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GEORGE L. WHITE,  
*Treasurer of Fisk University.*

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Page 42.

THE  
JUBILEE SINGERS,

AND THEIR

CAMPAIGN FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY G. D. PIKE.

*WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLACK.*

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE following pages were prepared at intervals during the summer vacation, for the purpose of answering numerous questions about the Jubilee Singers. The statements respecting the illiteracy of the South, the campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars, the Fisk University, and the American Missionary Association, are reliable. The personal histories were gathered chiefly by a former teacher of Fisk University, who has rendered me great service in preparing this volume for the press in season for our coming campaign for the further endowment of that institution. That the reader may be inspired with a noble enthusiasm to repair the damages done by Slavery, and to restore fourfold to a race that has been wronged, is the most earnest wish of the author.

G. D. P.

АСТОЯ, October 1, 1872.



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# THE JUBILEE SINGERS,

AND THEIR

CAMPAIGN FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.



## CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. — COLLECTING AGENTS. — THE NEW ERA.

I HAD been travelling four months with the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., and being worn out with hard work, I gladly accepted an invitation from my friend, the doctor, to spend a few weeks at his home in the country. He was one of those men who, by the very magnetism of their presence, give flow to every fountain of one's thoughts, and fetch from the depths hidden convictions of the soul. I had not been with him an hour before I wished he might know what I believed — not that I aspired to instruct him or make him better, but because I felt

more sure I was right when he approved my sentiments. He was the favorite layman in the church, and a pillar of support to everything that was good.

I had not been long at his house, when he invited me to ride with him on one of his rounds among his patients. We were passing the old homestead where Deacon ——— spent the last days of his life, when, pointing to his monument, he said, "That good man willed his property to your American Missionary Association. I remember well the stories he used to tell us about your society. There never was a missionary meeting when he did not report your work. I have been familiar from my boyhood with the stories of the slaves who killed their officers on shipboard, and drifted into New London, Conn. without a knowledge of the country or the language. Boy as I was, I read of their imprisonment in New Haven, and their first and second trials before they were declared free. I went over to Farmington, Conn. at one time to visit the buildings where they were kept at school until they were returned to Africa. That was in the days of the Amistad Committee — dark and terrible days, when the benevolent societies thought it inexpedient to meddle with the slavery question."

"But did good men in those times realize they were doing wrong?" I asked. "Were they not so much in love with the doctrines of being wise as serpents, and letting the tares grow with the wheat, and judg-

ing not that they be not judged, — that they were excusable?”

“To be ignorant when it is easy to be informed; to hold false principles when truth and righteousness stare you in the face on every page of an open Bible, is never excusable,” replied the doctor.

By this time we had arrived at the house of Professor Smith, one of the patients the Doctor was to visit. I went to the sick man's room, and after the usual courtesies and inquiries respecting his health, the Professor remarked, “I have long wished to hear your Jubilee Singers, not only for the pleasure I expect from their music, but from the deep sympathy I feel in the work among the Freedmen. Your Association has grown very rapidly since its organization under General Butler, at Hampton, Va., in 1861.”

“It has, indeed, been wonderfully blessed of God during the past decade,” I replied; “but you will allow me to correct a misapprehension you seem to indulge respecting its origin. The American Missionary Association was formed in 1846 at Albany, when it absorbed the Western Evangelical Missionary Society and the Union Missionary Society. The latter succeeded the Amistad Committee, which cared for the cargo of slaves that entered New London, about which so much trouble was made, until they were returned with missionaries to Africa.”

“I supposed it grew out of the exigencies of the

war, and was a temporary organization to aid the Freedmen."

"Instead of that," I said, "it was not organized for any particular race. Although its constitution says not a word about Africans or slaves, yet it was designed as a protest against slavery, and undertook work, a part of which no other society would do at the time. It sent its missionaries among the fugitives in Canada, and among the freedmen in Jamaica. It sustained men at the South before the war, where efforts were made to preach a pure gospel. Whenever a minister or missionary was persecuted on account of his abolition sentiments, he found support and sympathy in the American Missionary Association. The Association was evidently born of God, and prepared, during fifteen years of service before the war, for its great work, not only among the Freedmen, but also among the American Indians, the incoming Chinese, and in the land from whence the Amistad captives came. General Butler built a large school house at Hampton and protected our teachers, but never identified himself especially with our work."

"You do not apprehend that the work of your Society is near its close, if this be its history?"

"Not till the millennium," I replied.

"God bless you," was his answer, and we took our departure.

"There seems to be a great deal of ignorance among



intelligent men concerning benevolent societies. I was surprised that so well informed a person as Professor Smith should have needed information of your origin," said the doctor.

"There is great ignorance concerning the work of missions, and far too little desire on the part of the church to become informed how they may advance Christ's kingdom among the heathen. And the difficulty is one not easy to be mastered. A majority of the church are not fascinated with our Missionary Concerts where they are observed, and in very many churches, agents of missionary societies, who know the facts, are not welcome. The fact that a publication is the organ of a missionary society does not necessarily commend it as a periodical. How to get the people interested is the question. What will they read? What will they hear?"

"This opens a question upon which I have studied for years," responded the doctor. "The fact is, clergymen are not always the shrewdest business men. It is not to be expected they should be. Experts are apt to be men of but one idea. But few men are good at everything, and it may be best that different men should attend to different branches of the great work of civilizing and evangelizing the world. The church has always suffered from inexperienced workers. It is not true that men have been put into the ministry because unfit for all other occupations; yet many have

been encouraged to enter that office who gave but little promise of success in any department of work. This evil has been often serious. The managers of missionary societies have been embarrassed in a thousand ways that do not appear at first glance. Money must be had. Who will go and collect it? Or, who will inspire the pastors of churches to collect it? Now, it often happens that some man finds he must leave his parish, — or something is the trouble with his head, so he cannot write sermons, — or, he wishes to have a home in the city, but is unable to command a city church; this man has his friends, and commences to interest them in getting an appointment. Benevolent societies, especially the newer and smaller ones, have felt somewhat obliged to take what has come to hand, and especially if well recommended by men holding prominent positions in wealthy churches. These men, for the most part, have been dull preachers, retailing the same coterie of stale facts Sunday after Sunday, and many of them have felt that an extra type of piety was expected from one engaged in missionary work, so they have affected a pious twang and a nasal pitch, enough to curse any sermon, and especially a begging one. When these men have gone from house to house with books or tracts or subscription papers, they have left no inspiration, imparted no blessing, and the people have caught no zeal for the work. And the reason has never been far off. They were not men

who could impart inspiration *anywhere*. If they had been soldiers, they never would have succeeded to the command of a regiment, or even to a captaincy. They never would have been selected by a railroad corporation to solicit the subscriptions for stock, or to superintend its management. They were but ordinary men anyway. Now, the business of the church is hard, up-hill business. It wars against covetousness. It promises dividends that are payable in a better country in the far-off future, and it takes the rarest talent, the most consummate skill, the highest type of oratory, and finest gift of persuasion, to advance, as it should be advanced, the interest of the missionary work of the church."

"But," I remarked, "has there not been a new departure respecting these things within a few years?" And I instanced the appointment of several eminent preachers as secretaries of benevolent societies.

"I hope there has been a change for the better," he replied. "The fact is, there should not be a man appointed secretary who would not be competent to manage a large corporation, or indeed to be the governor of a state. And no man should be authorized to open his mouth before the public as an officer of a missionary society, who has not such weight of character, and gift of speech, as would enable him to command the first pulpit in the Protestant world. Let the missionary societies secure such men to present

their cause as Spurgeon, Beecher, Tyng, Murray, General O. O. Howard, and John B. Gough, and their work would be lifted out of its present plane. The people would follow such leaders."

"But ought not such distinguished men to be retained as pastors? Could the churches spare them?" I asked.

"The churches would not *spare* them then. They would *have* them. It must be borne in mind that the great work of the church is its missionary work. Revivals are given to it somewhat in proportion to its missionary work. Christ and his disciples were engaged in missionary work. The New Testament is a history of missionary work. And missionary work should be advertised by the best talent in the world, because it is the *hardest* work given to the church; therefore the *strongest* men should grapple with it."

"But would the people allow so much to be paid as first-class men would demand for their services?"

"It is economical to get the best. No successful mechanic fails to secure a master workman, let him cost what he may. No corporation neglects to secure first-class talent regardless of expense. The indispensable thing is to secure the aid that will accomplish the object. And the more difficult the object, the more essential is it to secure the talent needed. Now, the Protestant church has the money needed to establish missions in all parts of the world where as yet the

missionary can get a working basis. The gospel story shall be told from the river to the ends of the earth as soon as the men and money in the church are ready for the enterprise. How to bring the men to the service, how to raise the money to fit them out, are the questions. To do this, generals are needed. The business must be made popular. All the masterly energy required in constructing a Pacific Railroad, or in arming a nation to put down a rebellion, is demanded. This energy will never be put forth till the most powerful men in the church give themselves to just this; until the wealthiest men in the church make their money do just this; till, with a grand march, they move on, regardless of ease, or luxury, or fortune, and give themselves, body and soul, to the work. Then, I apprehend, the church will 'go teach all nations,' and Christ's kingdom will come, and his 'will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.' Now, to bring to pass these things, no means must be spared, no narrow policy must be pursued."

"Very good," I replied; "but the work of the Holy Spirit and grace from God must accompany all; indeed, it must all come from God, or it will avail nothing."

"You can have the Holy Spirit and grace sufficient, if you give the sacrifice it costs. Robbing God, and hiding the wedge of gold; keeping back a part of the price with the majority of the church, will never bring

the Spirit and the grace. The army must march on together; and march to conquer or to die; then He whose right it is to reign will come and reign King of Nations."

By this time, all the hopes for the future that had cheered my missionary life were awakened within me.

"I think, doctor," I cried, "we may have reached a day of better things, and that we live in a new era. The revolutions of the past few years have broken ten thousand old strongholds of prejudice and pride. Like the great upheavals that have changed the configuration of the globe during periods when sea and land have exchanged places, and mountains have melted into the depths of the sea, so has society been transformed in the last decade. It is not seen so much North, as West and South. If the world advances as rapidly for the next half century as it has for the past fifty years, we shall come upon some era more golden than prophet ever saw, or poet, in wild imagination, conceived. The power of steam has enabled us to travel almost with the fleetness of angels. It has superseded the water and the wind, and obeys our will with wonderful docility. There is happiness in motion; positive happiness in rapid motion. If we could gather up the pleasure we enjoy in travelling, and compare it with the tediousness of the old methods, I verily believe we should feel that

God let loose a new delight of incalculable value when he made known to us the power of steam. There is solid pleasure in getting news. The mind hungers for knowledge of passing events. Take the pleasure experienced over the morning papers, and compare it with any happiness derived in the morning hours spent by our grandfathers, and we shall again feel that a new joy has been given to our generation; as though God were bringing to us the beginning of the millennium, or delivering to us in advance some of the goods that will make us happy when that day shall come. Again, the numerous inventions that appear upon the horizon of our epoch, are another proof that we have come to a day of better things. We may abuse our privileges, but no man is bound to do so. Society and the proprieties of the day may make slaves of us; but cotton and woollen mills, and factories of every sort, heaters, ranges, and sewing machines, make it *possible* for the women of the land to have leisure, and indeed pleasure in books, in music, and in recreation. And when we look at the methods of securing food for man and beast, the work of obtaining it has almost become a pastime. Sowing machines, reaping machines, thrashing machines, and steam mills, when set in motion on our great fertile prairies, give grain sufficient for the nations, with no more work than man needs for exercise. Cotton and wool abound; man has his food and raiment, and is fed

and warmed with one half the trouble experienced in securing these things by the generations that have gone before. Let facilities be multiplied for two generations more, as they have been for the two that have passed, and the pair that gathered the fruit of Paradise could scarcely have been more fortunate than we shall be then."

"You do not forget the improvement in the art of preserving the health, I hope," cried the doctor. "In the millennium, they will have good stomachs, I dare say. I think the theology of people living on corn bread and pork, necessarily different from that of those who have beef, fruit, choice vegetables, and the more precious grains. Then the art of ventilation is becoming one of the fine arts; and exercise that gives healthy development is coming into vogue. Physicians and preachers are demanded by depravity, and as fast as the race becomes physically and spiritually better, so fast will the necessity for these benefactors of society disappear."

"The church," I said, "is not apace with the grand march of improvement in things that go towards our comfort. The children of this world are first wise; but afterwards the church comes on to give the perennial glory. If we mark the great changes God is making in these last days, I think we shall apprehend how he is marshalling events for some grand movement to bring joy and gladness to his people.



Literature for the church has been multiplied and scattered upon the four winds. We have been praying for China; sending our money and missionaries to China; our prayers have smote the heavens for China; and God has heard, and in his mysterious way, has been sending Chinese to us, and inspiring them to learn our language and civilization. They come to the shores of the Pacific. They come to New York and to Massachusetts, and learn to read the Bible faster while acquiring the shoemaker's trade than heathen ever learned before. More men will be prepared for missionaries to China than our contributions would sustain. God seems to be emptying the older nations upon us to drink in the spirit of our institutions, and when he is ready, the tide that has flowed in upon us will ebb to its old resorts, carrying with it whatever of good it may have gained in this land of the free. Africa takes of the blessing, and a double portion—because she has suffered most. No such day as this ever before dawned for Africa. The sounds of her heart-beatings have been carried to the ends of the earth. Never were four millions of people discussed, and loved, and hated by so many other millions of people as the slaves in our Union. God has determined the Negro shall have a place in the *memories* of men, if not in the *affections*. Outrages, Civil Rights' bills, and Ku Klux laws keep alive the great questions that are vital to his advancement. I have thought

much about this in my journey with the Jubilee Singers. The missions of our churches are as lights that give cheer in the darkness as we journey on; but the Jubilee Singers are as a most brilliant calcium light thrown out upon the darkness, calling the attention of thousands upon thousands of those who flock to hear them sing, to the work that is to be done for their people. The rising generation hungers for knowledge. With the utmost ease we can reach these heathen in our own country, and feed them with the bread of life, and what armies of them may go as missionaries to Africa who can tell?"

"The prospect on almost every hand is indeed cheering," replied the Doctor.

"To be sure," I said. "I have sometimes thought God is suffering the thought and energy of the church in our day to be given to construction. Men labored to construct the Temple in Solomon's time. The Constructionists had but a brief mission. Then came the glory of the house of God for ages. So now we construct railroads, and steamboats, and canals. We build churches and seminaries of learning. We organize missionary enterprises. We invent machinery, and erect factories. We print books, and cause intelligence to take wing and fly by mail and telegraph wherever there is ability to read or understand. But these days are to pass by; we are but building the temple, and the guests of the Lord are gathering together."

“I often think of these things,” said the doctor, “and feel that we are living in the most blessed days the world has seen. Sometimes, when I am attending an evening’s entertainment in some spacious hall, I get a conception of the possible revelations of the future. I notice, on entering, how dim and shadowy everything appears. People are massing together, but you cannot recognize even your friends in the distant part of the house. The splendid paintings, the statuary, the carving and the frescoed ceilings are obscured by the darkness till the time comes for the entertainment to commence,—till the distinguished personage of the evening, with his attendants, arrives. Then, by one turn of the janitor, on flashes the light, and every person and thing appears with all the beauty and gladness that heart could wish. So I think it will be in the visible church. The multitudes are gathering. Vast preparations are in progress. One workman may not see another eye to eye as yet. The ten thousand adornments and accessories that will gladden the millennial morning are hidden in the darkness. Nevertheless the beautiful mosaics of the heavenly walls, the golden candlesticks and the harps of gold, are all there. The great table for the marriage supper is being spread, and the garments, pure and white, are almost ready. When the fulness of time shall come, when He shall appear with all his holy angels, with one turn of Providence it shall be light.

Dark night will roll away, and we shall be enveloped in perennial glory; the hidden things will be revealed, and we, who have labored, hoping against hope, — walking by faith and not by sight, — shall be filled with eternal rejoicings to remember that we were honored in laboring and suffering with Him.”

When he had said this, he turned his horse up the yard to his house, saying, as he did so, that he thought the people of the church would like to hear of the things of which we had been speaking, and promising that he would secure me an opportunity to address the monthly concert, he alighted at the door of his office.

## CHAPTER II.

## VALUE OF INSTITUTIONS. — FISK UNIVERSITY.

**I**N the old New England town where the Jubilee Singers and myself were spending the summer, the people were intensely interested in governmental affairs.

They had given to the country some of the first men who fell in the battles of the Revolution; and when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men to quell the rebellion, a company from this town rushed to join General Butler, and passed with him through Baltimore on the day of the riot.

There were many abolitionists among these townspeople, and their interest in the slaves had been pronounced when it cost a struggle. The war had opened opportunities to labor for the freedmen, and the interest in this work had been kept alive by accounts from the missionaries they had given to the service. The advent of the Jubilee Singers was of great interest, and especially so from the fact that the village was retired, and unaccustomed to popular sensations. When, therefore, the clergyman of the parish an-

nounced that the manager of the Jubilee Singers would be present at the monthly concert, accompanied by the singers themselves, and that after they had sung a few of their slave songs, he would speak of the value of educational institutions in promoting religious work, and especially the importance of the Fisk University, the whole town determined to be present.

The evening came, and the house was crowded, and after the usual introductory exercises, I spoke as follows:—

“Brethren and friends, let me first call your attention to the value of educational institutions, as forces for good in the progress of Christianity. They are fountain heads that send forth streams of influence, beautifying and refreshing the generations. The springs, the lakes, and the rivers contribute no more surely to the growth and wealth of the land we inhabit, than do the church, the school, the university to the growth and wealth of mind. Most of our schools of learning were established by Christian men, for the extension of Christ’s kingdom; and though the original design of these founders has, in some instances, been perverted, still, even these institutions have given to our country strength and permanent benefit. If we could learn the histories of all the clergymen who have graduated at Harvard and Yale, and follow them through our own and other lands,

and compute the good they have accomplished, — the souls brought to Christ by their preaching, the minds stimulated by their precepts and examples, the schools promoted by their labors, and the amount of moral strength given to the nation by their lives and characters, — we could have no doubt of the value of these institutions. Then, if we could gather the influence exerted by the statesmen who have been educated by these institutions, and test the wisdom thereof; if we could measure the forces generated by their lives, and take in the magnitude of the power they have wielded for good through the length and breadth of the land; we surely might say that Mount Olympus was no more to the gods in story, than have been these colleges, in fact, to the reigning powers that have shaped the destinies of the nation. Then we may look along the legal, the medical, the distinctive literary professions, and measure the astronomers, the philosophers, the chemists, the geologists and botanists, and we shall find the sciences have marched through the colleges as through an interpreter's house, and that had it not been for these, but little would have been known of the higher intelligences. Colleges are for the discipline of mind, and the disciplined mind masters difficulties and unlocks the resources of nature by its persistent pointed perseverance. Power is generated at the university as at no other place. The more educated a people, the more supe-

rior, and the dominant power proceeds from them. Given the greatest intelligence, season it with an active Christian conscience, and you have the greatest power. The wisest and best counsels have the first place conceded to them. No one argues for a moment their inherent right to the first consideration.

“By right institutions we promote wisdom and conscience. The conquering forces of New England were strengthened to the mastery in the schools. Wealth follows in the train of wisdom. Education promotes industry. As soon as a boy develops taste, he demands a more elaborate supply for his person. He begins to abhor awkwardness, and will labor to smooth out and make elegant his surroundings; and here the industries of the nation gain an impetus. One has only to go away among savages, to be impressed with this conviction. Undeveloped nations have but a very meagre supply of implements of utility. An Indian woman can carry on her head the household goods of her family; and the arts have but little patronage, because education does not create a demand. What is needed to promote industry is a market. Given a demand for anything that man can contrive, and very soon a thousand busy fingers are at work to supply the demand. Now, nothing awakens desires and creates want like educational institutions. They cause the difference between civilized and uncivilized people. Nothing will make a



market for the things produced in factories so surely as the school-house and the church. Nothing has made New England what she is to-day but her educational institutions — the church and the school. These are the springs of wealth, and prosperity, and influence. To calculate the influence of a state, then, so far as religion, intelligence, and wealth give influence, we may find our base line from the church to the college. Tell us of your population, your schools and churches, and the efficiency of these as known terms, and we can with much accuracy tell the influence, prosperity, and stability of that state. For example, the state best supplied with college facilities and church enterprises is Connecticut. And this state, in proportion to its population, is the wealthiest, and a larger average of its children have occupied eminent positions than those of any other state. Now, what is needed throughout the country are these forces. They will balance our civilization. They will promote industries all over the land. They will make us powerful and wealthy. It is the office, therefore, of the statesman, as well as of the philanthropist, to establish right educational institutions in the more ignorant and destitute sections of our country. By comparing the population and the number of persons in the classical department of college in four of the New England States with the population and persons in college in four of the Southern States, taking Con-

necticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, north, and Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, south, and we find that Connecticut has in college 1 person in every 630 of her population; Rhode Island, 1 in every 965; Massachusetts, 1 in every 1291; and New Hampshire, 1 in every 1054. Tennessee, 1 in every 4935; Virginia, 1 in every 2877; North Carolina, 1 in every 5126; and South Carolina, 1 in every 7840. Aggregating these, the four New England States mentioned above have in college 1 person to every 982 of their population; while the four Southern States, which were settled nearly as early as the New England States cited, have in the Classical Department but 1 person in every 5102 of their population.

“For 4,000,000 freed people at the South, as yet but 1 person in every 40,000 is in college; and of these, eighty per cent. are in institutions which have been founded in the interests of the colored people by northern benevolence, assisted by the government through the Freedmen's Bureau.

“To develop industries at the South, to give it abiding power and moral force equal to that of New England, it must have equal educational privileges. To help provide these, especially for the most helpless and neglected classes, is the special mission to which, in the providence of God, the American Missionary Association has been called. Un-

der its auspices seven institutions, so located as to reach in their influence the whole South, have been founded, and are being developed as rapidly as possible in the nature of the case, after the model of New England colleges and universities. One of the earliest established of these institutions was FISK UNIVERSITY. It was chartered in August, 1867, and located in Nashville, Tenn. Situated in one of the most beautiful and productive of the Southern States, it is safe to prophesy of its future. No more healthful climate on the continent is found than that which rests, like a perpetual charm, over this section of our country. Orchards abound, bearing all manner of fruits; grasses cushion the landscape, affording sweet and nutritious sustenance for the herds that luxuriate through the valleys and over its mountains; the soil produces cotton, corn, wheat, and all manner of vegetables, in great abundance; mountains and plains, rivers and brooks, forests and groves, give the most pleasing variety, and charm the traveller like a romance. Nothing but right institutions are needed to make Tennessee the garden state of the South. Nashville has long had a fame in history as an attractive educational centre. A University, with spacious buildings on ample grounds, attracted before the war many of the sons of the South to this beautiful city. Yet the idea of educating the poorer classes did not formerly obtain in this state. Slavery promotes aris-

toeracies; schools, democracies; and Tennessee was wedded to slavery. The Fisk University was established to introduce the reign of equal educational privileges and equal rights, which, if successful, would necessarily revolutionize the state. With a territory of forty-five thousand square miles, and a population of more than a million, Tennessee awaits a reformation and a glory that shall be unsurpassed. To inaugurate this glory, New England ideas must come in like the rays of the morning sun, and an ample supply of common schools, open for all, must be provided.

“How welcome these ideas will be under the new condition of things, and what confidence the friends of the Fisk University are warranted in entertaining respecting its future, may perhaps be gathered from a *resumé* of its past history, and a statement of its present plans and prospects. The founders of the university had one very necessary qualification for their task; they had ideas of what was needed, and very correct ones. We find that in 1867, a letter was put forth bearing the names of John Eaton, Jr., Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. W. Bosson, Chairman of Committee of Common Schools, and A. E. Alden, Mayor of Nashville, containing these words:—

““We believe that the best way to permanently establish and perpetuate schools among the colored people at the South, is to establish good normal or

training schools for the education of teachers. Our reasons for this belief are, 1st. The education of the colored people is of more importance just now than any other matters pertaining to the political and social relations of the people in the Southern States. 2d. The investment of funds in normal or training schools for colored teachers, would perpetuate the benefit, by providing a superior class of teachers. These views were held by the trustees of Fisk University, to which we find added, by Professor John Ogden, who was at that time Principal of the school, the following:—

“Another peculiar object of this school is to illustrate *in practice*, what most educators are willing to admit *in theory*, that conversion is the proper door into the kingdom of science, as well as into the kingdom of heaven; that those who climb up some other way add to their weakness and wickedness, more frequently than they do to their power or goodness; that religion can be taught without teaching sectarianism; that science and religion were made to go hand in hand; that the two joined are the Heaven-appointed means of lighting humanity to its proper standing and true dignity.’

“How well this practical view was realized, may be surmised by the circumstance that nearly all of the fifty who were taken in at the Home from the plantations and the cabins, became hopeful Christians

during the first year. And how prominent the idea of the need of conversion has been made in the history of the school, may be inferred from its report in 1871, where we read, 'Of the ninety-nine pupils who share the blessings of the Home, thirty-two have become Christians this year, and forty-one were already professors of religion, most of them through the influence of the school in former years. It is worthy of note that all the young ladies and misses are professors of religion.'

"So much respecting the ideas of the founders of the University.

"In order to give a correct estimate of the progress of the educational work at this institution, it must be stated that the Fisk University was developed from the Fisk School, which was opened in 1866, and named for General Clinton B. Fisk, who was for a time in charge of the work of the Freedmen's Bureau, at Nashville. Large military hospital buildings were converted into school-rooms, and opened as a free public school. The attendance averaged over a thousand pupils a year until 1867, when the city made some provision for public schools where colored children might be educated. After this change, which relieved the Fisk School of many of its students, a portion of its buildings were transformed into students' dormitories. A dormitory for girls was constructed, a comfortable chapel built, and students

eager for a higher education began to gather from abroad. The annual attendance since that time has been over four hundred, about one hundred of whom have been from abroad, and boarded at the institution. In 1870 and 1871 the number of boarders was greater than could be comfortably accommodated, and enlarged facilities, both for boarding and instruction, had become a necessity. Temporary relief could be afforded by erecting additional buildings upon the present site; but this would only postpone the crisis, as the location, which had been favorable for six years of initiatory work, was very unsuitable for the permanent work of the University. It was clearly seen and keenly felt, by trustees, teachers, and students, that a new site, appropriate and ample, must be secured, and suitable permanent University buildings erected in place of those fast falling into decay, or the development of the institution checked, and the bright promise of its growth and usefulness delayed, if not defeated in its fulfilment. The perplexing question was, 'How can the large amount of money required for these purposes be secured?' The circumstances and the times, did not seem favorable for an attempt to raise the money by personal solicitations in the North, nor was there a suitable person at command to undertake the agency. The success of the past, and the golden opportunities of the future, made it evident the work must go forward; and God's hand was so

apparent in all that had been done, it was believed he would make it possible for the friends of the University to secure the money needed. So, at the anniversary exercises in June, 1871, the absorbing thought was concerning the manner in which God would provide the means to equip the institution for its great work. The answer came from within the institution, through Professor George L. White, the Treasurer, and a number of students, who volunteered to go out with him for a season, and earn money by giving concerts.

