man slave called Richmond Richardson, so soon as the said Lemuel Mead, shall have executed to the chief justice or chairman of the county court of Madison and his successors in office a bond with sufficient security to be approved by the county court, conditioned, that the said negro man Richmond, commonly called Richmond Richardson, so liberated shall not become chargeable to this state, or county or town within the same."

Approved - December 4, 1820

"An Act to authorize Leonard Abercrombie to emancipate certain slaves therein named.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc. That Leonard Abercrombie of the county of Dallas, be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered, to manumit and set free, a woman of colour named Fanny (alias Fanny Martin) and her ten children, Moreau, Jane, Emily, Morgan, John, Maria, Eliza, Betsey, Fanny and Lavinia, so soon as the said Leonard Abercrombie shall have executed to the Judge of the County Court of the county in which such slaves reside, and his successors in office, a bond with sufficient security, to be approved by the said Judge; con-

ditioned, that said slaves, Fanny Martin, Moreau, Jane, Emily, Morgan, John, Maria, Eliza, Betsey, Fanny and Lavinia or either of them, shall ever become chargeable to the state of Alabama, or any county or town therein; that such emancipation shall not in any manner become prejudicial to the creditors of the said Leonard Abercrombie, and that he shall remove said slaves out of this State; Provided, that if any of the persons emancipated by this act shall return into this State and remain as residents of their own accord, such person or persons shall be considered to be in the same state of slavery as if this act had never passed."

Approved - December 8, 1821

"An Act to authorize Daniel Reid to emancipate certain slaves therein named.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That Daniel Reid, a man of color, of Washington County, be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to emancipate his two children Judah and Eliza, so soon as Daniel Reid shall have executed to the Chief Justice of the county court of Washington county and his successors in office, a bond with sufficient security to be approved by the county court, conditioned, that the said slaves Judah and Eliza or either of them, shall never become chargeable to the state of Alabama, or any county or town within the same."

Approved - December 11, 1820.

"An Act to authorize John N. S. Jones and Alexander P. Jones to emancipate certain slaves therein named.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That John N. S. Jones and Alexander P. Jones of the county of Madison, be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to manumit and set free a mulatto woman, named Elizabeth, aged forty years; a mulatto girl named Evelina, aged thirteen years; a mulatto girl named Ann, aged six years; and a mulatto child, named Shandy, aged three years, so soon as the said John N. S. Jones and Alexander P. Jones shall have executed to the Chief Justice of the County Court of Madison county and his successors in office, a bond with sufficient security, to be approved by the County Court; conditioned, that the said slaves, Elizabeth, Evelina, Ann and Shandy, or either of them shall never become chargeable to the state of Alabama, or any county or town therein."

Approved 9 December 11, 1820

AUTHORIZING EMANCIPATION

On January 17, 1834 the Legislature of the State of Alabama enacted a law authorizing judges of the County Courts to emanci-

pate slaves, as follows:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc. That whenever the owner or owners of slaves shall be desirous of emancipating such slave or slaves, such owner or owners shall make publication in some newspaper, printed within the county where such slave or slaves reside, (or if there be no paper printed in said county then in the nearest paper thereto) for at least sixty days previously to the making application, in which shall be set forth the time and place that such application will be made, together with the names and description of the slave or slaves sought to be emancipated; and at the time appointed, the judge of the said county court may, upon petition files, proceed to hear and determine upon the application so made, and if, in his opinion, the said slaves should be emancipated, in consideration of long, faithful and meritorious services performed, or for other good and sufficient cause shown, the said judge may proceed to emancipate and set free such slave or slaves; and the clerk of the said court shall make record of the same in a book to be kept by him for that purpose; Provided, that such slave or slaves shall remove without the limits of this state, within twelve months after such emancipation, never more to return; and that such emancipation, shall not take effect until such removal.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That if the said slave or slaves shall return within the limits of this state, after such removal and emancipation, he, she or they shall be subject to be apprehended by the sheriff of the county within which the same may be found, and imprisoned; and after having advertized the same for at least thirty days, may be sold to the best bidder for cash, as slaves for life; and the proceeds of such sale, after paying all expenses, shall be paid into the county treasury for the use of said county."

On January 10, 1839 the legislature of the State of Alabama enacted the following for the better protection of slaves in certain cases:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc. That hereafter if any person shall, without just cause, to be judged by the jury trying the offence, commit an assault or assault and battery on the body of a slave, such person not being legally appointed patrol, or not being the owner, or overseer or other agent, of the owner of such slave, he shall be liable to indictment, for said offence and on conviction thereof, shall suffer the same kind of punishment as if the offence had been committed on the body of a free white person."

An act qualifying slaves as competent witnesses in certain cases:

"Sec. 7. An be it further enacted, That slaves shall be competent witnesses in all cases where free per-

sons of color are charged with any offence against the laws of the state."

Approved - January 9, 1836

The law relative to punishment of slaves and regulating same:

CHAP. VI.

Penal Code of Alabama, 1843

"Sec. 1. No cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted on any slave, and any master, or other person having charge of a slave, who shall be guilty of inflicting such punishment, or authorizing or permitting the same, shall be subject to indictment therefor, and, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not less than fifty and not exceeding one thousand dollars; and, in addition thereto, be required to give security for his good behavior, for a space of twelve months

CHAP. XV.

Sec. 17. For the offence of petit larceny, or any offence of a lesser grade, any slave may be tried by any justice of the peace on warrant, and may be sentenced to receive any number of stripes not exceeding fifty, which sentence shall be executed by the constable, but no justice of the peace shall be authorized to influct more than thirty nine lashes, unless he associated with him at least two respectable slave holders who concur with him in the propriety of the sentence."

Clay's Digest of Alabama Laws, 1843, Page 474
Adopted in 1841.

Display Advertisement

COME ONE AND ALL WHO WANT
NEGROES

To

Thos. A. Powell & Co's
AUCTION AND COMMISSION DEPOT

For Sale of Negroes

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

We have taken the Dillehay House, corner of Bibb and Washington Streets, where we will keep constantly on hand

Picture
of
Negro

Young Likely Negroes

to suit any purchaser. Sales will be made at auction or privately, as our patrons may direct. Our depot is in the centre of the business portion of the city, convenient to all the banking houses. We can accommodate comfortably any number that may be sent, having a large house, well arranged for the business. By strict attention, we solicit a share of public patronage.
References good.

(Aug. 31 - d & w 3 m)

From the Montgomery Confederation Dec. 8, 1859

Photostatic reproduction in "Slave Trading in the Old South"

By Frederick Bancroft, J. H. Furst & Co. Baltimore, Md.

Advertisement

"AT PRIVATE SALE.- 120 NEGROES, among them there is good cooks, washers and ironers, seamstresses, also one good bricklayer and plasterer. Persons wishing to buy negroes, will please give me a call.

M. HARWELL."

From Montgomery Confederation, Jan. 31, 1860.
Reprinted in "Slave Trading in the Old South" by Frederic Bancroft
J. H. Furst & Co. Baltimore, Md.

Display Advertisement

BY B. R. TARDY & CO.Auctioneers and commission merchantsCorner Com., Front and St. Francis Streets.
-----Public Auction - For Cash
Under an order of Court50 to 75 PLANTATION NEGROES

Sale to be made in Front of the Customhouse, City of Mobile, corner Royal and St. Francis Streets, on Wednesday 5th January, 1859 commencing at 12 o'clock M.

Terms of Sale - Unconditionally CASH, next day.

