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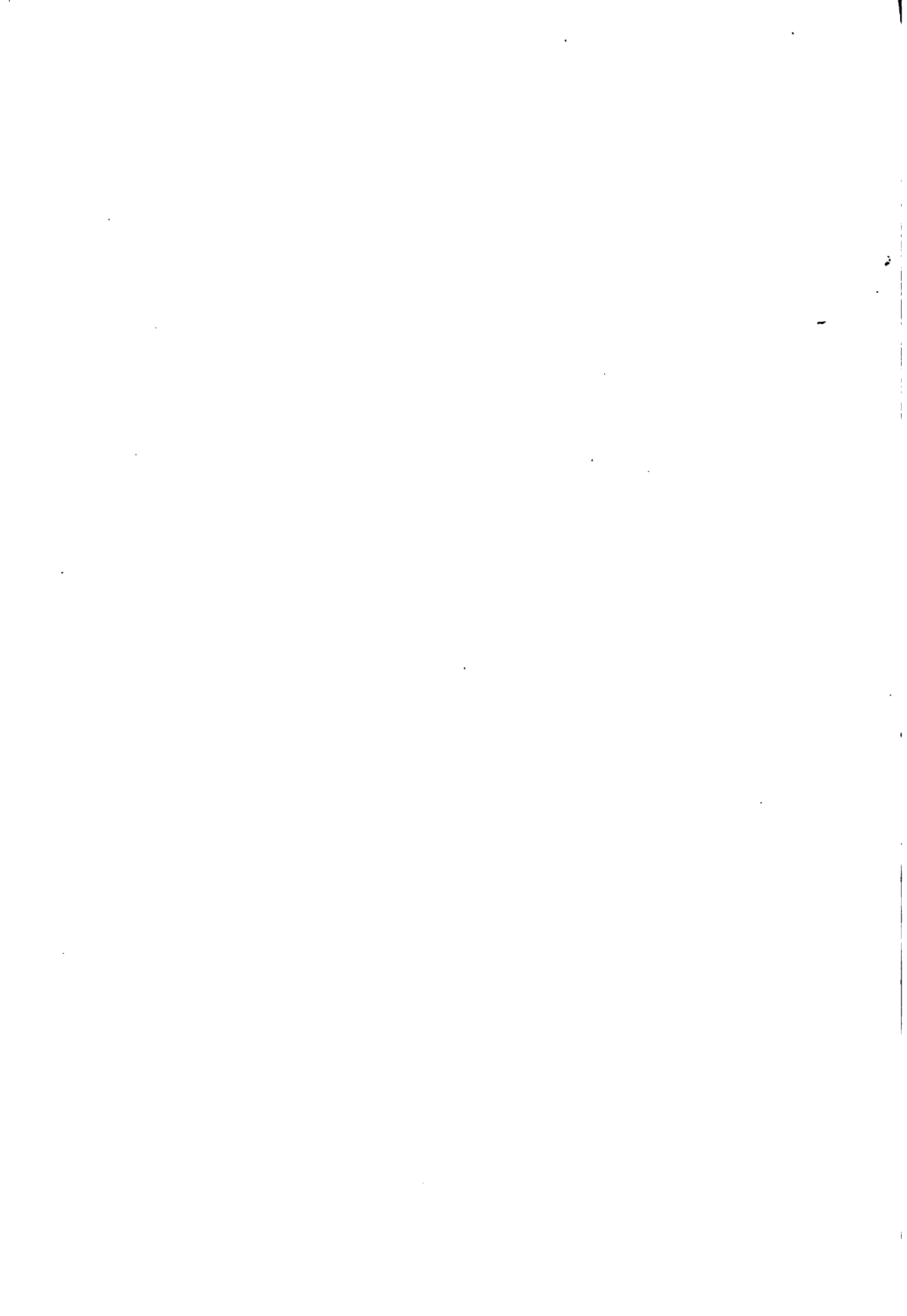
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**DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT**

**AUTHOR OF "DIXIE"**

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**By**  
**CHARLES BURLEIGH GALBREATH**

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**Illustrated**

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**Columbus, Ohio:**  
**Press of Fred. J. Heer**  
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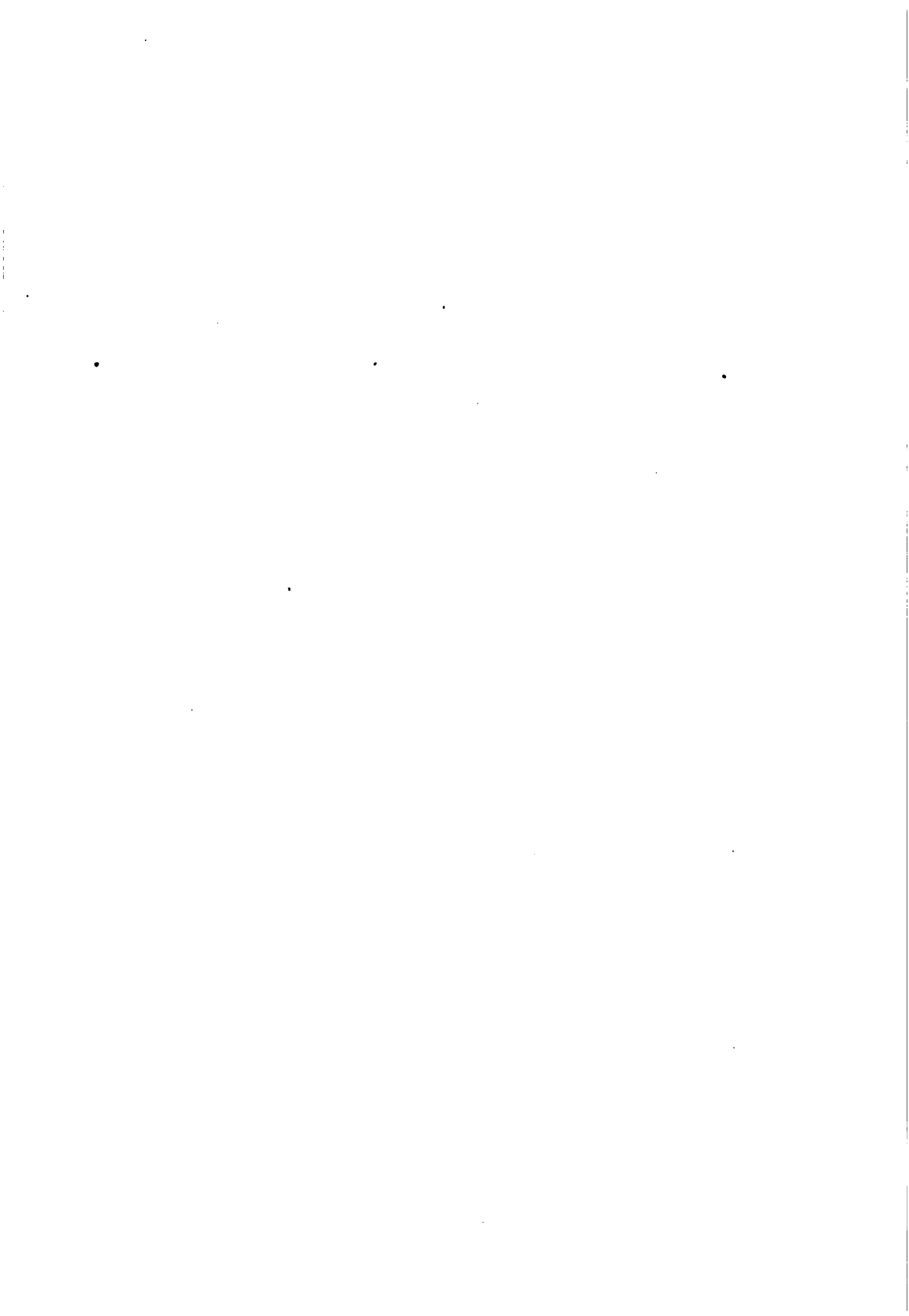


TO MY MOTHER  
JANE MINERVA GALBREATH



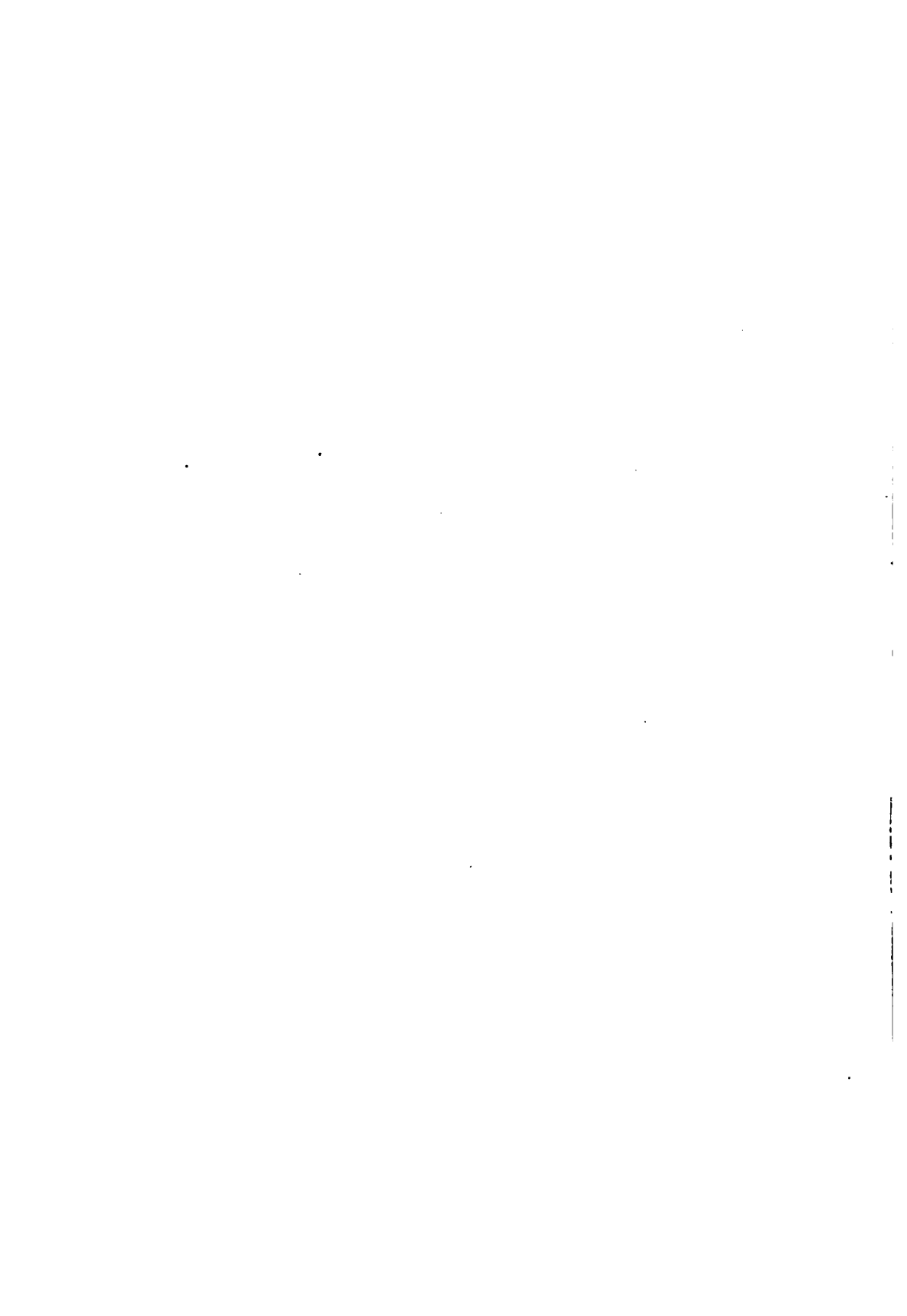
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## INTRODUCTION.

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If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. — ANDREW FLETCHER.

No names are deathless save those of the world's singers. — FRANCES E. WILLARD.

If this ascription of power and immortality seems somewhat sweeping and a little too poetically generous, the fact remains that music, affecting as it does the emotional in man and touching all its keys, exerts a distinct influence on individual and national destiny; and the simple songs that find their way to the universal heart shall survive long after the singer has departed and his very name, to the millions who have felt the spell of his genius, has ceased to be even a memory. The popular melody is one of the avenues through which the human soul finds expression. If it has its charm "to soothe the savage breast," it has likewise its stimulus to action. With pæans on their lips men "have crowded the road to death as to a festival." In our annals the song writers deserve a place. From lullaby to battle hymn they help to mould character and build the state.