“The amount they should attempt to raise was not determined, as the enterprise would be but an experiment, the issue of which none could tell.

“The volunteers prepared themselves during the summer vacation, and on the 6th of October started for the North, and remained in the field till the first of May the year following, when they returned with \$20,000 as the financial result of their venture. At this time, the permanency of the University was assured, and a desirable location for the new buildings placed within reach of the trustees, by the American Missionary Association, to be occupied according to their pleasure.

“I will not take your time by speaking of the College Freshman Class of the University, of the great success of the students from this school who have gone out to teach, or by enlarging upon the Sabbath



school or church work, under the able management of Rev. H. S. Bennett; but will close with a brief statement of its present plans and prospects. First, it is proposed to erect 'Jubilee Hall,' at a cost of about \$45,000, which will be the Ladies' Seminary building, containing the dormitories for girls, and the boarding arrangements for the institution. This will be followed by a second building, containing dormitories for young men, with school-rooms; and, in time, a third building will be erected, especially for school-rooms, library, cabinet, etc.

"It is expected that 'Jubilee Hall' will be dedicated at the annual Commencement, in 1873. The providence of God alone can determine how soon the erection of Jubilee Hall shall be followed by the other buildings. It is hoped that the Singers who have consented to sing another year, may earn an amount sufficient, together with the \$20,000 already raised, to pay for the site offered them, and the construction of Jubilee Hall; and upon their endeavors to do so they invoke the blessing of God and the sympathies and prayers of all good men."

When I had said this, and was about to take my seat, a brother asked if I would favor them with the names of the Faculty and Trustees of the University; to whom I replied, "The teachers for 1871 and 1872 were, —

Professor A. K. Spence, M. A.  
 Rev. H. S. Bennett, M. A.  
 George L. White, Esq.  
 Miss Helen C. Morgan, B. A.  
 Austin H. Burr, B. A.  
 H. W. Hubbard, M. S.  
 Miss Henrietta Matson.  
 Miss Celia E. Burr.  
 Miss Mary C. Day.  
 Miss Emma E. Cross.  
 Miss Ella Sheppard.  
 Miss Rebecca Massey.  
 Miss Sarah M. Wells.  
 Miss Mary L. Santley.

The Board of Trustees for 1871 and 1872 were, —

General Clinton B. Fisk, St. Louis, Mo., *President*.  
 Rev. H. S. Bennett, Nashville, Tenn., *Secretary*.  
 George L. White, Esq., Nashville, Tenn., *Treasurer*.  
 Rev. E. M. Cravath, New York City.  
 Rev. M. E. Strieby, New York City.  
 Hon. John Eaton, Jr., Washington, D. C.  
 Hon. John Lawrence, Nashville, Tenn.  
 John J. Cary, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.  
 Enos Hopkins, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

After the Jubilee Singers had sung "What Shall the Harvest be," the meeting closed with the Benediction.

## CHAPTER III.

TEACHERS FOR FREEDMEN. — GEORGE L. WHITE.

AFTER I had given a full account of the Fisk University in the monthly concert, I found there was some curiosity to know more of the class of persons who had established these Freedmen's institutions at the South. I was pleased to find it so, for no greater self-denial has been exhibited in our generation than by teachers laboring at the South for the colored people. They have been made up, for the most part, of Christian women who have felt called by God to leave the comforts of their Northern homes, and the fellowships of their early days, to endure privations for the good of the ex-slaves, where they were sure to be ignored by the white people. No missionaries have labored amidst more opposition and danger than the Yankee teachers South. To have public attention called to this fact, and sympathy awakened in behalf of these benefactors, was very grateful to me. The doctor was not long in discovering my feelings. His sensibilities are so acute, he can feel the comings and

goings of the passions and emotions of others; and more than this, every person leaves a tide-mark upon him with an altitude equal to the quantity and quality of his character. This makes him a man of great attainments.

One evening he fell to discoursing on the representative character of missionaries. "They belong," he said, "to a class by themselves, and are actuated by different motives from those that govern the majority of mankind. The difference results from their different modes of thinking. Tell me of a man's thoughts, and I will tell you of his make-up, — I do not know but I could tell his size and complexion by his thoughts. What inspires our thinking, I cannot tell. Just so many men think they would like to be doctors, and so many farmers, and so many blacksmiths. Indeed, there are about the right number of persons for every vocation. Does God inspire the choice? Are there elements and forces about us that attract us, as the magnet attracts the steel? Or, as one germ of fruit or flower gathers one element from earth or air, and another a different element, so does one person take in one inspiration, and another a different one? These are questions that await answers. Will a time come when new-born souls will take in more of the inspiration and magnetism that lead towards missionary life? Is the spiritual kingdom becoming more and more filled

with the subtile influences that will start off armies with glad tidings of great joy for all people? We have no barometer with which to take the pressure of this atmosphere of the kingdom, but when we look back over the past century the signs are not discouraging. All manner of reforms, which are abundant, seem to me like the aurora of the coming morning."

"I have reflected much upon the characteristics of missionaries," I said, "and believe they are guided, for the most part, by an unseen Hand. They did not all of them start out for that pursuit in life. God has ordered it in a way that leaves us to see it is not unto us, but unto Him the credit is to be given."

"I have supposed they were a very unselfish class of persons," said the doctor. "They are ready to take their lives in their hands and die in the field." "To be sure," I cried; "though their lot is not void of romance and adventure sometimes, and cases occur when one feels that he has not succeeded in other vocations, and success may come in this."

"I suppose," rejoined the doctor, "that but few acts will bear strict scrutiny. Nevertheless, it is a great relief to feel there is faith and consecration on earth."

By this time the doctor's maiden sister Catherine came in and joined the conversation. She was fully

informed concerning all the grand benevolent enterprises of the church.

"When I was listening," she said "to your remarks concerning the value of institutions, and especially the Fisk University, I could but recall the two forms of address used by Christ to his disciples. 'Go, teach all nations;' 'Go, preach;' as though the institutions of school and church were to operate side by side."

"This policy is forced upon the missionary," I said; "he cannot well escape it if he would."

"I have come in to ask you the history of the originator of the Jubilee Singers' enterprise. Such developments do not come by accident. Your tall Professor must have been grown for the purpose. Can't you tell the doctor and myself how the times developed him?"

"George L. White saw what was waiting to be done, and did it, and is distinguished for just this; indeed, this is about all that distinguishes any man: All inventions come from such men. All remarkable transactions for good, that make men's names great, come simply from doing what needs to be done, or saying what needs to be said, just at the right time. A great man is but the connecting link between the want and the supply. Fulton saw the want of rapid travel by water, and supplied the steamboat. Field saw the want of early information, and supplied the Atlantic cable. So it is ever.

The church needed faith in the African. Professor White knew the Jubilee Singers would promote such faith if he could bring them before the people.

“Mr. White was born in September, 1838, at Cadiz, Cattaraugus County, New York. His father was fond of music, and, on occasions, served in a band, while he labored as a blacksmith. He sent his only son to the public school till he was fourteen, who, during this time, received all the instruction he ever derived from schools. He never attended steadily upon a course of musical instruction, not even in an ordinary singing-school. An overruling Providence gave him a remarkable range of voice and musical ideas, which attained a natural growth, unbiased by the discipline of the schools.”

“I have noticed,” said Miss Catherine, “that God has left many geniuses to develop in that way. The schools wear ruts and run in grooves, are like the conduit that conveys the water, and not like the fountain head. It might have spoiled Spurgeon, or Bunyan, or Shakspeare, or John B. Gough to have trained them in the schools. Now I constantly have in mind that God gives teachers and learners. Once in a great while a teacher comes, who gathers by intuition and scatters with profusion; and this man’s education will take care of itself. But will you please pardon the interruption, and proceed?”

“Mr. White commenced teaching school in Ohio,

when twenty years old, and pursued that vocation for three or four years. He was celebrated during that time for having the best choir that ever sang in the church, and the best concerts and singing in school ever known in that vicinity. He did not sing so much himself, but so accurate was his taste, and so germinant were his ideas, that he exacted from his scholars just the tones and harmonies that captivated the people.

“Mr. White united with the church in 1857. While teaching in Ohio, he, in company with Miss Susan Pierson, of Nashua, N. H., and William K. McCoy, gathered the colored people in the vicinity for Sunday school. In the summer they taught in the woods, using rails for seats. So strong was the feeling against this school, that he was several times threatened.

“During the early part of the rebellion, he joined the Squirrel Hunters, who defended Cincinnati from Kirby Smith. Later, he served in the 73d Ohio Regiment, and participated in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. After these battles he went with General Hooker to Chattanooga, and served under him until discharged on account of sickness. He then proceeded to Ohio, where he recovered sufficiently to engage in teaching. His stay there was brief. After earning a small sum of money, he went to Nashville, Tenn., and engaged himself in the quartermaster's



department. Soon, however, he received an appointment from Clinton B. Fisk, in the Freedmen's Bureau.

While in the quartermaster's department he devoted much of his spare time to the colored schools, both on the Sabbath and week days. It was here that the inspiration which had animated him so long in working for the freed people found opportunity for development. The attachment of children for teachers is usually great, but the attachment of ex-slave children to those who suffer hardship, scorn, and continual danger, to lead them up to equal rights and prosperous fortunes, is like a new revelation. One feels pervaded by a new atmosphere in the circle of such love. The effect of it upon the Northern teachers from the best of families becomes almost an intoxication, even when experienced by cool-headed, practical people. This love and interest, together with the charm that comes as the young mind rapidly develops and adjusts itself to the nobler associations of a higher life, gives the missionary a new want and a new supply. As weariness is refreshed with sleep, so is their labor refreshed by love; and they neither tire of the one, nor become satiated with the other. Mr. White came under these influences, and soon found himself interested in Fisk School, from which Fisk University was developed. Professor Ogden, who was then in charge, solicited his services to teach the

students Sabbath school songs and other music. Upon the retirement of Deacon Crosby from Fisk School, Mr. White took upon himself the steward's work in addition to his labor in the Freedmen's Bureau. In 1866 he gave his first concert with ex-slave children. Some instrumental music was introduced, and the effect of the concert was novel, and to many minds wonderful. The proceeds of it amounted to four hundred dollars. The chief good, however, that came of it, was the impression it gave to the auditors that the colored people of the South ought to be educated, and, indeed, this is the most valuable result of all his subsequent concerts throughout the country.

It was felt that the good of the state demanded their education — a doctrine easy enough to be grasped, and old enough; yet it needed to be charmed out of its hiding-place in the hearts of the people, in order that it might secure action on the part of the authorities. The wholesome educational measures inaugurated by General John Eaton, and supported for a time in Tennessee, are believed to have been furthered by the unexpected and before unknown power of colored students over the more educated classes, while singing more difficult music than they had learned in their slave cabins. Two years after Mr. White gave another concert, which was a great improvement upon the first. Encouraged by the hearty commendation of those who were interested in the elevation of the blacks, he

selected a company from his choir, and went to Memphis, where he gave a concert in the Opera House. This concert was instrumental in interesting students, who afterwards connected themselves with the University.

Perhaps no more gratifying success was achieved by Mr. White than at the meeting of the National Teachers' Association. It had been arranged that he should sing at the opening of the exercises. Other companies of singers were to favor the Association during the remainder of the session; but so popular was Mr. White's colored choir, that their services were demanded for all the meetings during the occasion.

It is not so much what one *intends* as what he *accomplishes*. The Puritans started for the mouth of the Hudson, but landed at Plymouth. We carried on the war for the restoration of the Union, but we accomplished the emancipation of the slaves. Mr. White commenced to teach Sunday school songs, but went on to drill his choir to sing operatic music. He started North in '71 to sing the more difficult and popular music of the day, composed by our best native and foreign artists; but he found his well-disciplined choir singing the old religious slave songs, his audiences demanding these, and satisfied with little besides, till the cries of the oppressed went echoing all over the North, as some rare heaven-born relic of a bondage past, the history of which had been near the heart of God for

the past two hundred years. The Jubilee Singers made known to us how the poor slave besought the God of heaven in song, until he gave victory; and Mr. White was the chosen captain to bring these to our knowledge. He has been fortunate in giving to the church a wholesome and satisfactory entertainment. The improvement, education, and tastes of the day, give not only leisure, but passion for recreation. Mr. White has brought an entertainment entirely satisfactory, suitable for the church, under the auspices of a great missionary society; and at his concerts, the wisest and best can be improved, entertained, made happy and better. And as every benefactor blesses himself in blessing others, so the hundreds of thousands who may hear the Jubilee Singers will accord gratitude and honor to the man chosen of God to charm us as if we heard the angels sing.





ELLA SHEPPARD.

Photographed by BLACK.

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## CHAPTER IV.

## PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

AS I rose to take leave of the doctor's family, after relating Mr. White's history, Miss Catherine remarked, "I read, last winter, a few items respecting the history of these Singers, that led me to think it would be very interesting and profitable to us to hear from their own lips an account of their former condition. If you will bring them here some evening, I will invite a few friends to listen to their recitals." The next week I accepted her invitation, and after singing "No more auction block for me," MISS SHEPPARD, the pianist, commenced.

"The early part of my story I must give as I heard it related some years ago by my father, when talking with his friends about slavery times. My father lived in Nashville, Tenn., and had bought himself for \$1800. My mother's family belonged in Mississippi, but were on a visit to Nashville at the time of my birth, February, 1851. My mother was so closely confined to service at the house, that I was

left to struggle through the first months of my life with little attention. When fifteen months old I was very sick. A white man, who came to Mississippi on business, returning, told my father that I was dying from neglect; and added, that my master might be willing to sell me, as they all thought I could not live many days. My father immediately started for Mississippi, paid \$350 for me, carried me, sick as I was, to Nashville, and boarded me out. Shortly after he returned to purchase my mother. The bargain had been made; my father, mother, and the overseer, were in Nashville, and the bill of sale was to be signed the following day, when word came from her master that she must not be sold, but returned to Mississippi; and so she was obliged to leave her husband and child at once, and go back again into slavery. My father then kept a livery stable, and was doing quite a good business, owning four carriages and eight horses.

“Some time after he married again; and this step-mother did for me all that an own mother could. She was a slave when married, but my father soon purchased her, paying \$1300. Her free papers had not been made out because they could not be in a slave state, and it had not been convenient to make the journey to Ohio, the nearest free state. Some six months before the war my father failed in business, — could not meet certain debts. One night he



was secretly warned by a white gentleman that his creditors intended to claim my mother. If a man bought his wife, she was considered his slave until free papers were made out, and could be taken for debt the same as any other property. My father quickly returned to his house, and hastened my mother off for Cincinnati that very night. They went a long distance to a station in the woods, where they would not be recognized, to take the twelve o'clock train. Soon after he took me and followed, leaving everything to his creditors. Here he began life over again. We had literally nothing to start with, but collected household furniture piece by piece. My mother took in washing and ironing, and when able to do so, kept a private boarding-house. I attended the Seventh Street colored school, but when twelve years old, was obliged to leave my studies on account of ill health, and could not return to them till I was fourteen.

“Once, when five or six years old, I had seen my own mother. My old master's family were on a visit to Nashville, and just the day before they were to return, they gave my mother permission to see me a little while; but when she came to leave me, she found it so hard, and screamed so loud, that they said she never should see me again. When I was nearly fourteen, she wrote me that she was in Nashville, and wished me to come and see her. This was

after the proclamation, and I remained with her three months, returning then to Cincinnati.

“When thirteen, I commenced taking lessons in music. My teacher was a German lady, and she gave me lessons on the piano a year and a half. Then came the sad event that threw my mother and myself upon our own resources, at the same time overwhelming us with grief. My father died of the cholera. We were at the Twava Springs, in Xenia, Ohio, where we went every summer, my father coming to see us whenever he had opportunity. On this sad day mother expected him on the afternoon train, and had started to meet him, I had gone over to Wilberforce School, to practise my music, when the telegram came, telling of his death. When his affairs were finally settled, on account of a troublesome lawsuit, there was not a cent left for us. Everything went; even my own private piano. Then I had to work for myself in right good earnest, till Mr. J. P. Ball, of Cincinnati, adopted me. He offered to give me a thorough musical education, with the understanding that I was to repay him at some future day. I took twelve lessons in vocal music of Madame Rivi; was the only colored pupil; was not allowed to tell who my teacher was: and, more than all that, I went in the back way, and received my lessons in a back room up stairs, from nine to quarter of ten at night. In the middle of the first quarter circumstances



ELIZA WALKER.

Photographed by BLACK.

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were such Mr. Ball was unable to carry out this purpose. A subscription school, at Gallatin, Tenn., was then offered me. There were thirty-five scholars, but they did not all pay, and from the whole term's work I was able to save but *six dollars*. With this I went to Fisk University, with the understanding that I should try to obtain work. The first week a friend sent me one music scholar, and in a few weeks I had two others. At the end of the term I was nearly sick, and spent the vacation with my stepmother. I entered school again in the fall, and studied till Christmas, and then gave myself entirely to preparing for the concert shortly to be given. After the concert I was thrown upon my bed, and not able to do anything. Permission was granted me to remain at the school, and help or pay as I was able; and I should have been forty-four dollars in debt at the end of the year, had it not been for the sewing I did at odd moments, or when confined to my bed. That vacation I was offered the situation of assistant music teacher in the University. I retained that position during the year, and at the close, after assisting to prepare the pupils to sing the Cantata of Esther, I was requested to remain, and help drill the Jubilee Singers during the summer, before we started for the North."

ELIZA WALKER was sitting next, and very briefly said, —

“I was born six miles from Nashville, at Flatrock in 1857. My mother belonged to Wesley Greenfield, and my father to John W. Walker, of Nashville. There were eight children, — two boys and six girls. I was next to the youngest. My mistress held only two or three slaves besides our family. She finally set my mother free and gave her the three youngest children. After the war my father kept an ice-house and made money enough to buy us a little home; but there was some trouble about the lease, and we lost the house. In 1866 I commenced attending Fisk School, and continued there as much of the time as I was able till 1870.”

THOMAS RUTLING, in a very amusing way, commenced, —

“I may have been born out in the woods for ought I know. My mother was in the habit of running away and concealing herself in the woods; my sister would sometimes carry her food, but she never remained long before she was found, brought back, and whipped. But whippings proved useless, and she was sent further south. The very earliest thing that I remember was this selling of my mother. I must have been about two years old then; for they tell me I was born in Wilson County, Tenn., in 1854. I can



THOMAS RUTLING.

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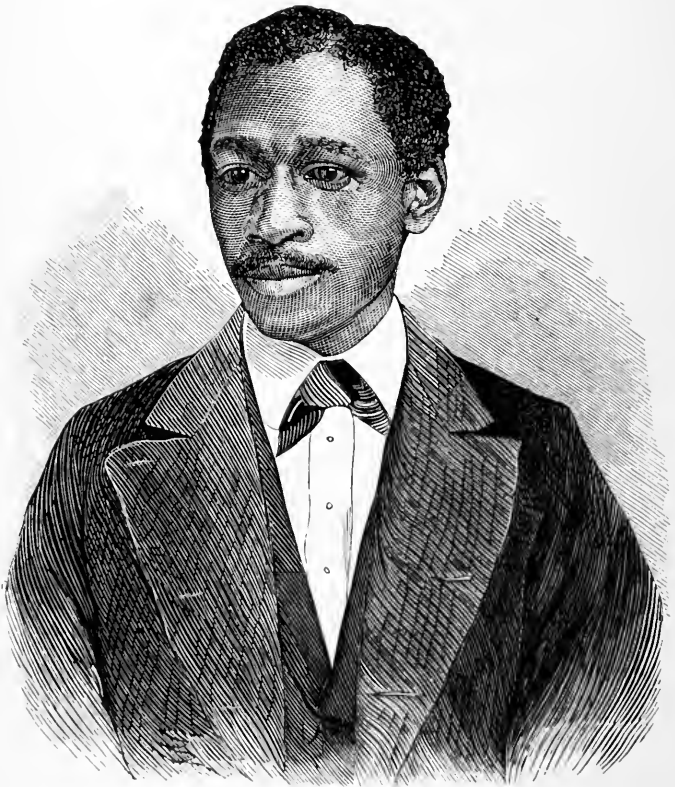
WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT



just remember how the steps looked to our sitting-room door, where I was when she kissed me and bade me good by, and how she cried when they led her away. Some two years after, my mistress told me, as I was playing round in the house, that she had heard from my mother; that she had been whipped till she was almost dead: and that was the last news from her. My father was sold before I was born, and I know nothing of him. I had one brother, three or four years older than myself, and eight sisters. Some of my sisters were early sold away, and I do not know whether they are alive or not. My mistress was very good to me; she kept me at the house during the day, and only sent me to the 'quarters' to sleep. As soon as I was large enough, she made me bring wood and water, play with the children to keep them quiet, and sing and dance for her own amusement. When eight years old, they put me to work on the farm: I could hold a plough then. Once they talked of selling my brother, and I remember how hard he cried, and how sorry we felt, though we were very small. They said, afterwards, they wished they had sold him, and put him in their pockets. About this time the old slaves told me that something was going on, and I must listen sharp up at the house, and come and tell them what the white folks said. There were about a dozen slaves on the plantation. One was a preacher: he could read a

little. I was table waiter then, and after talking over the news at table, missus would say, 'Now, Tom, you mustn't repeat a word of this.' I would look mighty obedient, — but — well — in less than half an hour, some way, every slave on the plantation would know what had been said up at massa's house. One would see sad faces when the Yankees got whipped, and then the preacher would have prayer meetings. I was too young to know what they prayed for, but heard the old slaves talking about freedom. By and by the rebels kept getting beaten, and then it was sing, sing, all through the slave quarters. Old missus asked what they were singing for, but they would only say, because we feel so happy. One night, the report of Lincoln's Proclamation came. Now, master had a son who was a young doctor. I always thought him the best man going: he used to give me money, and did'nt believe much in slavery. Next morning I was sitting over in the slave quarters, waiting for breakfast, when the young doctor came along and spoke to my brother and sister, at the front door. I supposed it was about work; but they jumped up and down, and shouted, and sang, and then told me I was free. I thought that very nice; for I supposed I should have everything like the doctor, and decided in a moment what kind of a horse I would ride. We remained on the plantation till 1865. My brother went to market,





BENJAMIN M. HOLMES.

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and found out where my eldest sister lived; and one day we told master we were going to Nashville, and started off. At my sister's I learned my letters. I remember how hard work it was—harder than picking out my Latin lessons this summer. I worked at levelling breastworks for a while, then made the acquaintance of some soldiers, thinking I might get a chance to beat the drum, which had long been the height of my ambition. A surgeon wanted a boy, and I remained with him three weeks, till he was mustered out. I was then recommended to Mrs. Cravath, at the Fisk University. I remained at the University, working and studying as I could, till we started on our trip North."

Here Miss Catherine brought in some nice early apples; and we began to talk about the various ways in which the slaves formerly gained a knowledge of books and numbers, and

BENJAMIN M. HOLMES was requested to relate his experience in this respect.

"I was born," he said, "on the 25th of September, 1846, or 1848, at Charleston, S. C. My father taught me my letters. In 1853 I was bound as an apprentice to Mr. Weston, a colored tailor. I was so small then I could hardly see over the bench. I studied all the signs and all the names on the doors

where I carried bundles, and asked people to tell me a word or two at a time; till, in 1860, I found I could read the papers. My mother told me if I would learn to write she would give me a gold dollar. A part of my duty was to sweep the store in the morning, and I took some time to look in the measuring books to see how the writing letters were made. In this way I learned to write. On Sundays, in 1860, the men in the store hired me to read the New York Tribune or Herald. I did not care much for the news myself; only the better the news the more they paid me. In 1862 the Yankees were near Charleston, and our owners wished to take us to the country. As we were not inclined to go, we were privately sold to a trader. During the day we were kept in the slave mart, ready to be examined, and were fed upon cow's head, boiled grits, and rice; at night we were locked up. I read the papers to the keeper, and in consideration for that he would give me permission to go down on the wharf in the morning, and I never failed to look for the Yankee boats. I read Lincoln's Proclamation in the prison. Such rejoicing as there was then! One old man held a prayer meeting right there in the mart. I was finally sold to Mr. Kaylor, who gave me five dollars, told me to go and bid my mother good by, and meet him at the depot; but the trader would not allow me to leave the pen. The next day Mr. Kaylor took

me out himself, granted me a few hours with my friends, and then sent me on to Chattanooga. Here he first hired me out at a hotel, and then took me into his own store. He seemed to have great confidence in me, for he often said, 'I'd trust any part of my business to Ben.' In 1863 he and all his clerks were conscripted, and I ran the store myself for a day and a half, when he and one clerk were exempted. I remained here till December, 1863. Then the Yankees came into Chattanooga, and pressed many of the colored people into their service. We were determined to have an interview with the Yankees, and so slid away quietly, and were pressed into service with the others. I engaged myself as servant to Jefferson C. Davis, of the 14th Army Corps, and continued with him until March, 1864. Then Mr. Kaylor offered me thirty dollars a month to return into his service,—I was receiving but ten at the time,—and he placed me in his store at Nashville. My next experiment was as clerk to a colored barber, at sixty dollars a month. I had learned to make change, though hardly know how the knowledge had come. I was in this place two years, and thinking all the time about going to school; but when I mentioned it to my employer, he promised to take me in as partner if I would remain a year longer. He died shortly after; but, before his death, sold out to me in a deed of trust, to pay certain debts. He

made me administrator, — the first colored administrator in the State of Tennessee. Our expenses had been four thousand a year, our rent one thousand; there was a mortgage on furniture and fixings, and the estate proved insolvent. I came out three hundred dollars in debt, and quit the business. In 1868 I went to Fisk University; was then in Ray's First Part, in arithmetic; in two months' time I was promoted to the High School. I taught school a little, while a slave, but first for the state in 1869. This was in Davidson County. I averaged sixty-eight scholars, and had the promise of thirty dollars a month; but a hundred and fifty dollars are still due me from that county. In the fifteenth district I averaged over forty scholars. Here, a shot came into the room one day, while I was hearing a class, but the source was never ascertained. I returned to Fisk University, studied history, Latin, practice of teaching, and analysis. At this time I joined the church connected with the school, and was appointed deacon. My next school was about eight miles from Nashville. I usually walked home on Friday evening to attend the literary society connected with the University, worked at my tailor's trade on Saturday, making from one to three dollars a day, and returned on Saturday night or Sabbath morning, in season to conduct my Sunday school; and felt that I lacked neither work nor "exercise."