A large lot are to be sold for account of the estate of John Darrington, and at the Instance of Alex. Carleston, administrator of said estate,

Elmira,	a negro girl,	15	years	old
Doctor,	" man,	22	"	"
Octo,	" boy,	19	"	"
Monen,	" boy,	16	"	"
Fortune,	" man,	32	"	"
Adam,	" "	30	"	"
Peter Fox,	" "	35	"	"
Peter Fox is a No. 1 body servant				
Molly,	" woman	18	"	"
Peggy,	" girl	18	"	"
Dolly,	" girl	18	"	"
Emily,	" girl	14	"	"
Betty,	" woman	40	"	"
and her four children				
Jim,	" man,	45	"	"
Allec,	" man,	30	"	"
Tenor,	" woman	28	"	"
and with her four children				
Hannibal,	" man,	25	"	"
Hester,	" woman	22	"	"
Eliza,	" girl	8	"	"
Abby,	" girl	10	"	"
Sampson,	" man,	45	"	"
Sampson is a stock minder				
Fanny,	" woman,	50	"	"
Fanny is a seamstress				
Ellen,	" girl,	14	"	"
Ellen is a House Servant				
Marlow,	" man	50	"	"
Marlow is a good Carpenter.				
Lindy,	a negro woman	45	"	"
Lindy is a noted Nurse				
Fortune,	a negro man,	60	"	"
Fortune is a Carpenter				
Mary Ann,	a negro woman	45	"	"

Mary Ann is a fine cook
 Kate, a negro girl 16 years old
 Kate is a House Servant.
 Louisa, a negro girl, 10 years old
 Edwin, " boy 8 " "
 Ned Ball. " man 65 " "
 Mary Ball. " woman 40 " "
 George, " boy 14 " "
 Alfred, " boy 12 " "
 Albett, " boy 12 " "
 Alfred and Albert are twins, and we
 will sell them together.
 Barney, " man, 24 " "
 Jane, " girl, 19 " "
 Margaret, " girl " "
 Tom, " man 60 " "
 Tom is a Miller

The list embraces other negroes, and all valuable, lively and raised in the country, where they have been from childhood. A more desirable list of Plantation Negroes can nowhere be found.

The week preceding the auction sale they will be brought from the plantation to Mobile.

A peremptory Cash Sale this is to be, and no postponement.

For other particulars, & c., refer to

Br. Tardy & Co. Auctioneers

dec 22 a w

From Mobile Register, January 5, 1859

Photostatic reproduction in "Slave Trading in the Old South"
 Fredric Bancroft. J. H. Furst & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Newspaper Account of Above Sale

"LARGE SALE OF NEGROES AT MOBILE.- Messrs. Br. Tardy & Co. sold on Tuesday a large lot of negroes, the greater portion at a very considerable advance in price on any sale this season. Four men, aged, 32, 30, 22 and 19 years, sold at \$1,300, \$1,290, \$1,635. Three girls, aged 18, 18 and 8 years, sold at \$1,402.50, \$1,320, and \$855. Twin boys, aged 12 years, brought \$2,610. Girl, 8 years old, \$800. Boy, 14 years, \$1,050. Woman, 33 years old, \$920. Family of five, - man 34, woman 32, 3 boys 11, 9 and 7 years old, brought \$5,220. Two boys, aged 13 years, \$1,000 each. Woman, 28 years and three children 8, 6 and 4 years old, sold for \$2,410. Girl, 15 years old, \$1,200. Several women, aged from 30 to 38 years brought from \$900 to \$1,150. Four men brought \$1,350, \$1,400, \$1,410 and \$1,470 each.

News item in - Tribune - Savannah Republican, Jan. 12, 1859.
 From "Slave Trading in the Old South" by Fredric Bancroft.
 J. H. FURST & CO. Baltimore, Md.

Week ending Nov. 27, 1936.
S-242-Other folklore.

-1-

Ila B. Prine,
Identification No. 0149-5302.
Federal Writers' Project, Dist. 6.
WPA Project 3014, Mobile, Ala.

A NEGRO FOLKSONG OF MOBILE AND VICINITY.

(Compiled by Ila B. Prine.)

"Way down yonder shinin' shoes,"

"Way down yonder shinin' shoes,

Lost my money drinkin' 'booze,

Drinkin' 'booze.

First in Court, then in jail;

Hung my hat on a rusty nail,

Rusty nail.

Behind the bars, I saw a gal,

I saw a gal, who came from Mars,

Came from Mars.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Lillie Belle Mason, Colored. Age 25. Sweeney's Lane,
Prichard Alabama.

Songs and Superstitions.

The folklore or common knowledge of our ancestors gained from a constant, if unscientific, observation of men, animals, the weather and crops, with their accompanying superstitions about life, death and ghosts have come down to us ~~in the tales~~ without the aid of ~~book~~ books in the songs, tales and sayings of the common people.

This pertains to signs of the waning and waxing of the moon on planting of crops, hog-killings and the like, telling the time of day by the sun, forecasting the weather and the earliness ^{of} tardiness of the seasons.

There ^{are} superstitions of bad luck connected with blackcats, hoot-owls, ~~killin-~~ killing ^{of} toad-frogs and many others. It is bad luck to lay a hat on the bed, or open an umbrella in the house. A cold chill running down the back warns that somebody is walking over the spot ~~where~~ where one's grave will be dug.

There are many simple amulets worn not only by the negroes but by the unsophisticated whites, such as the left hind foot of ~~the~~ a rabbit killed at midnight in a graveyard, a buckeye kernel carried in one's pocket, and a penny found and saved. These lucky pieces are supposed to bring good luck. There are even sophisticated st golfers who believe it to bring good luck to play thru to the end of tournament in the clothes worn at the start. This last superstition is not indigeous ⁿ to Alabama. ~~The bride~~

The bride, a fascinating figure in any period, is the inspiration of many folk sayings in regard to her costume, her bouquet, her ~~cake~~ bridal cake.

Editors Collection

JEFFERSON COUNTY

District 5

FOLKLORE AND FOLK CUSTOMS

Though the adjuncts of urbanity are strenuously maintained in the downtown Eighteenth Street section by the *what place?* Negroes, outlying centers of revelry often see outbursts of instinctive savagery. On party nights at such sites as the cluster of barbecue stands one block north of Magnolia Points on Twenty-Third Street restraint is thrown to the winds. The barbecue stands and often the sidewalks are crowded with frenzied figures keeping time to thudding music. Here are no steps ever taught in civilized ballrooms, but older, wilder dances, suggesting the cakewalk of the plantation quarters and even the weird dances of the jungle. Often an individual thrusts his partner aside to break into a solo series of rhythmic contortions.

Birmingham is too young for legends but in the mine shafts and about the hearts of the furnaces new superstitions and cycles have sprung up among the folk of the district, principally the Negroes. Colored miners will throw down their picks and walk out if a woman enters a mine shaft; it's bad luck. If a pot of molten slag should turn over on a man, or a furnace explosion result in his being engulfed in liquefied metal, though the rest of the body be entirely destroyed, the heart will be found intact, they say, usually with blood in it. That is because the Devil sits in the heart of a man and fire is his natural element. It is also unlucky to turn one's back on an unshielded 'tweer' vent.

Working gangs of Negroes generally find some monotonous

rhythm to express the medium of their labor. The old 'hammer and shaker' drill crews devised such a song still sung where sledge hammer work is done.

This old hammer (blow)
 Killed my partner, (heave)
 Killed my partner, (blow)
 Laid him down. (heave)
 This old hammer (blow)
 Killed my partner, (heave)
 Killed my partner, (blow)
 Gwi' kill me. (heave)

Another work chantey still used, is reminiscent of the years when convicts were sent to the coal mines of the Birmingham district's fields:

Police he caught me,
 The judge said the fine,
 The clerk writes it down
 An' I'm back to the mine.

Personal Observation.

Interesting glimpses of pioneers life in Bham given by Descendants letter.