Among the bards of Ohio whose lays have acquired national celebrity is Daniel Decatur Emmett, author of *Dixie*. His was a varied life experience that took him to many places and brought him into contact with many people. A detailed autobiography, including his reminiscences of men and events, would have been decidedly interesting and not without historic value. He departed without leaving such a record, however, and it is left for one who knew him in his later years to bring a humble but truthful tribute to this neglected son of song, to associate more closely the name of Emmett with *Dixie*, to fix for all time his title to the authorship of this famous melody.

It has had an interesting history. It was on the lips of the Southern legions as they marched to the field. It was the battle cry of Pickett's men when they charged at Gettysburg; the peace offering of Lincoln at the dawn of national reunion; the air to which the boys in blue kept step as they bore arms

for the liberation of Cuba. It survives the cause that went down in the cataclysm of civil war.

It has in it an "indefinable something" that defies the critics and stirs men's souls. To-day when delegates assemble "to mould a state's decrees" and nominate men to administer the affairs of the Republic, *Dixie* is cheered to the echo. While the author lived, the echo that reached him was faint and far. This little book will have served its chief purpose if that echo in larger volume shall find his grave and keep his memory green.

In the preparation of this work the writer has been under obligation, first of all, to Rev. William E. Hull, rector of St. Paul's, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, who has had custody of the manuscript papers of Emmett. He has kindly made these accessible for examination and use. Without his aid, the work in its present form would not have been possible. The many courtesies of Mrs. Emmett are gratefully remembered. Valuable assistance has been received from J. C. Scott and Wm. M. Koons, Esq., of Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Al. G. Fields, of Columbus, Ohio, and Col. Allston Brown, of New York City. The files of *The Democratic Banner* and *The Republican News*, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, have frequently been consulted. The Library of Congress has furnished valuable information in regard to the authorship of *Dixie*.

A portion of this work was first published in the *Quarterly* of the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society. For the privilege of reproducing the material thus used, the writer is under obligations to the Society and especially to its scholarly and courteous secretary, Hon. E. O. Randall.

C. B. G.

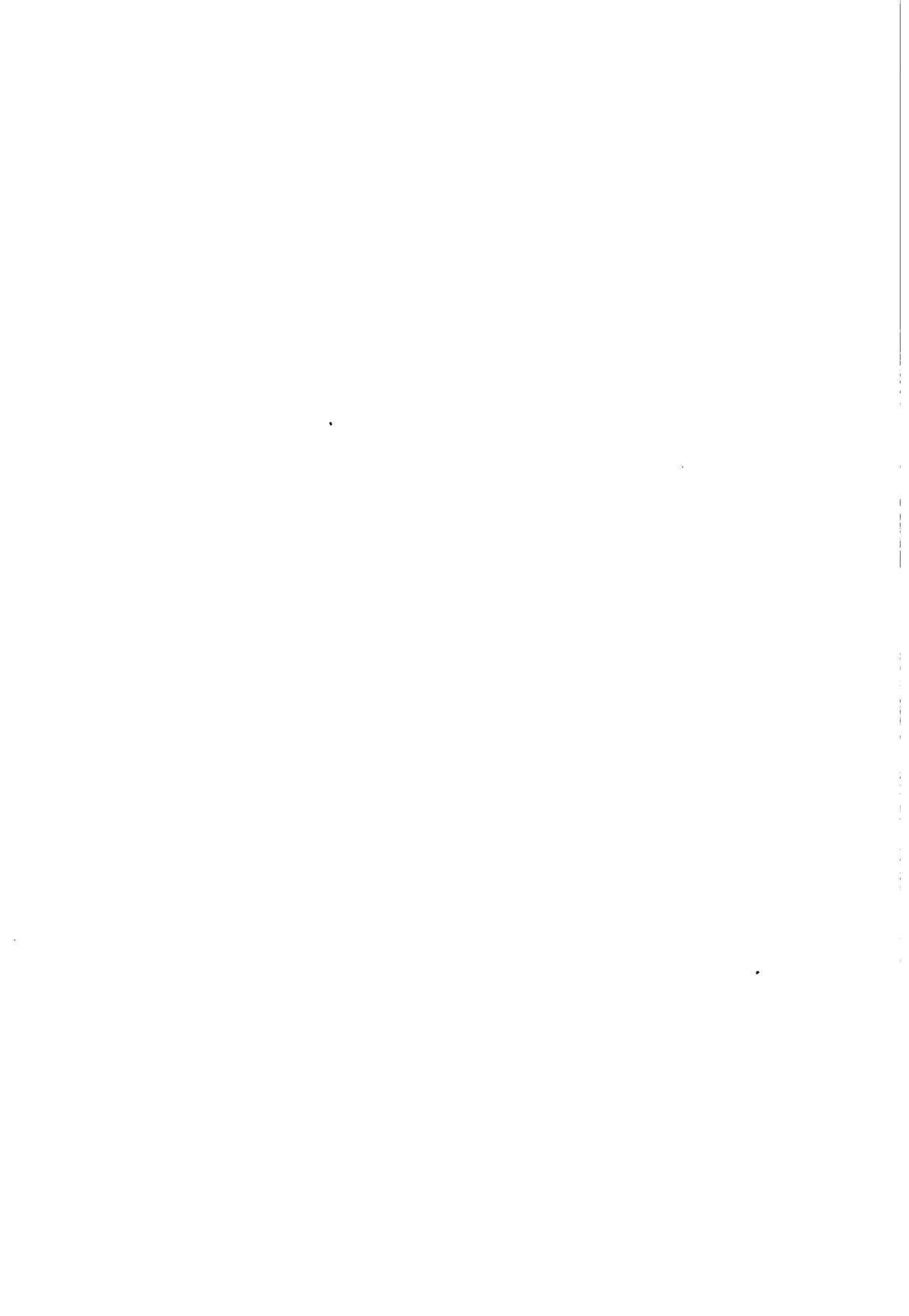
*Columbus, Ohio, December, 1904.*





**DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.**

(From a photograph taken when he was singing *Dixie's Land*  
with the Bryan Minstrels.)



**DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT, AUTHOR OF "DIXIE."**

About one mile north of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, a line of cottages extends along the western border of the road. The last, the humblest, and the whitest of these was until recently the home of Daniel Decatur Emmett, the venerable minstrel, whose melodies are a part of the universal music of America and familiar in lands beyond the sea. Under the "wide and open sky," in the midst of the scenes of his boyhood, this genial genius of song, whom neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune could sway far from the even tenor of his way, lived to the ripe age of four score years and eight. He was born in Mt. Vernon,<sup>1</sup> October 29, 1815.

His ancestors, as the name indicates, were of Irish descent. They were among the pioneers of Virginia who pushed westward across the Blue Ridge Mountains and settled in the beautiful valley just beyond. In the early part of the last century, led by the restless spirit that ever beckons onward the advance guard of civilization, they crossed the Alleghanies, and, following the course of empire, entered the new state of Ohio by way of Wheeling.

Emmett's grandfather<sup>2</sup> was a soldier of the Revolution and fought under Morgan at the Cowpens. His father, Abraham Emmett, who came from Staunton, Va., was early apprenticed to a blacksmith. At the breaking out of the War of 1812, his employer was drafted and the young apprentice, being thus unex-

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<sup>1</sup> N. W. corner of Mulberry and Front streets.

<sup>2</sup> John Emmett, who came from Augusta Co., Va. He followed various vocations, including that of local Methodist preacher. He died at Utica, Ohio. The stone at the head of his grave bears simply the inscription, Rev. John Emit. Among his descendents who acquired distinction, in addition to those named on the following pages, were his grandsons, Benjamin F. Smith, Vespasian Smith and James Smith, Jr. The last was for a time law partner of Judge Lafayette Emmett, was elected to the State Senate of Minnesota in 1860, as a Republican, and was subsequently re-elected. He was for many years an attorney for the Lake Superior Railroad.

pectedly released, entered the army as a volunteer. His name heads the list of privates in the company of Captain Joseph Walker, regiment of Colonel Lewis Cass. He served also under Captain John Spencer, aided in the defense of Ft. Meigs, and was present at Hull's surrender. He married Sarah Zerick, in Clinton, then the county seat of Knox county, Ohio. To them were born two sons, Daniel Decatur and Lafayette, and two daughters, Derada Jane and Martha Ellen. All of these have passed away except Lafayette,<sup>1</sup> ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, who is at present Territorial Librarian of New Mexico. The parents died in the early sixties at St. Paul, Minn., where Lafayette was then living. Daniel, the oldest of the children, was twice married. His first wife, whose maiden name was Catharine Rives, died May 31, 1875, at the age of 46 years. In 1879 he married Mrs. Mary Louise Bird, of Chicago, who still survives.<sup>2</sup>

Emmett's early schooling was of the most elementary character. In those days the free school system was unknown. When very young he was taught to run errands and assist his father in the blacksmith shop. In the meantime he learned to read fairly well and to write a good hand. In the printing office his real education began. The training that he there received is revealed in the careful and generally accurate punctuation of his manuscript papers. At the age of thirteen years he began work in the office of the *Huron Reflector*, at Norwalk, O. Shortly afterward he returned to Mt. Vernon and was employed by C. P. Bronson on the *Western Aurora* until he reached the age of seventeen years. Here he knew the Sherman boys, of whom he related interesting reminiscences. He was best acquainted with

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<sup>1</sup> Judge Lafayette Emmett, born in Mt. Vernon, May 8, 1822, studied law in the office of Columbus Delano; was admitted to the bar; served a term as Prosecuting Attorney of his native county; moved to Minnesota in 1851; was appointed Attorney General of that Territory; was member of the Constitutional Convention, and at the first election of state officers was chosen Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he lived until called to his present position. His daughter is the wife of Miguel A. Otero, Governor of New Mexico.

<sup>2</sup> Emmett's first wife was born in New York City, April 15, 1826. They were married in 1852 or 1853. She died in Chicago, May 3, 1875. Mrs. Bird's maiden name was Brower.

John, who attended school four years in the village. "William," he said, "was always ready for any escapade or wild adventure that promised sport. John was reserved and dignified, and might readily have been taken for a divinity student."

The peculiar gift that impelled Emmett to his life work he doubtless inherited from his mother. "As far back almost as I can remember," he said, "I took great interest in music. I hummed familiar tunes, arranged words to sing to them and made up tunes to suit words of my own. I paid no especial attention to the poetry and thought little about the literary merit of what I wrote. I composed *Old Dan Tucker* in 1830 or 1831, when I was fifteen or sixteen years old, before I left Mt. Vernon."

He entered the army at the early age of seventeen years as fifer, and served until discharged.<sup>1</sup> He was first stationed at Newport, Kentucky, and afterward at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, Missouri. In the service he improved his opportunity to study music, a fact to which he has borne detailed and explicit testimony.

He afterward traveled with circus bands and had excellent opportunity to continue his study and practice. He was at different times connected with the shows of Spalding and Rogers, Samuel Stickney, Seth Howe and Dan Rice.

In the early forties he organized the first colored minstrel troupe. He named it the Virginia Minstrels. He has told how he consulted a dictionary to satisfy himself that the word minstrel was the proper one to use.

Much has been written in regard to the origin of negro minstrelsy. The following points seem at present beyond dispute. The first troupe was organized in New York City at the boarding place of Mr. Emmett, on Catharine street, in February or March, of 1843. The parties participating were "Dan" Emmett, Frank Brower, "Billy" Whitlock and "Dick" Pelham. Emmett played the violin, Whitlock the banjo, Brower the bones and Pelham the tambourine. After practicing for some time to their mutual delight, they decided to make their first appearance at the Branch Hotel on the Bowery, the rendezvous for the showmen of the city in those days.

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<sup>1</sup> Emmett was discharged July 8, 1835, "by process of civil authority on account of minority."

Nathan Howes, the leading circus man of his time, was present with a numerous assembly of the lesser lights of the profession. There was a disposition to scoff at the innovation. Comparing small things to great, it was like the advent of the disciples of young Hugo in the role of romanticism.

The costume for the occasion was chosen and the novel features designed by Emmett himself. It included white trousers, striped calico shirt and blue calico coat, the latter made dress suit style with elongated swallow-tail. This outfit did not entirely remove the prejudice of the spectators.

Emmett tuned his violin and the crowd began to jeer. Such a combination of instruments had never been heard of before, to say nothing of the four sable faces. The single Ethiopian of "Daddy" Rice's *Jim Crowe* type had been somewhat common, but this new aggregation violated the unwritten canons of the comic stage.