JENNIE JACKSON.

Photographed by BLACK.

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It was now JENNIE JACKSON'S turn to tell her story, and she began :—

“I was born in Kingston, Tenn. My grandfather was the slave and body servant of General Jackson. My mistress's mother set all her slaves free at her death, before my birth; so I was born free. I came to Nashville when three years old, with my mother, and lived with her till twelve or thirteen, when I was hired as nurse girl, at four dollars a month. I had one invalid sister at home, a sister and brother hired out at small wages. This helped my mother pay her rent, and live in the yard with white people for protection. We lived in this way till my sister died, in 1863, when my mother took me home to help in washing and ironing. We followed this business for some time; then mother went as nurse, and I as house girl at eight dollars a month. I saved my money, hoping *some time* to go to school. My brother was receiving good wages, and helped me, so I did not pay much for clothing. I remained two years and then went home. My first experience of school life began at this time. My mornings were spent at the wash-tub, and the afternoons in learning my letters; got so I could read in Easy Readings, then stopped, and did not return to school again till 1866, when I began at Fisk School. At that time my mother's health was poor; and when our money gave out, I would stop and earn more; so I did not

progress very fast. After a time my mother and brother were able to keep me in school a year: in the vacations I took in washing. When school began in the fall, I entered; but the price of tuition was raised soon after, and I feared I should have to leave; but Mr. White hired me to wait upon his family, so I remained. My mother was sick two years, and I had not much opportunity to go to school. I first began singing at Fisk School, and can remember how anxious I used to be to do well, and in my zeal often forgot where I was, when my teacher would say, 'That little girl who sings so loud is making discords.' The first piece I sang in public was 'Guard of land and sea.'"

The doctor then asked Jennie to sing "Old Folks at Home," and when she finished, MINNIE TATE went on with the narrative.

"I was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1857. My parents were free. My mother was born in Mississippi, and when quite young her master died; but not till he had given free papers to my grandmother and some of her children. She at once determined to move to Ohio, where she hoped to enjoy her freedom. Taking all the worldly possessions they were able to carry in budgets on their heads, they started on foot, hardly realizing how far it was to free Ohio. They often had to rest on the way, and sometimes



MINNIE TATE.

Photographed by BLACK.

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MAGGIE PORTER.

Photographed by BLACK.

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stopped for months in a place to earn money enough to make it safe for them to proceed. At last they reached a German settlement in Tennessee. Here they were so well received and kindly treated that they decided to remain, well content to end their journey. My mother was sent to school with the white children, and really did not know but she was of as much account as any little girl. She learned to read very well, — studying geography, arithmetic, &c.

“Some years later she went to Nashville, and was married. She soon began to turn her learning to some account by teaching other colored people. She taught all her children, and I can well remember my first lessons in our little home in Nashville. I have always been to school; but cannot think of any incidents in my own life that can be of particular interest to others.”

Some of the singers were not able to be present that evening; and as Minnie closed, it was suggested that a former teacher at Nashville, who was in the company, be requested to relate the facts in their history, as she remembered hearing them from themselves or others; and she commenced with Maggie.

“MAGGIE PORTER was born February 24, 1853, at Lebanon, Tenn. Her master was Mr. Henry Fra-

zier, who owned some two hundred slaves. Her mother was house servant, and Maggie knew but little harshness in her early days. She was kept at the house, and played with 'Massa Henry.' Shortly before the war Mr. Frazier moved to Nashville, taking his servants with him. 'The Yankees are coming,' was a dreaded sound then, in that region. When such an echo reached the capital of Tennessee, it startled the white people on their way to church, who at once set their faces homeward, packed their goods, and started for Mississippi. Mr. Frazier took with him Maggie's father and sisters, but left her with her mother, who had charge of the house. The fugitives returned after a brief sojourn. Shortly after the Proclamation her mother was refused the wages she had demanded, and she therefore hired out in another family.

"In 1865, when Maggie was just twelve years old, she entered school, and went for one month to Daniel Watkins, a free colored man; then to Mr. McKee, in the colored Baptist church. In January, 1866, Fisk School was opened, and Maggie was one of the three hundred pupils who gathered, the very first week, in the old hospital barracks. A strange and sudden change was this in Nashville. In 1865 sick and dying soldiers lying all through these wards; in 1866, from three to six hundred colored people, men and women, boys and girls, earnestly picking out their lessons!

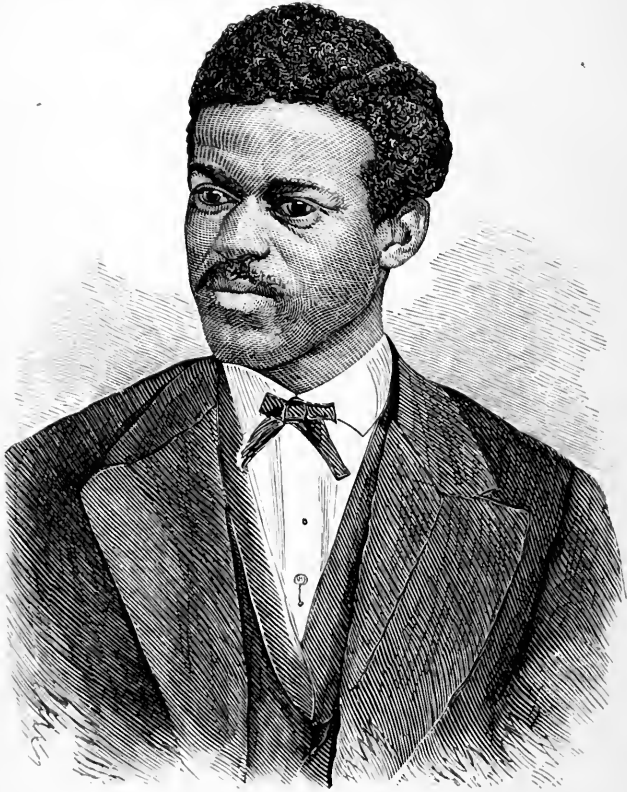
“For two years Maggie was constantly in school. Then there came a call from the Board of Education for teachers for the country colored schools. Professor Ogden, Superintendent of Fisk School, read this call to his pupils; and Maggie was one of the first to offer her services. She was examined by the commissioners, received a second grade certificate, and appointed to the school at Bellevue, seventeen miles from Nashville. She was then fifteen years old. Her school commenced in the fall, averaged thirty-five scholars, and she received thirty-five dollars a month.

“There was much opposition to colored schools in that region; but she experienced no special difficulty until Christmas time. Then her friends, knowing what a time of excess Christmas week often proves in the South, and fearing violence, thought it best for her to be away, and she spent the vacation with her mother in Nashville. Returning the first Monday of the new year to re-open her school, she found her building a heap of ashes on the ground! No definite clew to the incendiaries could ever be obtained, but probably the house was burned by the Ku-klux, as the surest way of ridding themselves of a colored school. The school was then moved five miles to another station; but to such a region of violence that Maggie did not return. Her second school was at Mount View, twelve miles on the Chat-

tanooga road. Here she taught in a rough log building, having a rock chimney and broad fireplace; one long window without any sash, but with a board blind; and benches that were simply logs split open and supported by sticks. Her school numbered forty-two pupils, and she taught two full terms; but was suddenly brought to a stop in the middle of the third, by a lack of funds in the treasury. The funds in the treasury in some Southern States have not always been found adequate to the payment of the colored teachers, and many of our normal students have suffered severely from the delay, or non-payment of promised wages.

“Not disheartened, she at once made another trial. Her third school was a private Baptist school, in Murfreesboro’, and she taught from October to February, when the numbers became small, and the trustees could not longer support it. At this time the students at Fisk University were learning the Cantata of Esther for a concert; and Mr. White, knowing her natural musical powers, sent her the part of Queen Esther to learn by herself. But as she had given up her school, she returned to Nashville, and practiced with the class. She performed, in Masonic Hall, in Nashville, the part of Queen Esther, with almost strange credit to herself, and to the wonderful delight of the people. She remained during the summer at the University for musical drill





ISAAC P. DICKERSON.

Photographed by BLACK.

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with the class, and in the autumn left Nashville with the other Jubilee Singers on their adventurous singing tour."

"ISAAC DICKERSON was born at Wytheville, Va., July 15, 1850. His father and mother were both slaves. He can just remember when his father was sold to a Richmond slave-trader. His mother died when he was about five years old. He always speaks very pleasantly of his owners. He worked in the house until the war broke out. His master was Captain J. F. Kent, who, at the very commencement of the war, was at Harper's Ferry. Shortly after, his master was appointed colonel of the Home Guards, and Isaac was with him in the camp. They were in several fights, when the Yankees came in — one at Wytheville, one at Marion, and two at King's Saltworks. At Wytheville they took the village and captured the men. His master made his escape on a swift horse; but Isaac, with the rest of the captives, was marched some seventy-five miles, and then paroled. He promised to remain with a Yankee officer as servant; but when he saw his master's friends returning, his heart failed him, and he hastened after. Two weeks after the war his master told him he was free, and for three weeks he wandered about trying to find work, and finally was engaged as table waiter at Colonel Boyd's hotel. Here he received ten dollars a month, and after

saving up a little sum, went to Chattanooga. He worked first in a hotel and then in a Jew's store. In this store his employer's little son taught him his letters. He made the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Tade, Superintendent of the A. M. A. school in Chattanooga. This gentleman hired him to cook for the mission family, and allowed him to attend school certain hours. One winter he spent as waiter at Lookout Mountain Institute. For six months he taught school in Wauhatchie, Tenn. This was in the region where colored teachers were not in special favor with the white people; and I have heard it reported that Dickerson himself had sundry warnings written upon the trees for him, and notes to quit brought him by the children, as well as some other forcible invitations to leave. He remained, however, till the end of the term. His experience may have been worth something to him, but his purse was not much the heavier for his six months' work; for I cannot learn that he ever received any wages, though promised twenty-five dollars a month. Then he came to Fisk University. Having no money to start with, he had a hard struggle to pay his way; and one of his principal studies at the school had to be economy. He was noted, from his first entrance into school, for his fondness for music, and in the Cantata of Esther he sang the part of 'Hamam.' During the last year of his stay at the University, he manifested much interest in religious mat-







GREENE EVANS.

Photographed by BLACK.

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ters, and conducted two prayer meetings a week in little cabins not far from the school."

"GREENE EVANS was born in Fayette County, Tenn., September 19, 1848. His father belonged to the richest man in the county, who owned some fifty or sixty slaves. The family was a numerous one, there being twenty-three children, eight of whom only are now living. His master removed to Memphis, and remained there till three months before the capture of the city by the Union troops. That year both master and servants spent in travelling to escape Yankee rule, sometimes in the line and sometimes ahead. He and his brother were separated from the rest of the family for three years, being in Macon, Ga., and Selma, Ala. They were both young, and when they found the Yankee army was near Selma, were very much terrified. Packing their trunk, putting a rope around it, and bearing it between them by means of a long stick, they started on a tramp of thirty-eight miles. At the end of their route they found the dreaded Yankee army as near as at the beginning. Making the best of this misfortune, Greene very soon was gaining some knowledge of these Yankees, being in the very army as an officer's servant. He remained in connection with the army two years; and when the regiment was mustered out, in 1865, he went with one of the officers to Indianapolis, and waited in a restaurant at forty

dollars a month. Afterwards he was at the Bates Hotel, where he hired a man to teach him. In 1866 he returned to Memphis, found his father, mother, brother, and sisters. Here he was porter at the Memphis and Ohio Railroad depot until taken ill with small-pox. This confined him to his bed for six weeks. On his recovery he commenced attending night school, and shortly after left work, that he might have the greater advantage of day school.

“September 10, 1868, found him at Fisk University, with fifty dollars in money. He earned twenty-five dollars that session in extra work at the school in painting, hauling gravel, and sodding, and left at the close of the year forty-two dollars in debt. During vacation he taught school in Tennessee, near Mississippi. The school-house was in one state, and most of the scholars came from the other. He commenced with Sunday school in a bush arbor, with eighty-seven scholars. Monday found fifteen children at the school. He enrolled their names, and then, as they had to jump from sleeper to sleeper, was very glad to give place to some men with boards for flooring, and with his own hands to help lay the *very foundations* of his school. Then, as there were no seats, he sawed some blocks, placed these at proper intervals, and laid rough timber across. There was neither door nor window, yet the log building did not lack for ventilation, for a bird could fly through anywhere. After trying to teach the little ones to

balance themselves on this rude staging, and finding they *would* roll off notwithstanding his exertions, he determined to better the aspect and comfort of things if possible; so he begged a couple of mules, appointed a monitor over his school, and went into the woods to haul timber. After some delay it was sawed. Then drafting his large boys into the service, they split the boards to convenient length and size, carried out the stumps, put legs to the boards and backs to the seats. After waiting to the extent of his patience for more lumber, he concluded to haul again, this time for desks. These desks were of rude construction, but they answered the purpose after a fashion, and helped many of his pupils to make their pot-hooks and curves. He had a chair that had been lent him, but the woman, finding it difficult to get along without her only chair, came for it one day, and nothing was left for him but to make a substitute. By the time these improvements had been made it was growing cool, and the cracks must be stopped; then a window cut.

“Thus passed the first summer. He returned to Nashville, paid his indebtedness for the previous year, and went on with his studies another session. He was desired to take the same school the following year. This summer his building proved too small; and, after trying in vain to buy some timber, he finally borrowed some one evening while the owner was absent—the only apology for which must be

found in the fact that, during his days of slavery, he was not favorably situated for learning nice distinctions between thine and mine. On the appearance of the owner next morning he was propitiated, and the work went on. The school proved a great success, and he returned to Nashville for another year."

## CHAPTER V.

## NASHVILLE TO OBERLIN.

THE little gathering we had held at the doctor's for listening to the histories of the Jubilee Singers, as given in the last chapter, proved so interesting, that the company urged that the meetings be continued until I had related the story of their adventures from the start, on the 6th of October, till their return on the 1st of May, with \$20,000. Although I did not accompany them during the first three months of their campaign, yet it was easy for me, from the diaries that were kept and the connection I held with the company, to collect the facts, and arrange them for the evening gatherings.

The first evening I found the doctor's house filled to overflowing, and after the Singers had sung, "My Lord says there's room enough," and "Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?" I commenced:—

"As I said at the Monthly Concert, the Jubilee Singers had been advised by the Trustees of Fisk University to come North and earn money for the

institution. The idea was not a new one, but had been discussed for months, and even years, before the campaign. The obstacle in the way of such an enterprise was an empty treasury. To keep students at school for the necessary drill before starting out, and to clothe them, and pay their passage North, involved an expense of from one to two thousand dollars. The University could not advance the money, as it had none. The American Missionary Association did not feel at liberty to use the contributions of the people for missionary work in support of an untried enterprise, that might fail in meeting the expenses of the adventure, or the approbation of its friends. These circumstances were explained to Professor White. His class, however, had received much of the proposed training for the concerts; and, declining the offer of a business man of his acquaintance to go in company with him on a concert tour for their mutual profit,—with the assertion that the Singers must promote missionary work, and advertise the American Missionary Association, if they gave concerts at all,—Mr. White took the risk himself, and started for Cincinnati, purposing to give a series of concerts as an experiment. He inferred if the Association should come to believe that the impressions made by the Singers would lead to more liberal giving by the churches, and money be secured for Fisk University, the officers would use them under its auspices, and a great good be accomplished.



With these convictions, he started from Nashville on the 6th of October, expecting to return after a few weeks or months at the most. The company numbered thirteen in all, — Professor White, Miss Wells, for some years Principal of a school for Freedmen at Athens, Ala., and eleven colored students.

“On reaching the depot, though holding first-class tickets, they were shown into a caboose car, or, as one of them styled it, a ‘chicken box;’ and in this they rode through the day, reaching Cincinnati in the evening. Here they found lodging in a colored boarding-house; and, the next day, Saturday, visited the Exposition, which, at the time, was attracting a large number of visitors. On reaching the musical department, Professor White requested Miss Sheppard to play Annie Laurie, with variations upon the piano. Almost at once a crowd gathered, and exclamations were heard on all sides, ‘Only see! she’s a nigger.’ ‘Do you see that?’ ‘Do you hear that? Why, she’s a nigger.’ On being invited to sing, the troupe gave ‘Star-spangled Banner,’ with ‘Red, White, and Blue.’ ‘Away to the Meadows,’ and other favorites, every note seeming to increase the crowd, till it became so great one could scarcely tell where it commenced. Wherever the Singers moved the crowd followed, with an admiration entirely new to these people, who, for many years, had no rights a white man was bound to respect.

“ On Saturday evening, Rev. Mr. Moore and Rev. Mr. Halley met Mr. White at a church lecture-room, to listen to a few pieces of music, with reference to Sabbath services; and were so pleased, that they decided at once to hold praise meetings the next day, to afford the people opportunity to listen to their songs. The success of these praise meetings can be gathered by the following extract from a Cincinnati paper:—

“ A vast crowd filled the church to overflowing, and was entertained and benefited by music conducted by ten students from Fisk University, Nashville. The music was strictly devotional, and was preceded by a prayer from the pastor of the church, the Rev. E. Halley, and accompanied by explanatory remarks by him and Professor White. The opening piece was entitled, “Children, you’ll be called on to march in the field of battle.” It was a deep, pathetic incentive to Christian exertion. Next came “Broken-hearted, weep no more.” The hymn which followed was the masterpiece of the evening; rough in language, it was richly melodious, and showed that analogy between the feeling of the slaves at the South and that of the captive Israelites, upon which Mrs. Stowe has dwelt so much in her *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. It began with “Go down, Moses.” Then came “Singing for Jesus,” “My Lord says there’s room enough;” “O, redeemed, redeemed, I’m washed in the blood of the Lamb,” was

sung beautifully by the rich, clear voices. What might be done with such voices, subjected to early, thorough, and skilful culture, the singing of last night afforded a faint intimation. The unaffected, simple fervor, breathing forth the soul, were remarkable and touching qualities of the performance.'

"This was written after the success. Saturday evening Rev. H. D. Moore visited the office of a city paper, told the Bohemians of the wonderful impression made by the students, and asked that notice be given in the paper that they would sing at his church the next morning. The following item appeared:—

“A band of negro minstrels will sing in the Vine Street Congregational Church this morning. They are genuine negroes, and call themselves “Colored Christian Singers.””

“But no matter how the crowd was called, when once under the magnetism of their music, prejudice melted away, and praise of their performance was upon every tongue. On Monday evening a free concert was given, and a collection taken at its close. A large company was in attendance, but the contribution was small. On Tuesday the company rested, visited among acquaintances, and received calls. Rev. H. D. Moore gave Miss Sheppard the following original hymn:—

“‘MAN’S HEART.

“‘Man’s heart, ’tis said, is like a harp,  
 With many and many a string,  
 That from its chords the master hand  
 Of Time doth music bring ;  
 A strange life harp, indeed, it is —  
 We’re laughing now, now weeping, —  
 Tears, smiles,  
 This harp beguiles,  
 Just as the hand is sweeping.

“‘Is it wrong to call our life a song?  
 Some songs there are of sadness ;  
 Too many give a sigh for grief,  
 And sing a song for gladness.  
 I’d have my harp strings wet with tears  
 Sometimes, and sing of sorrow, —  
 The darkest day,  
 Will turn away,  
 And gladness comes to-morrow.’

“On Wednesday the troupe went to Columbia, and gave a concert in Rev. Mr. Jones’s church, where they were encouraged by an appreciative audience.

“Thursday they proceeded to Chillicothe. At this place a new feature of their mission presented itself. Professor White called at one of the principal hotels

for entertainment, but was refused. He applied to another, but was refused again. At last he called at the American Hotel, and was admitted, the landlord giving up his bedroom to them to be used for a parlor, and allowing them to sit at table before it was time for others to come in. This experience in securing accommodations revealed forcibly a work to be done for the colored people. Our nation, before it can honestly claim to be the land of the free, where all are accorded equal rights, must see to it that public conveyances and places for entertainment, holding licences for doing business, and entitling themselves to protection by law, make no distinction whatever on account of race or color. Until that is settled, we must sit with a sear of the dark ages upon us. When a very popular company of Singers are refused accommodations because their skin is dark, the enormity is put in capitals, and the community rebels against it; and public sentiment becomes deepened in fixed principles, that are foundations for reformatory actions. At Chilli-cothe the Singers were honored by the privilege of promoting right sentiments concerning this specious misdemeanor.

“It will be remembered that the great Chicago fire had occurred a little previous to this time, and that the whole country was agitated by the calamity, giving their thoughts and attention largely to measures concerning it. Contributions of every variety

were gathered, and sent on from every direction. A company of children, therefore, with a new enterprise, however worthy, had but little hope of turning public attention to themselves; and this embarrassed them exceedingly for the first weeks of their campaign. It is a notable fact that the first paid concert they gave was in the interest of the Chicago sufferers. They were heavily in debt for outfit, scantily clothed, being almost literally without scrip or shoes, yet, like disciples of a remoter generation, in their journeyings they labored first for others. This concert for Chicago did not prove very profitable, however, as the receipts amounted to but little over forty dollars. The people of Chillicothe were much gratified with the entertainment, and, without the knowledge of the Singers, printed the following card, which was signed by the mayor and a large number of the citizens, and distributed all over the city:—

“TO THE CITIZENS OF CHILLICOTHE:

“The undersigned respectfully call your attention to the Concert of the Colored Students of Fisk University, to be given to-night; and earnestly hope you will give them an overflowing house.

“Those of us who were so fortunate as to attend their entertainment last evening, take pleasure in saying that we were delighted with the music and recitations.

“ ‘Aside from the commendable object for which these concerts are given, the entertainments are most worthy of a liberal patronage by reason of their excellence.

“ ‘In this connection, we tender our thanks to these young colored people for their liberality in giving the proceeds of last evening’s concert to our relief fund for the Chicago sufferers.’

“ A second concert was given with so much satisfaction to the public, that Professor White was urged to remain one more night, that a still greater number might have the pleasure of listening to the music. Saturday night the party returned to Cincinnati, to fill engagements for the Sabbath. On Sabbath evening, October 15, the Vine Street Church was densely crowded, though the night was rainy, to welcome again the student Singers. The fine choir of the Cathedral was present in a body, and sang the ‘Gloria,’ to the delight of the colored band. It was hoped that the interest manifested in the series of praise services held in Cincinnati, inasmuch as they were attended with increasing enthusiasm, regardless of weather, would insure a large attendance on Tuesday evening at Mozart Hall, where they were to give their first regular concert in the city with an admission fee. But they were doomed to disappointment. The income was barely sufficient to pay expenses.

A point was made, however. 'It was,' said one of the journals, 'probably the first concert ever given by a colored troupe in this temple, which has resounded with the notes of the best vocalists of the land. The sweetness of the voices, the accuracy of the execution, and the precision of the time, carried the mind back to the early concerts of the Hutchinsons, the Gibsons, and other famous families, who, years ago, delighted audiences, and taught them with sentiment while they pleased them with melody.' 'The performances were indeed very meritorious, and the singing, particularly of little Minnie Tate, was worthy of no ordinary commendation.' It was at this concert Mr. Dickerson made his first appearance in the Temperance Medley. He is described as standing out in front of the others, with a long rusty coat and mutton-legged pants, by far too short for him, with low-quartered shoes. The whole class were said to have been trembling for him, while his knees knocked together like chattering teeth, but, under his magnetism, the audience seemed to lose their identity, and swayed to and fro like trees in a tempest. Jennie Jackson, also, came in for a share of applause while singing 'Loving heart, trust on,' and as an encore, 'Old Folks at Home.' When the piano introduction announced this famous Southern melody, there was a murmur of applause, which was suppressed at the time, to break forth at the close of the perform-



ance; and, if the newspaper reports are reliable, the most of her auditors 'were as well satisfied to hear this simple melody from the lips of one of the race for which it was written, and who needed none of the arts of the stage to weave about it charms to captivate, as they were to listen to it from the most distinguished vocalist of the times.

"On the 19th they journeyed to Springfield, Ohio, to fill an appointment they had made at Black's Opera House. On their arrival at the hall, they found but a handful of people, — less than twenty, — and, with aching hearts, they announced that they would postpone the entertainment till the next evening.

"On Friday morning Mr. White visited the Synod of the Presbyterian church, which was at that time in session, and stated the object of his mission North, indicating that he would be pleased to have that body hear his students sing. He was told that the business committee would act upon the suggestion and report; which they did accordingly, and the Singers were invited to appear and sing a half hour; but so great was the interest manifested by the clergy present, it was a full hour before the Synod would excuse them.

"No songs stirred the hearts of the divines like those embodying the histories of ancient Israel. 'Go down, Moses; Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go,' was a special favorite, and 'Turn back Pharaoh's army'

awakened so much enthusiasm, the audience are said to have 'testified their delight in a vociferous, heart-felt, and decidedly unclerical manner, with hands, feet, and voices.'

"However unclerical their applause may have been, they with one accord did a *very clerical thing* in taking up a collection, amounting to \$105, and passing the following resolution, which indicates, even better than the collection, the great good God is privileging these representative Africans to perform for their race.