Much interesting data on the life of Andrew Mc Laughlin one of the pioneer settlers of Jefferson county ^{was} given The Post in a letter from Mrs B. P. Mims 2311-12th Ave. N., a descendant of the rugged pioneer.

Mrs Mims letter was called forth by a story carried by The Post during the centennial regarding early days of Birmingham. It follows:

In response to your article of Oct. 26, regarding discovery of iron here starting the City toward greatness. You state that the leaders of the party were John Jones, Samuel and Isaac Fields, and Andrew Mc Laughlin, and add that no one knows where they came from.

If the story of their experiences were known it would furnish a vast amount of folklore and legends to tell the children.

As the great grand daughter of Andrew Mc Laughlin, may I give to you some of the stories that have been given to me.

Andrew Mc Laughlin was a lad in Scotland when Cornwallis's soldiers returned to Europe and much interesting history of

the Revolutionary⁽²⁾ period he told to his children and grand children of America. Andrew Mc Laughlin came to South Carolina about 1800. A sister had preceded him, and was living in a Scotch settlement there.

He soon afterward married. In 1810 they came to Winchester Tenn. He left his family there and came to Jefferson county where the city of Bessemer now is, cleared land and built a home.

Afterwards he brought his wife and children. They moved their house hold effects by means of pack horses. On the journey cows or pigs or both wandered from the Indian trail.

Mrs Mc Laughlin placed the baby in the grass and went to search for them. When she had gotten the cows again into the path, she could not find where she had hidden the baby and it was not until considerable searching had been done that she was able to locate the child.

Andrew Mc Laughlin, a man of the Roger Williams type made friends readily with the Indians. On one occasion he

(3)
and John Jones were hunting when an Indian appeared. Jones, who was a marksman and sport, said: "I believe I will shoot that Indian" Mc Laughlin put his gun to Jones' head saying: "I'll shoot you if you do." He knew there would be an uprising of the Creeks and other tribes if the man ~~was~~^{were} killed.

Mc Laughlin was out deer hunting and had with him a deer gloat, made out of Alder, which when blown resembled the cry of a young deer.

A pack of wolves answered his call and reared their forefeet on the log near him. He killed several not knowing what they were, and cut off their tails to show his wife, she told him what they were.

The grandson of Andrew Mc Laughlin is today a subscriber of the Bham Post.

Mrs. Mary Swint

1/29/36

Interesting glimps of pioneers life in B'ham
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Mrs. Mary Swint
1/29/36

Federal

The preceding narrative was typed from a WPA manuscript found in the/Writers Project of Alabama, FOLKLORE Section, circa 1934-1939.

WHERE CHRISTMAS
COMES IN JANUARY

Pettersen Marzoni

*Falhway
(Russian)
Juppison Co.*

A few miles North of Birmingham, Alabama, the little community of Brookside nestles in a picturesque valley where a clear brook babbles by unpolluted by the waste of industry. It is a bit of Russia transplanted to Alabama 35 years ago. In ordinary affairs its manners are those of America, but when it comes to matters of sacred and sentimental moment, Brookside is all Russia.

So when the children all about the little community grow wide-eyed with expectancy and that shivery anticipation that preludes Christmas Eve, the ^{youth} ~~children~~ of Brookside will be quite calm. There is no Christmas for them on December 25, but they show no sense of deprivation because a more colorful celebration of the holiday is awaiting them in January.

Their parents came to America when the Julian calendar still was ~~still~~ official, and though Soviet Russia now follows the Gregorian system, Brookside has not changed. Christmas is January 7 for them and the children, and with the date goes all the colorful pageantry that invested the ~~Salvic~~ ^{Slavic} communities of centuries ago.

When twilight has fallen January 6, the youth of Brookside, attired in the colorful costumes of Old Russia parade the short streets carrying the ~~manager~~ ^{manager} and an image of the Holy Child. Bright lights gleam in every window, and until midnight the air is filled with carols in minor strains strange to unaccustomed years and with ~~songs in the~~ words in the sibilant syllables of the steppes.

Christmas ^{on January 7} is a day of festival and religious observance, with all of the ceremony of the Greek Orthodox Church. For thirty-five years the Christmas observance has gone unchanged, and it seems destined to be a colorful interlude in the ordered calendar of everyday America, since the children are trained to it from infancy and seem proud of the custom which sets them apart from their school fellows.

9 #

Alabama

EIGHTEENTH STREET

Pettersen Marzoni

Jefferson Co. Parkway

Just as detective thrillers have made Scotland Yard and Centre Street familiar names to the American public, so has fiction spread the fame of the most colorful corner in Birmingham. This is Eighteenth Street, where for twenty years such diverting characters as Florian Slappeg, Lawyer Evans Chew, *Sis Callie Finkers* and a host of others have disported themselves in the short stories of Octavus Roy Cohen.

Eighteenth Street has moved around the corner since it first attracted national notice. Fourth Avenue and a short stretch of Seventeenth Street ~~and~~ now form the business and recreational center for Negroes in Birmingham. On these two thoroughfares one sees the entire range of the race, ~~in~~ from the tenant farmer to the brisk doctor or lawyer.

The farmer and his entire family of wife and assorted children, all clad in overalls of various states of disrepair, stop to view the gaudy posters in front of the Frolic Theater or sniff eagerly at the toothsome odors seeping out from a prototype of Bud ~~Smith's~~ *Pepper's* Cafe. The doctor and the lawyer do not loiter on their way to the Fraternal Building, Negro owned and managed at Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, where the leading business and professional men of the race maintain offices.

Between these extremes of caste are the great middle class, laborers, clerks, domestic servants, stenographers, and the lilies of the field, male and female, whose raiment outshines the gleaming and gay fronts of the one story stores that line the Avenue.

Fourth Avenue is colorful at all hours, but ^{on} Saturday afternoons and nights it is spectacular. Earnest shoppers, baskets on arm, bulge their way through and past curbstome gatherings, where every topic under the sun is discussed. The loud speaker at the Frolic blares forth music. The click of pool balls and the thump of cues sound above the din of traffic. There is an air of holiday. There may be cuttings and shootings over the weekend, but not around Fourth Avenue. That is reserved for business and pleasure.

13⁺ Draft

SALTIN' THE PUDDIN'

I never will fergit one time the old lady Simpson was goin' to have a wood-sawin' an' thought she'd show off some by havin' puddin' fer the crowd. Course she was gwine to have a candy pullin' and a goober poppin' same as usual. The puddin' was extry.

Well, that day ever' thing was a hustle and a bustle over at Simpson's and the upshot of it all was here 'twas comin' on night an' no puddin' cooked. Well, the old lady had done made her brags all around and she just had to have that puddin'. All the gals, they was five of them Simpson gals, was as busy as a bee in a tar bar'l, washin' and ironin' and primpin' and cleanin' up the house like they was lookin' fer the evangelist durin' big meetin'. So the ol' lady she tore out to the kitchen and started chunkin' things together to make that puddin'.

Now she was give up to be the best puddin' maker in the hull settlement. But she was so flabbergasted and aggervated that evenin' she plum fergot to salt the puddin'. Now rale good puddin' don't take but just a TEE-NINCY pinch o' salt but if it ain't got that it just ain't puddin'.

She got the fire goin' just right in the stove and slammed the puddin' in thar, then she flurried out to the settin' room to dustin' the cheers an' the organ.

'Bout that time she remembered the salt. Her hands was that dirty she knowed she couldn't salt the puddin' without washin' 'em. So she just went ahead a' dustin'

and a' scurryin' around and thought she'd call on one of the gals to 'tend to it fer her.

"Sue, will you go salt the puddin'? I done got my hands dirty."

"Kain't maw, I'm greasin' my shoes."

"Sairy, how 'bout you?"

"Maw, you know I'm a-tryin' to get this dress done."

"Berthy, kin you salt the puddin'?"