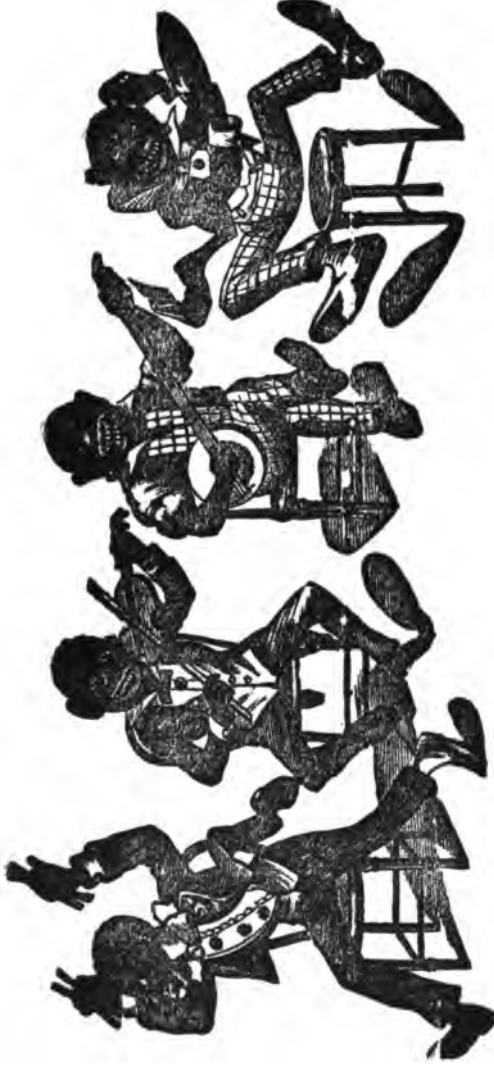
At the conclusion of the opening chorus the crowd became quiet and attentive. "Brower's funny song made them howl with delight." Whitlock's voice had a like effect. Emmett then sang and the little room went into "an uproar of applause."<sup>1</sup>

So popular was the performance that it was almost immediately called to the stage. Emmett afterward gave the quartet the name of Virginia Minstrels. Whitlock in an autobiography says that the first appearance before the general public was at the Chatham Theatre for the benefit of Pelham. "The house was crowded and jammed with our friends," says he, "and Dick, of course, put ducats in his purse."

The company afterward was well received in Boston and New York. Later they went to the British Isles where they were virtually stranded. The performance aroused no interest abroad and the trip was a complete failure. Emmett promptly returned to America. While abroad he witnessed in Dublin the liberation of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot.

When he reached New York he found that a number of organizations similar to the Virginia Minstrels had been formed and were appearing with marked success. He played during

<sup>1</sup> Emmett was a good singer. He played many instruments, but excelled with the violin and flute. In musical composition, his reels and jigs were especially popular with the minstrel profession.



FRANK BROWER.

DAN. EMMETT.

BILLY WHITLOCK.

DICK PELHAM.

THE ORIGINAL VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.

From an old cut recently found in the office of the (Mt. Vernon, O.) *Republican News*. It dates from 1860. In speaking on this primitive company Emmett said: "We were all end men and interlocutors."

the winter for a time in the city and traveled as a musician with circuses in the summer. In 1857 he engaged with the Bryant Minstrels at 470<sup>1</sup> Broadway, to act as musician and compose negro melodies and plantation walk-arounds. Here he remained till 1865.

In 1859, late one Saturday evening, after the performance at the music hall, Mr. Jerry Bryant came to him and asked him to write for rehearsal Monday a "walk-around" or "hooray song" of the plantation type. It must have a good tune. It did not matter so much what the words were. The song should be "catchy" and contain phrases that the boys would readily pick up and repeat on the streets. Emmett remarked that the time was unusually short but that he would do his best.

That night he undertook to compose a tune, but failed. He stated to his wife what he was expected to do and said he feared that he had undertaken too much. She urged him to persevere and told him that he should have the room all to himself the day following, that she knew he would make a song that would please his employers. He had always done so and he would not fail this time. She would be his audience, and if the song suited her it would be acceptable to the crowds that would come to hear it.

Early in the morning he picked up his violin and began work on the tune. It was a cold and dreary day.<sup>2</sup> The rain was falling. As he looked out of the window into the chill and comfortless street, he involuntarily repeated the expression familiar to showmen in the winter time, "I wish I was in Dixie land." Emmett had previously traveled much through the South, and it was very natural that this expression should rise to his lips on such a day. Taking up his violin again he began to hum the words and play. After some hours of patient endeavor, he had completed what he thought would fill fairly well the requirements. He next hastily prepared a stanza and chorus. The latter was never changed.

<sup>1</sup> See facsimile of title page of *Dixie*. On old programs the street number is 472.

<sup>2</sup> Col. T. Allston Brown in a letter to the writer fixes the date of the first public rendition of the song Monday evening, Sept. 19, 1859. It was composed the day previous. Emmett in three authentic interviews stated that it was composed in the early spring of 1859.



He then called in his wife while he played and sang. She declared that the music was all right; that if the Bryant Brothers were not satisfied with it they would not be pleased with anything he could give them.

"What shall I call it?" said Emmett. "I can think of no name for it. I ought to have a name before finishing the words."

"The name?" said his wife, "Why, it can have but one name. You have it in the chorus. Call it *Dixie's Land*."

And *Dixie's Land* it was named.<sup>1</sup>

He then proceeded to write the words. On Monday morning he presented the results of his efforts to his employers. After examining it carefully and putting it to the test, they returned, evidently pleased, and congratulated the composer. The music, they thought, would be good enough to print. But they had some grave doubts about the first stanza, which they proceeded delicately and with apologies to set forth. The stanza did not appear in the song as originally printed:

Dis worl' was made in jiss six days,  
 An' finish'd up in various ways;  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!  
 Dey den made Dixie trim an' nice,  
 But Adam call'd it "Paradise."  
 Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

This stanza is important as it seems to settle a point in regard to which there has been some dispute. "Dixie," a term applied to the entire South, is thought by many to be derived from Dixon, found in the name of the famous boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, "Mason and Dixon's line." But the weight of the testimony seems to point to a different origin. On Manhattan Island, a man by the name of Dixie once kept slaves until forced by the hostile sentiment of the North to move South. The slaves were not happy in their new home and frequently expressed a longing for Dixie Land, the name of the old plantation.<sup>2</sup> By degrees the expression came

<sup>1</sup> The song bears the title of "Dixie's Land." The early copyright issues corroborate the statements of their author.

<sup>2</sup> Another theory has recently been advanced to explain the origin of the word "Dixie". It is claimed that French bank notes issued in New Orleans and bearing the word for ten, *dix*, were called dixies, and

to represent the elysium of the colored race in the sunny South-land, where masters were kind, where care never came and where joy held sway the whole year round. The first stanza of the song seems to show clearly that the writer had in mind this earthly paradise, "away down south in the land ob cotton," without reference to any particular spot.

The objection to the stanza was based on religious grounds. Inasmuch as it was thought that "the piece might be found worth publishing in sheet music form," it was deemed best that these lines should be modified. "You see, Dan," said Mrs. Bryant, "in some religious homes it might be regarded as making light of the Scriptures. We know that you did not intend that and the lines are really very nice, but don't you think it would be better to change them?"

Emmett said that he probably could make some modification; that he cared little about the words; but that he thought the music should remain unchanged and that the name should be *Dixie's Land*. All united in this view, and the composition was again praised.

While the author was considering the first stanza, one of the Bryant brothers suggested that it be dropped. The song would be long enough without it, and the second stanza would do very well to begin with. Emmett agreed to this, and the song, without further changes, read as follows:

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
 Old times dar am not forgotten;  
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!  
 In Dixie Land whar I was born in,  
 Early on one frosty mornin',  
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!  
 In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand, to lib an' die in Dixie.  
 Away! away! away down South in Dixie.  
 Away! away! away down South in Dixie.  
 In Dixie Land de darkies grow,  
 If white folks only plant dar toe;  
 Look away, etc.

that the name was afterward applied to the South, the section from which they came.

Dey wet de groun' wid 'bakker smoke,  
Den up de darkies' heads will poke.

Look away, etc.

Missus married Will de weaber,  
Will, he was a gay deceaber;

Look away, etc.

When he put his arms around 'er,  
He look as fierce as a forty pounder.

Look away, etc.

Ole missus die, — she took a decline,  
Her face was de color ob bacon-rhine;

Look away, etc.

How could she act de foolish part,  
An' marry a man to broke her heart.

Look away, etc.

Den here's a health to de next ole missus  
An' all de galls dat want to kiss us;

Look away, etc.

Den hoe it down an' scratch yoa grabble.  
To Dixie Land I'm boun' to trabble.

Look away, etc.

Stanzas were added from time to time until the melody was composed of a score or more. This fact accounts for the variety of forms in which the original song appears. All of the stanzas have perhaps never been printed together. The latest edition includes the first stanza quoted, with chorus, and the following:

Ole missus marry "Will-de-weaber";

Willum was a gay deceaber;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

But when he put his arm around her,

He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber;

But dat did not seem to greab her;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Ole missus acted de foolish part,

And died for a man dat broke her heart;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

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<sup>1</sup> Other stanzas and variations will be found in the facsimile on another page.

*Dixie's Land.*  
 Composed by Daniel D. Emmett (in 1859.)

*Introduction: Allegro*

*Segue Song.*

*Chorus*

*Solo for one voice*

*Ad. to Introduction*

*U. S. for the rest of the piece.*

This world was made in jess six days, & finished up in  
 various ways; look a way! look a way! look a way! Dixie land  
 den made Dixie trim an nice, But Ad-am call'd it "Pon-a-dix" look a  
 way! look a way! look a way! Dixie land! Den I wish de jess in Dixie  
 den ray! den ray! Dixie's land, We'll took our stand, Lik a Dixie Dixie  
 a way! a way! a way down deuth in Dixie

From autograph copy of original *Dixie's Land*. Manuscript

NOTE. — It is not probable that the original manuscript of *Dixie's* manuscript copies and it is but natural that some of these should be pre



Now here's health to de next ole missus,  
 An' all the gals dat want to kiss us;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
 Come and hear dis song tomorrow;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injin batter,  
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

In Emmett's neatly written volume entitled "Walk 'Rounds," is the earliest manuscript copy of the song known to exist. It is here quoted literally, with the exception of the chorus, which is reproduced with the first stanza only.

I - I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
 Old times dar am not forgotten;  
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie land!  
 In Dixie land whar I was born in,  
 Early on one frosty mornin'.  
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie land!

CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!  
 In Dixie's land we'll took our stand to lib an' die in Dixie,  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie!  
 Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,  
 William was a gay deceaber,  
 When he put his arm around 'er,  
 He looked as fierce as a forty pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher cleaber,  
 But dat did not seem to greab 'er;  
 Will run away, missus took a decline, O,  
 Her face was the color of bacon rhine, O.

While missus libbed, she libbed in clover,  
 When she died, she died all over;  
 How could she act de foolish part,  
 An' marry a man to break her heart.

Buckwheat cakes an' stony batter  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Here's a health to de next old missus  
An' all de galls dat want to kiss us.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song tomorrow;  
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.

From the initial presentation the song was popular, though no one dreamed of the wide celebrity that it afterward attained. It went from city to city. Through the theatres and the music halls it reached the people. It first became widely known in the North. In the political campaign of the year following, Abraham Lincoln, it is said, heard the tune to Republican words, and was much pleased with it.

Without the consent of the author, the publisher brought out his song under the title, *I wish I was in Dixie's Land*. Soon afterward the words and music under the title of *Dixie* were published in New Orleans by P. P. Werlein. He was notified at once that Emmett was the author and that his publishers would defend the copyright. A number of communications passed between the two publishing houses, the Southern man finally "giving his case away" by writing to Emmett and offering him \$5.00 for his copyright.

At a great convention of music dealers held in New York City, the attorney for Emmett's publishers presented his claim to original authorship with an overwhelming array of proof from many parts of the country. He concluded by stating that Emmett was present, that he was no speaker, but that if they cared to hear him relate, "in his plain western style," the circumstances under which the song was composed, he would probably consent to do so. At the request of the audience, now thoroughly interested, Emmett briefly told his story. The manifestations of approval were so hearty that the New Orleans publisher, who was present and who, by the way, seems originally to have published the song in good faith, came forward and said, "I give it up, too."

An amicable arrangement was then made by which Mr. Werlein was permitted to sell what he had already published. Emmett insisted, when a new edition of the song was issued, that it bear the title *Dixie's Land*, the name his wife had originally suggested. Thenceforth the authorship was never seriously questioned.