"*Resolved.* That the singing of the songs of Zion by the students of Fisk University has profoundly stirred our hearts, and awakened anew our sympathy for the freed people of the South. We heartily commend Professor George L. White and his company to the favor of the Christian community, and feel assured that their appearance before the public will tend greatly to increase the interest that is felt in the religious education of the millions of our fallen countrymen, who, by the wondrous providence of God, have so recently been released from the fetters of bondage.

"One of the brethren, with tears in his eyes, arose to relate a little incident in his own experience. When he went to the battle of the Wilderness, after having lost two sons, he passed a slave cabin where colored people were praying for the success of the army, and singing some of their songs of faith; and the in-

fluence of their devotions so softened his own heart, he had from that day felt a peace and resignation that had been to him a lasting consolation.

“A concert was given on the evening of that day, but a large Sunday school meeting drew the most of the people who might otherwise have been present.

“On the Sabbath, by invitation of a committee from a colored church, they attended worship to sing, and receive a collection that was promised; but no opportunity was granted them to sing until the usual church services were over, when the clergyman announced that the usual contribution would be taken, after which some students from Fisk University would sing, and another collection be taken for their benefit. Upon this announcement, Mr. White and the Singers withdrew.

“During these days of experiment and trial, Mr. White was obliged to perform the part of advance agent, to arrange for coming concerts, musical director, to determine what should be sung, and how, also as porter, ticket seller, advertising agent, and all. Those familiar with enterprises of the kind understand that to do a profitable business, it is necessary to have a business manager, who lays out the routes, visits or corresponds with editors and public men, and arranges the general plan of the campaign. Then an advance agent goes forward and puts these plans in operation. A treasurer pays bills, sells or

takes tickets, and provides for details; while the musical director arranges programmes, drills the chorus, and answers the ten thousand inquiries of admiring friends. Then, when there are school girls in the company, and especially those not accustomed to appear in cultivated society on special occasions, a governess is needed to care for the general deportment and appearance of the company. Financial success is not achieved without an intelligent and experienced faculty, and a host of allies, who must be induced to co-operate at the right moment; otherwise ever so popular a company would fail to pay expenses. Mr. White had upon his hands the work of four men at least. On the 23d he started off as advance agent, leaving Miss Wells, the governess, and Miss Sheppard, pianist, to manage a concert at Yellow Springs, where they had made an appointment. The professors at Antioch College commended the enterprise to the students, and co-operated as well as they could in securing an instrument for the occasion. The concert was held in a colored Baptist church, which was promised free of expense. A goodly number were present within, and a large company of men and boys outside, hauging upon the windows. At the interval, Greene Evans, who was appointed, in Mr. White's absence, to explain the object of the mission, took upon himself the task of rebuking the outsiders — who were climbing up some

other way, instead of coming honestly in at the door, — much to the delight of his auditors.

“October 24th the band proceeded to Xenia, Ohio, to give a concert at City Hall. They were cordially welcomed by the faculty and students of Wilberforce University, and sang several songs in the chapel to the great delight of all parties. Bishop Paine made an address, and pronounced a benediction over them at their departure. The proceeds of the two concerts at this place amounted to eighty-four dollars, and the stimulus they gave to the young colored students at the institution made this visit one of much profit.

“Thomas Rutling, at this place, interested himself in watching some parties unloading corn, and did not observe the train that took the other singers on to Charleston; but as Miss Wells had been detained to complete some business, he found his destination in season to participate in a part of the forthcoming entertainment. At Charleston, Mr. Jones assisted Mr. White in working up a very successful concert for those early days of the campaign.

“The day had been rainy, but so poorly off for clothing were many of them, that Miss Sheppard had travelled about several hours with nothing but cloth slippers for her feet. A more poverty-stricken company were never out on such a noble mission, for, after paying hotel, printers', and hall bills, they were fortunate

if they had sufficient money to reach their next appointment. There were times when the combined faith of the whole party was needed every day to encourage them to move on; and if the prayers they said could be gathered up, and the hardships they experienced told, all would accord that, humanly speaking, they merited the success they afterwards attained.

“On arriving at London, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who had heard of their success before the Presbyterian Synod, gave Mr. White his hearty co-operation, and worked so energetically to secure a full attendance at the entertainment, that his friends began to jeer him respecting his negro minstrels; but at the close, so great was the pleasure of the people, he felt doubly repaid by the thanks of his friends who had attended at his suggestion.

“The Sabbath following was spent at Columbus, the chorus singing in the Congregational Church in place of the regular choir in the morning, and at Sabbath School Concert in the afternoon. This gathering was one of great interest. Rev. Horace Winslow, of Connecticut, a life-long friend of the slave and a former agent of the American Missionary Association, was present to see some results of his missionary labors, and to speak words of cheer to a new class of agents who had come to sing money from the pockets of the people.

“Rev. Mr. Munroe, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, was also

at the meeting, and in his remarks, spoke of the slave songs to which they had listened, as being like the wine that had been trodden from the grapes. They were like the blood of the bondmen, that had been crying unto heaven, till God came in retribution and love, and gave deliverance. No other such music had an existence upon earth, for never had there been circumstances favorable for the production of just such music. Professor John Ogden, the former principal of Fisk University, was also present; and after earnest remarks concerning the necessity of affording the freedmen opportunities for a higher intelligence, he invited the Singers to visit him and his Normal School at Worthington.

“At this place the company remained several days for rest, and to await arrangements that Mr. White might make for the future. Mrs. Ogden had given instruction in music to the students at Fisk University, and took great interest in their success before the public. A concert was given, and sixty dollars realized. Their next appointment was at Delaware, where they sang November 3d, at Williams’s Opera House, and visited the Wesleyan University. The newspapers in this place, as well as in many other places, spoke in high commendation of Master Georgie Wells, a lad of eight years, who occupied the intervals between the choruses, with recitations or songs. He was born of a slave mother, who died before he was two years

old. His father enlisted in the Union army, and lived but a few months. Georgie was left in the charge of a decrepit old woman, almost as helpless as himself. After the army had passed but little provision was to be had, even by the most enterprising. Hungry and nearly naked, this little fellow found his way into camp, and by singing and rollicking among the soldiers made himself a general favorite, and found abundant supply for his wants.

“After the withdrawal of the troops, he once more fell into the hands of those who did not appreciate his nature or care for his comfort. For two years he suffered neglect and hardship. His propensity for mischief developed very rapidly, and brought upon him increasing hardships and abuse. One day he was tied with a rope to a post in the garden, and told to watch the pigs; when, gnawing asunder the rope, he made his escape, and journeyed on the railroad till, tired out, he lay down to sleep. The next day he was picked up by an officer of the Freedmen’s Bureau, crying most piteously, and inquiring for Miss Wells.

“This lady, who was principal of the school of the American Missionary Association at Athens, Ala., had a reputation throughout that region of country, and the little fellow divined if he found her he would be protected; nor was he mistaken. Miss Wells received him to her house, washed, combed, and clothed him, and gave him a home such as he had never conceived



of before. When Mr. White left Nashville with the Singers he was in need of a governess, and Miss Wells' experience and success had been so great, he gladly availed himself of her services; and Georgie, who has been constantly under her care since he first found her, also joined the company. His ability in declamation and song, considering his age, was indeed wonderful. His rendering of the 'Hard-Shell Sermon,' 'Sheridan's Ride,' and 'The Smack in School,' was simply inimitable. The audience seemed never to have enough of it.

"The success of the Singers at Delaware was the greatest they had experienced, and they took fresh courage. They were entertained at a hotel, the proprietor of which, though a Democrat, gave them the pleasure of enjoying 'equal rights' for the first time at a hotel. They were allowed to sit at the same table with the white people, occupy the parlor, and exercise perfect freedom.

"It was Mr. White's plan to visit the Council of Congregational Churches, which was to meet at Oberlin on the 15th of November. He argued that if they could sing before that body, and become endorsed by it, he would at least have an apology for appearing at Congregational churches throughout the country, asking for assistance in his efforts to raise money. He proposed to go to Oberlin by the way of Cleveland, and had visited several of the pastors of that city to

arrange for Sabbath services in their churches. Here he was destined to embarrassment that became common all through the year. The pastors did not know how the thing would take; and although sympathizing with the work, and rendering it assistance by regular contributions, they were uncertain about the success of such an agency. But Mr. White was *certain*. He knew that the music carried the people into ecstasies of sympathy and pleasure. He was entirely sure if he could once get a hearing, all would thank him for bringing his students to their knowledge; and so it was, when pastors doubted and wrote discouraging letters, he pressed right on, undaunted, to victory. This faith in certain success, if he could but hold on, was all that saved the Singers' to the country for many weeks, when they were pinched by poverty, and hardly knew how they could secure their next day's meals and lodgings. By this time Fisk University began to feel his absence seriously, and the fact that he was earning no money sent no words of encouragement, and embarrassed them still more. With less faith on the part of the company, the enterprise would have been abandoned at once, and without doubt forever.

“From Delaware, the company went to Wellington, where they stopped at the American House. Three concerts were given at this place; the last at the earnest request of the citizens, but no great financial success was gained. On Saturday, the 11th,

the Singers reached Cleveland, where they sang at Dr. Goodrich's Church, First Presbyterian, and at a gathering of the Freedmen's Christian Association; also at Dr. Wolcott's Plymouth Congregational Church. In the clergymen just mentioned the Singers found warm and valuable friends.

“Dr. Goodrich wrote for the New York Evangelist a very comprehensive and able article, giving at that time expression to all the variety of appreciative and excellent remarks concerning the Singers, their songs, and the effect, that have been lavished upon them since they became so famous.

“The report of the Sabbath services in the Cleveland Herald gives voice to the feelings shared by a large majority of those who have listened to their songs: ‘We do not mean, of course, in a modern artistic sense, but we do say, no rendition we ever heard went deeper into the heart of an audience, or more perfectly conveyed the sentiments of the lines. The congregation sat as if spellbound till the last faint notes died away.’”

## CHAPTER VI.

## OBERLIN TO NEW YORK.

AT the last gathering held at the doctor's, it was felt that the sitting was too long, and not sufficiently enlivened by song or dialogue, so on the second evening, when we assembled to proceed with the narrative of the campaign, I promised to be brief, and to allow any questions or observations that might be wished. Mr. Thomas Rutling, by special request, sang "I'm a roving little darkie, all the way from Alabam," and so great was the applause, I feared the good people would not quiet down to allow us to proceed, but Aunt Catherine, who was eager for information, begged me to commence at once, and I went on as follows:—

"Mr. White believed if he could reach Oberlin, where the great Congregational Council was in session, he would make the acquaintance of so many New England men, and come to a knowledge of so large a number of the contributors to the American Missionary Association, that his way would be open for success.

On arriving at the Park House, he met with Rev. Dr. Healy, President of Straight University, who listened to several songs, and afterwards entered with all his heart into efforts to bring the singers before the Council. Rev. Dr. Wolcott, of Cleveland, also commended them to the notice of the delegates, and the Council took a recess in an afternoon's session, and listened to a few of their selections. So great was their delight, that I have heard it repeated by some, that nothing which transpired at the Council so interested them as the singing of these ex-slaves. A collection amounting to one hundred and thirty-one dollars was taken, and very many congratulatory and encouraging words spoken by one and another. The Singers appeared at an evening meeting in the first Congregational Church, where they received a most hearty welcome. Two of the secretaries of the American Missionary Association, under the auspices of which Fisk University was established, were present at this Council, and they agreed that it was advisable for Mr. White to work his way on to New York. As he needed sadly an advance agent, Mr. G. Stanley Pope, a member of the Oberlin Theological Seminary, and a former missionary of the American Missionary Association, was employed to serve for a few months.

“On November 17th Mr. White left, and gave a concert at Case Hall, in Cleveland.

“Although the Sabbath before the churches of this

city were crowded to hear the Singers, and the people delighted and generous in their gifts, yet the attendance upon the concert was small, and the receipts insufficient to pay expenses. Mr. White urged the people to use their influence to fill the house the next night, but when the evening came he found but a small audience present. Before the close of the entertainment, he explained to the people the benevolent designs of his mission, saying, he believed he was called of God to bring these students North to awaken an interest in behalf of their race; affirming that he had done all he could, that he expected God would open the way before him, and provide the means necessary to carry the enterprise forward. He then informed the people that he was not meeting expenses. The fact that it was Saturday night, and that he had barely money enough to pay for the hall, and not a dime for the boarding of the students till Monday, to say nothing of taking them to Columbus where they had an appointment, without doubt gave a *quality* to his remarks. Though God tries his children when leading them on his own missions, he never allows them to fail in accomplishing that whereunto he has sent them. On this evening Mr. E. Chadwick wrote his check for a hundred dollars on the back of a programme, and sent it to Mr. White. Another gentleman gave him twenty-five dollars, and two others made up fifteen more. On Sabbath evening the

students attended a mission meeting, and sang with great acceptance. Rev. Dr. Goodrich was present, and presented twenty-five dollars for Fisk University. These things gave courage to the little band, and they went on to Columbus rejoicing.

“ It is to be remembered that the movements of the Singers involved great expense. Case Hall at Cleveland rents for seventy-five dollars a night, and to thoroughly advertise a concert in such a city costs from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Add to this, hotel bills for thirteen people, at two dollars a day and it will be easy to understand what might become of presents amounting to one hundred and seventy dollars.

“ At Columbus the students had sung to delighted auditors on the Sabbath, two weeks before, and had advertised their proposed concert thoroughly; but, on reaching the Opera House, they found but few persons present. The income of the concert would not pay expenses. A second concert was given, but without financial success. There were appreciative friends in attendance, however, and the Singers were much pleased with a call from the governor's wife, and other ladies of the city. Rev. Mr. Bennett, with whose church at Nashville many of the students were connected, was present, and a prayer meeting was held, and the throne of grace besought, respecting what was to be done with the enterprise. Mr. Bennett was one

of the trustees of the University, and his advice was much desired on that account, as well as on account of his past great personal interest in the company. At the prayer meeting, it was felt, that notwithstanding they were becoming more and more embarrassed by debts, and frosts and snows found them with insufficient clothing, it was the will of the Lord they should go forward. It was here that, during an anxious and almost sleepless night, Mr. White decided to name his company 'THE JUBILEE SINGERS.'

"November 23d Mr. White reached Zanesville, and took lodging at a hotel. The six girls were put into a single room over a shed. In the middle of the room stood an old stove, sending out more smoke than heat. The bed clothing was so offensive, the young ladies rolled the most of it in a bundle, and placed it upon the porch, and slept wrapped in their water-proofs. The next day Dr. — called, and wished to hear some piano music. Mr. White opened a piano in the parlor, and requested Miss Sheppard to go in and play. The indignation of some of the young women belonging to the house was intense, and the language Miss Sheppard heard was quite mortifying, but she continued playing one piece after another, until even the woman who had been so much disgusted came and stood by her side, and desired her to play for her own entertainment. This circumstance gives in a nutshell an illustration of the work the Jubilee Singers were at



that time accomplishing. People came to despise, to ridicule, to wonder, but remained to admire, and to bury their foolish prejudices. At this place the Singers attended a prayer meeting, and sang to a crowded house. They also gave a concert; but the attendance was small, and had it not been for the opportune liberality of Mr. C. W. Potwin, who paid their hotel bill to the amount of twenty-seven dollars, they could not have met expenses. Their new agent, Mr. G. Stanley Pope, joined them before their departure, and they took fresh courage in the hope that more assistance would insure financial success.

“ Rev. Mr. Munroe, as it will be remembered, met the Singers on their first visit to Columbus, and was therefore prepared to give them a hearty welcome at Mount Vernon, on their arrival Saturday. Here Miss Sheppard fell sick, and the doctor advised that she return at once to Nashville; but Mr. White declined to act upon this advice, with a faith that seems almost stubborn, believing that God meant his company should move North, pianist and all. In a few days Miss Sheppard recovered sufficiently to resume her work.

“ On the Sabbath and on Monday all parties were gratified with success. The concert was fully attended, and the receipts encouraging. The place was, indeed, a Mount Vernon to them, amidst a wilderness of discouragements. Various plans were devised for filling the houses where they gave concerts on week days.

One of these was to give a free concert, and take a collection. This experiment, which had been tested before, was tried again at Mansfield, their next stopping-place. The result was, the house was crowded with noisy boys, who joined the Singers in some of their music, but were minus pennies when allowed to participate in giving a contribution ; so but very little money was received. The next night an admission fee was asked, but scarcely any one was present ; and had it not been that some one proposed a collection, Mr. White would have been unable to settle up and purchase tickets to meet his next appointment. Thanksgiving Day was at hand ; there was sufficient money in the treasury to purchase tickets to Akron, so they went on to that place. Here they were treated with consideration at the hotel, and given a Thanksgiving supper that did credit to the originators of that memorable festival. That evening they sang in the Congregational Church, and took about twenty dollars. By request they gave a matinee the next afternoon, and a concert in the evening. Here Mr. Rutling attempted, by himself, a song, with an accompaniment upon the piano. In his fright, he played in one key and sang in another, — an experiment he found unsuccessful. As Mr. White was not in the habit of turning back in those days, he started Rutling again, and still again, till he made a success, and received a hearty encore.

“Meadville, Penn., next received the company.

They were welcomed by the Methodists, who gave them the use of their church free. The Sabbath services were full of interest, and the concert Monday night a moderate financial success.

“ Winter had by this time set in. Two of the young men had no overcoats, and being unaccustomed to the cold of our northern latitudes, were really suffering. By borrowing five dollars that had been given to Minnie Tate, Mr. White was able to collect twenty-four dollars, with which he purchased two overcoats. Previous to this Professor Ogden had given a coat to one of the young men, and the other had supplied himself before leaving Nashville. Miss Wells had bestowed upon Miss Sheppard a warm garment, which served as a cloak; and Jennie Jackson was fitted out comfortably at least; but the style of the clothing was such, that it was quite common at that time for people to ask Miss Sheppard if Minnie Tate was not her daughter, — Miss Sheppard being twenty and Minnie fourteen; and Jennie Jackson, who was but nineteen, was taken to be the mother of Eliza Walker, who was fourteen.

“ From Meadville, they went on to Jamestown, where Rev. Mr. Anderson, formerly Colonel Anderson, had arranged for a praise meeting at the Congregational Church. The night was very boisterous, the snow blocking the streets and impeding travel, yet the house was well filled. An old gentleman in the audience wished the privilege of remarking, that on many a

stormy night like that they were experiencing he had taken his team and carried children like these across the Jordan into Canada; and now he thanked God that it was not left for him to carry these Singers out of the country that night because of the crime of slavery. A day of better things had come, and it rejoiced his heart to hear such songs of jubilee.

“On the next evening a concert was given, and although the storm was still very severe, a goodly number were out, and great interest manifested. Rev. Mr. Jones gave Mr. White fifty-five dollars for the University. By the urgent request of the people, the Singers agreed to remain one day longer than they had intended, and gave a second concert, which, considering the weather, was quite successful. By this time Mr. White had sufficient money for tickets to New York city.

“On Friday, at 4 P. M., he took cars for Elmira; arrived about midnight; applied at a first-class hotel for lodging, but was refused. He went on, however, from one hotel to another, begging to have his students sheltered until he found his advance agent, who had previously completed arrangements for board.

“It was arranged that a praise meeting should be given in the first Presbyterian Church on Sabbath afternoon, and so announced in the papers; but some members of the society objected, as is supposed, on account of the color of the students. Efforts were made to give

up the meeting, but, on the assurance of Mr. Pope, that if the public were notified that the meeting was abandoned, the reasons for its abandonment should also be given, and the church allowed to shoulder the responsibility, it was concluded best to suffer the meeting to take place. It is needless to say the praise service was successful beyond all expectation. On Sabbath evening the Singers sang a few selections at Rev. T. K. Beecher's service at the Opera House, and it was announced that they would give a concert at his church the next night. The concert was a great success every way. A visit was paid to the Elmira Female College on Tuesday, and a collection given. Rev. Mr. Beecher wrote a letter to his brother, Henry Ward, commending the Singers to his consideration. The city papers were lavish in their praises, and success seemed coming at last. It was planned to hold a praise meeting Tuesday evening at Owego, a concert on Wednesday, and then proceed to Binghamton on Thursday, where Rev. Dr. Taylor was devoting his energies to insure them the most glorious welcome they had ever received. The praise meeting at Owego was acceptable, but the concert no financial success. Mr. White had by this time relieved himself somewhat of the financial affairs of the campaign, turning over the management to Mr. Pope. The latter had apprised Mr. White of the fact that Dr. Taylor expected him on Thursday night at Binghamton, but starting to fill

the engagement, he received a telegram from New York to come direct to that city, and telegraphed forward to know what it meant. No answer came, although he had asked that the conductor on his train be informed. On reaching Binghamton, he looked eagerly for some message or information respecting the change; but no tidings came, and no clue could be gotten to the state of affairs. Under such circumstances, he felt he could only follow instructions from his business manager, and moved on. It was found that a mistake was made in dating the telegram in New York, and that Mr. White was asked to come on a day sooner than was intended; and that telegrams sent subsequently failed to reach him. This mistake was exceedingly mortifying, especially as Dr. Taylor had spared no pains to provide an audience, not only of the citizens of Binghamton, but also from the surrounding towns. No one was censurable, only so far as it is blameworthy to give a wrong date.

“On reaching New York it was late at night, and no accommodations had been secured. Some one told Mr. White that up Chambers Street he would find the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and he marched his company directly there and asked for lodgings. These were given them without demur; but in the morning he was told that his Singers could not take breakfast in the dining-room, and double price must be paid if meals were taken to rooms. Mr. White called the proprietor,

and after explaining his mission, that gentleman allowed the company to enter the dining-room; and when the bill was settled, made a handsome deduction from the prices usually charged.

“The long-expected haven was now reached, and the Jubilee Singers believed a brighter future awaited them. To be sure they were never so heavily in debt, or so far from home; but they were at the head-quarters of the American Missionary Association, which had established so many schools and churches for their race, and which would surely give them a welcome, and use its vast influence to insure them success. As no good hotel accommodations were to be had at reasonable rates, three of the officers of the American Missionary Association, who lived in houses joining each other in Brooklyn, took them into their families, where they found rest and a home during the time spent in New York.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## TURNING TIDE. — AT NEW YORK.

SO much were the friends at the doctor's interested in the history of the campaign for twenty thousand dollars, that they wished me to hold my next meeting at the Town Hall, and afford all the villagers opportunity to hear half a dozen songs, and as much of the narrative as I might be pleased to give in an evening. To this I gladly consented, as but little of public interest broke the monotony of the quiet summer we were spending. And, again, I believed that by imparting a wholesome pleasure to the people, we should be imitating Him who is planning eternal pleasures for those who love Him.

The meeting, as might be supposed, was a species of concert. We had two opening songs, and when I spoke of some concert in the narrative, at which a particular piece was especially popular, I would ask the students to sing it. I had been asked previously to explain why a better attendance at concerts was secured after reaching New York than before, when circumstances did not promise it; and so I



commenced by giving an explanation of my own opinion regarding this question.

John B. Gough is said by some critics to owe his wonderful success largely to the fact that he is an "Evangelical comedian," and people who dare not patronize the theatre, and do not know what acting is, go and laugh safely at his lectures. Although this criticism is unjust, it suggests to me that there may be such a thing as supplying a wholesome demand for entertainment to a class of persons who have too much principle or taste to accept the popular entertainments that come within reach. When any desirable, enjoyable, and profitable concert, lecture, or amusement presents itself, it is only necessary to convince the better class of people that the performance is praiseworthy and entertaining, and that it is altogether respectable, to assure a large attendance. Good people understood full well that the singing of the Fisk students was sufficiently enjoyable before they reached New York; but did the large class of Christians, who would scarcely patronize negro concerts, deem it respectable to attend those of the Jubilee Singers? Was there not so much odium attached to negro concerts, as represented in burnt cork minstrels, that people of taste and character did not think it becoming to rush in crowds to a paid concert given by negroes? And again, may there not have been a prejudice that led

people to be uncertain whether or not they were in their senses if they found themselves ready to pay liberally to hear a few songs from a class of poorly clad untutored colored students? The fact that immense crowds flocked to hear them when they appeared at a prayer meeting or Sunday service, where a person could attend a religious meeting and not a negro concert, leads me to this conclusion. The first thing done after the arrival of the Singers at New York was to make it *popular* to attend their concerts. In stating how this was done, I shall deviate from my former method, and follow the order of interesting events.

A few days before their arrival, Rev. George Whipple, Senior Secretary of the American Missionary Association, called on Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and proposed that he should allow the students to appear at his Friday evening prayer meeting, and render a few of their peculiar slave songs. Mr. Beecher had previously heard of them through his brother, who had written from Elmira, and the Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Jamestown. He was ready, therefore, to accept the assurance of Mr. Whipple that their singing would be acceptable, and to promise them a welcome. On the evening of their arrival in Brooklyn the Singers made their appearance at the prayer meeting, occupying seats near the platform. After the regular service, Mr. Beecher announced that he had

a rare treat for his people and introduced the Jubilee Singers.

I remember well their appearance on this occasion, as it was the first time I had heard them. A motley group! The girls, dressed in water-proofs, and clothed about the neck with long woollen comforters to protect their throats, stood in a row in front. The young men occupied positions closely in the rear, the class standing solid, as they term it, in order to secure the most perfect harmony. Mr. White remarked that the students were cast down by the news of the approaching death of Miss Phebe Anderson's father, and her departure that day for home. (Miss Anderson was the daughter of a colored preacher, and had been with the students through all their trials.) The first hymn they sang was, "O, how I love Jesus!" and I shall never forget the rich tones of the young men as they mingled their voices in a melody so beautiful and touching I scarcely knew whether I was "in the body or out of the body." So abiding was the impression it made upon my mind, I could not be satisfied for a long time to have them appear in public without giving the people the benefit of this hymn. Slave songs followed, occupying about twenty minutes, when Mr. White motioned to the Singers to retire. As they were descending from the platform, Mr. Beecher ran up and directed them to return. Standing before them, with pocket-book

in hand, he indicated, with great good humor and drollery, that a collection was to be taken, after which a few more songs would be sung. Every expression was full of encouragement, and a generous contribution gathered. Mr. Beecher announced that this was but a foretaste, in hearing and in giving; that the students would sing again in his church, when he wished his congregation to give them a benefit. As Mr. Beecher's lecture-room talks are reported in many different papers, this occasion gave the Jubilee Singers a favorable introduction.