"No."

"Jenny, go salt the puddin."

"Let Lil do it, maw, I'm starchin' and ornin' to beat the band."

"All right. Lil, run salt the puddin' now, honey."

"Shan't. I'm a'lookin high and low for my hair ribbin and I hain't agonna do nothin' else 'til I find it."

The old lady drawed a long sigh and throwed her dustin' rag across a cheerback and went and washed her hands and salted the puddin'.

Jest about the time she got back to her dustin', Lil got to thinkin' 'bout how she'd orta mind her maw, so she sorty eased into the kitchen' and salted the puddin'.

She hadn't more 'n got back sarchin' fer her hair ribbin when Jenny got to feelin' oneasy 'bout bein' so sassy and here she come and salted the puddin'.

Well, so help me, she had sca'cely set back down on the back piizzer and picked up the slipper she was a'greasin when here went Sairy and salted the puddin'.

Berthy always was the lady of the family. She didn't

do nothin' much none of the time. She was propped in her room a' readin a novelty when all this was a 'happenin'. But if they wuz one thing that gal liked better'n readin a novelty it wuz eatin' puddin'. She got to thinkin' 'bout that puddin' and got into a twidget. Finely she got up and tip-toed to the kitchen and got there right after Sairy left. So they all salted the puddin'.

That puddin' shore baked purty and when old lady Simpson came a'mincin' out with it that night you could hear ever'body sorta bend back and smack their lips.

The preacher had come over to sorter look over the goin's on and natcherlly he got the fust helpin'. With his face shinin' he said somp'n 'bout "Neckter and Ambrosy" and then took a whoppin' big moufful.

When he bit down to sorter let the flavor soak in, his face looked like somebody had kivered up the sun with a blanket.

"Upthem!" he said and grabbed fer the warter gourd.

Ever'body there wuz plum flabbergasted. Old lady Simpson warn't slow to ketch on that somp'n wuz wrong so she took a taste herself. Then she knowed.

"Which of you gals put salt in this puddin?" she wanted to know.

"I did," all six uv 'em said together.

"And I did too," the old lady said. "Hit shore looks like too many cooks spiled the puddin'.

And they warn't nobody could deny it.

A FAIR AND CHARMINGYOUNG BRIDE.

Often the young people in rural communities would congregate at one of the homes to sing. These "singings" as they were called, were very popular around Helena about 1880-1885.

Toward twilight, the young men and women for miles around, would start out for the "singing"-some on horse back, some on mules, some of the more fortunate in buggies, while still others just came strolling along-but they all had one thing in common; every one of them loved to sing. Here is one of the songs that they liked best:

A Fair and a Charming Young Bride

I courted a fair and a charming young bride,
She was my darling and my own heart's delight.
I courted her for love and love it did obtain,
She gave me no cause at all to complain.

When her parents came for to know that I and
their daughter were loving so,

They locked her up secure and then they hid the key
So that I could never see my true love any more.

Then across the ocean I resolved to go
To see whether I could forget love or no,
But when I got there, the army shone so bright
That it put me in the mind of my own heart's delight.

Seven long years I served for my king,
Then I resolved to return home again,
But when I got there her mother sat and cried,
"My daughter dearly loved you and for your sake she died."

There I stood like a man that was slain,
Tears from my eyes fell like large drops of rain,
You say your daughter died and she died in despair
She lays in her cold grave-I wish I was there.

Washington Copy

12/1/38

L.H.

(HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF ALABAMA.)

FIRST NEGRO IMMIGRANTS.

The failure of historical narratives to agree upon the routes taken by the earliest, and most remarkable, Spanish expeditions into the country that now is Alabama may explain the credence often given their variants. These had taken the form of legend long before the first American gazed upon a scene that had been described in turn by Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, Rodrigo Ranjel (de Soto's private secretary) and others of the de Soto expedition, as barren wastes populated by starving savages and as a marvelously fertile land ruled by a friendly race, rich in all the things they needed, but lacking in the only thing the adventurers sought. Gold.

Most remarkable in many respects was the ill fated expedition of the incompetent Narvaez, first of the Spanish explorers to touch Alabama. Whatever credit that may be given here must go to those four who survived the hardships of the overland trip from the Florida coast to Mexico, Cabeza de Vaca, Andres Dorantes, Alonzo Maldonado and Estavan the black man of Azamor, slave of Dorantes, for in the face of hardships the commander, Narvaez, couldn't take it, and declared the rule of every man for himself.

For days the boats had been without water, and evidently the crews lived in mortal dread of Indians on shore, for in spite of the fact that numerous rivers and smaller streams pour into the bays of west Florida and Alabama they had not the courage to venture far enough to obtain a supply of fresh water. At last, after several of the crew had died from drinking salt water, in desperation they landed among some Indians on the shore of either Perdido Bay or, Mobile Bay. The latter is more likely. Here they obtained water from the Indians

had filled, and were promised a supply for their vessels. When the Indians set out upon the pretence of bringing water, Dorotheo Theodore, a Creek, insisted upon going with them and took along a Negro slave. They never came back, nor did the Indians bring the water. Whether the two men deserted or were killed by the Indians is unknown, but from the fact that fourteen years later some Alibamos or Choctaws told de Soto that they had heard of de Vaca's landing and his need for water, and showed them a dagger that had belonged to the white man who was lost, it may be assumed that the men preferred the vicissitudes of life with the Indians to the horrors of the sea in open boat. Further substantiation of the fact that the Negro was not killed may be found in the observations of subsequent explorers that Indian individuals having very dark skins and negroid features were seen in this section.

Thus legend, partly borne out by history, places the first white and Negro "immigrants" in Alabama, October 28, 1528.

Wash. Copy,

7/27/32.

L. J.

MEMORANDA - THE NEGRO.

The Negro's fear of ghosts is traditional, and this knowledge was heavily capitalized by the original KKK in restoring order during the Reconstruction period. A story that has become classic in the South, relates how a Negro was passing a cemetery late at night and, already in a cold sweat from fear, glanced back and saw a white figure close behind. "Irech (reached) fer mer hat en lit out. Er rabbit got in front of me, runnin his best; I kicked him outen de way; er fox tried to outrun me, but I stepped on him and kept goin; er big buck deer took off down de road, en I jumped over him en moved erlong; er shbotin star tried ter keep up wid me, but I lef it behine, Man! I sho wuz skeered!"

Negroes resent the appellation "nigger" when applied by a white person; but apply it freely to one another, especially when angry, and it is frequently used as a term of endearment for small children.

Negro expression: "Whut fur" or "Huccome" (How come) for "Why."
Example: "Huccome you run so fast when dat big nigger got ater you wid dat knife"? "Kaze (because) Ah cudden FLY"!

The rural Negro, while not wanting in physical courage, prides himself upon ability to escape from danger speedily. A story illustrating this trait, relates how a Negro was standing close to a man who shot at another, and testified that two shots were fired in rapid succession; he heard the first shot very distinctly, but the second shot was not so clear as it was at a distance of several hundred yards!

Another: Two Negroes got into a fight and one shot at the other with a pistol as he ran away. Brought into court, the running Negro was asked how he knew that he was being shot at: "Ah heered de bullet; Ah heered it twict; de fast time, when hit passed me en de nex time when Ah passed hit"

Petty thievery and the love of watermelons are humorous traditions associated with the rural Negro, but there is really little basis for attaching these weaknesses exclusively to him. In fact, the Negro tenants on a plantation appear to regard the entire plantation or other property of the landlord, as coming under their individual interest and rarely pilfer the crops, and never allow others to do so, if detected. In cases of pilferage, the landlords customarily look to outsiders as the miscreants.

While the town Negroes are ready victims of the bootlegger, the rural Negroes seldom make illicit liquor or even drink much of it; doubtless due to the influence of their ministers.