The circumstances under which *Dixie* became the war song of the Confederacy are substantially as follows:

In the spring of 1861,<sup>1</sup> a spectacular performance was to be given in New Orleans. The parts had all been agreed upon, except a song for the grand chorus that should arouse enthusiasm and stir the Southern blood. Many songs were suggested, but none proved entirely satisfactory. *Dixie* was tried and given the place of honor. The great throng that heard it was thrilled. Encore followed encore in the midst of wild demonstrations of approval. It then rapidly spread throughout the South and became the rallying cry of the Confederacy.

In the meantime, while the author's name was not prominently associated with the song, dissenting patriots learned who and where he was. Many an intensely loyal son of the North mailed him letters of disapproval. Some gravely expostulated and warned him to turn from the error of his way; some ridi-

<sup>1</sup> The crowning popularity of this well-known ditty was secured in New Orleans in the spring of 1861, when Mrs. John Wood played an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. "Pocohontas," by John Brougham, was the attraction, and in the last scene a zouave march was introduced. Carlo Patti, brother of Adelina Patti, was the leader of the orchestra. At the rehearsal he was at a loss as to what air to appropriate. Trying several, he finally hit upon "Dixie". Tom McDonough shouted, "That will do; the very thing; play it tonight." Mrs. John Wood, Mark Smith, Leffingwell and John Owens were delighted. Night came, the zouaves marched on, led by Miss Susan Denin, singing, "I wish I was in Dixie." The audience went wild with delight and seven encores were demanded. Soon after the war broke out. The Washington Artillery had the tune arranged for a quickstep by Romeo Meneri. The saloons, the parlors, the streets rang with the "Dixie" air, and "Dixie" became to the South what the "Marseillaise" is to France. — DR. G. A. KANE in *New York World*, 1893.

Others claim that it was first rendered with success south of Mason and Dixon's line by Rumsey and Newcomb's Minstrels in Charleston, S. C., December, 1860.



culed the song as a clownish performance in behalf of secession: some denounced it as rank treason, and suggested a rope for the neck of the author. A Union man, reared by a father who aided negroes to escape through the agency of the underground railway, Emmett was surprised and confused at the remarkable prominence and significance fortuitous circumstances had given his unambitious effort.

After the war he went to Chicago and remained there until 1888, when he returned to his native city and found a humble but cozy abode near the farm once owned by his father. For years he lived in comparative obscurity. He found contentment and happiness in the simple life and familiar scenes of his boyhood. The open air, the fields and the woods in which he always found an indescribable pleasure, became again his familiar haunts. He found congenial companionship among his farmer neighbors who still, without exception, speak of him familiarly as Uncle Dan. It was known that he had traveled with a circus, but none of his acquaintances seemed to have suspected that he ever did anything that had received recognition outside of the community. His indifference to fame and his modest estimate of his own achievements kept him silent on the subject of his life work. His friends were not a little surprised when Al. G. Field, the Columbus minstrel manager and an old friend of Emmett,<sup>1</sup> called the bard from his retreat and introduced him to the world as the author of *Dixie*.

For years Mr. Field had been seeking some trace of his venerable friend. Finally he received information indicating that he had returned to Mt. Vernon and was perhaps still living there. Meeting a prominent editor in that city, he said:

"Do you know a man by the name of Daniel Emmett?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "we all know Uncle Dan Emmett. He lives about a mile north of the city."

"He is the man I wish to see. Can't you arrange to take me to him at once? He wrote *Dixie* and many other songs."

"Mr. Field, he is not the man. Uncle Dan never wrote anything. He is only a retired showman. It is not worth while to go to see him."

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<sup>1</sup> Emmett had charge of a Chicago concert hall in the early seventies. Here he first met Field and gave him temporary employment.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Field, "he is the man."

The result was a visit to the home of Emmett and a pleasant reunion of friends long separated.

Mr. Field, in fulfillment of a promise, made another visit later in the summer. As he approached the house, he was a little surprised to hear the strains of a violin. At the doorway he met his aged friend who began to laugh most heartily.

"Do you know what I've been doing?" he said. "Almost ever since you were here before, I have been practicing. I want to see the world again. I am going with you on your next trip."



DANIEL D. EMMETT.  
(From late photograph.)

This was the first time that the thought of such a project had occurred to Mr. Field. The journey was a long and arduous one for a man of four score years. The solicitation of the minstrel prevailed, however, and arrangements were made for the tour.

When he was ready to leave Mt. Vernon, he declared that only one thing troubled him. He had a large flock of chickens that he had raised with much care. Among them were a number of pets that he called

by name. He did not know who would look after them when he was gone. A neighbor set his fears at rest and promised to take charge of the flock in the absence of the owner.

He came to Columbus in August, 1895, and after remaining a short time with friends started with the minstrels on their annual circuit. The manager at first had thought simply to have him introduced at the opening of the evening's performance as the father of American minstrelsy and the author of *Dixie*. This did not satisfy Uncle Dan. It was therefore arranged that he was to be presented and remain standing while

the orchestra played *Dixie*, after which he could make a few remarks, if he desired.

He first appeared at Newark, Ohio, August 22, 1895. A large crowd was present, few of whom knew much about Emmett or the origin of his famous song. After the introduction, the strains of *Dixie* floated out on the evening air, when, to the surprise of the manager and those assembled, the tremulous voice of Uncle Dan rose, as with old time gestures and animation he sang the song that more than thirty-five years before he had rendered as one of the Bryant Minstrels in the metropolis.

The singing was followed by a happy little address, in which the speaker said he returned to the stage for his farewell tour after an absence of twenty-one years.

When the A. I. G. Field Minstrels reached the South, Emmett was frequently the star attraction. A great ovation was accorded him at Richmond. Ladies showered flowers upon him and representatives of the

first families of Virginia paid their respects. While here a somewhat amusing incident occurred. He ventured out one bright morning, unobserved as he thought, to visit points of interest in the city. He paused before the Stonewall Jackson monument and raised his hat to shield his eyes from the sunlight while he read the inscription. He was somewhat surprised to read in an evening paper an item with large head lines, running something like this:



DANIEL D. EMMETT.  
(Resting by the wayside. From a late pen sketch.)

"Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of *Dixie*, like the true Southron that he is, bowed with uncovered head before the monument of Stonewall Jackson."

The university students at Charlottesville, Virginia, gave him a rousing reception. At Nashville he was invited by General John B. Gordon, who was lecturing at another opera house, to occupy a box as the guest of honor. When he entered he was greeted by General Gordon, who, in an eloquent address, introduced him to the large audience as the author of *Dixie*.

At Wilmington, Delaware, he was given a reception by the daughters of Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador to England and ex-Secretary of State.

He visited all the important cities of the South. His progress can best be described in the words of Mr. Field:

"Uncle Dan was not in the best voice after he had marked his four score years, but every time he appeared before the footlights to sing *Dixie*, the audience went as nearly wild as any I have ever seen. It seemed to me as if they would actually raise the roof from the theatre. Every man, woman and child would rise in a body and simply overwhelm sentimental Uncle Dan with applause. It was great, sir, simply great. It brought back to the memory of the grizzled men who bore arms for the Southland the desolate camps, the fields of defeat and the enthusing recollections of victory. Those Confederate soldiers had sung *Dixie* on road and in camp. It recalled to the widows, wives and daughters the occasions on which the song had been sung while the men were valorously fighting for the cause that was dear to all of them."

He was much impressed with the demonstrations in his honor. Nor could he forget, in the midst of it all, the novelty of the situation. Here was a man, born, reared and educated in the North, and through the Civil War sharing the sentiment of that section, enthusiastically received throughout the South for service that he had never intended to perform.

A number of interesting anecdotes are related of the tour. One of these is worth recording, as it is characteristic. Emmett invariably attended church when on the road. One Sunday when the troupe was in Topeka, Kansas, he entered what he took to be a place of worship and with bowed head quietly took a seat. The services, as he thought, had already commenced. He listened and soon discovered his mistake. He had slipped

into a secular meeting of a very pronounced political type, such as flourished in Kansas about that time. At the conclusion of an impassioned appeal, the speaker said: "What show has any one? What show have you? What show has this city?" Emmett rose with a serious look on his face and in a clear voice said: "The best show on earth, and I belong to it." He then walked solemnly out of the hall with the eyes of the puzzled audience on him.

The last performance of the season was given at Ironton, Ohio, April 11, 1896. Here he told the audience that this was the final appearance on his farewell tour; that after having been before the public as an entertainer for a longer period than the life of the average man, he would return to spend the remainder of his days at his little home near Mt. Vernon.

He could not be insensible to the marked attention and uniform kindness that had been shown him; "But," said he, "so much of the same thing grew a little monotonous;" and he was glad to return to the quiet of his rural home.

Here he lived, humbly it is true, but with means adequate to his simple wants,<sup>1</sup> surrounded by neighbors who esteemed him for his personal qualities, and in the enjoyment of good health for one of his years. His long tour had again thoroughly introduced him to the world. Had he not made it, he would doubtless have passed the remainder of his days unnoticed and forgotten. To his cottage now came visitors to pay their respects and chat with the pioneer minstrel, who, like other gifted sons of Ohio, had done much to extend the fame of the Buckeye State. Hither came newspaper and magazine correspondents. In the little room on different occasions sat the distinguished southern statesman and soldier, Gen. John B. Gordon, whom Emmett greatly admired and of whom he invariably spoke in eulogistic terms.

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<sup>1</sup> After retiring from the stage, he received weekly benefits in cash from the Actors' Fund, of New York City. He also had an irregular income from autograph copies of *Dixie*. To Messrs. Vaughan Kester and Paul Kester is chiefly due the credit of bringing Emmett's claim to the attention of the Actors' Fund.

His last public appearance is described in the following extract from an article in the *Knox County Republican* of July 1, 1904:

Two years ago at a local performance he made his last appearance before the footlights for the Elks. He was to sing his own version of *Disie*. The hall was crowded, and when he walked on the stage he was given an ovation, the audience rising. This mark of esteem was too much for the old minstrel, and the tears coursed down his cheeks. The orchestra played the introduction and played it again, but Uncle Dan was all unmindful of the situation, and stood with tears streaming down his face. It was a pathetic spectacle. Finally a tenor caught and hummed the refrain, and then Uncle Dan picked up the verse and sang it."

On a tranquil morning early in September, 1903, the writer made a call at the home of the aged minstrel. An elderly lady, who, as he afterward learned, was Mrs. Emmett; answered promptly, and in reply to a question said that her husband had gone on his daily stroll to the woods about half a mile distant, and that he probably would not be back before noon. Later in the day another call was made at the cottage. In response to a knock at the door, a clear and pleasant voice bade the visitor enter, and a moment later he stood in the presence of Mr. Emmett. The bearing of the aged man was dignified, his greeting sincere. In his neat but humble home he preserved the graces of the cultured gentleman.

He was seated in a rocking chair near the window, reading a book. He wore no glasses. His eyesight through life had been good and at the age of almost eighty-eight years it was practically unimpaired. He was remarkably well preserved. His conversation was coherent and at times animated; his memory excellent; his intellect unclouded. A slight lameness from rheumatism was his only visible affliction. His long life and good health he attributed to his temperate habits.

He apologized for his full beard, saying that usually he wore only a mustache. The beard was very becoming, however. Remove the spectacles from the later pictures of Charles A. Dana, and you will have a very good portrait of Mr. Emmett as he appeared that September afternoon.

He manifested much interest in pioneer history and seemed quite familiar with the lives of noted Indian chieftains. While

talking on this topic he remarked, incidentally, that he had helped to set the type for one of the editions of Drake's "American Indians" while he was learning the printing trade.

What especially impressed the visitor was Emmett's apparent indifference to the fate of his work. He wrote hundreds of songs, many of which were popular in other days, of which he had kept no copy. He seemed pleased, however, to know that he was recognized as the author of *Dixie* — especially in the dawning era of good feeling between the North and South, which had made the music of his song welcome in American homes of both sections. He referred with evident pleasure to Abraham Lincoln's felicitous request, after the surrender at Appomattox, that the band play *Dixie*.<sup>1</sup> "For," said the great emancipator, "we have captured the Confederacy, and *Dixie* now belongs to the Union."

Through the music of *God Save the Queen* the voice of patriotism now finds expression in our own *America*. What service the melody of Emmett's famous song shall yet render, we may not say. It will live, however, and be on the lips and in the hearts of men when the deeds of many a warrior and statesman are relegated to the comparative obscurity of recorded history.

Among Emmett's compositions, in addition to those already named, were: *Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel*; *Striking Ile*; *Here We Are, or Cross Ober Jordan*; *Billy Patterson*; *Road to Richmond*; *Go Way, Boys*; *Black Brigade*.