Not much was attempted by the Singers for the next week. They were worn out with work; rest and courage were essential, and time was given for gaining these.

The next week they attended the Rev. Dr. Talmage's prayer meeting, where they were welcomed, and aided by a contribution of a hundred dollars. The same evening they were at Dr. Cuyler's prayer meeting, and here also they were welcomed and aided. On the Sabbath they appeared at Mr. Beecher's Sabbath school, and were expected also at Dr. Talmage's; but as there was a misunderstanding respecting the time of the services, it seemed inevitable that one of the schools must forego the pleasure of hearing them. To avoid disappointing Dr. Talmage's Sunday school altogether, Rev. Mr. Cravath, one of the Secretaries of the American Missionary Associa-

tion, took little Minnie Tate, a beautiful girl of fourteen, to that school, and there, before a company probably numbering over a thousand, who had been wearied by an hour's sitting already, this little plainly clad colored girl, without support or any one to give her the key-note, stood alone upon the platform and sang, "Flee as a bird to your mountain," to the intense delight of every one. After the song was finished, an encore, the like of which I feel sure never before broke forth on a Sunday in that school, brought her forward again, and she sang the second time with equal acceptance.

By this time the other Singers arrived, and a few slave songs were given.

The trustees of Mr. Beecher's Church had offered the use of their building for a concert, and on the following Wednesday a very respectable audience gathered, and the enthusiasm was wild and almost uncontrollable. The people had been urged very pressingly the Sabbath before by Mr. Beecher to give the Singers a hearty welcome and a substantial benefit, and they seemed bent upon gratifying him to the utmost. The proceeds of this concert were encouraging. The papers overestimated the number present in their report, which, at least, gave outsiders to understand it was an affair that called out the masses. The New York Herald, the next morning, had a column headed, "Beecher's Negro Minstrels;" which,

while it did not warmly commend, yet largely advertised the performance. One of the comic papers gave a wood cut, purporting to represent "Beecher's Negro Minstrels," as they appeared at his church, which, like the article in the Herald, served to spread tidings of them, without influencing good people against them.

By this time, many of the members of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association believed that in these Singers the Association had a providential instrumentality given them to forward its work, as potent as it was unexpected. Plans were, therefore, devised to bring them to the favorable notice of the different churches to which they belonged. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, of Brooklyn, sent twenty-five dollars to the company as his own donation, and an opportunity was given them to appear at an annual gathering of his Sunday school in the South Congregational Church. Here they met a large company, and an evening was spent very pleasantly. At a later date a praise service was given at this church, on Sabbath evening, attended by a numerous congregation, including many well-known clergymen. Among the early friends of the Association, Mr. Andrew Lester, of the 13th Street Presbyterian Church, New York, had occupied an influential position on the Executive Committee. He gave himself at once to the work of introducing the Jubilee.

Singers in New York city, and secured an invitation for them to appear at the Sunday school connected with the church above mentioned. Rev. Dr. Bur- chard, his pastor, espoused the cause with all his heart (which is a very large one), and after hearing the students, the use of the church edifice was ten- dered to them for a concert. They were heartily indorsed from the pulpit on the Sabbath, and due notice given of their concert which was to take place on Friday. Neighboring clergymen were invited to be present, and notwithstanding the evening was exceedingly stormy, a large attendance of some of the first people in the city filled the house. The satis- faction given was universal. The free use of sever- al of the leading churches in the city was offered. Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, a former Secretary of the Amer- ican Missionary Association, and interested in its work for more than a quarter of a century, made known to his pastor, Rev. Mr. Brodt, of the New England Congregational Church in Williamsburg, that he should be gratified to have the Jubilee Singers appear at their church. Accordingly a praise meeting was appoint- ed, and every effort put forth to commend them and their enterprise to the people. Newspapers were lavish in praises, and the officers of the church gave the use of their meeting-house for several concerts, and aided, to the extent of their ability, in securing a success that was most encouraging.

Rev. G. B. Willcox, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Jersey City, and also a member of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association, welcomed the Singers, first to a prayer meeting, and again to his church, where such a company awaited their coming as had never been seen by them at a paid concert before. There was scarcely space left where a person could hang on, so great was the pressure of the multitude. The receipts of this concert amounted to nearly seven hundred and forty dollars. A second concert was given at this place with much success and credit to the members of that church, who worked up the concerts with untiring energy.

Rev. Wm. B. Brown, of Newark, N. J., who had listened to their singing at Nashville, when on a tour of inspection at the South, as an officer of the American Missionary Association, arranged for them to appear at his church, soon after they arrived at Brooklyn. The welcome they received at Newark was very flattering, and the concert reflected great credit upon the Singers, and gave much satisfaction to Mr. Brown and his friends, who had spared no pains in commending them to the public.

Rev. R. G. Hutchins, a born abolitionist, from Connecticut, and pastor of the Bedford Church, Brooklyn, welcomed them, on two occasions, to his church, and sent them away rejoicing, enriched in courage and in purse.



Rev. Dr. H. M. Scudder urged them to appear at his church, where they sang with much acceptance. Dr. Budington and his Sunday school arranged a concert for them at the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn. Mr. T. F. Seward, editor of the New York Musical Gazette, had them at Rev. Dr. Mix's Church, Orange, N. J., for a concert. And you will allow me to mention last, but not because of less significance, the indorsement of Hon. Edgar Ketchum, an eminent New York lawyer, and Treasurer of the American Missionary Association, who invited them to Harlem, arranged a concert for them, and gave his influence and name to make the affair successful and popular.

The indorsement and co-operation of men and churches like these I have mentioned, together with those of many others I must omit, settled it in the minds of all good people that at least it was respectable to patronize concerts given by the Jubilee Singers. After Mr. Beecher, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Scudder, Dr. Budington, of Brooklyn, and the other brethren mentioned in New York, Connecticut, and its vicinity, had said the Singers' performances were praiseworthy and delightful, and that it was becoming to attend them, there was little room left for one to hesitate about the propriety of such attendance.

The time covered by the events just narrated reached from the middle of December to the last of

January. In the mean time several events transpired that aided largely in future work. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher wrote to Mr. Redpath, chief of Boston Lyceum Bureau, commending the singers in high terms, using the following language: "They will charm any audience sure; they make their mark by giving the spirituals and plantation hymns as *only they* can sing them who know how to keep time to a master's whip. Our people have been delighted." Mr. Beecher believed that if Mr. Redpath would secure appointments for them to sing before lyceums, a handsome income for Fisk University might be realized; and he was doubtless correct. The Methodists of Boston and vicinity held a grand reunion at Music Hall in January, and Mr. Redpath arranged to have the Jubilee Singers present. Mr. Beecher, while giving a lecture in Boston, just preceding the reunion, took occasion, at Mr. Redpath's suggestion, to advise all good people to attend; assuring them that they would avail themselves of a very rare opportunity to hear a style of music rapidly passing away. His remarks were published extensively by Mr. Redpath, as an advertisement, in the Boston papers.

At Music Hall the students delighted the thousands who were present, and among very many favorable notices of them was one by John Henry, in the Congregationalist, who, in his vivacious letter to his grand-

mother, said, "Do you be sure to go and hear them, no matter what the weather is. You'll be sorry forever if you don't."

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, as I have already mentioned, had heard them at his prayer meeting. Some weeks afterwards a concert was arranged for the Jubilee Singers at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which he is the pastor. The following letter, which he sent to the New York Tribune, had great influence throughout the country, the whole or a part of it being copied in very many of the papers:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE. Sir: When the Rev. Mr. Chalmers (the younger) visited this country, as the delegate of the Scotch Presbyterian General Assembly, he went home and reported to his countrymen that he 'had found the ideal church in America. It was made up of Methodist praying, Presbyterian preaching, and southern Negro singing.' The Scotchman would have been confirmed in his opinion if he had been in Lafayette Avenue Church last night, and heard the Jubilee Singers,—a company of colored students, male and female, from Fisk University of Freedmen, in Tennessee. In Mr. Beecher's Church they have delighted a vast throng of auditors, and another equally packed audience greeted them last evening. I never saw a cultivated

Brooklyn assemblage so moved and melted under the magnetism of music before. The wild melodies of these emancipated slaves touched the fount of tears, and gray-haired men wept like little children.

“In the programme last evening were not only the well-known slave songs, ‘Go down, Moses,’ ‘Roll, Jordan, roll,’ and ‘Turn back Pharaoh’s Army,’ but a fresh collection of the most weird and plaintive hymns sung in the plantation cabins in the dark days of bondage. One young negress, exceeding ‘black, yet comely,’ sang a wild, yet most delicious melody, — ‘I’ll hear de trumpet sound in de mornin’,’ — which was the very embodiment of African heart music. Listening to their rich, plaintive voices, one might imagine himself in the veritable Uncle Tom’s cabin of the ‘old dispensation.’ The harmony of these children of nature, and their musical execution, were beyond the reach of art. Their wonderful skill was put to the severest test when they attempted ‘Home, sweet Home,’ before auditors who had heard those same household words from the lips of Jenny Lind and Parepa. Yet these emancipated bond-women — now that they know what the word Home signifies — rendered that dear old song with a power and pathos never surpassed. Allow me to bespeak, through your journal, — which I have read every day since the morning of its birth in 1841, — a universal welcome through the North for these

living representatives of the only true, native school of American music. We have long enough had its coarse caricature in corked faces: our people can now listen to the genuine soul music of the slave cabins, before the Lord led his 'children out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.'

"Yours, cordially,

"THEO. L. CUYLER.

"LAFAYETTE AVENUE CHURCH, }  
 BROOKLYN, January 17, 1872." }

The value of this letter may be understood more fully, when it is remembered that up to this time the musical critics in the leading New York dailies had not taken much notice of the Jubilee Singers; and the meagre mention that was made of them was worth nothing to the enterprise.

While these events were transpiring, many persons from New England were visiting their friends at New York, and New York people were writing all over the country; by this means a knowledge of the Singers spread far and wide. As no one ever attended one of their concerts, to my knowledge, without becoming a friend, and wishing his acquaintances should enjoy the pleasure of hearing them also, every day added to the host of admirers who paid homage to the brave band who had attempted so noble a work as that of endowing their own University.

During their stay of about six weeks at New York, the young men and Mr. G. Stanley Pope, their agent, with his wife, had lodged at my house in Brooklyn; and I had observed their movements with interest, and often advised with Mr. Pope, and accompanied the singers on their missions. Having a large acquaintance in Connecticut, as it was a part of my collecting field, as District Secretary of the American Missionary Association, I volunteered my services for a campaign of three or four weeks in that state with the Singers. By this time the enterprise was nearly free from debt, well indorsed, in good working condition, and I had high hopes that we might save at least five hundred dollars per week above our expenses.

It was believed that so much public attention as was bestowed upon Master Georgie Wells was injurious not only to him but to his associates. As the fine school that had been established at Athens, Ala., by Miss Wells, was suffering from her absence, it was thought that duty demanded she should return with Georgie to her work at Athens.

The company was therefore reorganized, and Mrs. Pope made governess for the Connecticut campaign, of which I shall speak at our next meeting, one week from to-night.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## FROM HARTFORD TO BOSTON.

WHEN the appointed time for our next meeting at the Town Hall came, I had prepared myself to mention a different class of circumstances from those I had narrated; thinking thereby to increase the interest of the gathering. Mr. White, meanwhile, had been preparing his class to sing several new and rare slave songs; and with a number of these interspersed during the evening, I was quite sure the exercises would not be tedious.

“The campaign from Hartford to Boston,” I said, “included work done in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Washington.

“We visited Hartford first, for the reason that I was acquainted with the leading clergymen and members of the press in that city. The clergymen would surely oblige me by their co-operation, and the press were kindly disposed towards our enterprise, and would favor us with the best notices.

“Rev. E. P. Parker arranged to have us hold a

praise meeting at his church on Sunday evening, and Rev. Mr. Twitchell, of the Asylum Hill Congregational church invited us to appear at his monthly Sunday school gathering in the afternoon.

“Mr. Parker published a very kind and judicious notice of our coming in Saturday’s paper. The governor of the state, and many leading men were present at the Sunday school gathering, when Rev. Dr. Burton made a most earnest appeal in behalf of the enterprise. In the evening an immense throng assembled long before the time for services, and the students were most cordially welcomed. Liberal contributions were given. Next morning, the papers were full of commendations, written by able and enthusiastic editors. On Tuesday evening a concert was given in Allyn Hall, the gross receipts of which were over six hundred dollars. This success was mentioned with much pleasure by all the city papers. Every one, apparently, wished to serve the enterprise, and many prominent men gave their services in making the stay of the Singers pleasant and successful. A matinee was given on Saturday afternoon, where, although a violent snow storm was raging, at least eight hundred people were in attendance. During this week concerts were also given at Farmington, Plainville, Rockville, New Britain, and Bristol. At the latter place gentlemen promised to give Fisk University a supply of clocks on the completion of Jubilee Hall.



At New Britain some valuable presents were given to the students by the Ætna Manufacturing Company.

“Rev. W. L. Gaylord, of Meriden, who had met the Singers at the Oberlin Council, had from that time determined to give them a grand ovation on their arrival in his city. He wrote articles for the local papers, and published extracts from the testimony of eminent persons who had heard them, and thus aroused the people to no common pitch of enthusiasm. It was his purpose to entertain the company in the families of his parish; but, as the Singers were very tired, at my express request he allowed them to lodge at the hotel, where they would feel a greater freedom for rest.

“Sabbath services at the Congregational Church, and also at a Union Temperance meeting in the hall, were participated in by the vast multitude of people who crowded to hear them. On Monday evening a concert was given in the Congregational Church, at which Mr. Gaylord alluded to the fact that the Singers were ex-slaves, and on a remarkable mission — that of building Jubilee Hall at Nashville.

“A generous manufacturer at Bristol had offered to supply this hall with clocks. This was commendable; but the Meriden people were not to be outdone by clock-makers. The Meriden Britannia Company, he continued, wished him to ask the students to come to their factory, and take as much silver ware as was

needed for the boarding department of Fisk University; Bradley and Hubbard wished them to accept a supply of gas fixtures; Parker Brothers, any wares they might find at their factory suitable for their use; and Mr. Eli Butler, president of a bank, though he could not ask them to take as much as they wished from his bank, yet, if they would call, would present them with one hundred dollars. Other parties gave presents of value, and bestowed favors that were very grateful. It was desired that we give still another concert, and the trustees of the Methodist Church offered the free use of their beautiful meeting-house for the purpose. The second concert, as the first had been, was a grand success.

“ This week Deacon Charles Benedict had arranged a concert for us at Waterbury, where we found a full house on our arrival. So much interest was manifested, we were urged to give a matinee on Saturday, with the promise that special trains should be run to bring in people from the adjoining towns. George W. Beach, the Superintendent of the Naugatuck Railroad, followed the example of the President of the New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield Railroad, and gave us half fare. The matinee was successful, and two hundred dollars was given by two gentlemen present for the University.

“ On Thursday we filled an appointment at West Winsted, at the Second Congregational Church, where

R. E. Holmes, Esq., President of Hurlburt National Bank, had spared no pains in providing us an audience. The meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity. A special train came over from New York State to accommodate people on the line of the road; and as this was the first time a special train was run to our concerts, we esteemed it a great compliment.

“At this concert I mentioned what had been promised us at Meriden, and suggested that we should need a Winsted memorial bell for Jubilee Hall. The good people appreciated the suggestion; and at Mr. Holmes’s bank, the Strong Brothers, Mr. Whiting, and Mr. Holmes, in behalf of their liberal citizens, promised us the bell.

“As we were to spend the Sabbath at New Haven, we planned to pass Friday evening at Birmingham, where Deacon George W. Shelton, the founder, as well as the secretary of the ‘Systematic Beneficent Society,’ had made ready for us. At this concert the Singers were introduced to Mr. George G. Shelton, who, since then, has served them so efficiently as Advance Agent. It was proposed at this place to supply a room in Jubilee Hall, to be named the Birmingham Recitation Room; and several gentlemen subscribed fifty dollars each for that purpose. Two of the principal hotels at New Haven, on application of Mr. Pope, declined to entertain the Singers on account of their color. The newspapers published the in-

dignity, and Rev. E. L. Clark, pastor of the North Church, determined that the proprietors of these hotels should understand that the good people of his city did not sympathize with their foolish prejudices. He therefore provided entertainment for us all in some of the first families in the city, where we were made welcome. The students by this act were afforded opportunity to enjoy the rare collections of art that fill almost every niche in Mr. Clark's beautiful residence. They also visited, with Professor Ives, Deacon North, and Mr. Clark, many places of interest and profit. On the Sabbath, they sang on three occasions. I introduced here, for the first time, what we have since called our Missionary Association Meetings, at which the Singers conduct the service of song, while I, in company with one or two others, if volunteers are found, occupy the remaining time in speaking of the Freedmen's work at the South. This plan is pursued, not because it is of more interest than a praise meeting, but because people may hear excellent singing till the world's end, and know nothing of missions, or the wants of the perishing in consequence. We were out to promote the cause of Missions, not like an organ-grinder, to gain a livelihood. The enthusiasm respecting the Jubilee Singers never ran so high to my knowledge as at New Haven. On Sabbath evening we were almost obliged to march on the heads of the people

to reach the pulpit; and so deep was the interest, that persons who entered the church long before time for service, remained standing till the last song was sung. Our concert for New Haven was announced to take place on Thursday evening. Henry Ward Beecher was also to deliver a lecture at College Street Church the same night, and tickets were advertised for sale throughout the city. The tickets were not in demand; and the papers announced that Mr. Beecher's lecture would be deferred on account of the Jubilee Singers' concert; and, probably, no one was more delighted than Mr. Beecher, to see that a day had come when colored students in New Haven could rival the foremost lecturer and preacher in the land in calling out an audience. Every desirable seat in Music Hall was taken by Tuesday, and on the night of the concert, it was found that twelve hundred and nine dollars had been realized by the sale of tickets. Mr. Beecher attended the concert in company with Rev. Mr. Clark, and, during the evening, both of these gentlemen made felicitous speeches, which called out contributions in money and valuables for Fisk University, worth at least five hundred dollars. It should be mentioned in this connection, that a good woman sent in a valuable gold bracelet, which was almost the last remembrance she possessed of better days (if those days *be* better, when we have a heart to *possess* and enjoy, rather than to *give* and enjoy), desiring that it

be sold, and the proceeds given to the students' enterprise. If the presents that were given are included, the income of this concert was greater by far than any other ever given by the Jubilee Singers.

“ On Monday evening of this week we were welcomed at Milford, and on Tuesday we gave a concert in the afternoon at Deacon Stevens's Hall, in Cromwell, where a purse was made up by the citizens, and presented to the University. In the evening, McDonald Hall, at Middletown, was crowded to its utmost capacity to give us welcome. Governor Douglass's firm sent us their catalogue, inviting us to accept for Fisk University such wares as we might select from their list of goods. Jesse Baldwin, Esq., who had arranged for our entertainment, made personal presents to the students. During these days there was a passion in the state to make us presents, and so numerous were they, I must omit many of them. We were told, on reaching Bridgeport, that there had never been so great a sale of reserved seats in the city as had transpired that week in anticipation of our concert. The beautiful Opera House was full, and everything done to make our visit pleasant. We were entertained at the Sterling House, and assigned rooms suitable for kings and princes. The students were admitted to the dining-room at the usual hours for meals; and I well remember, when I asked the proprietor if his boarders

complained, he answered very squarely, 'I keep this hotel, sir.'

"Hon. Henry P. Haven, of New London, was in readiness for us Friday, on our arrival, and the church prayer meeting was dismissed at an earlier hour than usual, to allow the people to attend our concert. A matinee for Saturday afternoon was announced. Although the enthusiasm was not so great at New London as we had found it in other parts of the state, yet the concerts were a success in every respect.

"Our last engagement in the state was at Norwich, This city had distinguished itself by its very liberal contributions to the American Missionary Association, — two of its churches giving more than one thousand dollars each, in yearly donations. We had planned to hold two missionary meetings on the Sabbath, — one at the Broadway Church, and one at the Second Congregational. These meetings were full of interest. Mr. E. A. Ware, President of Atlanta University, and formerly a member of the Broadway Church, added much to the occasion by an able appeal in the evening. The collection given at Rev. M. G. Dana's, Second Congregational Church, was the largest ever received by the Jubilee Singers at a Sunday service. During Monday we received many tokens of interest from the long-tried friends of our southern work. In the evening our concert was every way satisfactory. At

its close we took the steamboat train for New York, and bade adieu to a state that had given us a continual ovation. The gross income of the last seven days amounted to more than three thousand nine hundred dollars,—the greatest amount ever realized by the Singers in a single week. We had been borne onward by the applause and best wishes of the people. The speed and furor experienced was such as I imagine one would feel if riding on a comet.

“For the purpose of securing thirty-six hours’ rest before filling an engagement, Rev. Mr. Brown, of Newark, N. J., had perfected for Wednesday night, I telegraphed to the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, where Mr. Pope had engaged board, that we should arrive on Tuesday. Mr. White and the Singers reached the hotel at about ten in the morning; after some delay rooms were assigned, and the students, who had been riding through the night, retired for a season of rest. The New York Independent describes the occurrence in the following pointed style: ‘After returning from Connecticut, where they had been the guests of a governor, they went to Newark, N. J., where a tavern-keeper turned them out of his hostelry. He had supposed, when lodging was engaged for them, that they were a company of nigger (not negro) minstrels; and when he discovered that they were the genuine article, and not



the imitation, he promptly drove them into the street. The burnt cork of the harlequin is to this astute republican a much more respectable pigment than that with which the Creator touches the work of his own hand.' Perhaps no weary pilgrims were ever more mortified and insulted. Their nervous energies were well nigh exhausted; their great popularity had brought a tax upon their strength never levied before; and the brief hours they had reserved for recuperation were broken by abuse, hate, and renewed anxieties. What should they do? I had returned to my home in Brooklyn, and to my astonishment saw the students coming up the street early in the afternoon. They were immediately assigned to their old quarters, where they lodged during their stay in the vicinity. On Wednesday, a large number of people gathered to hear them at Newark; and although but a part of the Singers were able to be present, the concert passed off well. The addresses made by the friends of the colored people in the city made up for the absent. Some good, however, is destined to spring from all unmerited suffering. So great was the indignation of many, and, I think, the majority of the citizens of Newark, that they vented their just censure upon the proprietor of the Continental without stint. Some of his best boarders immediately left the house; and I have been told that the

city council, observing the great sympathy awakened for the negro, judged it an opportune time to pass an ordinance, to the end that all the public schools of the city should be open to the colored people. So it would seem that God had chosen these Jubilee Singers, not only to *enjoy* but to *suffer* for the benefit of the race they represent. They are of a thousand fold more account to God and to Africa than to themselves.

“As has been before mentioned, the trustees of Fisk University desired the Fort Houston property at Nashville for the site of their new building. A bill was at this time pending at Washington, by the passage of which the trustees would receive this land as a gift for their school. It was believed if the students should go on to the capital, and interest members of Congress in their enterprise, the success of the bill would be assured. We arranged, therefore, to sing at Dr. Rankin’s Church, and also at the Sabbath service held by the Young Men’s Christian Association. On our way, we proposed a concert at the Tabernacle Church, Jersey City. Entertainment was secured at the American Hotel, with the statement that the Singers were colored. That there might be no mistake, I sent a letter to this hotel, by a lad from our office in New York, apprising the landlord of the hour of intended arrival, and received the following reply:—

“ ‘ American Hotel, Jersey City, Feb 29, 1872. Mr. Warner as. desired me to say thatt the Jubille Singers can not be accomodated at his Hotel att all.

“ ‘ JOHN NEWING.

“ ‘ To the American Missionary Association.’

“ This was a fresh embarrassment, as we wished to be near the depot for Washington. In a few remarks I made at the Tabernacle concert, I endeavored to make the best of it, by assuring the people I doubted if it would be respectable for us to lodge in a hotel that indulged in such miserable spelling. The Jersey City people, however, were not at all disposed to let Mr. Warner off so easily, and preacher and press censured him unsparingly. After my remarks, I left for Washington. Here I met General John Eaton, Jr., Commissioner of Education, and trustee of Fisk University, and plans were devised for the furtherance of our mission. I prepared letters inviting Congressmen to the Sabbath meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and gave personal attention to arrangements for two concerts. On the arrival of the students, they were welcomed to Howard University, where they enjoyed many delightful hours. I was met almost everywhere with the assurance, given not in words, but in looks and acts, that Washington people could not be told anything about the singing of the negro. They had lived with colored

people, and it was difficult to find credit for my commendations. But never did I see a people so taken by surprise. After the first concert of the Jubilee Singers, the papers did not know how to say enough in their praise. One assured its readers it was the most enjoyable entertainment ever given in Washington; and all, without respect to party or creed, lavished their richest praises upon the performers. Most of the leading men we wished to interest were present at some one of their services. Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, invited them to his office. The Vice-President purchased tickets for their concert, and attended with his family. Parson Brownlow, though sick on his couch, unable to sit up, received them with pleasure; and he who could brook unflinchingly the prisons and the traitors of the South, wept like a child, as the children of a sometime bondage, for whom he had suffered, sang to him, with a melody that might well have been caught from some angels of sorrow, 'O Lord! O, my good Lord! keep me from sinking down.' The President, though hurried by preparations for a cabinet meeting, turned aside from his work, admitted them to his apartments, shook them affectionately by the hand, assured them he was informed of their enterprise and in full sympathy with it, and listened attentively as they sang, 'Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land; tell ole Pharaoh let my people go.' Nothing was left undone

by our friends at Washington to make us happy, or by us to further the object of our mission.

“The citizens of Newark had insisted that we should favor them with still another concert when the whole band of Singers could be present; and this concert was arranged to take place on our return from Washington.