Perhaps no race is more strongly influenced by the ministry than the Negro. Many of their old-time preachers are poorly educated and given to the use of ponderous misplaced words; but the net result of their exhortation is complete control of the congregation by emotion, and a confidence that is sublime in its earnestness. Much of the discourse may consist of a scathing denunciation of the congregation for their shortcomings, even individuals being singled out for special condemnation; but the gravest charges draw a hearty chorus of "Amen" from all over the house, including relatives of the object of the preacher's wrath. A trait of the Negro tenant farmer that would be humorous, if not so tragic in its meaning to him, is his idea that each year's business should be exactly like the one before, regardless of weight or price of cotton, that he should receive identical credit for 5 "bage" (bales) of cotton on his account as the year before. He is always surprised when his trading account is different (more or less) from the preceding year. Note his comment:

" Mr. Jones, when we settled up last year, Ah owed you \$10.20 (He has a wonderful memory for detail of figures, once explained to him), dat waz after I brung you 5 bags er cotton en paid you fur dat mule whut died. Den you sold me ernudder mule whut aint dead yet, en me en de ole omen bot sum meat, en sum lard en sum flour en er leetle mite er cloth fer dis year, en I brung you 5 bags er cotton ergin en now you says Ah owes you \$20.00 - Huccome dat, Mr. Jones"?

The rural Negroes are easy and willing victims of the canvassers for enlarged pictures; but, singularly, they do not want the enlarged picture to be an exact likeness - preferring that it be made to look as near like a white person as possible, even the addition of a beard penciled on the photo, often giving great satisfaction to the purchaser. In the rural cabins, the walls are often found decorated with likenesses of A. Lincoln or Washington, but just as often the likeness of some Confederate officer of prominence. The presence of this latter picture is not due to any sentimental feeling, but is upon account of the same picture being found in homes of the white people. The rural Negro still bears the surname of the family who owned his ancestors, insisting that his fellows accord him the deference that is paid to the family of white people, if they happen to be prominent.

Alabama ○

Mitchell
Mitchell Dombrow

Jefferson

NEGRO HUMOR.

The humor of the old Alabama Negro is primitive and simple; his philosophy pertinent and rational. The essential form of Negro humor is exaggeration by overstatement and understatement. The essential form of his philosophy is fatalism tempered by hope and the ability to laugh.

The Negro, with his ability to laugh, laughs at himself as well as others. This characteristic is shown in the following brief conversation between a white man and a Negro in the days when the Ku Klux Klan was strong.

White man--"Jim, what would you do if you got a letter from the Ku Klux?"

Jim--"Boss, I'd read it on the train."

The folk songs of the Negro, which he sings in rhythm to a swinging pick or a muddy plow, are a consequence of the humor with which he outwardly laughs at life. When he raises his voice while picking cotton he does not intend to make music, rather as he puts it, "Lawd, Cap'n, I's not singin', I's jus hollerin' to he'p me wid my wuk."

A reflection of his philosophy can be seen in these humorous ditties which he claims help him.

I's wuked all summer,
An' I's wuked all fall,
Den I hafta tek Chris'mus
In my overalls.

* * *

It makes no diff'unce how you make out yo' time,
White man sho bring nigger out behin'.
If you wuk all de week, an' wuk all the time,
White man sho to bring nigger out behin'.

* * *

White foke goes to de college,
Niggers goes to de field;
White fokes learns to read an' write,
Niggers learn to steal.

* * *

The Negro's use of words is naive, but effective. Only his natural mind, untouched by the artificial polish of civilization, can make use of such nouns, verbs and adjectives as these:

To rewottle is to make a new dish out of left-overs.

A princeful person is ^o conceited one.

A doomy child is a dull one.

Sky-blue-pink is lavender.

Often the Negro's humor is not intentional, but his undue seriousness or his peculiar reaction to certain events is, nevertheless, comical.

For example, a woman in a South Alabama town had hired for a number of years an old Negro called Uncle Eli to tend her vegetable garden, which for some reason never seemed to furnish the quantity of vegetables that it should.

As Uncle Eli went out in the morning with his weed bag, he would mumble, at the slightest hint that someone would accompany him, "Do you think I's an eye-servant?"

One day the housewife watched from an inconspicuous window, and saw Uncle Eli slowly pull weeds with one hand,

and with the other put heads of lettuce into the weed bag.

"Uncle Eli," she called out, "you are putting heads of lettuce into your weed bag."

"Now," he replied, looking his mistress earnestly in the eye, "you've fone gone an' disgraced yo'self, an' me too!"

Here are more Negro jingles which are heard widely in Alabama.

Las' year my daddy ^hpowed a' ox,
Dis year he plowed a' muley.
So han' me down my froctail coat,
I's goin' on home to Julie.

* * *

Some fokes say a preacher won't steal,
But I caught three in my corn fiel'.
One had a bushel, one had a peck,
De uddern had a roasen ear
Tied roun' his neck.

* * *

Ring ting, Ring ting,
Out o' style.
If you ever see a yellow gal
Keep away from her smile.

* * *

My master had a yellow gal;
He brought her from de South.
She wrapped her hair so tight,
She couldn't shut her mouth.
Whoa, mule. Whoa, mule.
Hol' your seat, ol' Liza Jane,
Hol' on to de quail.

* * *

1/7/37.
L.H.

A FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY.

One cold, drizzly afternoon in late November, a procession of cars drove up to a little church at North Pratt. A miner in a neighboring community had died and this was his funeral. The cars stopped as close to the church as possible, but even then nobody missed stepping in the red mud that was all around.

As we walked into the church, the women found seats at the right and the men at the left. There was a fire in the church but the chill hadn't been removed and the dust from the last sweeping, was still on the rough uncomfortable benches.

When the casket was placed, the choir leader rose and said, "Will somebody please come forward and play the organ?" There was a deadening silence. Then "Oh go on down and play! You can select your own songs," or "If I could play, they wouldn't have to beg me," were whispered remarks heard all around. Finally a young lady reluctantly started up, while the women moved first one way and then the other to make room for her to pass. With an organist ready, the next thing to do was to assemble a choir. The invitation for singers was much the same as for an organist, but this time it was much more general. "Will everybody who can sing please come up and occupy the seats on my right?" Finally after some persuasion, there were enough singers to start the service, but even then there was more delay, for some of the pages in the books were missing.

At last, with the organ sending forth rhythmic squeaks

and snorts along with the music, the choir heroically sang three verses of "Shall we gather at the river?" Then the preacher rose and gave his text "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Afterward he prayed a long time. He preached a sermon to the wicked who still had time to repent. It was a long time before he got around to mentioning one just departed, but finally he drew a deep breath and began, "The Lord has seen fit to take this our brother from our midst. It is not for us to judge. We don't know why he did the things he did. We must leave him to the Lord."

Another prayer followed and the preacher said "Will the choir sing while one row at a time comes up to review the remains?"

Just as the crowd had passed by the casket and had started filing out, a voice from the steps said "Will everyone please go back and be seated? The grave isn't ready yet the rain slowed us up."

When the grave was finally ready, the crowd slowly gathered around for the final rites. This part of the service was very short for it was still raining.

As the bedraggled group turned away and started for home, a woman touched another on the arm and said, "Don't it beat all how they've improved funerals in the last few years? Just look at that pretty grass over the dirt and look how pretty the undertaker fixed those flowers! It makes you almost feel like dyin' ain't so bad after all."

Washington Copy

12/21/38

L.H.

Rocky, Chillun

(This one they danced by at night meetings)

- 1 -

Rocky, chillun, rocky, Jesus comin'
Rocky, chillun, rocky, Jesus comin'
Comin' in de mornin', Jesus comin'
Comin' in de mornin', Jesus comin'.