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<sup>1</sup> A war correspondent recalls the circumstances as follows: The President had returned from Richmond and a crowd called with a band to tender congratulations and a serenade. Several members of the Cabinet were present. In closing his brief remarks, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I see you have a band with you. I should like to hear it play *Dixie*. I have consulted the Attorney-General, who is here by my side, and he is of the opinion that *Dixie* belongs to us. Now play it."

That it has become a song of all sections of our common country is attested by the tumultuous applause with which it was greeted in the latest national conventions of the two dominant political parties. Notwithstanding its popularity, the author realized but \$500 from the sale of the copyright.

*Old Dan Tucker*,<sup>1</sup> which he composed when a mere boy, was for many years familiar wherever English is spoken. Even to this day, how readily we recall the grotesque lines:

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,  
He fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk;

and the refrain:

Get out the way, Old Dan Tucker;  
You's too late to get your supper.

Long before the South had adopted *Dixie* as its battle-song, the Abolitionists of the North had appropriated the air of *Old Dan Tucker*, and used it with words expressive of devotion to their cause. From the troublous times before the war comes down through the intervening years the refrain:<sup>2</sup>

Roll it on through the nation,  
Freedom's car, Emancipation!

It would be difficult to explain the secret of the wonderful currency of Emmett's melodies. The fact of their popularity remains, however, and the supplemental fact of their originality. The latter is worthy of more than passing notice. Many have suggested a remote origin for his best known productions. Efforts have been made to verify this theory, but they have failed. The more the subject is studied, the more clearly apparent it becomes that the source of these modest but famous lays, with their insinuating strains and quaint words carelessly thrown together, was the unassuming Buckeye minstrel of Mt. Vernon. *Yankee Doodle*, *America*, *The Star Spangled Banner* and *The Red, White and Blue* are sung to foreign airs. *Dixie* is an American product.

As already stated, Emmett was indifferent to his fame. It is doubtful whether he would have foregone his morning ramble through the fields and woods, on a bright day, to substanti-

<sup>1</sup> The name, as the author explained, was made up of his own, Dan, and that of a favorite dog, Tucker.

<sup>2</sup> Other northern songs were sung to this air, among them one in Richard Grant White's collection, with the chorus:

Get out of the way, old Jeff. Davis,  
Out of the way, old Jeff. Davis,  
Out of the way, old Jeff. Davis,  
You're too late to come to enslave us.



ate his claim to anything he had written. To those seeking information he told his story in his plain, quiet way. Time has verified his reluctant testimony in regard to his own work.

On Tuesday, June 28, 1904, shortly after the twilight shadows had deepened into the darkness of night, Daniel Decatur Emmett breathed his last. He had been ill three days, but was able to walk about in his room within a few hours of his death.

Although he was not a member of the order, in accordance with his desire, his funeral was conducted by the local lodge of the Elks, under direction of his friend, Al. G. Field. On July 1st, the body lay in state at the Elks' Home. In the afternoon it was conveyed to St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

To the stranger seated here on this occasion, while the good people of the city were quietly assembling, the past was full of material for meditation. Here the Sherman boys and Emmett met seventy years ago. In the struggle that threatened the Union, the former, in the forum and on the field, led the North; the latter composed the music that inspired the South. To this church Columbus Delano and Emmett often came, and from it, when full of years, they were borne by loving hands and laid to rest in the silent city on Mound View. Who can fix a limit to the influences that have gone forth from this historic spot? Warrior and statesman and singer depart, but something of their work remains with the living.

In a brief address, Rev. William E. Hull, rector of St. Paul's, paid fitting tribute to the dead minstrel. He said in part:

"Of his life, made prominent as the composer of the famous song *Dixie*, the press has given full and accurate detail, paying the high tribute to the integrity of his character, that he was extremely temperate in all things during his long and eventful career of nearly four score and ten years.

"As we are assembled within the holy place of God to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend and brother and to sing the hymns he loved in life so well, Jesus Lover of My Soul, Nearer My God to Thee and Lead Kindly Light, and to read the solemn services which speak of life, death and immortality, I turn your thoughts to the inward and deeper springs of his spirit personality.

"Dignified and retiring as I knew him in his later years, his large experience with the world and men of affairs in the realm of stageland, and his association with "Dixie Land" made him a gentleman, as to the

manor born; and having penetrated the reserve of his exterior, he received you in his humble home with the freedom and ease of one able to dispense hospitality with a lavish hand.

"The religious side of his character was that which should especially interest us at this time and place. Baptized in his early childhood, he never made an outward declaration of his convictions to the public, nor united with any church. But he was a great reader of the Bible, and in his later years bought a copy with larger print that he might continue reading as his vision failed; that he might still see God. He himself once told me that he never laid his head upon his pillow at night without bending his knees at his bedside and offering up a prayer to the Almighty One. And I am informed that he never partook of his meal, however humble and frugal, that he did not bow his head and ask God's blessing upon it. These are the marks of a deep religious nature, but as with many, such as Lincoln and others, it was aside from the sacramental fellowship of God's altar in the church. A degree of eccentricity, which governed him in some things, may have had the controlling influence in this direction.

"His journey in earth is done, but the beautiful and touching notes of *Dixie* which he let fly from his breast on that raw and cheerless day, nearly half a century ago, will live to cheer and gladden the lives of generations yet unborn."

Through the streets of his home city, her famous bard was borne with every mark of respect to his last resting place. Slowly the procession moved along the avenue to the beautiful cemetery on the hill. The declining sun from the west poured down a flood of light on the meadows and woodland that had grown dearer to him with advancing years. "The trees of the field clapped their hands" in the evening breeze, but he who loved their quiet shade came not again. The crowd stood with uncovered heads about the grave. The band played *Dixie* and the notes touched every heart. The melody that had brought the sleeper fame was his fitting requiem.

## AUTHORSHIP OF DIXIE.

At various times questions have been raised in regard to the authorship of *Dixie*. These have usually resulted from the natural impression that the air originated in the South, and the fact that different persons wrote verses that were sung to the music of the original. After Emmett's death a correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* set forth the claims of Harry McCarthy in the following communication, which is here quoted because it is typical of others that have been exploited at different times:

"Was Emmett, who died recently, or Harry McCarthy, who died in Arkansas in 1874, the real author of the South's war song, *Dixie*? The death of Emmett recently, with the assertion that he was the author, has given rise to some doubt on the question of authorship and Mr. John W. Callahan of Selma, Ala., in a recent letter to the Ledger, gives his views on the subject of authorship and says that McCarthy was the real author of *Dixie*. He says that the claim of the recently deceased minstrel Emmett, to the authorship of *Dixie* is utterly without foundation. Old Southerners who remember the days from '60 to '65, know well enough that Harry McCarthy, the Arkansas comedian, was the author of *Dixie*.

"McCarthy was a native of a country town in Arkansas and was reputed to be an idler and loafer, but had a talent for vocal music which made him famous. He married a lady who had as sweet a voice as ever a bird poured out and the two made a show which drew a crowd wherever they appeared. They formed a combination with a party that had trained birds in 1862, and I saw their performance at Selma. They had a cockatoo which came out and waltzed on a platform and at the command of his keeper reared up to his full height, fluffed his feathers like the quills of a porcupine and shouted 'Three cheers for Jeff Davis.'

"McCarthy had printed on his bills the words of *Dixie* and the story of his life, and the circumstances surrounding him suggested the composition. I met him and his wife in 1874 at Navasota, Texas, and he died soon afterwards. No one ever thought of robbing Harry McCarthy of the authorship of *Dixie* in those days. It was a shrewd advertising dodge of the minstrel company after poor Harry had shuffled off this mortal coil. Emmett was no more the author of *Dixie* than I am, and I am quite sure my talent never run in that channel.

"The authorship should not be left in doubt as it seems to be now. There will be no more opportune time to settle it than right now, and this may call the attention of some who can throw light on the question of authorship.

J. McD.

Birmingham, Ala.

To this letter the writer of this sketch replied in part as follows:

JULY 23, 1904.

*To the Editors of the Baltimore Sun:*

"Through the kindness of a friend, a copy of the *Sun* of July 11th is before me, containing a communication under the caption, 'The Author of *Dixie*.' Permit me to say that among those acquainted with the late Daniel D. Emmett and disinterested parties who visited him when he was living, there is absolutely no question in regard to the authorship of the famous war song of the South.

"Your correspondent claims that honor for an Arkansan by the name of Harry McCarthy who, it is stated, published the words on his bills when he was traveling with a bird and minstrel show through the South in 1862. It is also averred that while McCarthy lived, or to be more specific, till 1874, no one thought of questioning his authorship of the song. These are sweeping assertions, but details are conspicuously absent and little effort is made to substantiate the claim here boldly set forth. Unfortunately for your correspondent, his assertions run counter to facts and the records of the copyright office at Washington.

"The original *Dixie* was composed by Daniel D. Emmett in 1859. This is not only proven by his own statement, in which a detailed account of the circumstances under which it was written is given, including the place where it was first sung, but it is also substantiated by the testimony of numerous contemporaries, including the Bryant Brothers, through the later fifties and earlier sixties proprietors of The Bryant Minstrels at 470 Broadway, New York, for whom the song was first written and under whose auspices it was presented to the public.

"The song was first published in New York, under the title, *I wish I was in Dixie's Land*. As I write I have before me a piece of sheet music with the imprint of Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y., bearing this title and the copyright date of 1860.

"The song was afterward brought out under the title *Dixie's Land*, by Wm. A. Pond & Co, successors of Firth, Pond & Co., as stated by Emmett and substantiated by another copyright piece of music on my desk-bearing date of 1865. Under this title the words and music have been published to this day. The present publishers are Oliver Ditson & Co., of 150 Tremont St., Boston. The song may be had through any music dealer. It has borne Emmett's name for forty-four years, as will be shown by the records of the copyright office, the publishers and music dealers throughout the United States.

"In the autumn and winter of 1895, Emmett traveled through the South with Al. G. Field's Minstrels and was everywhere recognized as the author of *Dixie*. As such he was introduced to a large audience in Nashville, by the late General John B. Gordon, who declared that he was

without question entitled to that distinction. As such he was honored with a reception by the daughters of Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State and Ambassador to England. Here was a great opportunity for the friends of McCarthy to put forth their claim while Emmett was living and able to speak for himself. After this tour, General Gordon honored the aged minstrel with a personal visit at his humble cottage near Mt. Vernon, O.

"This is not the first time that a question has been raised in regard to the authorship of *Dixie*. The song was once printed by P. P. Werlein, of New Orleans. Emmett's publishers promptly notified him that he was printing one of their copyright pieces. At a convention of music dealers in New York, the claims of Emmett were presented by attorneys for his publishers and by Emmett himself. So overwhelming was the proof, that Werlein, who had been imposed upon by a pretended author, came forward and publicly recognized Emmett's claim to original authorship. All this occurred before the Arkansan McCarthy had taught the cockatoo in his bird show to shout 'Three cheers for Jeff Davis.'"

If it were necessary, much additional evidence could be submitted in support of Emmett's claim to authorship. Col. T. Allston Brown, veteran dramatic agent and author of "A History of the New York Stage," who was well acquainted with Emmett when he composed *Dixie*, is still living in New York City. In a letter of August 5, 1904, he gives in detail the circumstances under which the song was written, substantially as they have been related. The Oliver Ditson Co., who at present publish it, in a letter of July 8, 1904, say:

"*Dixie* is about the only composition we have of Emmett's. This was first copyrighted in 1860."

The chief of the music division of the Library of Congress, under date of July 22, 1904, forwards the following memorandum:

"*Dixie* by D. Emmett. Transcript of title page to earliest edition in the Library of Congress:

I wish I was in Dixie's Land. Written and composed expressly for Bryant's Minstrels by Dan D. Emmett. Arranged for the Pianoforte by W. L. Hobbs. New York: Published by Firth, Pond & Co. Entered according to act of Congress A. D. 1860 by Firth, Pond & Co.

Also copyrighted 1888 by heirs of D. Emmett and 1898 by Oliver Ditson Co. The caption title reads "Dixie's Land."

**EMMETT'S**

INIMITABLE

**PLANTATION SONGS**

(Written and Composed for)

**BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,**

OF 470 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, BY

**DAN. D. EMMETT.**

---

No. 1.—I wish I was in Dixie's Land.  
 2.—Old K—Y—Ky.  
 3.—Billy Patterson.  
 4.—Dar's a Darkey in de Tent, or Wide Awake.  
 5.—John come down the Hollow.  
 6.—Go—Way—Boys.