“During the three weeks or more intervening between our return from Connecticut and our departure for Boston, several concerts were given in Brooklyn and in the city of New York. With a few remarks concerning the latter, I will close what I have to say for the evening. The concert given at Dr. Burchard’s Church met with such favor, that a vast multitude of people were determined to attend the one arranged at Association Hall, on Twenty-third Street, by Rev. E. M. Cravath, of the American Missionary Association. On our arrival, Monday night, therefore, we found the hall crowded with people. Rev. Dr. Burchard, Dr. William Adams, Dr. Field, and other divines, were present. I had invited Rev. E. L. Clark, of New Haven, to bring the bracelet given by a lady in his city, and offer it for sale this evening. At the interval between the two parts, he was introduced, and made a felicitous address. I stated that the bracelet was worth about a hundred dollars, and if wished, at the close of the concert it could be secured. I think, also, it was suggested that

it might be purchased, and given to the cabinet of Fisk University. However that may have been, I was glad to receive a card from a gentleman, promising the hundred dollars, desiring me to keep the bracelet for the cabinet. Others who were interested gave in about a hundred and ten dollars additional. One more concert, to be given at Steinway Hall, was arranged for Friday night. The hall was packed by the *élite* of the city, and the interest at the close of the concert was unabated. A change of procedure was therefore determined upon, and still another concert for Steinway Hall announced. By this time the slave songs that had been compiled by Mr. Theo. F. Seward were ready for the public. This last concert was the greatest triumph the Singers ever achieved. The house was full, many persons leaving because no desirable sittings could be secured. The platform was occupied by a large number of distinguished persons, including many of the eminent divines of New York City.

“During the concert, Mr. Seward made a few remarks concerning the Jubilee Songs, which were then being sold in the audience by hundreds. Dr. Burchard, in behalf of his Sunday school, presented Fisk University with a most magnificent Bible, opening the presentation with a few very appropriate remarks. General Clinton B. Fisk, from whom the University has its name, made a very popular

and felicitous speech; and perhaps no more fitting words for Africa were ever spoken by Dr. William Adams than those he expressed this evening to the throng of people, who responded with an orthodox '*Amen.*'

“Every circumstance was favorable for the good name and prosperity of the students and their enterprise; and with hearts of joy and thanksgiving to Him who casteth down, and suffereth that we be purified in the furnace of affliction, yet never forsakes, till we come forth as gold; yea, to Him who raiseth the poor out of the dust, that He may set him with princes; we bade good by to our many indulgent friends, and took up our journey for Boston.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## BOSTON TO NASHVILLE.

IT was understood that the series of gatherings we had held for narrating the events of the campaign for twenty thousand dollars would be brought to a close with one more meeting. On this account, an unusual number of inquiries respecting our management were sent in. Some wished to know if we considered our prosperity as coming in answer to prayer; some if the novelty of the thing gave success; others thought the sympathies of the people, coupled with a disposition to do good, attracted them as people formerly flocked to fairs in aid of our soldiers; and still others were pleased to believe that the enterprise was well managed. All the inquirers wished me to tell them before the close of the evening just how we made the money. As I could not doubt their interest in learning just that, I determined to add a new feature to my narrative, and to explain what I knew about making money with Jubilee Singers.

After a season had been spent in singing, with



the promise that there should be more during the evening, I said, —

“We have come, my friends, to the last chapter in our history. I shall try to gratify you all by clearing up points that may aid in completing your knowledge of every phase of our work. Before leaving New York for Boston, a slight change in the management was effected. Mr. Pope, who had enlisted for a limited time as agent, had returned to his studies at Oberlin, taking his wife with him. I had assumed the responsibility of management. Miss Susan Gilbert, who had been connected with the American Missionary Association for some years as superintendent of freedmen’s schools in North Carolina, joined us as governess, and George G. Shelton as advance agent. We were well indorsed, well supplied with working force, and pretty well posted concerning ‘how to do it,’ when we started for Boston to finish up the New England campaign. I will answer the questions asked in the order just given.

“‘What place had the power of prayer in securing the success of the Jubilee Singers?’

“To this question, it is impossible to give a conclusive answer. The enterprise was the offspring of faith and prayer. All through those days of adversity they had wrestled continually in prayer. The teachers and students at Fisk University, who

were watching every movement with the deepest interest, were praying continually for them. An untold number of colored people, who realized how the destiny of their race seemed linked, in a measure, to the enterprise, were praying for them, — praying with the faith and power experienced when God heard and gave emancipation. Christian people, who had given their sons, their prayers, and their money to achieve their freedom, were praying still for them. Perhaps no enterprise during the past year has been borne upon the bosom of so many prayers as that of the Jubilee Singers. Without doubt, the prayer hearing God heard and answered these prayers. There was, however, the use of means. There was something besides the novelty of the thing to give an abiding success. The songs they sang, and the manner of their singing them, was as if ‘they had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed some time through the air about his ministries here below.’ If we reflect, we shall remember that the tunes we delight in have been culled from the centuries. But few men write more than one or two pieces that live after them, and retain popularity generation after generation. But few songs keep reverberating in our souls like a continual echo. The songs God gave to the slave to use as his prayer for deliverance were very many of this character; and as you have seen a sportive whirlwind catch

up some leaf or garment, and treat it to a gyral visit towards the clouds, till its motion was spent and its passenger alighted calmly down; so I have seen these Jubilee Singers with their songs catch up the souls of men. There is novelty, to be sure — but a novelty that becomes metamorphosed into an abiding want that craves these songs as a continual supply for one's spiritual life. As a distinguished gentleman once said to me, 'Their singing does not wear itself out.'

“The sympathies of the people, and their desire to do good, were no hinderance to the enterprise, and when once a popularity was attained, much was gained by appealing to these dispositions; yet success was not founded upon them.

“The people were glad to pay so much money to procure so much healthful pleasure, just as one is willing to pay for tropical fruit or mountain excursions. I am bound to believe if we should take out the patronage we received for this reason, and leave what was given from higher motives or novelty, we could not by any means have made our expenses. As financial success comes when more is received than expended, the question arises, How did we manage to get a surplus? With an answer to this, I will proceed with my narrative. We found we had the goods, and what remained was to bring them, in a business-like way, to market. Our first work was to inform the

people we were coming; our second, to inspire them with enthusiasm to hear the singing. I despatched Mr. Shelton, in advance to Boston, to attend to the advertising. This was to be done by four methods: by giving a notice, containing statements of time, place and benevolent design of the concert in each of the leading dailies, as well as the weekly religious papers of the city; by placing large posters in conspicuous places in Boston and vicinity; by distributing, in stores and at private residences, little slips, called *dodgers*, containing favorable testimonials; and last, though by no means least, by preparing notices to be read in all the churches in the region.

“The expense of advertising a single concert in this way often cost more than a hundred dollars. Add to this, expenses of a hall, amounting, in large cities, from fifty to a hundred dollars per night, expenses for ushers, ticket-sellers, ticket-takers, programmes, piano, hotel bills, hack hire and car fare, and the outlay will range from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars per day; especially if we add clothing for the company, and reasonable compensation for the working force. With such draft of expenses, one must turn his attention to economies. It was found that railroads would give half fare, some readily, others if sufficient pressure was brought to bear by influential parties; hotels would reduce their rates one half or one third; the

proprietor of a hall or opera house would do the same, and this principle held through every grade of service.

“Take out what the Jubilee Singers saved, through the generosity of their patrons, and the rigid adherence to business principles in economies, and the showing would not be especially flattering. I remember one time of saving a hundred and thirty-three dollars in a single day, by a favor that had been repeatedly refused, though ultimately granted. The doctrine was, that our cause being just and purely benevolent, corporations and individuals must come down in prices, and render it possible for us to go home with the twenty thousand dollars needed.

“Another part of our work was to get special trains to bring patrons to our concerts at half fare; and still another to enlist influential men favorable to our enterprise to lend their influence in working up concerts, and appearing with words of indorsement at some interval during the singing. The agencies that were combined in securing the results we achieved ought to have given success, they were so many and so potent. Inasmuch as all of them were in constant use, and serving to bring before the public the richest, rarest musical entertainment of these latter days, it would be a wonder if we had failed of success. It is still to be added, that they usually sang on the Sabbath in the

largest and most influential of the city churches, and this gave us a wonderful prestige.

“On reaching Boston, we took up our quarters at the Quincy House, and sang on Sabbath evening at Mount Vernon Church. The weather was inclement, but the attendance good, and the welcome very grateful. This week we held a series of concerts in Tremont Temple, but they were not well timed. By giving five concerts in one week in a place where the company has its reputation to make, a supply is brought in advance of the demand, and hence success is quite uncertain. Toward the close of the week, however, people began to flock in, and it was apparent the tide was setting in our favor, and two additional concerts were arranged. Smith Brothers gave an organ to Fisk University, valued at a thousand dollars; and other gifts of smaller value were also received.

“Hon. A. C. Barstow, of Providence, having heard the students at Oberlin, offered them the use of his beautiful Music Hall if they would visit that city. Our reception was a perfect ovation; and although the weather was severe, the concerts were successful. This week we sang also at Lawrence, and at Nashua, N. H. Special trains were run to bring people to the latter place, and the clergymen of the city, as well as many of our old friends, gave

their influence and labor to secure success. The occasion was one long to be remembered.

“We next visited Worcester, where we sang on the Sabbath at the Old South Church, and gave concerts Monday and Tuesday at Mechanics Hall. Mr. Earle, the evangelist, was holding a series of meetings in the city at the time, which interested large numbers of the class of people that usually patronize us, but we felt well repaid for our efforts.

“Rev. E. S. Atwood had worked up great enthusiasm at Salem, so when we reached Mechanics Hall on Wednesday night we found it crowded with the best of people. A second concert there a short time after gave us a gross income of six hundred and forty dollars. On Thursday night of this week we were at Lynn, and on Saturday we took up our march for Lowell, where we spent the Sabbath with Revs. Street and Baker. Although the Sabbath was very stormy, the High Street Church was filled; and notwithstanding we had agreed not to take a collection, before the benediction was pronounced some one in the audience requested it, and a vote was taken, which resulted in a decision to pass round the boxes. General S. C. Armstrong, Superintendent of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, was present, and addressed our meetings, both morning and evening. An annual Union Missionary meeting had been appointed for this evening;

but the rain and snow, and the Jubilee Singers proved such obstacles, the meeting was given up.

“ We had long been indebted to Mr. John Backup, of Boston Highlands, for the services rendered us in connection with the press, and in many other ways. He proposed, if we would visit his part of the city, to call together a few representative men connected with the churches in his vicinity, and secure a committee from each church to take a proportionate number of tickets, and sell them in the parishes. This plan was adopted, and the house filled to overflowing. Farmer John Allen, of Wakefield, did almost marvellous work in gathering twelve hundred people to hear us. At Andover, Messrs. Stickel and Smith, of the Theological Seminary, provided every needful arrangement for our concert. Mr. George Taylor gave a most hospitable welcome to the ladies of the company, entertaining them at his house, and affording them every opportunity for enjoying the school buildings, cabinets, and libraries of the different institutions. Mrs. Clough entertained the young men with equal hospitality. Rev. Mr. Williams moved, at the concert, that a collection be taken to purchase books for Fisk University, and Professor Park seconded the same. The young ladies of Abbott Female Seminary were anxious to co-operate, and money and books were contributed, amounting to more than a hundred dollars in value. During these days we



sold many copies of the Jubilee Songs, and the hills and valleys, the parlors and halls, all over the regions where we travelled, were vocal with the melodies of the Singers.

“On the Sabbath I had arranged to sing at the Stearns Chapel, in Cambridgeport, on the kind invitation of Mr. Edward Abbott, of the Congregationalist, and also at the First Church. At both places we were greeted most cordially. Addresses were made at the chapel by General Armstrong and Rev. Mr. Abbott, and in the evening by Professor Peabody and Mr. McKenzie. Liberal donations were made at both places.

“This week we were to give concerts at Taunton, Providence, and Boston,—four in all. At Taunton, the clergymen of the city, by their own motion, raised an amount of money to furnish books for our library. At Providence, Mr. George Barstow, who had arranged for the concert, secured us an audience, the gross income of which amounted to about one thousand dollars. On Thursday we were again at Boston, and Mayor Gaston made an address of welcome. There had been some criticism in the papers respecting our habit of introducing remarks explanatory of our mission and the work of the American Missionary Association, under whose auspices we were serving. Perhaps, on some occasions these remarks were too elaborate. I did not feel, however,

that they should be omitted. We were not *showmen*. We had left our usual method of informing the public of the progress and necessities of our work, but we had not abandoned it. We knew full well that a large majority of those who gathered to hear singing knew but very little, if anything, about the work of the American Missionary Association; and that by hearing slave songs, they got no knowledge of facts, any more than they would by listening to mocking birds. We had seventeen normal schools, seven colleges, and forty-nine churches to support among the freedmen. The Singers were developed in these institutions, and millions more were awaiting development; and God had given us the ears of the multitude, who needed to be informed and brought into co-operation with the work. We believe we should have been derelict in duty if we had not availed ourselves of a few moments to communicate facts, while the Singers were winning so many golden opinions. I sought, therefore, to popularize this part of our programme.

“On Saturday of this week we gave our second matinee at Tremont Temple. We were well advertised, and the crowd that gathered was immense. General Clinton B. Fisk was present, and made a very pleasing address. The gross income of this concert amounted to twelve hundred and thirty-five dollars, which was the largest amount, exclusive of gifts,

ever received at a single entertainment. The Sabbath found us at Berkeley Street and Park Street Churches, where there were great gatherings. The meeting at the Park Street Church was in behalf of temperance, though the collection was for our institution. The night was very stormy, yet every inch of standing room seemed to be taken. Able addresses were delivered, and many slave songs sung. The students also sang several temperance melodies, and among the number, 'Wine is a mocker.' Miss Shepard sang in the duet in this, with her sweet, cultivated, plaintive voice, never so well, and little Minnie dropped into it, opportunely, her clear, rich alto, while the chorus came up in support with masterly effect. It was perfectly electrical. The applause was terrific. I remember seeing an eminent D. D. spitting his hands with an energy that I fear would have put to blush the fathers who stood where he did during the early history of this venerable church. Nothing seemed sufficient to check the enthusiasm, till Deacon Farnsworth directed that the contribution boxes be passed.

"Concerts were given this week in Cambridge, Chelsea, Salem, and Newburyport. Mr. C. A. Richardson, the managing editor of the Congregationalist, arranged for the concert at Chelsea in a very business-like manner. A paper, addressed to me, was drawn up and signed by the mayor and other prominent citi-

zens, petitioning that the Singers give them a concert. This was published in the papers, with the statement that we would accept the invitation, which gave both publicity and popularity to the movement. The proprietor of the City Hotel offered entertainment to the company free, and we enjoyed our success exceedingly. James C. Coleman, Esq., of Newburyport, had exerted his tireless energies in gathering a large audience for us in his city, and the clergymen co-operated to make our visit in every way agreeable.

“ We had purposed to visit Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and went on from Newburyport to Portland, where we had Sabbath services in Rev. William Fenn’s Church in the afternoon, and in Rev. J. Y. Hincks’s in the evening. On Monday evening a concert was given in the City Hall, at which the mayor made some eloquent and patriotic remarks; assuring the students that Maine fought bravely for emancipation, and was now in working sympathy with the black man in his struggles for equal rights and entire justice. His eloquence took other form than that of words. In behalf of the city council, he gave us the use of the magnificent City Hall, which usually rented for sixty or seventy-five dollars per evening, leaving us only to defray the expense of opening it. Our next appointment was at Concord, N. H., from which place we went on to Dartmouth College. President Smith and

the professors made everything as pleasant as possible for us, and the students were profited by visiting the Observatory, and other places of interest connected with the institution.

“Hon. Horace Fairbanks, together with citizens of St. Johnsbury, Vt., pledged us five hundred dollars if we would pay them a visit; adding, that if more could be realized, it should be given us. We left Hanover the next morning to fill our engagement at this place. On reaching St. Johnsbury we found beautiful bouquets of flowers in our rooms, and as soon as we were fairly settled in our apartments, a very large and rare selection of flowers was sent to us, accompanied with a note as beautiful and expressive as the bouquet itself. Expectation ran so high, I was very fearful disappointment would follow. Special trains were to bring in parties from many miles in almost every direction.

“On Saturday we bade adieu to Vermont, where we had enjoyed a most delightful visit, to spend the Sabbath at Springfield, Mass. Rev. C. L. Woodworth, District Secretary of the Association at Boston, met the Singers here, and made several able addresses in connection with the Sabbath services, and at the concert on Monday night received ten hundred and fifty dollars. Our campaign in New England was now completed, and we had earned, in less

than two months, about twelve thousand dollars. On Tuesday night we were at Troy, and on Wednesday at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. At the latter place, we visited the Vassar Female College, and received from the faculty and young ladies a very handsome present of money for our enterprise."

Our work was now completed. Twenty thousand dollars had been earned, and it was only left us to return the students to their homes. We left New York on the 2d of May, taking the Louisville car, via Pennsylvania Central, and no incident of interest occurred until we reached Louisville. Mr. White had written to the officers of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, asking, that inasmuch as he paid full fare for his company, he be furnished with first-class accommodations. Arriving at Louisville, we had two or three hours to wait. I took a walk through some of the principal streets, and Mr. White, with the Singers, proceeded to the Nashville depot, and entered the waiting-room. An official ordered the company into the room for "niggers." Mr. White declined to go, as he held first-class tickets. Upon this, another official was produced, who, swinging his baton, with threats and oaths, seized Miss Jennie Jackson, to put her out by main force. As this specimen of Southern chivalry displayed his badge

of office, and by his manner illustrated that he was of the superior race, only fitted to hold offices of trust, Mr. White rendered obedience to those who bore rule, and left the room to stand out in God's free air, where there is no inequality save such as Heaven has vouchsafed. The excitement about the depot was intense. Coming up a short time afterwards, and hearing the sad story, I entered into a discussion with some who were standing by, and on mentioning to a hot-headed young man that during that week the nine Singers had given a concert the receipts of which were above a thousand dollars, he was silenced.

\* When the train backed into the depot, we were shown into a first-class car, and proceeded to Nashville without further insult.

The students were received at the University with the warmest greetings. They had gone forth weeping, but returned, bringing their sheaves with them. God had chosen them to be the saviours of their institution; and their songs of joy and thanksgiving were such as only colored people can sing. Those who had scoffed at them when going forth, venerated them now. No such enterprise had ever appeared on the pages of history; and the possibilities before the colored man broke forth in beauty, like the aurora of some millennial morning. That God may grant an early realization of these bright prospects,

and that the Freedmen of the South may soon come into the full enjoyment of all the blessings of liberty, for which they have so long prayed and waited, will ever be the prayer of one who has borne some humble part in the sufferings and success of the campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars.



## APPENDIX.

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THE universal favor with which the Jubilee Singers were received last year, and their success in earning twenty thousand dollars, encouraged the officers of the American Missionary Association and the trustees of the University to mature plans for their reappearing at the North. The money they raised is insufficient for the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of the permanent buildings.

The number of the Singers has, therefore, been increased, and two companies formed, for the purpose of giving two concerts in an evening. Three members of the smaller company belonged to the original Jubilee Singers, whose history has been given. A few words concerning the remaining two, and the pianist who accompanies them, is appended.

JULIA JACKSON was born a slave, though the year of her birth is not known. Her mother bought her, when quite young, for three hundred dollars, and remained with her till seven years old, then went

to stay with an aunt, who hired her time and lived by herself. Her uncle having threatened to run away, was sent to the trader's yard to be sold; and fearing the aunt intended doing the same, they sent her there for safety until her owners, who lived in the country, could be informed. Julia was allowed to carry her food three times a day. As her master had not called for his money for some time, she had quite a sum saved, told Julia where this was hid, and requested her to secretly get it, and bring it to her the next time she came. Then she told her she was going to run away; that she must not tell any one, but look all around the yard and find a place where she could get out. The master soon came to look after his property, and gave her permission to go out of the yard, and settle up her business, to go up country with him. She went in and out for a week, then failed one night to return. Julia was faithful to her trust, carried her breakfast to the yard in the morning as she was told, and seemed very much surprised to hear she was not there. It was thought by those in charge that she might have reached the yard after the gates were closed, so Julia carried her dinner, though she knew all the time her aunt was beyond reach.

For one year Julia lived with a colored woman, then hired herself out at five dollars a month; but six months after, was obliged to leave on account

of a felon. When well, went into service again, and remained until she had saved money enough to commence school. This was in 1869. She remained in school for two years with the help of her brother, and then went into the country to teach. In her first school she had thirty-five scholars. The room was very destitute of furniture, and she constructed the benches herself, taking long boards and supporting them with stones. Sabbath school was held in the same place; and as there was no one in the district who could take the charge or offer prayer, she was obliged to be the superintendent. This school numbered sixty scholars, old and young.

JOSEPHINE MOORE was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1857. Her parents were both slaves. After the Proclamation, her father continued at the same place, and worked for the same man as before, receiving wages, while her mother took time to look after her family, and keep them comfortable. When she was fifteen, the daughter of her former master gave her music lessons for six months. She attended Fisk School when it first opened, and took music lessons there two years. For a time she assisted the music teacher at the University.

EDMUND WATKINS was born in Coosa County, Ala., in 1850. His father was taken to Texas when Edmund

was very young. His mother was a field hand, and when eight years old he went into the field with her to pick cotton. When he had grown to be a large boy, his task was to pick two hundred pounds of cotton a day. His mother's task was a hundred and sixty pounds. After finishing his own work, Edmund helped his mother, while she sewed for him or his two sisters. After the war, his master would pay him no wages, and he laid his plans for running away with five others. He had his clothing, and what he needed for the journey, concealed in the carriage-house; but a few hours before he was to start the plot was revealed, and he knew that men were stationed at different outposts to intercept or shoot the fugitives. Some time after he attempted the same thing again. That very afternoon his master called him to saddle his horse. He brought it to the door, knowing all the time that his master was going out to make sure his slave did not escape; and then watched his movements very closely, and took the opposite direction himself; and when his master returned, and called for him to put up his horse, he was missing. He travelled through the woods that night, and then took the road for Talladega. He worked on the railroad for a while, but had nothing to eat but pork and crackers, and not enough of those. He and one of his friends ran away from the camp where they lodged. A man in a cart promised to buy them something to eat if they would

help him haul wood; but finding the man did not fulfil his promise, they cut loose from him. Soon they came across a field where the blackberries were just turning red, and were so famished that they ate a full meal of these unripe berries. They hired themselves at the next plantation, some fifteen miles from Edmund's home. His master found where he was, and sent six men after him. Such strong force he dared not resist, and went with them so willingly, that the men, when within five miles of home, paid little attention to him, and he took to the woods again. In the morning he went to see his mother, and finally, on being urged, into his master's presence. He was then taken to the woods and whipped, and regular work assigned him, which he did not exert himself very much to do. His master then offered his mother, sister, and himself five dollars apiece for three months' work. Edmund was only about sixteen, but knew too much to accept such wages. It was at this time he talked so squarely, that his master remarked that he had "more sense than he ever saw in a *little nigger* before." Then his master wished to get him bound to him. Edmund saw no way of escape but to run away again. This time he went to Talladega, and hired out at fifty cents a day. When he had saved quite a sum, he lent it to a white man, who promised great interest, but never paid even the money.

In 1868 he determined to go to school. He first

helped a man build a house, so as to have a place to stay; worked morning and evening, bought his own food, and paid some one two dollars a month for doing his cooking and washing. The first year he learned his letters, and read through the Second Reader. Then he was sick with fever for nearly a year. When he recovered he went back to Talladega College, and cut stock in a saw-mill to pay his board. At the end of that year he read in the Fourth Reader, could cipher a little, and had studied Geography. During the vacation he taught school in Clay County. He returned to school another year, and taught in the same place the next vacation. The last year he paid his way in school by doing the marketing for the large family of ——. For some time he conducted a Sabbath school out at the Cove, six miles from Talladega College.

JUBILEE SONGS.





## PREFACE TO THE MUSIC.

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IN giving these melodies to the world in a tangible form, it seems desirable to say a few words about them as judged from a musical stand-point. It is certain that the critic stands completely disarmed in their presence. He must not only recognize their immense power over audiences which include many people of the highest culture, but, if he be not thoroughly encased in prejudice, he must yield a tribute of admiration on his own part, and acknowledge that these songs touch a chord which the most consummate art fails to reach. Something of this result is doubtless due to the singers as well as to their melodies. The excellent rendering of the Jubilee Band is made more effective and the interest is intensified by the comparison of their former state of slavery and degradation with the present prospects and hopes of their race, which crowd upon every listener's mind during the singing of their songs. Yet the power is chiefly in the songs themselves, and hence a brief analysis of them will be of interest.

Their origin is unique. They are never "composed" after the manner of ordinary music, but spring into life, ready made, from the white heat of religious fervor during some protracted meeting in church or camp. They come from no musical cultivation whatever, but are the simple, ecstatic utterances of wholly untutored minds. From so unpromising a source we could reasonably expect only such a mass of crudities as would be unendurable to the cultivated ear. On the contrary, however, the cultivated listener confesses to a new charm, and to a power never before felt, at least in its kind. What can we infer from this but that the child-like, receptive minds of these unfortunates were wrought upon with a true inspiration, and that this gift was bestowed upon them by an ever-watchful Father, to quicken the pulses of life, and to keep them from the state of hopeless apathy into which they were in danger of falling.

A technical analysis of these melodies shows some interesting facts. The first peculiarity that strikes the attention is in the rhythm. This is often complicated, and sometimes strikingly original. But although so new and strange, it is most remarkable that these effects are so extremely satisfactory. We see few cases of what theorists call *mis-form*, although the student of musical composition is likely to fall into that error long after he has mastered the leading principles of the art.

Another noticeable feature of the songs is the entire absence of triple time, or three-part measure among them. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the beating of the foot and the swaying of the body which are such frequent accompaniments of the singing. These motions are in even measure, and in perfect time; and so it will be found that however broken and seemingly irregular the movement of the music, it is always capable of the most exact measurement. In other words, its irregularities invariably conform to the "higher law" of the perfect rhythmic flow.

It is a coincidence worthy of note that more than half the melodies in this collection are in the same scale as that in which Scottish music is written; that is, with the fourth and seventh tones omitted. The fact that the music of the ancient Greeks is also said to have been written in this scale, suggests an interesting inquiry as to whether it may not be a peculiar language of nature, or a simpler alphabet than the ordinary diatonic scale, in which the uncultivated mind finds its easiest expression.

The variety of forms presented in these songs is truly surprising, when their origin is considered. This diversity is greater than the listener would at first be likely to suppose. The frequent recurrence of one particular effect, viz.: that given on the last syllable of the word "chariot" in the first line of "Swing Low," conveys an impression of sameness which is not justified by the general structure of the songs. The themes are quite as distinct and varied as in the case of more pretentious compositions.