- 2 -

Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Turn yo' right side ter me, Jesus comin'
Jesus comin', comin', in de mornin'.

- 3 -

Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Turn yo' lef' side ter me, Jesus comin'
Jesus comin', comin' in de mornin'.

- 4 -

Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Pull de root, chillun, Jesus comin'
Turn yo' face ter me, Jesus comin'
Jesus comin', comin' in de mornin'.

Live Tergether, Little Chillen

(Sung at Night to Children in Slavery Time)

Pray tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.
Little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.

Sing tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.
Little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.

Weep tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.
Little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.

Moan tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.
Little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.

Live tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.
Live tergether, little chillen, I'm gwiner j'ine de ban'.

"MY OLE MISTIS PROMISED ME"

My ole Mistis promised me
When she die she'd set me free,
She lived so long 'til her haid got bal'
She got out o' notion o' dyin' a'tall

My ole Mistis promised me
When she die she'd set me free,
Then I'd not have to hawl no cawn (corn)
There'd be no day break risin' on Monday morn

My ole Mistis promised me
When she die she'd set me free,
Now ole Mistis dead and gone
Lef' poah Sambo hawlin' up cawn (corn),

Wm. H. (Bill) Towns

Submitted by Levi D. Shelby (colored)
Tuscumbia

Tell Me, Job

- 1 -

Tell me, Job, tell me where wuz you
 When dey tuck my blessed Lord?
 Job says, "I wuz dere," Job says, "I wuz dere."
 "I wuz dere, I wuz dere,
 When dey tuck my blessed Lord."
 Job says, "I wuz dere."

- 2 -

Tell me, Job, tell me where wuz you
 When dey whooped Him up de hill?
 Job says, "I wuz dere," Job says, "I wuz dere."
 "I wuz dere, I wuz dere,
 When dey whooped Him up de hill."
 Job says, "I wuz dere."

- 3 -

Tell me Job, tell me where wuz you
 When dey nailed Him to de cross?
 Job says, "I wuz dere," Job says, "I wuz dere."
 "I wuz dere, I wuz dere,
 When dey nailed Him to de cross."
 Job says, "I wuz dere."

- 4 -

Tell me, Job, tell me where wuz you
 When dey blopped Him in de face?
 Job says, "I wuz dere," Job says, "I wuz dere."
 "I wuz dere, I wuz dere,
 When dey blopped Him in de face."
 Job says, "I wuz dere."

- 5 - Tell me, Job, tell me

Tell me, Job, tell me where wuz you
 When dey speared Him in de side?
 Job says, "I wuz dere," Job says, "I wuz dere."
 "I wuz dere, I wuz dere,
 When dey speared Him in de side."
 Job says, "I wuz dere."

Ananias, Ananias

- 1 -

He spoke ter de win', en de win' obey,
 Tell me whut kind uv er man Jesus is;
 Ananias, Ananias, tell me whut kind er man Jesus is.

He spoke ter de water, en de water obey,
 Tell me whut kind uv er man Jesus is;
 Ananias, Ananias, tell me whut kind uv er man Jesus is.

He spoke ter de stone, en de stone obey,
 Tell me whut kind uv er man Jesus is;
 Ananias, Ananias, tell me whut king uv er man Jesus is.

Chorus:

Ananias, Ananias, Ananias, Ananias, tell me
 Whut kind uv er man Jesus is.

* * * * *

Let Dat Liar Erlone

I come ter yo' house lae er train on de track,
 Give me little meal, I got ter hurry back.
 Ef you doan wan' ter git in trouble
 Let dat liar erlone.

Er liar en er hypocrit[^] keeps up er fuss.
 Both is bad, but de liar am wuss.
 Ef you doan wan' ter git in trouble,
 Let dat liar erlone.

He will tell sich er lie 'twall sprize yo' mind.
 He will mix er little truth ter make hit shine.
 Ef you doan wan' ter git in trouble,
 Let dat liar erlone.

Stop en let me tell yer whut dat liar will do,
 He'll always come wid sumpin' new,
 Ef you doan wan' ter git in trouble,
 Let dat liar erlone.

He will bring you news 'bout women en men,
 Ter make you fall out wid yo' bosom frein'.
 Ef you doan wan' ter git in trouble,
 Let dat liar erlone.

Lyn' In de Arms Uv de Lord

- 1 -

Come my lovin' brudder en doan git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord,
 Come my lovin' brudder en doan git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

Chorus:

Oh yes, de Yankee rode er hoss in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Oh, de Yankee shot er cannon in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

- 2 -

Come my lovin' sister en doan git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord,
 Come my lovin' sister en doan' git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

Chorus:

Oh yes, de Yankee rode er hoss in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Oh, de Yankee shot a cannon in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

- 3 -

Come my lovin' deacon en doan' git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord,
 Come my lovin' deacon en doan' git so weary
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

Chorus:

Oh yes, de Yankee rode er hoss in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Oh, de Yankee shot a cannon in de mighty fiel' uv battle,
 Lyn' in de arms uv de Lord.

Move De Member

- 1 -

Got on my rockin' shoes, Dan-u-el,
 Got on my rockin' shoes, Dan-u-el,
 Shoes gwinter rock er me home, Dan-u-el
 Shoes gwin'ter rock er me home, Dan-u-el

Chorus:

Move de member, move, Dan-u-el,
 Move de member, move, Dan-u-el,
 Member move so slow, Dan-u-el,
 Member move so slow, Dan-u-el.

- 5 -

- 2 -

Got on my long white robe, Dan-u-el,
 Got on my long white robe, Dan-u-el,
 Move de member, move Dan-u-el
 Move de member, move, Dan-u-el.

- 3 -

Got on my starry crown, Dan-u-el,
 Got on my starry crown, Dan-u-el,
 Move de member, move, Dan-u-el,
 Move de member, move, Dan-u-el.

He never Sed er Mumberlin' Word

- 1 -

Dey tuck my blessed Lord,
 Well dey tuck my blessed Lord, blessed Lord,
 Dey tuck my blessed Lord,
 En He never said er mumerlin' word,
 Not er word, not er word, not er word.

- 2 -

Dey whooped Him up de hill,
 Well, dey whooped Him up de hill, up de hill,
 Dey whooped Him up de hill,
 En He never said er mumerlin' word,
 Not er word, not er word, not er word.

- 3 - En dey nailed Him to de

En dey nailed Him to de cröss,
 Well, dey nailed Him to de cross, to de cross,
 Dey nailed Him to de cross,
 En He never said er mumberlin' word,
 Not er word, not er word, not er word.

- 4 -

En dey speared Him in de side,
 Well, dey speared Him in de side, in de side,
 Dey speared Him in de side,
 En He never said er mumerlin' word,
 Not er word, not er word, not er word.

- 5 -

En de blood come trickerlin' down,
 Well, de blood come trickerlin' down, trickerlin' down,
 De blood come trickerlin' down,
 En He never said er mumberlin' word,
 Not er word, not er word, not er word.

De las' word I heer'd him say
He didn't have prayin' on his mind.

Chorus:

Liar, God doan' lac hit, en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
Hit's er scanderlus en er shame.

- 2 -

I met dat hypocrit de udder day,
I spoke ter him 'bout prayin',
De las' word I heer'd him say,
He didn't have prayin' on his mind.

Chorus:

Hypocrit, God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
Hit's er scanderlus en er shame.

- 3 -

I met dat back-slider de udder day,
I spoker ter him er 'bout prayin',
De las' word I heer'd him say,
He didn't have prayin' on his mind.

Chorus:

Back-slider, God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
God doan' lac hit en I doan' neither,
Hit's er scanderlus en er shame.

Wash. Copy,

5/18/37.