PIANO. GUITAR.

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NEW YORK:

Published by FIRTH, POND & CO, 547 Broadway

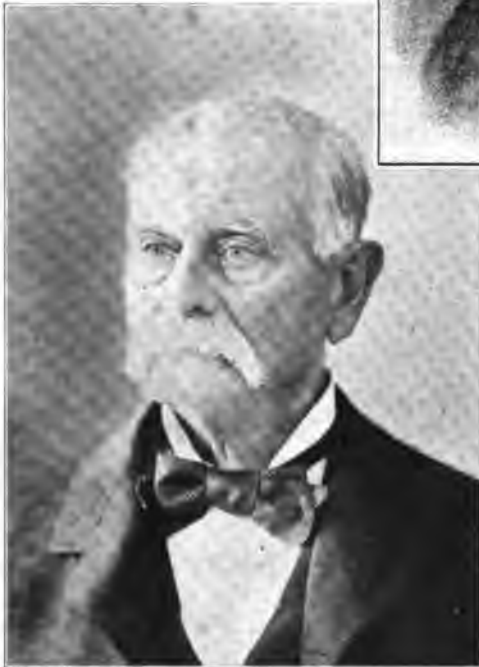
BOSTON—O DITSON & CO NEW ORLEANS—P P WERLEIN

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FIRTH, POND & CO. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Title page of *Dixie* as originally published, showing copyright date of 1860.



EARLIEST PORTRAIT.



AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY YEARS.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.





The Register of Copyrights, under date of August 20, 1904, writes:

"The earliest entry of the musical composition *Dixie* appears to be by Firth, Pond & Co., June 21, 1860, under the title "*I wish I was in Dixie's Land*," written and composed expressly for Bryant's Minstrels by Dan. D. Emmett."

Wm. M. Koons, Esq., of Mt. Vernon, O., chairman of the local committee appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Emmett, recently wrote Wm. A. Pond & Co., of New York, successors to Firth, Pond & Co., in regard to the authorship of the song. The firm replied, enclosing a copy of the contract by which the author of *Dixie* transferred his copyright. As will be seen the consideration is omitted. Emmett said that it was \$500. The copy reads as follows:

*"To all to whom these presents shall come, I, Daniel D. Emmett, send greeting:*

"WHEREAS, I am the author and composer of the words and the music of a certain musical composition known as "I wish I was in Dixie's Land," or "Dixie's Land,"

"Now, know ye that I the said Daniel D. Emmett have granted, assigned, transferred, set over and I do hereby grant, assign, transfer and set over unto Firth, Pond & Co., partners, the sole and exclusive right and liability to print, reprint, publish and vend the said musical composition;

"To have and to hold said rights and liability hereby granted to the said Firth, Pond & Co., their executors, administrators and assigns, for and during the whole period of the continuance of said rights (together with any right of renewal thereof) in consideration of the sum of \$——, to me in hand paid by the said Firth, Pond & Co., the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, February 11, 1861, in the city of New York, the state of New York.

"Signed, sealed and delivered this 11th day of February, 1861, in our presence. DANIEL D. EMMETT."

Witness:

GEO. H. W. BIRD,  
HENRY W. POND.

Not only was Emmett recognized as the author of *Dixie* in his tour through the South, but the press of that section has

long regarded him as such. In the *Confederate Veteran* for September, 1895,<sup>1</sup> is a full page facsimile letter from him, a half-tone reproduction, music and words, of a manuscript copy of *Dixie*, and an appreciative sketch by the editor, S. A. Cunningham, who had visited the author at Mt. Vernon.

Rival claimants have not gotten beyond the limits of vague reminiscences; Emmett's title is proven by contemporaneous testimony and the official records at Washington.

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<sup>1</sup> See also the issue for December, 1894.

OTHER DIXIE SONGS.

As already stated, many songs have been composed and sung to the music of *Dixie*. The familiar words of General Albert Pike are full of Southern fire. They first appeared in *The Natchez Courier*, April 30, 1861, and are here reproduced in full:

Southrons, hear your country call you!  
Up, lest worse than death befall you!  
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie.  
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted,  
Let all hearts be now united!  
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie.

CHORUS:

Advance the flag of Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Dixie's land we take our stand, and live and die for Dixie!  
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!  
To arms! To arms! And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!  
Northern flags in South winds flutter!  
To arms, etc.  
Send them back your fierce defiance!  
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!  
To arms, etc.

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!  
Lift up rifle, pike and sabre!  
To arms, etc.  
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,  
Let the odds make each heart bolder!  
To arms, etc.

How the South's great heart rejoices,  
At your cannons' ringing voices!  
To arms, etc.  
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,  
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken,  
To arms, etc.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,  
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!  
To arms, etc.

Cut the unequal bonds asunder!  
 Let them hence each other plunder!  
 To arms, etc.

Swear upon your country's altar  
 Never to submit or falter!  
 To arms, etc.

Till the spoilers are defeated,  
 Till the Lord's work is completed.  
 To arms, etc.

Halt not till our Federation  
 Secures from earth's powers its station!  
 To arms, etc.

Then at peace, and crowned with glory,  
 Hear your children tell the story!  
 To arms, etc.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,  
 Victory soon will bring them gladness.  
 To arms, etc.

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;  
 Smiles chase tears away tomorrow.  
 To arms, etc.

Positive proof is now at hand that at an earlier date Emmett's melody, with his approval, had been used with a Union song, words by Frances J. Crosby,<sup>1</sup> entitled "Dixie for the Union." It was written after the evacuation of Ft. Moultrie and before the fall of Ft. Sumter. Here are the first two stanzas:

On! ye patriots to the battle,  
 Hear Fort Moultrie's cannon rattle!  
 Then away, then away, then away to the fight!  
 Go meet those Southern traitors,  
 With iron will.  
 And should your courage falter, boys,  
 Remember Bunker Hill.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! The Stars and Stripes forever!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Union shall not sever!

As our fathers crushed oppression,  
 Deal with those who breathe Secession;  
 Then away, then away, then away to the fight!  
 Though Beauregard and Wigfall

---

<sup>1</sup>Fanny Crosby, the famous blind hymn writer, is still living at the age of eighty-four years.

Their swords may whet,  
 Just tell them Major Anderson  
 Has not surrendered yet.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! etc.

A Southern man, writing for the *Baltimore Sun* of July 20, 1904, while admitting that Emmett wrote the original *Dixie*, still claims that Harry McCarthy was author of the words sung by the Confederate armies. From these he quotes a stanza which is only an awkward adaptation of Emmett's verse:

Old Tennessee has not forgotten  
 Her good old friends in the land of cotton.  
 Look away! Look away! Oh, I wish I was in Dixie!  
 In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand  
 To live and die in Dixie  
 Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie.

Another song set to the tune of *Dixie* and called "The Star of the West," appeared in *The Charleston Mercury* early in 1861. The first stanza, with the exception of the chorus, was almost identical with the corresponding part of Emmett's production. The last stanza ran as follows:

Dat rocket high a-blazin' in de sky,  
 Tis de sign dat de snobbies am comin' up nigh—  
 Look away, look away, lads in gray!  
 Dey bin braggin' long, if we dare to shoot a shot,  
 Dey comin' up strong and dey'll send us all to pot.  
 Fire away, fire away, lads in gray.

CHORUS: Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

We quote also the first stanza of another variation, said to have been very popular with the Confederate soldiers:

Away down South in de fields of cotton  
 Cinnamon seed, and sandy bottom!  
 Look away, look away, look away, look away.  
 Den 'way down South in de fields of cotton,  
 Vinegar shoes and paper stockings  
 Look away, look away, look away, look away.

## CHORUS:

Den I wish I was in Dixie's Land, Oh-oh! Oh-oh!  
 In Dixie's Land I'll take my stand,  
 And live and die in Dixie's Land,  
 Away, away, away, away down South in Dixie.

General Pike probably saw Miss Crosby's song before he wrote his own. None of those who copied Emmett's metrical formula got very far from his chorus. They retain it wholly or in part. The line "Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom" occurs in the early Emmett manuscript reproduced in the *Confederate Veteran*.

The following verses were written by Emmett and sung to the music of his popular composition, *I ain't got time to tarry*:

## I'M GOING HOME TO DIXIE.

There is a land where cotton grows,  
 A land where milk and honey flows.

## CHORUS:

For I'm going home to Dixie,  
 Yes, I'm going home.  
 I've got no time to tarry, I've got no time to stay,  
 'Tis a rocky road to travel to Dixie far away.

I will climb up the highest hill  
 And sing your praise with right good will.

I've wandered far both to and fro,  
 But Dixie's heaven here below.

In Dixie's land the fields do bloom  
 And colored men have welcome room.

I will proclaim it loud and long,  
 I love old Dixie, right or wrong!

In the concluding stanza of *Johnny Roach*, he expresses similar sentiment:

Gib me de place called Dixie Land,  
 Wid hoe and shubble in my hand,  
 Where fiddles ring and banjos play:  
 I'd dance all night and work all day.

SELECTIONS THAT HAVE APPEARED IN PRINT.

BILLY PATTERSON.<sup>1</sup>

BY DANIEL D. EMMETT.

Dar was an old nig got hit wid a brick;  
Oh-h-h-h, Billy Patterson.  
He wasn't knocked down kaze his head too thick;  
Don't you tell me, don't you tell me.  
De first ting he said when he was come to,  
Oh-h-h-h, Billy Patterson,  
"O, don't hit again for I tink dat'l do,"  
Don't ye tell me, don't ye tell me.

CHORUS:

Bill Patterson rode by—  
"Old Bill your hoss will die."  
"He dies I'll tan his skin,  
He libs I'll ride agin!  
I'll give ten dollars down, an' leab 'em in my will,  
If any one can show de man dat ebber struck old Bill."

I eat up de goose dat raised de quill  
Dat wrote the question ob who struck Bill.  
I work at kiln whar de brick was burnt,  
But who throw'd de brick was nebber learnt.

I knows of a boy dat's up to fun,  
He can tell who struck Bill Patterson;  
But take my word he will nebber tell,  
Unless somebody will pay him well.

Dar's one ting sartin an' plain for to see,  
'Twas neider Heenan nor Morrissey;  
Dey both told me (or else I'm a liar)  
De chap struck Bill was old Tom Hyer.

If ebber you gets to de Fiddler's Green,  
A labelled nigger can be seen,  
Wid letters so big dat dey weighs a ton,  
"I'm de child dat struck Billy Patterson."

<sup>1</sup>The origin of the familiar question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" was seriously discussed about the time this song was written. Walsh, in his "Handy-book of Literary Curiosities," says: "Not only is the name of Billy Patterson's assailant veiled in night, but Billy Patterson himself is one of the great myths of American history."

Money in de pocket shining bright,  
 Old Bill got struck on Saturday night.  
 De lightnin' flash an' he seen seben stars,  
 He tink he was struck wid de bullgine cars.  
 1859.

---

DAR'S A DARKEY IN DE TENT.

Dar's a darkey in de tent, keep 'im in, keep 'im in, keep 'im in.  
 But he hasn't paid de rent, kick 'im out, kick 'im out, kick 'im out.

CHORUS:

Den, wide awake  
 Bake dat cake,  
 Den kick up a chunk and put out de light, an' go home wid de galls in  
 de morning.  
 Den, wide awake  
 Bake dat cake,  
 Den kick up a chunk an' put out de light,  
 We'll sing dis song an' dance all night.  
 1860.

---

MAC' WILL WIN THE UNION BACK.

Mid cheers that rend the air,  
 Mac's soldiers now prepare,  
 In Presidential chair  
 Their gallant chief to bear.  
 In all his fame they share,  
 Red, white and blue they wear;  
 Disunion to its lair  
 To drive is aye their care.

CHORUS:

Then cry hurrah, hurrah for little Mac,  
 For he's the boy to win the Union back,  
 And sail the ship of state on safer track.  
 Hurrah, hurrah for little Mac!  
 1864.

---

HERE WE ARE OR CROSS OBER JORDAN.

I'll sail de worl' clar roun' an' roun',  
 All by de railroad under groun'.

---

<sup>1</sup> General George B. McClellan.



CHORUS:

We'll all cross ober Jordan, we'll land on tudder shore,  
Den make room in de flat-boat for one darkey more;  
For Egypt's in de garden a kickin' up a row,  
Ho boys, ho boys! who can find us now.

When I get home I'll hab a spree,  
Den leff dis worl' and climb a tree.

Old Massa Linkum split a rail,  
An' de Union clar from head to tail.