The public may feel assured that the music herein given is entirely correct. It was taken down from the singing of the band, during repeated interviews held for the purpose, and no line or phrase was introduced that did not receive full indorsement from the singers. Some of the phrases and turns in the melodies are so peculiar that the listener might not unreasonably suppose them to be incapable of exact representation by ordinary musical characters. It is found, however, that they all submit to the laws of musical language, and if they are sung or played exactly as written, all the characteristic effects will be reproduced.

THEO. F. SEWARD,  
ORANGE, N. J.

## JUBILEE SONGS.\*

It will be observed that in most of these songs the first strain is of the nature of a chorus or refrain, which is to be sung after each verse. The return to this chorus should be made without breaking the time.

In some of the verses the syllables do not correspond exactly to the notes in the music. The adaptation is so easy that it was thought best to leave it to the skill of the singer rather than to confuse the eye by too many notes. The music is in each case carefully adapted to the first verse. Whatever changes may be necessary in singing the remaining verses will be found to involve no difficulty.

### Nobody knows the Trouble I see, Lord!

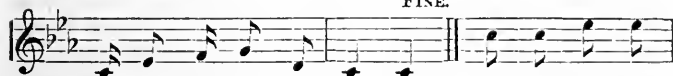


No-bo-dy knows the trouble I see, Lord, No-bo-dy knows the



trou-ble I see, No-bo-dy knows the trouble I see, Lord,

FINE.

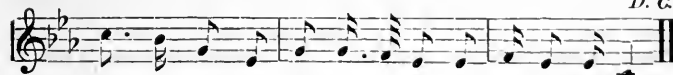


No - bo - dy knows like Je - sus. 1. Broth-ers, will you



pray for me, Brothers, will you pray for me, Brothers, will you

*D. C.*



pray for me, And help me to drive old Sa-tan a - way.

2. Sisters, will you pray for me, &c.
3. Mothers, will you pray for me, &c.
4. Preachers, will you pray for me, &c.

A separate edition of these Songs, in large type, is published by Messrs. BIGLOW & MAIN, 425 Broome Street, New York. Price, 25 cents. For sale also at the rooms of the Am. Mis. Association.

## Swing low, sweet Chariot.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home,

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

FINE.

1. I looked o - ver Jor-dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw,
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down,

Com-ing for to car-ry me home? A band of an - gels  
 Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm  
 Com-ing for to car-ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my  
 Com-ing for to car-ry me home, Bat still my soul feels

D. C.

com-ing af - ter me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.  
 com - ing too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.  
 sins a - way, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.  
 heaven - ly bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

# Room Enough.

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1. Oh, brothers, don't stay a - way, Brothers, don't stay a - way,

Broth-ers, don't stay a - way, Don't stay a - way.

## CHORUS.

For my Lord says there's room e-nough, Room e - nough in the

Heav'n's for you, My Lord says there's room enough, Don't stay away.

2 Oh, mourners, don't stay away.

*Cho.*—For the Bible says there's room enough, &c.

3 Oh, sinners, don't stay away.

*Cho.*—For the angel says there's room enough, &c.

4 Oh, children, don't stay away.

*Cho.*—For Jesus says there's room enough, &c.

\* The peculiar accent here makes the words sound thus : " rooma nough."

# Ⓞ Redeemed.

CHORUS.

♩

O redeemed, re-deemed, I'm washed in the blood of the

FINE.

Lamb, O redeemed, re-deemed, I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

1. Al-though you see me going a-long so, Washed in the
2. When I was a mourner just like you, Washed in the
3. Re-li-gion's like a bloom-ing rose, Washed in the

blood of the Lamb, I have my tri-als here be-low,  
 blood of the Lamb, I mourned and prayed till I got through,  
 blood of the Lamb, As none but those that feel it knows,

D. S. ♩

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. O redeemed, re-deemed,

\* Attention is called to this characteristic manner of connecting the last strain with the chorus in the D. C.

# From every Graveyard.

Just be-hold that number, Just be-hold that number, Just be -

hold that num-ber From ev - e - ry grave-yard.

- 1. Going to
- 2. Going to
- 3. Going to
- 4. Going to
- 5. Going to

- 1. meet the brothers there, That used to join in prayer, Go - ing
- 2. meet the sis - ters there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
- 3. meet the preachers there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
- 4. meet the mourners there, That used to join in prayer, &c.
- 5. meet the Christians there, That used to join in prayer, &c.

up thro' great trib-u - la - tion From ev - e - ry grave-yard.

*D. C.*

## Children, we all shall be Free.

Chil-dren, we all shall be free, Chil-dren, we all shall be

free, Children, we all shall be free, When the Lord shall appear.

1. We want no cowards in our band, That from their colors fly, We

call for val-iant-heart-ed men, That are not a - fraid to die.

*D. C.*

2. We see the pilgrim as he lies,  
 With glory in his soul ;  
 To Heaven he lifts his longing eyes,  
 And bids this world adieu.  
 Cho.—Children, we all shall be free, &c.

3. Give ease to the sick, give sight to the blind,  
 Enable the cripple to walk ;  
 He'll raise the dead from under the earth,  
 And give them permission to fly.  
 Cho.—Children, we all shall be free, &c.

\* The words, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," are sometimes sung to this strain.



# Roll, Jordan, Roll.

171

Roll, Jordan, roll, Roll, Jordan, roll, I want to go to

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Heav - en when I die, To hear Jor - dan roll.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Oh, brothers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord! A

The third system of musical notation, starting with a first ending. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

*D. C.*  
sit - ting in the Kingdom, To hear Jor - dan roll.

The fourth system of musical notation, starting with a *D. C.* (Da Capo) instruction. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, &c.
3. Oh, sinners, you ought, &c.
4. Oh, mourners, you ought, &c.
5. Oh, seekers, you ought, &c.
6. Oh, mothers, you ought, &c.
7. Oh, children, you ought, &c.

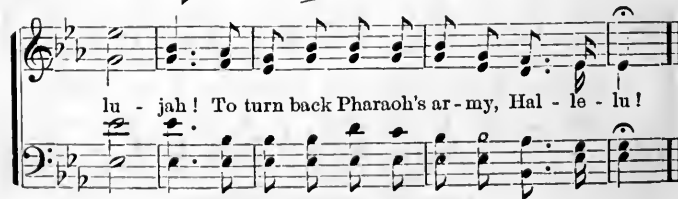
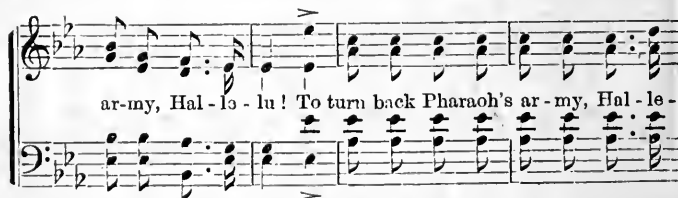
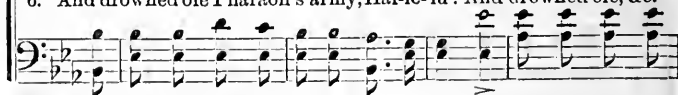
## Turn back Pharaoh's Army.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. Gwine to write to Mas-sa Je-sus, To send some valiant soldier,
2. If you want your souls converted, You'd better be a - praying,
3. You say you are a soldier, Fighting for your Saviour,
4. When the children were in bondage, They cried unto the Lord,
5. When Mo-ses smote the wa-ter, The children all passed over,
6. When Pharaoh crossed the water, The waters came to - gether,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

1. To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! To turn back Pharaoh's
2. To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! To turn back, &c.
3. To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! To turn back, &c.
4. He turned back Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! He turned back, &c.
5. And turned back Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! And turned back, &c.
6. And drowned ole Pharaoh's army, Hal-le-lu ! And drowned ole, &c.



# I'm a Rolling.

I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing thro' an un-

friend-ly world, I'm a roll-ing, I'm a roll-ing thro' an

un-friend-ly world.

1. O brothers, wont you help me,
2. O sis-ters, wont you help me,
3. O preachers, wont you help me,

O brothers, wont you help me to pray? O brothers, wont you  
 O sis-ters, wont you help me to pray? O sis-ters, &c.  
 O preachers, wont you help me to fight? O preachers, &c.

help me, Wont you help me in the service of the Lord?\*

D. C.

\* Return to the beginning in exact time.

**Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel.**

Sung in Unison.



Did-n't my Lord de - liv - er Dan - iel, D'iiver



Dan - iel, d'liver Dan - iel, Did-n't my Lord de - liv - er

1ST VERSE.



Dan - iel, And why not a ev - e - ry man? He de -



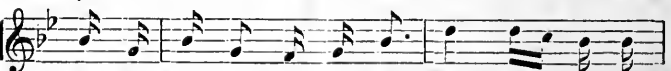
liv - er'd Dan - iel from the li - on's den, Jo - nah from the



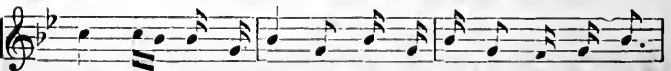
bel - ly of the whale, And the He - brew children from the



fi - ry fur - naee, And why not ev - e - ry man?

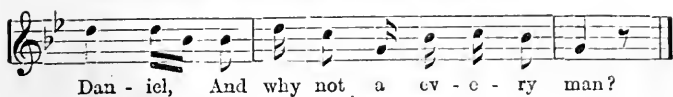


Did - n't my Lord de - liv - er Dan - iel. D'liver

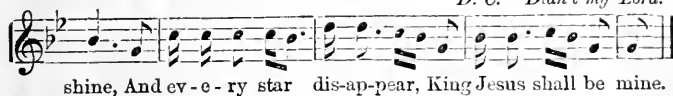


Dan - iel, d'liver Dan - iel, Did - n't my Lord de - liv - er

\* Go on without pause, leaving out two beats of the measure.



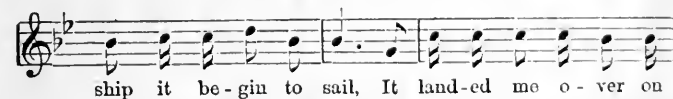
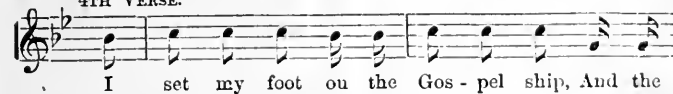
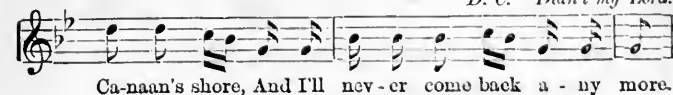
## 2D VERSE.

*D. C. "Didn't my Lord."*

## 3D VERSE.

*D. C. "Didn't my Lord."*

## 4TH VERSE.

*D. C. "Didn't my Lord."*

## I'll hear the Trumpet Sound.

You may bur-y me in the East, You may bur-y me  
 in the West; But I'll hear the trumpet sound In that morning.  
 In that morn-ing, my Lord, How I long to go, For to  
 hear the trum-pet sound, In that morn - ing.

2. Father Gabriel in that day,  
 He'll take wings and fly away,  
 For to hear the trumpet sound  
 In that morning.  
 You may bury him in the East,  
 You may bury him in the West;  
 But he'll hear the trumpet sound,  
 In that morning.  
*Cho.*—In that morning, &c.

3. Good old christians in that day,  
 They'll take wings and fly away, &c.  
*Cho.*—In that morning, &c.  
 4. Good old preachers in that day,  
 They'll take wings and fly away, &c.  
*Cho.*—In that morning, &c.  
 5. In that dreadful Judgment day,  
 I'll take wings and fly away, &c.  
*Cho.*—In that morning, &c.

\* Repeat the music of the first strain for all the verses but the first.

## Rise, Mourners.\*

1. Rise, mourners, rise, mourners, O can't you rise and  
 2. Rise, seekers, rise, seekers, O can't you rise, &c.  
 3. Rise, sinners, rise, sinners, O can't you rise, &c.  
 4. Rise, brothers, rise, brothers, O can't you rise, &c.

FINE.

tell, What the Lord has done for you. Yes, he's taken my feet out of the  
*D. C.*

mi - ry clay, And he's placed them on the right side of my Father.

\* This hymn is sung with great unction while "seekers" are going forward to the altar.

I've just come from the Fountain. 177

1. I've just come from the fountain, I've just come from the  
2. Been drinking from the fountain, Been drinking, &c.

fountain, Lord! I've just come from the fountain, His name's so

CHORUS.

sweet. O brothers, I love Je - sus, O brothers, I love

Je - sus, O brothers, I love Je - sus, His name's so sweet. *D. C.*

3. I found free grace at the fountain,  
I found free grace, &c.  
*Cho.*—O preachers, I love Jesus, &c.

4. My soul's set free at the fountain,  
My soul's set free, &c.  
*Cho.*—O sinners, I love Jesus, &c.

\* The Tenors usually sing the melody from this point.

178 **G**wine to ride up in the Chariot.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Gwine to ride up in the chariot, Soon-er in the morning.

SOLO. CHORUS.

Ride up in the cha-riot, Soon-er in the morn-ing.

SOLO. CHORUS.

Ride up in the cha-riot, Soon-er in the morning, And I

hope I'll join the band. O Lord, have mer-cy on me,

O Lord, have mer-cy on me; O Lord, have



mer-cy on me, And I hope I'll join the band.

2. Gwine to meet my brother there, Sooner, &c.  
*Cho.*—O Lord, have mercy, &c.
3. Gwine to chatter with the Angels, Sooner, &c.  
*Cho.*—O Lord, have mercy. &c.
4. Gwine to meet my massa Jesus, Sooner, &c.  
*Cho.*—O Lord, have mercy, &c.
5. Gwine to walk and talk with Jesus, Sooner, &c.  
*Cho.*—O Lord, have mercy, &c.

## We'll die in the Field.

UNISON.

1. O what do you say, seekers, O what do you say,

seekers; O what do you say, seekers, A-bout the Gospel war?

And I will die in the field, Will die in the field;

Will die in the field, I'm on my jour-ney home.

2. O what do you say, brothers, &c.
3. O what do you say, christians, &c.
4. O what do you say, preachers, &c.

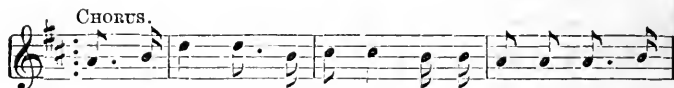
## Children, you'll be called on.



1. Chil-dren, you'll be called on To march in the field of
2. Preachers, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
3. Sin-ners, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
4. Seek-ers, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.
5. Christians, you'll be called on To march in the field, &c.



bat-tle, When this war-fare'll be end-ed, Hal-lo - lu.



When this war-fare'll be end-ed, I'm a sol-dier of the



ju-bi-lee, This warfare'll be ended, I'm a soldier of the cross.

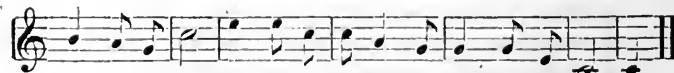
## Gibe me Jesus.



1. O when I come to die, O when I come to die, O
2. In the morning when I rise, In the morning when I rise, &c.
3. Dark midnight was my cry, Dark midnigat was my cry, &c.
4. I heard the mourner say, I heard the mourner say, &c.



when I come to die - Give me Je - sus, Give me Je -



sus, Give me Je-sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je-sus.

The Rocks and the Mountains. 181

Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee a-way, And

you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.

1. Seek - er, seek - er, give up your heart to God, And

*D. C.*  
you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.

2. Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God,  
And you shall have a new hiding-place that day.  
Oh, the rocks, &c.
3. Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, &c.
4. Sinner, sinner, give up your heart to God, &c.
5. Sister, sister, give up your heart to God, &c.
6. Mother, mother, give up your heart to God, &c.
7. Children, children, give up your heart to God, &c.

## Go down, Moses.

1. When Is - rael was in E-gypt's land : Let my people go,

Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go.

Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,

Tell ole Pha - roh, Let my peo - ple go.

2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,  
 Let my people go :  
 If not I'll smite your first-born dead,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.
3. No more shall they in bondage toil,  
 Let my people go ;  
 Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,  
 Let my people go.  
 Go down, Moses, &c.

4. When Israel out of Egypt came,  
Let my people go;  
And left the proud oppressive land,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
5. O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,  
Let my people go;  
When Moses led the Israelites,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
6. 'Twas good old Moses and Aaron, too,  
Let my people go;  
'Twas they that led the armies through,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
7. The Lord told Moses what to do,  
Let my people go;  
To lead the children of Israel through,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
8. O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost,  
Let my people go;  
Stretch out your rod and come across,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
9. As Israel stood by the water side,  
Let my people go;  
At the command of God it did divide,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
10. When they had reached the other  
shore,  
Let my people go;  
They sang a song of triumph o'er,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
11. Pharaoh said he would go across,  
Let my people go;  
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
12. O, Moses, the cloud shall cleave the  
way,  
Let my people go;  
A fire by night, a shade by day,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
13. You'll not get lost in the wilderness,  
Let my people go;  
With a lighted candle in your breast,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
14. Jordan shall stand up like a wall,  
Let my people go;  
And the walls of Jericho shall fall,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
15. Your foes shall not before you stand,  
Let my people go;  
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
16. 'Twas just about in harvest time,  
Let my people go;  
When Joshua led his host divine,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
17. O let us all from bondage flee,  
Let my people go;  
And let us all in Christ be free,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
18. We need not always weep and moan,  
Let my people go;  
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
19. This world's a wilderness of woe,  
Let my people go;  
O, let us on to Canaan go,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
20. What a beautiful morning that will be,  
Let my people go;  
When time breaks up in eternity,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
21. O bretheren, bretheren, you'd better  
be engaged,  
Let my people go;  
For the devil he's out on a big ramp-  
age,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
22. The Devil he thought he had me fast,  
Let my people go;  
But I thought I'd break his chains at  
last,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
23. O take yer shoes from off yer feet,  
Let my people go;  
And walk into the golden street,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
24. I'll tell you what I likes de best,  
Let my people go;  
It is the shouting Methodist,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.
25. I do believe without a doubt,  
Let my people go;  
That a Christian has the right to shout,  
Let my people go.  
Go down, Moses, &c.

## Been a Listening.

Been a lis-ten-ing all the night long, Been a

lis-ten-ing all the night long, Been a

lis-ten-ing all the night long, To hear some sinner pray. FINE.

1. Some say that John the Baptist was nothing but a Jew, But the  
2. Go read the third of Matthew, And read the chapter thro', It

*D. C. "Been a listening."*

Ho-ly Bi-ble tells us he was a preach-er too.  
is the guide for Christians, and tells them what to do.

# Keep me from sinking Down. 185

Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep

me from sink-ing down. } 1. I tell you what I  
 } 2. I look up yonder, and

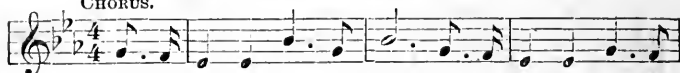
mean to do; Keep me from sink-ing down: I  
 what do I see; Keep me from sink-ing down: I

mean to go to heav-en too; Keep me from sinking down.  
 see the angels beckoning to me; Keep me from sinking down.

3. When I was a mourner just like you ;  
 Keep me from sinking down :  
 I mourned and mourned till I got through ;  
 Keep me from sinking down.  
 Oh, Lord, &c.
4. I bless the Lord I'm gwine to die ;  
 Keep me from sinking down :  
 I'm gwine to judgment by-and-by ;  
 Keep me from sinking down.  
 Oh, Lord, &c.

## I'm a trav'ling to the Grave.

CHORUS.



I'm a trav'ling to the grave, I'm a trav'ling to the



grave, my Lord, I'm a trav'ling to the grave, For to lay this bod-y

FINE.

down. 1. My Mas-sa died a shouting, Singing glo-ry hal-le-  
D. C.

lu-jah, The last word he said to me, Was a-bout Je-ru-sa-lem.

2. My missis died a shouting, &c.
3. My brother died a shouting, &c.
4. My sister died a shouting, &c.

## Many Thousand Gone.

Plaintively.



1. No more auc-tion block for me, No more, no more;



No more auction block for me, Ma-ny thousand gone.



2. No more peck o' corn for me, &c.
3. No more driver's lash for me, &c.
4. No more pint o' salt for me, &c.
5. No more hundred lash for me, &c.
6. No more mistress' call for me, &c.



# Steal Away.

187

*p*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Jo - sus!

*f* *p* FINE.

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I hain't got long to stay here.

*f*

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder; The  
2. Green trees are bending, Poor sin-ners stand trembling; The, &c.

*p* D. C.

trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

3. My Lord calls me,  
He calls me by the lightning;  
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:  
I hain't got long to stay here.  
*Cho.* - Steal away, &c.
4. Tombstones are bursting,  
Poor sinners are trembling;  
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:  
I hain't got long to stay here.  
*Cho.* - Steal away, &c.

## He's the Lord of Lords.

Why, He's the Lord of lords, And the King of kings, Why

Je - sus Christ is the first and the last, No one can work like Him.

1. I will not let you go, my Lord ; No one can work like Him, Un-

til you come and bless my soul, No one can work like Him.

2. For Paul and Silas bound in jail,  
 No one can work like Him ;  
 The Christians prayed both night and day,  
 No one can work like Him.  
*Cho.* — Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.
3. I wish those mourners would believe,  
 No one can work like Him,  
 That Jesus is ready to receive,  
 No one can work like Him.  
*Cho.* — Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.

# Judgment Day is rolling Round. 189

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is roll-ing around; Judgment,

Judgment, O how I long to go. 1. I've a good old mother in the

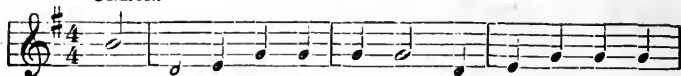
heav-en, my Lord, How I long to go there too, I've a

good old mother in the heaven, my Lord, O how I long to go.

2. There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,  
How I long to go there too,  
There's no backsliding in the heaven, my Lord,  
O how I long to go.  
*Cho.*—Judgment, &c.
3. King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,  
How I long to go there too,  
King Jesus sitting in the heaven, my Lord,  
O how I long to go.  
*Cho.*—Judgment, &c.
4. There's a big camp meeting in the heaven, my Lord,  
How I long to go there too,  
There's a big camp meeting in the heaven, my Lord,  
O how I long to go.  
*Cho.*—Judgment, &c.

## The Gospel Train.

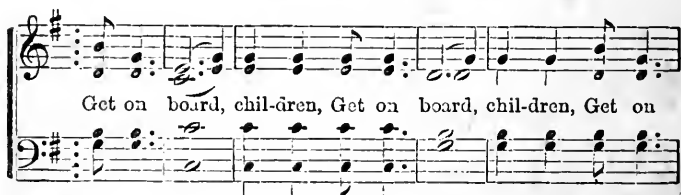
UNISON.



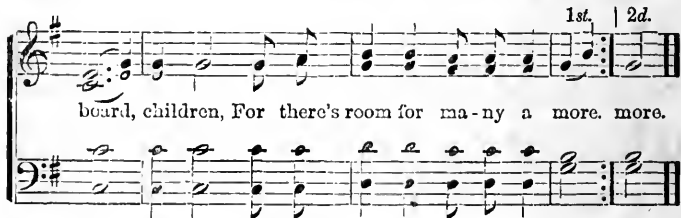
1. The gos-pel train is com-ing, I hear it just at  
 2. I hear the bell and whis-tle, The com-ing round the  
 3. No sig-nal for an-oth - er train To fol-low on the



hand, I hear the car wheels moving, And rumbling thro' the land.  
 curve; She's playing all her steam and pow'r And straining every nerve.  
 line, O, sinner, you're forever lost, If once you're left be-hind.



Get on board, chil-dren, Get on board, chil-dren, Get on

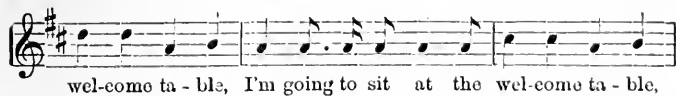
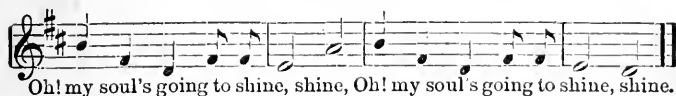
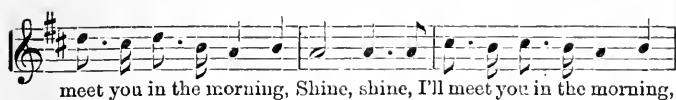
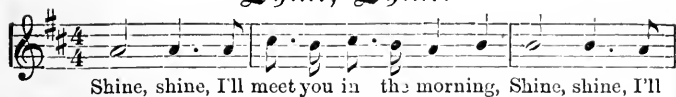


board, children, For there's room for ma - ny a more. more.

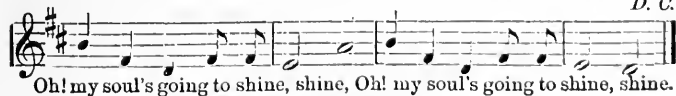
4. This is the Christian banner,  
 The motto's new and old,  
 Salvation and Repentance  
 Are burnished there in gold.  
*Cho.* — Get on board, children, &c.
5. She's nearing now the station,  
 O, sinner, don't be vain,  
 But come and get your ticket,  
 And be ready for the train.  
*Cho.* — Get on board, children, &c.
6. The fare is cheap and all can go,  
 The rich and poor are there,  
 No second-class on board the train,  
 No difference in the fare.  
*Cho.* — Get on board, children, &c.

7. There's Moses, Noah and Abraham,  
And all the prophets, too,  
Our friends in Christ are all on board,  
O, what a heavenly crew.  
*Cho.*—Get on board, children, &c.
8. We soon shall reach the station,  
O, how we then shall sing,  
With all the heavenly army,  
We'll make the welkin ring,  
*Cho.*—Get on board, children, &c.
9. We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,  
And sing forever more,  
With Christ and all his army,  
On that celestial shore.  
*Cho.*—Get on board, children, &c.

## Shine, Shine.



*D. C.*



2. I'm going to tell God about my trial, &c.  
Oh! my soul's going to shine, &c.  
*Cho.*—Shine, shine, &c.
3. I'm going to walk all about that city, &c.  
Oh! my soul's going to shine, &c.  
*Cho.*—Shine, shine, &c.