L. H.

En He wore dat thorny crown,
Well, He wore dat thorny crown, thorny crown,
He wore dat thorny crown,
En He never said a mumberlin' word,
Not er word, not er word, not a word.

* * * * *

Oh, John Preachin' In de Wilderness

- 1 -

Oh, John de Baptis', John Devine,
Who gonna write dis name uv mine?
Dey ain't gonna write hit wid pen uv brass
Dey ain't gonna write hit wid pen uv gold,
Dip my finger in my Jesus blood,
Write my name in pure devine.

Chorus:

Oh, John, halleluiah,
Oh, John, preachin' in de wil'erness.

- 2 -

Oh, John de Baptist, John Devine,
Who gonna write dis name uv mine?
Read hit down by de ladder's claw,
Angels gonna lock de lions jaw.
Read down fudder, you'll find hit dere.
Judge de tree by de fruit hit bear.

Chorus:

Oh, John, halleluiah,
Oh, John, preachin' in de wil'erness.

- 3 -

John wrote er letter 'tother day,
Whut yer reckon dat letter say?
Hang my harp on de willer tree,
Heer'd er mighty shoutin' in Gallilee.

Chorus:

Oh, John, halleluiah,
Oh, John, preachin' in de wil'erness.

* * * * *

De Las' Word I Heered Him Say

- 1 -

I met dat liar de udder day,
I spoke ter him 'bout prayin'.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

By: Harvey G. Stoddard.

Sometimes I see an empty house,
And ponder on the tales it holds
Of folks who called it their abode,
And lived there in the days of old.

The chimney lacks a brick or two,
The paint is seared by wind and sun,
The gutters hang, the fence is down,
The yard with chaff is over-run.

What of the happy child who romped
Along the paths, now grown with tares?
Did he gain his hope of joy and wealth,
Or are his hours filled with cares?

A corner of the vineclad porch
Bespeaks a place where lovers gay
Spent hour on hour, hand in hand,
And of their future - who can say?

Some woman's care show everywhere
From sagging gate to garden wall;
The toil of man is there to scan,
The time has left its scars on all.

I ponder on who tarried there
In days so long ago;
Of fears and tears and laughter
That I will never know.
I wonder if they linger still,
With keen and pensive eye,
And hiding in the shadows,
Wish for days gone by.

A Child Ballad survival
sung in South Carolina.
or is it?

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

"Once I could have married a king's son, dear,
And he would have married me;
But now I have married a house carpenter,
And I think he is a nice young man."

"But if you will forsake your home, kind miss,
And go away with me
I'll carry you where the grass grows green
On the hills of portalina green."

"If I forsake my home, kind sir, and go away with you,
What have you to maintain me upon, to keep me from
hard laboring?"

"Oh, don't you see those seven, seven ships
All making for dry land?
With a hundred and ten, of the bold sailing men
And they're all at my command.

She called her babes all around her knee;
One and two and three.

"Stay at home, stay at home, my lonesome little babes
And keep your father company."

They hadn't been sailing but about two weeks:
Not more than three, I'm sure,
Before this lady began for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"What are you grieving about, kind miss, oh, what are
you grieving about?
Is it about my silver or my gold, or is it about my store?"

"It isn't about your silver or your gold, or about your
store I am sure.

I am grieving about my lonesome little babes, that I left
on the other shore.

I am grieving about my lonesome little babes, that I left
to never see any more."

They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks;
Not more than four, I'm sure,
Before this ship she sprang a mighty leak,
And sank to never rise any more.
Before this ship she sprang a mighty leak,
And sank to never rise any more.

Reference: Ruth Clark Cullipher
Mullins, S. C.

G. L. Clark, May 27, 1937

THE HOUSE CARPENTER.

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G. L. Clark, May 27, 1937.

Clark

"Oh, riddle my riddle, dear mother," he cried,
"And riddle it all unto me,
For whether to marry the fair Eleanor,
Or bring you the brown girl home?"

"This brown girl she has houses and lands;
Fair Eleanor she has none.
Therefore, I charge you upon my blessing,
To bring me the brown girl home."

"Shall I go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or shall I stay at home?"
"Oh, stay at home today, fair Eleanor,
For many shall be your foe."

She dressed herself all up in white;
She shoed her feet with green;
And every town that she passed through
They took her to be some queen.

She rode up to Lord Thomas' gate.
She rang the bell alone.
No one so ready as Lord Thomas
To ask her in the room.

Lord Thomas he arose himself
And walked along outside.
He carried her into the gentlemen's room
And seated her by his bride.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried.
"I think she is wonderful brown
When you could have married as fair a lady
As ever trod on the ground!"

"Hush up, hush up, fair Eleanor," said he.
"Pray don't play false ^{to} me
For I love your little finger
Better than her whole body!"

This brown girl had a new penknife;
It was both keen and sharp.
She pushed it in fair Eleanor's side
And touched her tender heart.

"Oh, what's the matter, fair Eleanor?" he cried,
"I think you are wonderful pale,
When you used to bear as fresh a countenance
As ever my eyes beheld."

"Are you blind, Lord Thomas," she cried,
Or care you nothing for me?
You stand and watch my own heart's blood
Come rushing to my knee."

Lord Thomas he had a brand new sword,
It was both sharp and keen.
He cut this brown girl's head off
And stove it against a tree.

Transpare →
He pressed the handle against a tree:
The point against his heart;
And there never was two true lovers met
As quick as these three did part.

"Go, father, go, father, go dig my grave;
Its being both wide and deep.
Bury fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the brown girl at my feet!"

Reference: Ruth Clark Cullipher
Mullins, S. C.

G. L. Clark, May 27, 1937

ELEANOR
FAIR ELEANOR.

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"And riddle it all unto me,
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As quick as these three did part.

Reference: Ruth Clark Cullipher
Mullins, S. C.

G. L. Clark, May 26, 1937

~~Albany~~
Clark, May 25, 1937

I'll Not Marry at all

Luther Clark
Burrington

c

I wouldn't marry a man that's rich,
For he'd get drunk and fall in the ditch.
I'll not marry at all, 't all, I'll not
marry at all.

I wouldn't marry a man that's poor,
For he'd drag me from door to door.
I'll not marry at all, etc.

I wouldn't marry a man that's lazy,
For he wouldn't work and would drive
me crazy.

I'll not marry at all, etc.

OCT 20 1932

THE SEARCH FOR THREE FOOLSJefferson #5
Folklore

There was a young man whose eyes, one spring day, were opened to the appeal of a girl who lived a few miles away. And so, after Sunday morning services at the community church, he made so bold as to ask the privilege of seeing her home. She in turn asked her mother and the mother was agreeable. And so, the two walked together, talking of the weather, the crops and the services at the church. When they reached her home the young man sat on the porch and talked with her father while the girl went back to the kitchen to help her mother get dinner ready.

Just on the point of calling the menfolks in to eat, the mother saw that the syrup pitcher was nearly empty. She told her daughter to take the pitcher out to the smokehouse and fill it at the barrel.

After ten minutes of minding the table while the food was getting cold, the old woman became so worried that she went to see what in the world was the matter.

The smokehouse door stood open. Inside, beside the syrup barrel, sat the girl with her chin in her hand and a faraway look in her eyes. The syrup was pouring from the spigot in a thick stream. The pitcher had filled long since and now the brown liquid cascaded down each side to an ever-growing pool on the dirt floor.

"Daughter, whatever do you mean by letting the syrup waste that way?"

The girl lifted eyes blank with concentration. "Maw, I'm just trying to think what we shall name our first baby when John and I get married."

"Well, I declare, Mary, that is something to think about!" and

the old woman sat down beside her daughter with her feet in the running syrup, cupped her chin in her hand and started thinking.