He's got his eyes on 'sixty-four,  
Bekase he's Union to de core.

Remember Grant, but don't forget  
Dat little Mac am not dead yet.

1863.

---

STRIKING ILE.

The world it revolves on its own axle-tree,  
Once in twenty-four hours, says G. O. Graffee;  
The axle got hot and the world stopt awhile  
And the people have all gone to "boring for ile."

CHORUS:

Never strike ile! Never strike ile!  
People get looney: run mad for a while;  
They'll bore thro' to China. before they "*strike ile!*"

There's lawyers and doctors, and men of all grades,  
Men that live by their wits, and men that have trades;  
Thro' old Pennsylvania, they've trudg'd many a mile,  
With their forty foot auger, they're going to "*strike ile!*"

Maximilian in Mexico has a hard time,  
His pockets are empty, he's not worth a dime;  
There's no blood in turnips; he'll not make a pile,  
If he lives till he dies, he will never "*strike ile!*"

John Bull in his dotage has smelled a big rat,  
He'd rather meet Satan, than one Democrat;  
There's a doctrine called Monroe will stir up his bile,  
He may run the blockade, but he'll never "*strike ile!*"

Napoleon the little has lately grown thin,  
 He's troubled with nightmare and "Duke Dr. Gwin";<sup>1</sup>  
 We've a small bill against him: *Abe's got it on file!*  
 Then to balance his ledger — he'll have to "*strike ile!*"

Jeff Davis in Richmond don't get along well;  
 "His Southern Confederacy's nought but a shell;"  
 Let him brag and eat fire in true Southern style,  
 He may dig his "last ditch" — but he'll never "*strike ile!*"

1865.

#### THAT CAT AND THE DOG FIGHT.

In the *New York Clipper* for September 28, 1872, under the above caption, was concluded a controversy over the authorship of a song entitled "Cat Doggerell," published in that paper July 13, of the same year. It appears that a Mr. Stewart claimed that he had written the song in 1870. Emmett, after submitting a number of affidavits to prove that he had written it for Robert Lindley, a banjo player, in 1867, brought the dispute to a close in the following characteristic statement:

"Now, Mr. Editor, after all this parade about a piece of nonsense (of which I am heartily ashamed), I wish it distinctly understood that I do not charge Mr. Stewart with appropriating my verses. That similar ideas and language could be used and be perfectly original with two "poicks", is not at all uncommon. That I have proven my authorship in '67 he must admit, as I am willing to acknowledge that he originated his version in '70 as he has sworn to. I also make this confession, that I stand convicted of appropriating another man's ideas two years before he originated them. To conclude, nothing that can be said hereafter will ever induce me to continue this controversy, as "*I give it up*" from this date.

Respectfully yours,

DAN. D. EMMETT."

#### NEGRO SERMON.

BY DAN. EMMETT.

Bredren, de text am foun' in de inside ob Job whar Paul draw'd him pistol on 'Feesians, lebenteenth chapter, an' no 'ticklar verse: "*Bressed am dem dat 'spects nuttin', kase dey aint gwine to git nuttin!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup>William McKendree Gwin, U. S. Senator from California, 1849 to the breaking out of the war; accused of disloyalty and imprisoned till 1863; planned to establish a Confederate colony in Sonora, Mexico, under Maximilian.

We am told dat Adam was de firs man an' Ebe was de tudder; dey was boaf brack men, an' so was Cain an' Abel. Dar am a mistake in de printer, for some udder man made ole Missus Adam, an' set her up again de barn to dry; an' now, my frens, who built dat barn? (Ha! ha! ha!) Bredren, de debble am now in Baltimoa—he hab a notion ob comin' to Fillamadelfy—now he on de carrs—now he in Jarsy City—now he in New Yawk—he in hear! dat's him—dat dar white man settin' in de corner laffin!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, we be got to lassly: I sees a great many heah dis ebenin dat cares no moa what 'comes ob darr souls dan I does myseff. Suppose, frinstance, dat yoa eat yoa full ob possam fat an' hominy; yoa go to bed, an' in de mornin yoa wake up an' find youseff dead! Whar yoa speck yoa gwine to? Yoa keep gwine down, down, down, till de bottam falls out! What 'comes ob ye den? You see de debble comein down de hill on a rasslejack, wid a ear like a backer leaf an' a tail like a cornstalk; out ob he mouff comes pitchforks an' lightnin, an' him tail smoke like a tar kill! Whar is you now? No time for 'pentin; de debble kotch ye, shoa! but bress de lam, he habn't kotch dis child yet! What's gwine to 'come ob ye on de great gittin-up-day? Maby yoa tink you hold on to my coat-tail; but I'm gwine to fool yoa bad on dat 'casion, kaze I'm gwine to wear my coon-skin jacket! Yoa crawl up de hill on yoa hans an' nees, yoa fall down again, wallup! den yoa's call'd a backslider. Dar's de brimstone, de grindstone, de millstone, de blue stone, an' eb'ry udder kind o' stone de debble's got to tie 'roun yoa neck, to sink ye in de nebberlastin gulf ob bottomless ruin. Yoa call for a cup ob cold water an' de debble say "No!" \* \* \* Den yoa weep an' wail an' smash out yoa teef out. Den wake up, sinners, an' let de daybroke in on ye!

My frens, I neider preach for de lob ob de lam, de good ob yoa souls, nor de fear ob de debble; but, if you got any ole shoe, ole coat, ole hat, jiss pass em roun dis way, an' I'll light upon 'em like a raccoon upon a green cornstalk. It's no use passin roun de plate for "*Bressed am dem dat 'specks nuttin, kaze dey aint a gwine to git nuttin!*"—From *The (New York) Clipper*.

## MANUSCRIPT PAPERS.

The manuscript papers left by Emmett furnish indisputable evidence of the fact that he was a prolific writer. His simple verse embraces almost every subject from *Old Dan Tucker* to the *Life of Lewis Wetzel*. He composed readily, sometimes improvising stanzas on the stage. The greater number of his poems, if such they may be called, are written in negro dialect. Of these only a few of the "walk-arounds" seem to have been published.

While abroad he studied the brogue of the Emerald Isle. Among his papers are a number of songs in the Irish vernacular.

Many chapters of verse are devoted to the valorous deeds of Wetzel and Colonel Crawford. In his later years he read pioneer history with avidity and recorded his impressions in metrical composition. This he probably did as a pastime. In an introduction to one of his narratives he apologizes for his limited vocabulary and expresses regret that his educational advantages had been so meager.

Of instrumental music he left many volumes. The major portion of this is very neatly executed with the quill, which he invariably used in writing.

His productions were not confined to verse and music. In the collection are a number of plays, including "Hard Times," written in 1854. The dialogues are in both metrical and prose form, interspersed with occasional songs. There are more than a score of negro sermons. A small brown paper wrapper enclosed a package of prayers, carefully written. There are morning prayers, "graces" for his daily bread, and thanks to be rendered on retiring at day's decline.

If his dialect songs or the careless reports of newspaper correspondents have led any to think that Emmett was a dunce or a buffoon, an examination of his writings will correct the erroneous impression. One of the most interesting of the manuscript books is the volume of "Walk Arounds." On the first page, written in pencil without an erasure, under the head of "Remarks," evidently intended as the first draft of a preface, is the following:

These "Walk 'Rounds" were composed during the period from 1859-1868. Most of them were first put upon the stage of the celebrated "Bryant Minstrels" in New York, and for whom, in fact most of them were composed, while the author was a member of that organization; and the immense popularity they attained (the W. R.) was in a great measure due to the effective manner in which the "Bryants" produced them.

In the composition of a "Walk 'Round", (by this I mean the style of music and character of the words), I have always strictly confined myself to the habits and crude ideas of the slaves of the South. Their knowledge of the world at large was very limited, often not extending beyond the bounds of the next plantation; they could sing of nothing but everyday life or occurrences, and the scenes by which they were surrounded. This being the undeniable fact, to be true to the negro peculiarities of song, I have written in accordance.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

One of his earliest volumes of instrumental music, evidently prepared with a view to publication, is "Emmett's Standard Drummer." The title page, neatly lettered in the author's own hand, is as follows:

EMMETT'S  
STANDARD DRUMMER.

Being the regular School for the U. S. Army, containing all the beats and routine duty for the

*Drum and Fife.*

According to the "Ashworth Mode".

The whole rendered plain and concise.

BY

DANIEL D. EMMETT.

Following this is the preface which reveals the military record of the author and explains where he got systematic instruction in music. It is here presented without change of punctuation or capitalization:

EMMETT'S STANDARD DRUMMER.

PREFACE.

With the public, and particularly that portion for whom this school is intended, I deem it necessary to inform them by what authority I claim to be competent to issue a work of this kind:

At the early age of 17, I enlisted in the U. S. Army as a fifer, and was stationed at Newport Barracks, Ky., the then school of practice for the western department. For one year, or more, I practiced the drum incessantly under the tuition of the renowned John J. Clark, (better known as "Juba"), and made myself master of the "Duty" and every known "side beat" then in use. Being transferred to the 6th U. S. Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., I was retained as "leading fifer" until discharged. In the meantime I continued my drum practice, which was then taught according to the *School of Ashworth*. In after years I travelled as Small Drummer with the celebrated Edward Kendall while he was leader of Spalding and Rogers' Circus Band. I benefited from his superior qualifications as a drummer, and with the foregoing experience, I humbly submit my "Standard Drummer" to those who wish to become adepts in the art of drumming.

THE AUTHOR.

The work opens with concise and carefully written directions for the beginner. The language, dignified and sincere throughout, would have done credit to the cultured instructor of that day.

Emmett was a Democrat<sup>1</sup> and through the war a strong Union man. Among his effects was found a song, evidently written soon after the fall of Ft. Sumter, which concludes as follows:

Then on to Richmond! forward march!  
 Out of old Jeff we'll take the starch;  
 We'll sing this song, and take things cool,  
 And fight for freedom, not for wool.<sup>2</sup>

Here are two stanzas and chorus from the song in which he expresses his appreciation of General Grant:

U. S. G.

BY DANIEL D. EMMETT.

I suppose you have heard of the great commander;  
 He's second to none but Alexander.  
 Then U. S. G.'s the man for me,  
 Three cheers for your Uncle Sam.

<sup>1</sup> A few years before his death he said in answer to a direct question, "I am a Democrat, but I do not wear a collar.

I'm a Democrat bred  
 And a Democrat bawn,  
 And when I am dead  
 There's a Democrat gawn."

<sup>2</sup> In these lines he gives expression to his Union sentiments and his opposition to fighting for the colored race.

He came from the West with the spangled banner,  
A mudsill and by his trade a tanner.  
Good-bye, Chase, you'll lose the race,  
He can distance Abraham.

CHORUS:

U. stands for uncle, U. S. for Uncle Sam,  
But U. S. G.  
It just suits me or any other man.  
He dug a trench at Vicksburg, and sure as you're alive  
He'll dig one more  
Round White-house door in eighteen sixty-five.

Here's a health to the pet of the Yankee nation,  
The next overseer of Sam's plantation.  
Three cheers for Grant and his men together,  
And nine for his sole and upper — leather.  
1864.

---

OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>1</sup>

A little manuscript book, yellow with age but still quite legible, contains some of his earliest writings. The following is published because of its oddity and the former popularity of the tune. It is without doubt the original as composed by the boy Emmett over seventy years ago. One stanza is omitted:

OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>1</sup>

COMPOSED BY OLD DAN EMMIT.

I came to town de udder night,  
I hear de noise, den saw de sight,  
De watchmen dey (was) runnin' roun',  
Cryin' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town".  
Git outen de way (repeat)  
Git outen de way, Ole Dan Tucker,  
You's too late to come to your supper.

---

<sup>1</sup> Henry Russell, the famous English singer, claims to have composed this air at Rochester, N. Y., about the year 1835. He says: "It was quite by accident that, playing *Old Hundreth* very fast, I produced the air of *Get Out o' de Way, Ole Dan Tucker*." He does not claim to have composed the words and there is evidence that his reminiscence in regard to the air is not to be relied upon.