## Old Ship of Zion.

1. { What ship is that a sail-ing, Hal-le - lu -  
 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal-le - lu -  
 Do you think that she is a - ble, Hal-le - lu -

*Repeat twice for first verse.*

jah, What ship is that a sail-ing, Hal-le - lu. }  
 jah, 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal-le - lu. }  
 jah, Do you think that she is a - ble, Hal-le - lu. }

Do you think that she is a - ble, For to

car - ry us all... home. O glo - ry, Hal-le - lu.

In singing the last two verses the music is not to be repeated.

2. She has landed many a thousand, Hallelujah,  
 She has landed many a thousand, Hallelu,  
 She has landed many a thousand,  
 And will land as many a more. Oh glory, Hallelu.
3. She is loaded down with angels, Hallelujah,  
 She is loaded down with angels, Hallelu,  
 And King Jesus is the Captain,  
 And he'll carry us all home. Oh glory, Hallelu.

# In the River of Jordan.

193

1. In the riv-er of Jor-dan John baptized, How I long to

be bap-tized; In the riv-er of Jor-dan J hn bap-tized,

To the dy-ing Lamb. Pray on, pray on, pray on, ye

mourning souls, Pray on, pray on, un-to the dy-ing Lamb.

2. We baptize all that come by faith,  
 How I long to be baptized;  
 We baptize all that come by faith,  
 To the dying Lamb.  
*Cho.*—Pray on, &c.

3. Here's another one come to be baptized,  
 How I long to be baptized;  
 Here's another one to be baptized,  
 To the dying Lamb.  
*Cho.*—Pray on, &c.

# We'll stand the Storm.

Oh! stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by,

Stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by - and-by.

1. My ship is on the o - cean, We'll anchor by-and-by, My

ship is on the o - cean, We'll an-chor by - and-by. *D. C.*

- 2. She's making for the kingdom,  
We'll anchor, &c.
- 3. I've a mother in the kingdom,  
We'll anchor, &c.



I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad there's

no dy - ing there. 1. I'll tell you how I found the Lord,

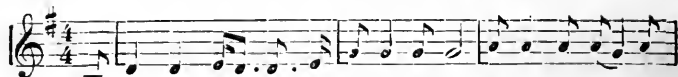
No dy - ing there, With a hung down head

and ach - ing heart, No dy - ing there.

D. C.

2. I hope I'll meet my brother there,  
No dying there,  
That used to join with me in prayer,  
No dying there.  
*Cho.*—I'm so glad, &c.
3. I hope I'll meet the preacher there,  
No dying there,  
That used to join with me in prayer,  
No dying there.  
*Cho.*—I'm so glad, &c.

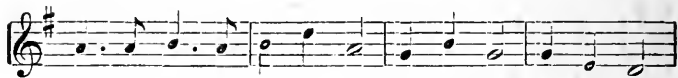
## Come, let us all go Down.



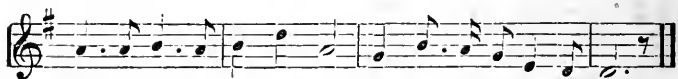
1. As I went down in the val-ley to pray, Studying a - bout that
2. I think I hear the sinner say, Come, let's go in the val-
3. I think I hear the mourner say, Come, let's go in the val-



good old way; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.  
 ley to pray; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.  
 ley to pray; You shall wear the starry crown, Good Lord, show me the way.



By - and - by we'll all go down, all go down, all go down,



By - and - by we'll all go down, Down in the val-ley to pray.

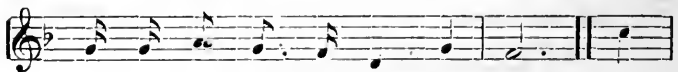
## Zion's Children.



Oh! Zi - on's children com-ing a - long, Com-ing a - long,

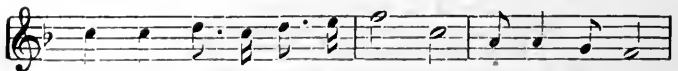


Com-ing a - long, O Zi - on's children com-ing a - long,



Talk - ing a - bout the wel - come day. }

1. I
2. Oh!
3. I



hail my moth-er in the morn-ing, Com-ing a - long,  
 don't you want to live up yon - der, Com-ing, &c.  
 think they are might-y hap - py, Com-ing, &c.



com - ing a - long, I hail my moth - er in the

*D. C.*



morn - ing, Talk - ing a - bout the wel - come day.

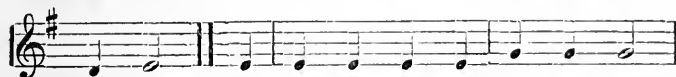
### Oh! Holy Lord.



Oh! ho - ly Lord! Oh! ho - ly Lord!



Oh! ho - ly Lord! Done with the sin and



sor - row. 1. Oh! rise up chil - dren, get your crown,



Done with the sin and sor - row, And by your Sav - iour's

*D. C.*



side sit down, Done with the sin and sor - row.

2. What a glorious morning that will be,  
Done with the sin and sorrow;  
Our friends and Jesus we will see,  
Done with the sin and sorrow. — *Cho.*
3. Oh shout, you Christians, you're gaining ground,  
Done with the sin and sorrow;  
We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down,  
Done with the sin and sorrow. — *Cho.*
4. I soon shall reach that golden shore,  
Done with the sin and sorrow;  
And sing the songs we sang before,  
Done with the sin and sorrow. — *Cho.*

## This Old Time Religion.

Oh! this old time re - li - gion, This old time re - li - gion, This

old time re - li - gion, It is good e - nough for me.

1. It is good for the mourner, It is good for the mourner, It is

good for the mourner, It is good e - nough for me.

2. It will carry you home to heaven,  
It will carry you home to heaven,  
It will carry you home to heaven,  
It is good enough for me.  
*Cho.*—Oh, this old time religion, &c.
3. It brought me out of bondage, &c.  
*Cho.*—Oh, this old time religion, &c.
4. It is good when you are in trouble, &c.  
*Cho.*—Oh, this old time religion, &c.



## He Arose.

*Slowly.*

1. The Jews killed poor Jesus, The Jews killed poor Jesus, The

Jews killed poor Je - sus, And laid him in a tomb.

He a - rose, ..... He a - rose, ..... He a -

*Repeat. pp*  
rose, ..... He a - rose and went to heav-en in a cloud.

2. Then down came an angel,  
Then down came an angel,  
Then down came an angel,  
And rolled away the stone.  
*Cho.* — He arose, &c.

3. Then Mary she came weeping,  
Then Mary she came weeping,  
Then Mary she came weeping,  
A looking for her Lord.  
*Cho.* — He arose, &c.

# Save me, Lord, Save.

201

1. I called to my fa-ther, my fa-ther hearkened to me, And the

last word I heard him say, was, Save me, Lord, save me.

And I wish that heav'n was a mine, And I hope that heav'n will a

be mine, And I wish that heav'n was a mine, O save me, Lord, save me.

2. I called to my mother, my mother hearkened to me,  
And the last word I heard her say  
Was, Save me, Lord, save me,  
*Cho.*—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.
3. I called to my sister, my sister hearkened to me, &c.  
*Cho.*—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.
4. I called to my brother, my brother hearkened to me, &c.  
*Cho.*—And I wish that heav'n was a mine, &c.

## Judgment will find you so.

Just as you live, just so you die, And af - ter death,

Judg - ment will find you so. 1. O brethren, brethren,

watch and pray, Judg - ment will find you so, For

Sa - tan's round you ev - 'ry day, Judgment will find you so. *D. C.*

2. The tallest tree in paradise,  
Judgment will find you so ;  
The Christian calls the tree of life,  
Judgment will find you so.  
*Cho.* — Just as you live, &c.
3. Oh ! Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Judgment will find you so ;  
The Lord is on the giving hand,  
Judgment will find you so.  
*Cho.* — Just as you live, &c.



# He's the Lily of the Valley.

203

He's the li - ly of the val - ley, Oh! my

Lord; He's the li - ly of the val - ley, Oh, my Lord;

1. King Je - sus in the cha-riot rides, Oh! my Lord; With

four white hors-es side by side, Oh! my Lord.

D. C.

2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,  
     Oh! my Lord;  
     That you can ride upon the air,  
     Oh! my Lord.  
     *Cho.*—He's the lily of the valley, &c.
3. These shoes I wear are gospel shoes,  
     Oh! my Lord;  
     And you can wear them if you choose,  
     Oh! my Lord.  
     *Cho.*—He's the lily of the valley, &c.

## Prepare us.

Pre - pare me, Pre - pare me, Lord, Pre - pare me, When

death shall shake this frame. 1. As I go down the

stream of time, When death shall shake this frame, I'll

leave this sin-ful world behind, When death shall shake this frame.

D. C.

2. The man that loves to serve the Lord,  
When death shall shake this frame ;  
He will receive his just reward,  
When death shall shake this frame.  
*Cho.*—Prepare me, &c.
3. Am I a soldier of the cross,  
When death shall shake this frame ;  
Or must I count this soul as lost,  
When death shall shake this frame.  
*Cho.*—Prepare me, &c.
4. My soul is bound for that bright land,  
When death shall shake this frame ;  
And there I'll meet that happy band,  
When death shall shake this frame.  
*Cho.*—Prepare me, &c.

# My Ship is on the Ocean.

205

My ship is on the o-c-ean, My ship is on the o-c-ean, My

ship is on the o-c-ean, Poor sin-ner, fare-you-well.

1. I'm go-ing a-way to see the good old Dan-iel, I'm

go-ing a-way To see my Lord.

*D. C.*

2. I'm going to see the weeping Mary,  
I'm going away to see my Lord.  
*Cho.*—My ship, &c.

3. Oh! don't you want to live in that bright glory?  
Oh! don't you want to go to see my Lord?  
*Cho.*—My ship, &c.

## March On.

1. Way o - ver in the E - gypt land, You shall gain the

vic - to - ry, Way o - ver in the E - gypt land,

You shall gain the day. March on, and you shall gain the

vic - to - ry, March on, and you shall gain the day.

*Repeat. pp*

2. When Peter was preaching at the Pentecost,  
You shall gain the victory ;  
He was endowed with the Holy Ghost,  
You shall gain the day.  
*Cho.* March on, &c.
3. When Peter was fishing in the sea,  
You shall gain the victory ;  
He dropped his net and followed me,  
You shall gain the day.  
*Cho.* — March on, &c.
4. King Jesus on the mountain top,  
You shall gain the victory ;  
King Jesus speaks and the chariot stops,  
You shall gain the day.  
*Cho.* — March on, &c.

# My Way's Cloudy.

207

Oh! breth-er-en, my way, my way's cloud-y, my way, Go

send them an - gels down, Oh! breth-er - en, my way,

my way's cloud-y, my way, Go send them an-gels down.

1. There's fire in the east and fire in the west, Send them angels down, And  
 2. Old Sa - tan's mad, and I am glad, Send them angels down, He  
 3. I'll tell you now as I told you before, Send them angels down, To  
 4. This is the year of Ju - bi-lee, Send them angels down, The

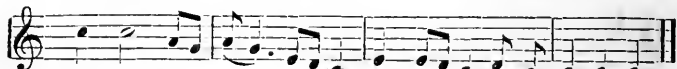
*D. C.*

fire a - mong the Meth-o - dist, O send them an-gels down.  
 missed the soul he thought he had, O send them an-gels down.  
 the promised land I'm bound to go, O send them an-gels down.  
 Lord has come and set us free, O send them an-gels down.

## Ride on, King Jesus.



Ride on, King Je - sus, No man can a hin-der me,



Ride on, King Je - sus, No man can a hinder me.



1. I was but young when I begun, No man can a hinder me, But

*D. C.*



now my race is almost done, No man can a hinder me.

2. King Jesus rides on a milk-white horse,  
 No man can a hinder me ;  
 The riv-er of Jordan he did cross,  
 No man can a hinder me.  
*Cho.*—Ride on, &c.

3. If you want to find your way to God,  
 No man can a hinder me :  
 The gospel highway must be trod,  
 No man can a hinder me.  
*Cho.*—Ride on, &c.

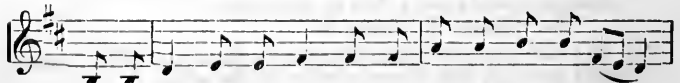
## These are my Father's Children.



These are my Father's children, These are my Father's children,



These are my Father's chil-dren, All ... in one band.



1. And I soon shall be done with the troubles of the world,



Troubles of the world, Troubles of the world, And I



soon shall be done with the troubles of the world, Going



home.... to live with God, Oh!

2. My brother's done with the troubles of the world, &c.

*Cho.*—These are my Father's children, &c.

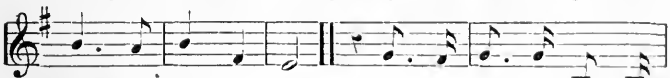
3. My sister's done with the troubles of the world, &c.

*Cho.*—These are my Father's children, &c.

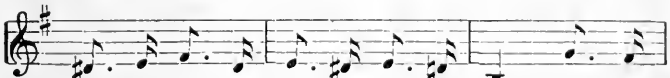
## Reign, Oh! Reign.



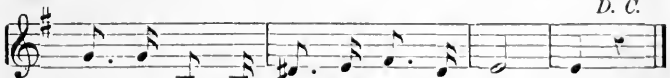
Reign, Oh! reign, O reign, my Sav-iour, Reign, Oh!



reign, O reign, my Lord. 1. Takes an hum-ble soul to



join us in the ser-vice of the Lord, Takes an



hum-ble soul to join us in the ar-my.

2. Here's a sinner come to join us in the service of the Lord,

Here's a sinner come to join us in the army.

*Cho.*—Reign, Oh! reign, &c.

3. Oh! ain't you glad you've joined us in the service of the Lord;

Oh! ain't you glad you've joined us in the army.

*Cho.*—Reign, Oh! reign, &c.

## Mary and Martha.

1. Ma-ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Ma-ry and a Martha's

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

just gone 'long, Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long, To

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

ring those charming bells; Cry-ing free grace and dy - ing love,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. A double bar line is present in the middle of the system.

Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love, To

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment.

ring those charming bells. Oh! way o-ver Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver

The fifth system concludes the melody and accompaniment on this page.



Jordan, Lord, Way over Jordan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, &c.  
To ring those charming bells.  
*Cho.*—Crying, free grace, &c.
3. My father and mother's just gone 'long, &c.  
To ring those charming bells.  
*Cho.*—Crying, free grace, &c.
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, &c.  
To ring those charming bells.  
*Cho.*—Crying, free grace, &c.

### If ain't going to die no more.

Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, I

ain't a going to die no more; 1. Going to meet those happy Christians

soon-er in the morn-ing, Soon-er in the morn-ing,

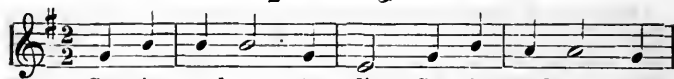
Soon-er in the morn-ing, Meet those hap-py Chris-tians

soon-er in the morning, I ain't a going to die no more.

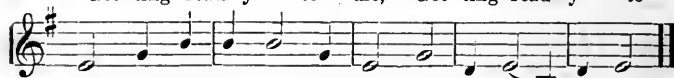
2. Going shouting home to glory sooner in the morning, &c.  
*Cho.*—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.
3. Going to wear the starry crown sooner in the morning, &c.  
*Cho.*—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.
4. We'll sing our troubles over sooner in the morning, &c.  
*Cho.*—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

*D. C.*

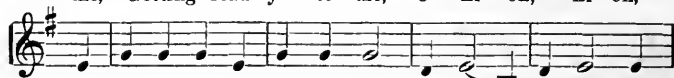
## Getting Ready to Die.



Get-ting read-y to die, Get-ting read-y to



die, Getting read-y to die, O Zi-on, Zi-on,



1. When I set out, I was but young, Zi-on, Zi-on, But

*D. C.*



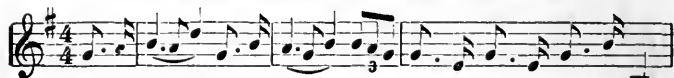
now my race is al-most run, Zi-on, Zi-on.

2. Religion's like a blooming rose, Zion, Zion,  
And none but those that feel it knows, Zion, Zion.  
*Cho.—Getting ready to die, &c.*

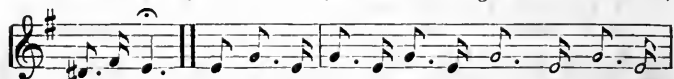
3. The Lord is waiting to receive, Zion, Zion,  
If sinners only would believe, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

4. All those who walk in Gospel shoes, Zion, Zion,  
This faith in Christ they'll never lose, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

## The General Roll.



I'll be there, I'll be there, Oh when the general roll is called,

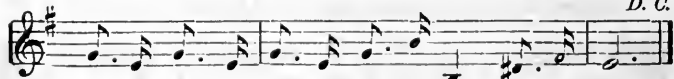


I'll be there. 1. O hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, The general  
2. Old Sa-tan told me not to pray, The general



roll is called, I'll be there; The Lord is on the  
roll is called, I'll be there; He wants my soul at

*D. C.*



giv-ing hand, The gen-eral roll is called, I'll be there.  
Judgment Day, The gen-eral roll is called, I'll be there.

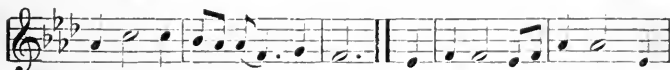
## I'm Troubled in Mind.

213

[The person who furnished this song (Mrs. Brown of Nashville, formerly a slave), stated that she first heard it from her old father when she was a child. After he had been whipped he always went and sat upon a certain log near his cabin, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, sang this song with so much pathos that few could listen without weeping from sympathy: and even his cruel oppressors were not wholly unmoved.]



I'm troubled, I'm troubled, I'm troubled in mind, If Jesus don't



help me, I sure-ly will die. 1. O Je-sus, my Saviour, on

*D. C.*



thee I'll depend, When troubles are near me, you'll be my true friend.

2. When ladened with trouble and burdened with grief,  
To Jesus in secret I'll go for relief.

*Cho.*—I'm troubled, &c.

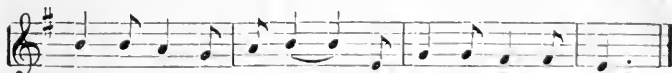
3. In dark days of bondage to Jesus I prayed,  
To help me to bear it, and he gave me his aid.

*Cho.*—I'm troubled, &c.

## I'm going to Live with Jesus.



1. I'm going to live with Je - sus, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I'm
2. I've start-ed out for heav-en, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I've
3. I know I love my Je - sus, A soldier of the Ju-bi-lee, I



going to live with Je - sus, A sol-dier of the cross.  
start-ed out for heav-en, A sol-dier of the cross.  
know I love my Je - sus, A sol-dier of the cross.

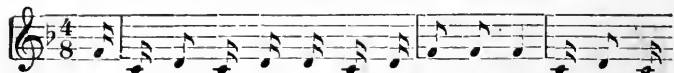


Oh! when you get there remember me, A soldier of the Jubilee, Oh!



when you get there remember me. A sol-dier of the cross.

## Oh! let me get up.



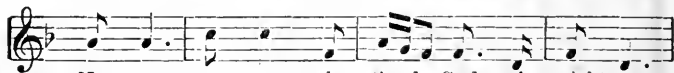
1. Oa! just let me get up in the house of God, Just let me



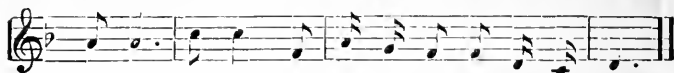
get up in the house of God, Just let me get up in the



house of God, And I'll nev-er turn back a - ny more.



No more, no more, why thank God al - might-y,



No more, no more, I'll nev-er turn back a - ny more.

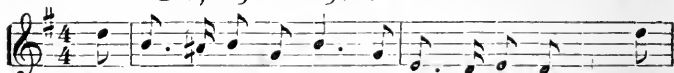
2. Oh! just let me get on my long white robe, &c

3. Oh! just let me get on my starry crown, &c.

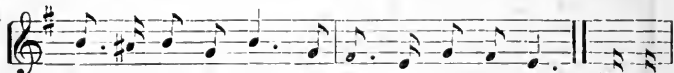
4. Oh! just let me get on my golden shoes, &c.

5. Oh! the music in the heaven, and it sounds so sweet, &c.

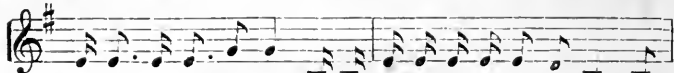
## Go, chain the Lion down.



Go, chain the li - on down, Go, chain the li - on down, Go,

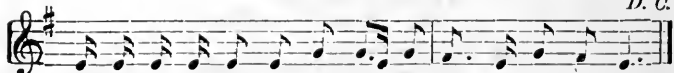


chain the li - on down, Be-fore the heav'n doors close. 1. Do you



see that good old sis-ter, Come a wagging up the hill so slow, She

*D. C.*



wants to get to heav'n in due time, Be-fore the heav'n doors close.

2. Do you see the good old Christians? &c.

3. Do you see the good old preachers? &c.

# When Moses smote the Water. 215

When Mo-ses smote the wa-ter, The chil-dren all passed

o-ver, When Moses smote the wa-ter, The sea gave a-way.

1. O chil-dren ain't you glad You've left that sin-ful

ar-my? O chil-dren ain't you glad The sea gave a-way?

*D. C.*

2. O Christians ain't you glad  
You've left that sinful army?  
O Christians ain't you glad  
The sea gave away?  
*Cho.*—When Moses smote, &c.
3. O brothers ain't you glad  
You've left that sinful army?  
O brothers ain't you glad  
The sea gave away?  
*Cho.*—When Moses smote, &c.

## Oh! Sinner Man.

Oh! sin-ner, Oh! sin-ner man, Oh! sin-ner, Oh!

which way are you go-ing? 1. Oh! come back, sinner, and

don't go there, Which way are you going? For hell is deep, and

*D. C.*  
dark des - pair, Oh! which way are you go - ing?

2. Though days be dark, and nights be long,  
Which way are you going?  
We'll shout and sing till we get home,  
Which way are you going?  
*Cho.*—Oh! sinner, &c.
3. 'Twas just about the break of day,  
Which way are you going?  
My sins forgiven and soul set free,  
Which way are you going?  
*Cho.*—Oh! sinner, &c.

# My good Lord's been here.

217

My good Lord's been here, been here, been here,

My good Lord's been here, And he's blessed my soul and gone.

1. O brothers, where were you, broth-ers, where were you,

broth-ers, where were you When my good Lord was here?

*D. C.*

2. O sinners, where were you, &c.  
*Cho.*—My good Lord's been here, &c.
3. O Christians, where were you, &c.  
*Cho.*—My good Lord's been here, &c.
4. O mourners, where were you, &c.  
*Cho.*—My good Lord's been here, &c.

## A little more Faith in Jesus.

All I want, All I want, All I want is a

lit - tle more faith in Je - sus. 1. When - ev - er we meet

you here we say. A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus, Pray

what's the or - der of the day? A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus.

2.

I tell you now as I told you before,  
A little more faith in Jesus,  
To the promised land I'm bound to go,  
A little more faith in Jesus.  
*Cho.*—All I want, &c.

3.

Oh! Hallelujah to the Lamo,  
A little more faith in Jesus,  
The Lord is on the giving hand.  
A little more faith in Jesus.  
*Cho.*—All I want, &c.

4.

I do believe without a doubt,  
A little more faith in Jesus,  
That Christians have a right to shout,  
A little more faith in Jesus.  
*Cho.*—All I want, &c.

5.

Shout, you children, shout, you're free,  
A little more faith in Jesus,  
For Christ has bought this liberty,  
A little more faith in Jesus.  
*Cho.*—All I want, &c.

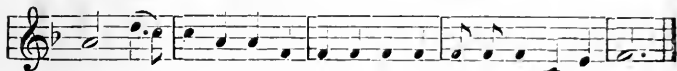


# Did not old Pharaoh get lost?

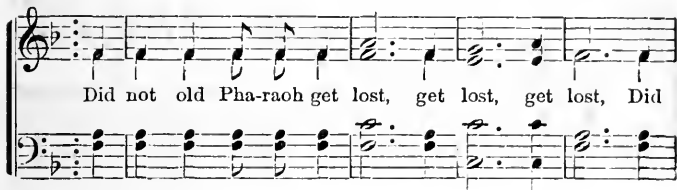
219



1. I - saac a ran-som, while he lay Up-on an al-tar



bound, Mo-ses, an infant cast away, By Pharaoh's daughter found.



Did not old Pha-raoh get lost, get lost, get lost, Did



not old Pha-raoh get lost in the Red sea?

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Joseph, by his false brethren sold,<br/>God raised above them all;<br/>To Hannah's child the Lord foretold<br/>How Eli's house should fall.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. The Lord said unto Moses,<br/>Go unto Pharaoh now,<br/>For I have hardened Pharaoh's heart,<br/>To me he will not bow.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>4. Then Moses and Aaron,<br/>To Pharaoh did go,<br/>Thus says the God of Israel,<br/>Let my people go.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. Old Pharaoh said who is the Lord,<br/>That I should Him obey?<br/>His name it is Jehovah,<br/>For he hears his people pray.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>6. Then Moses numbered Israel,<br/>Through all the land abroad,<br/>Saying, children, do not murmur,<br/>But hear the word of God.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> | <p>7. Hark! hear the children murmur,<br/>They cried aloud for bread,<br/>Down came the hidden manna,<br/>The hungry soldiers fed.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>8. Then Moses said to Israel,<br/>As they stood along the shore,<br/>Your enemies you see to-day,<br/>You will never see no more.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>9. Then down came raging Pharaoh,<br/>That you may plainly see,<br/>Old Pharaoh and his host,<br/>Got lost in the Red Sea.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>10. Then men, and women, and children<br/>To Moses they did flock;<br/>They cried aloud for water,<br/>And Moses smote the rock.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> <p>11. And the Lord spoke to Moses,<br/>From Sinai's smoking top,<br/>Saying, Moses, lead the people,<br/>Till I shall bid you stop.<br/><i>Cho.</i>—Did not old Pharaoh, &amp;c.</p> |
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