The old man was fairly patient but after twenty minutes of silence in the kitchen, with the meal already late, he could stand it no longer. He excused himself to Johnny and went to find out the trouble.

At the kitchen door he called his wife. No answer. Then he called Mary. Still no answer. He saw the smokehouse door standing open and hurried out to see if they were there. And there the two of them sat, their feet in the running syrup, their chins in their hands and a blank look on their faces.

"Old woman, what do you mean by this?" he roared.

His wife lifted her blank eyes and answered abstractedly, "We are trying to think what to name the first child when Johnny and Mary get married."

"Well, I declare! That is something to be thought about!" And he sat down with his feet in the syrup, his chin in his hand and a blank look of concentration on his face.

After a while Johnny got lonely out on the front porch. He was hungry too. He began to squirm miserably in his chair. After a half-hour he felt sure he had made enough concession to good manners. He got up and went to hunt his hosts.

Finally he reached the smokehouse door and saw the thinking three. He gasped, "Folks, what in the world is the matter?"

The old man raised blank eyes and said, "We are trying to think of a name for your first child when you and Mary get married."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Johnny managed. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll go on up this road as far as it goes, and if I find three more fools as big as you are I'll come right back and marry the girl." And

he turned and walked away.

It was a lonely country up that road and he walked several miles before he saw another house. It was an old, old house and green moss covered the shingles on the roof. And out in the front yard he saw an odd sight. There was a ladder placed against the eave of the porch. At the foot of the ladder there stood a skinny cow. A rope was tied around her horns. It led up on the roof, around the chimney and back down, the other end being held by a man who stood behind the cow. He was pulling on the rope with one hand while he pounded the cow with a stick held in the other.

Johnny stopped and stared with open mouth. "Mister," he finally asked, "would you mind telling me what you are doing,"

The other spat before he answered. "I'm atryin' to git this consarned critter to go up thar and eat that thar moss offn them boards but dang her hide, looks like she'd rather starve plum to death."

Johnny said, "Oh, I see!" He went on up the road.

It was past night before he came to another house, but the full moon shone brightly in the clearing. It revealed another odd sight. A woman was going around and around the house at a trot, pushing a wheel-barrow. After every third trip around she would rush the wheel-barrow in through the open front door, turn it as though pouring out sand, then rush back out again. Johnny watched in silence for a while but at last his curiosity got the better of him.

"Madam, would you mind telling me what you are doing?"

"I scrubbed my floor this evenin' and now I'm ahaulin' in moonlight to dry it," answered the woman, and rushed off around the house again.

"That makes two," Johnny reflected as he went on up the road.

He was very tired and hungry so, after going some distance farther, he curled up under a tree and slept till daybreak.

When he awoke he was desperately hungry. He resolved to stop at the next house he saw and ask for food. Before sunrise he rounded a curve in the road and there sat a house. No one was stirring but the place looked as if someone lived there so he went to the door and knocked. He waited a moment and knocked again. About that time he noticed an odd bumping sound coming from behind the house. He listened to it for some minutes, then went around to investigate.

There in the backyard was a man in his underwear. A pair of pants hung on a low tree limb in front of him. He leaped as high as he could, threw both feet toward the top of the trousers, and sat down hard, making the strange bumping sound which had attracted Johnny. He got up, dusted himself, and leaped again. And missed and spanked himself again.

Johnny was feeling weak with hunger and astonishment. "Mister," he asked in a faint voice, "what are you trying to do?"

"Trying to put on my breeches, smart-alec, what do you think I'm doing?"

Then Johnny lost his patience. "Why in the dickens don't you take them down then, and put in first one foot and then the other?"

"Young man," the other answered severely, "this is the way my pap and my grandpappy always put on their britches, and what was good enough for them is good enough for me." He made another leap with anger adding power, hooked his feet in the garment and fell sprawling.

Johnny took his hat in his hand and set off back down the road at a jogtrot. "Got to hurry on and marry Mary," he said to himself.

"Maybe all that syrup didn't spill out of the barrel."

The man who hadn't walked a step in twenty years was sitting out on his porch looking at the flowers in the yard when he saw neighbor Jones from tother side the graveyard coming down the road in a half sweat and half swivet.

"Better git ready, Brother Brown," Neighbor Jones hollered as he came up even with the yard gate. Judgement day is here."

"Don't be tryin' to fool me thataway," the man who hadn't walked a step in twenty years told him. "And you hadn't orto joke about Judgement day neither."

"I ain't jokin, Brother Brown. The Lord and the devil are in the graveyard right now, a-dividin' up the dead. If you don't believe it, I'll take you on my back and let you see for yourself."

"All right then, I'll go," said Brother Brown; so neighbor Jones histed him out of the chair and toted him to the graveyard gate.

"Now just listen," neighbor Jones told him.

Brother Brown listened, and he heard a voice saying, "you take this'n and I'll take that'n. You take this'n and I'll take that'n."

The voice was coming from a big bunch of cape jessamine bushes not far from the gate. They was a grove of hickory trees right by the graveyard, and two boys had been picking up the hickory nuts. When they got through they went into the graveyard to divide the hickories. They had so many of the hickories that they had dropped two as they went through the graveyard gate.

While neighbor Jones and brother Brown was a-listenin', they boys finished their dividin'. The one who was talkin' said, "You take this'n and I'll take that'n. You take this'n and I'll take that'n. Now, they's two at the gate, and you take one and I'll take tother'n."

When he heard that, the man that hadn't walked a step in twenty years jumped down and outrun toother feller back to the house.

Folklore
Sumter County

G. L. Clark, *editorial*
Dept.
Oct. 6, 1936

Blaw
THE LAZIEST MAN

Nick Weldon was an awfully lazy man. He would not work at anything. All he ever did was eat and lie back with his feet cocked in the air while he looked until he fell asleep. His parents fed him till he was a grown man but they finally worked themselves to death and left Nick to shinny* for himself. The neighbors, as is the custom of good neighbors, brought over a lot of good things to eat after his mother died and he ate them all. After that he was hungry.

Everybody in the community knew he was too lazy to live but they were sorry for him and finally got into the habit of sending a child around once in a while with a plate of victuals for him to eat. Several families kept this up for a month or two and in this way Nick kept alive. But he was getting lanky on the uncertain food and still he made no effort to do a thing for himself. Finally the good neighbors tired of being put upon in any such manner and got together to talk the matter over.

It was a hopeless case, they decided, and Nick must be dis-
posed?
posed of once and for all. They could not continue to waste the time and supplies to care for him and so he must die. Of course they could just refuse to send him any more food and he would soon die of starvation. But that, they felt sure, was too cruel a death for even Nick. So they decided to haul him out to the boneyard** and knock him in the head.

Early the next morning two of them took a cart and drove over to get Nick. When they told him why they were there he offered no protest so they lifted him into the cart and started down the road.

It was a long drive to the boneyard and after they had gone a long way they were stopped by a man who wanted to know where they were going. He had not heard of Nick so they told him the whole story.

"Why," he offered generously when he had heard the tale, "I can spare a bushel of corn. I'll give him that and he can live a while longer. It is a bad thing to kill a man and I don't want to see it done."

At that Nick slowly turned his head in the cart so he could see the man. "Is it shelled?" he asked in a whiny drawl.

The charitable man answered, "Why, no, but the four of us can shell it in just a little while."

"Ne' mind," whined Nick, "jes' drive on to the boneyard, boys!"

G. L. Clark
Oct. 6, 1936

350 words

Reference: Mrs. Leonidas Cockrell, Route 2, Livingston, Ala. Age 65

Explanation of dialect words:

Shinny--fend, take care of, look out for.
Boneyard--disposal place for dead animals. The usual boneyard was a small hilltop clearing as far as it conveniently could be from human habitation. Islands in the larger creeks and swamps were the usual locations.