*Daniel Decatur Emmett,*

Sheep an' hog a walkin' in de pasture,  
 Sheep says, "hog can't you go faster?"  
 Hush! hush! honey, hear de wolf growlin',  
 Ah, ah, de Lawd, bull dog growlin'.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

Here's my razor in good order,  
 Magnum bonum — jis hab bought 'er;  
 Sheep shell oats, an' Tucker shell de corn,  
 I'll shabe ye soon as de water gits warm.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

Tucker went roun' hickry steeple,  
 Dar he meet some colored people,  
 Some was black, some was blacker,  
 Some was de color ob brown tobackur.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

Jay bird in de martin's nest,  
 To sabe he soul he got no rest.  
 Ole Tucker in de foxe's den,  
 Out come de young ones nine or ten.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

Tucker on de wood pile can't count lebben,  
 Put 'im in a fedder bed goin' to hebben;  
 His nose so flat, his face so full,  
 De top ob his head like a bag ob wool.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

High-hold on de holler tree,  
 He poke his bill in for to see,  
 De lizard cotch 'im by de snout,  
 He call for Tucker to pull 'im out  
 Git outen de way, etc.

I went to de meetin' de udder day  
 To hear ole Tucker preach and pray;  
 Dey all got drunk, but me alone,  
 I make ole Tucker walk jaw bone.  
 Git outen de way, etc.

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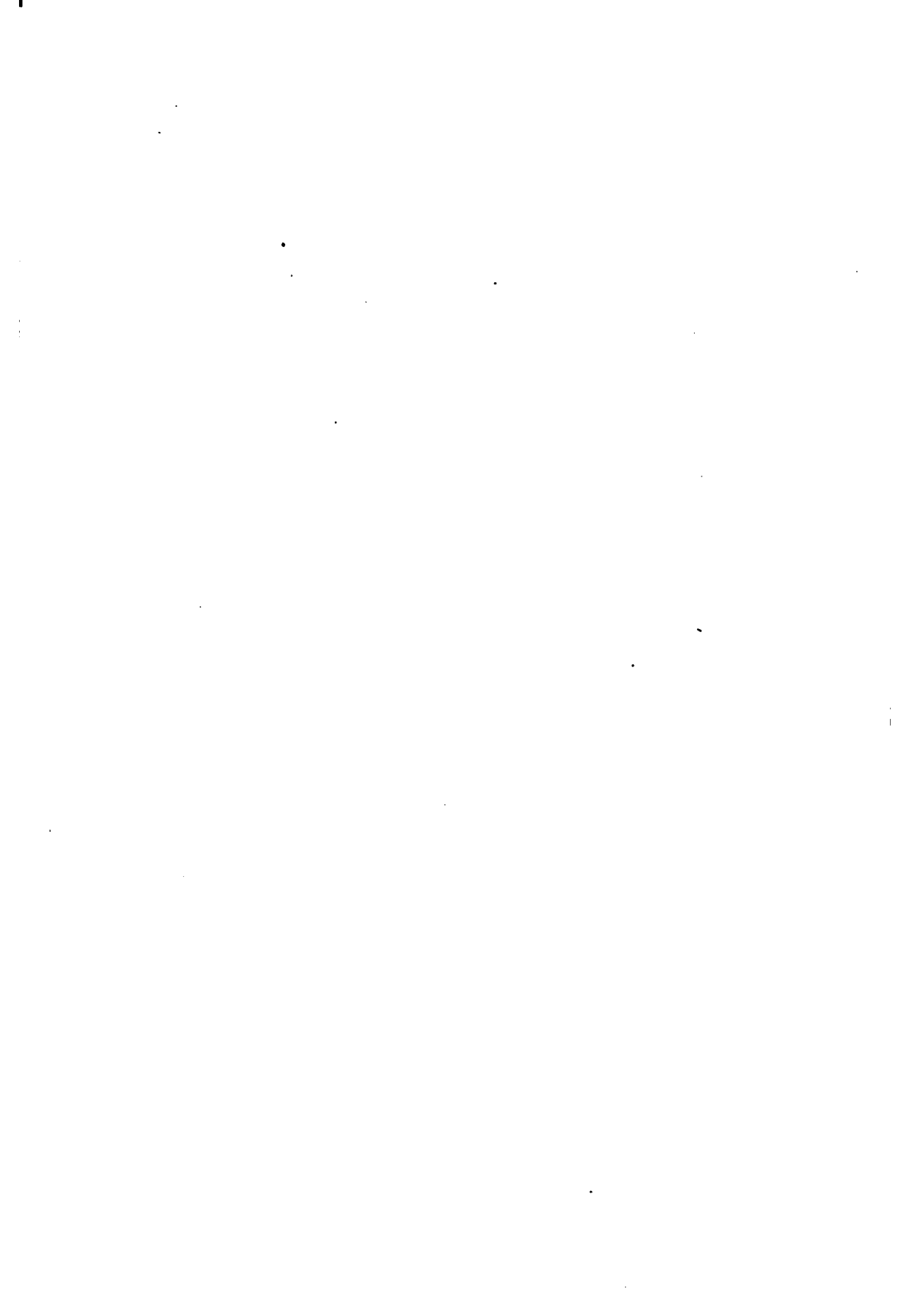
 IRISH SONGS.

The following selections are from Emmett's Irish songs.  
 Only *The Offish Saiker* and *Pat Rooney's Ball* are complete.  
 So far as given, they are copied literally.





DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT AT HOME. (FROM LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.)



EFFECTS OF THE BROGUE.

BY D. D. EMMETT.

Air: Tatter Jack Welch.

'Tis plisaint to hear a nice bit o' the brogue,  
For Paddy has got a nate wag o' the tongue;  
It is the most illigent language in vogue,  
'Tis swate and good music as iver was sung.  
For you can palaver  
A girl and not have 'er,  
And court her all night and nixt day if ye suit;  
Then don't be a fool,  
Spake Irish by rule,  
'Tis a mark of good manners and braiding to boot.

I come to thish counthry on boord of a ship,  
At Liverpool docks we laid up rather long;  
The captain said, "Paddy, give none of your lip!  
I'll sail just as soon as the wind blows up strong."  
Then I got on me knais,  
The powers to plaise,  
'Twas then in good Irish I prayed for a gale;  
My language was nate,  
Neptune, or his mate,  
Struck up a fresh breeze, and the ship it made sail.

Then nothing did happen to mar our delight,  
Till one afternoon we got caught in a fog;  
'Twas lucky the fog didn't catch us at night,  
The captain at once wrote this down in his log.  
The fog and the mist  
All your strength would resist,  
Then ivery one said: "Paddy make us a prayer,  
Pray in Irish: be quick!  
Knale where the fog's thick!"  
To plaise 'em, I prayed till the fog wasn't there.

The rats and the mice were as thick as green pais,  
And divil a cat was on boord o' the craft;  
We fought a pitch'd battle with bed bugs and flais,  
Their forces united and drove us all aft.  
We couldn't run further  
Some yell'd "Bloody murther!"  
Some said, "Have compassion upon us poor souls!"  
I praiched to the vermin  
A rale Irish sermon;  
They thought me St. Pathrick and run for their hoales.

Then peace was reshtored, and the sails were unfurled,  
 Till we landed in York on the ould Batterree;  
 It is the wosht place yez can find in the world!  
 By thish recommind I don't mane flatterree.  
     The drivers of hacks  
     Would follow yer tracks  
 And taise ye to death for to take a short ride;  
     They'll get on yer trail,  
     No prayers can avail;  
 Yer glad to eshcape wid a pace o' yer hide!

---

### WHEN THISH OULD POIPE WAS NEW.

COMPOSED BY DAN. EMMETT, FOR HIS JUVENILE FRIEND, MASTER MCGEARRY.

Air: "Me Irish Molly O."

For fifty years, some more or less, me father shmoked thish poipe  
 'Twas made of rale ould Irish clay—'tis mellow and 'tis roipe;  
 Altho' the shtem is broken, yet the bowl is good and sound,  
 Me son shall shmoke it after me, when I'm laid in the ground.

#### CHORUS:

It comforts me in summer's heat, likewise through winter's could,  
 I niver would forsake it, were it twenty times as ould;  
 For the shmoke that curls above it, tho' the whiffs they be but few,  
 Reminds me of the days, me boys, when thish ould poipe was new.  
 Chicago, Jan. 4, 1875.

---

### THE OFFISH SAIKER.

BY D. D. EMMETT.

Air: Candidate for Alderman.

I am a man that's made a name, I'm knownst to maisht of you,  
 Me home is in a lovely shtrate called "Byler Avenue!"  
 Me neighbors all do shmile on me as I go 'long the shtrate,  
 The girls spake low as I pass on—"O, aint he moasht too shwate."

#### CHORUS:

Hoorool for me, for thaives an' rogues,  
 Must know their time has come;  
 We'll give them all for their reward—  
 "What Paddy gave the dhrum!"

For an' offish I have waited long an' shtood out in the frosht,  
I tell them we musht have reform, or elsh the city's losht!  
They ask me for to tell them how an where I would begin,  
I say—"Turn ivry foiriner out, an' put the Irish in!"

At big turnouts ye'll see me there wid a banner on me back,  
You'll always find me on the side that's got the biggest "whack!"  
They call on me to make a spaich—of coorse I musht comply—  
"The Irish boys have got their claims—thish no man can deny!"

---

PAT ROONEY'S BALL.

BY D. D. EMMETT.

Air: "As to Clonmel we go."

Pat Rooney had the cash,  
But wa'nt the man to lind it;  
Says he: "I'll make a splash,  
'Twill be misel will spind it;  
I'll give a fanshy ball—  
O yis! I will! be jabers!  
I'll invite one an' all,  
Both strangers an' me neighbors!  
Yes I will."

A hall he did engage,  
From Jolly Jack the rover;  
The ball was all the rage  
For full six waiks an' over;  
The shtores were emptied clane,  
The merchants caught the "crafters,"  
For nothing did remain  
From the flure up to the rafters.  
That's the troot.

'Twas Riley from Wicklow,  
That played upon the fiddle:  
He drewed the longest bow,  
Clane both ways from the middle;  
He played "Ould Jack's the lad",  
A chune that's famed in story,  
"The fall of Ballanyfad",  
An' "Geary Owen an' glory."  
Yis he did!

*Daniel Decatur Emmett,*

They danced six reels or moore,  
 An' niver thought of flaggin;  
 They bounced up from the flure,  
 Like hind-whails to a waggon;  
 'Twas then they formed a ring  
 To dance, "The divil sind it;"  
 When Riley broke a string  
 An' had to shtop to mind it.  
 That's bad luck.

Now there was Bidy Niel,  
 Wid coutage moasht undaunted,  
 She danced the "square-toed reel"  
 An' danced it single handed;  
 'Twas hop, skip an' jump,  
 When an' accident befel 'er,  
 She tript an' fell ker thump,  
 An' broke clane thro' the cellar,  
 So she did.

The pigs squailed in the pen,  
 You'd thought the dead had risen;  
 The women an' the men  
 Cockt up their ears to listen;  
 The fiddler — shly old coon,  
 Put them all in a roar, sir;  
 He'd niver heard a chune  
 Wid bristles on before, sir.  
 No indade.

Flure manager they had  
 Who 'round the room kept prancing;  
 An' what was moasht too bad —  
 He'd no "order of dancing."  
 A paisht boord he did wear,  
 Pinned to his boick too tightly;  
 The figures were wrote there,  
 So all could rade them rightly,  
 Them as could.

They danced till broad daylight,  
 When some one was suggestin'  
 To wind up wid a fight  
 An' make it interestin';

But they'd have none o' that—  
An' what is shtill more funny—  
Some rashcal passhed the hat  
An' shtole the fiddler's money,  
The auld thief.

Then homewards all did trudge,  
O, how they'd brag an' swagger;  
Some were too full o' "budge"—  
So full it made them shtagger;  
Some shtrayed off an' got losht,  
Were nabbed but got no bail, sir;  
'Twas ten dollars an' cost,  
An' twenty days in jail, sir,  
That's too bad!

---

THE CONNAUGHT MAN.

BY D. D. EMMETT.

Air: Connaught Man's Ramble.

I'm somewhat a rover,—  
Have travelled all over,  
Thro' Victoria's kingdom that shouldn't be hers;  
This jolly ould crayter,  
This lump o' good nature,  
Is kind to the poor, and it often occurs.  
But time it works wonders,  
And cures many blunders,  
We see it aich day, yet our life's but a span;  
The true Irish nation,  
Is ould as creation,  
For Adam himself was the first Connaught man.

CHORUS:

Just take the world aisy,  
They'll call yez a daisy,  
Be true to your friends for it is the best plan;  
Then spend your last shilling  
With hearts that are willing—  
Is a rule that will work—with a true Connaught man.

But "Soldier and glory,"  
Is an ould Irish story—  
You fight like the devil for somebody's king;  
Just when you begin it  
Your heart is not in it,  
For fighting is not "getting girls on a string."

*Daniel Decatur Emmett,*

Your teeth they may chatter,  
 And swords flash and clatter,  
 Your comrades may fall and their faces you scan;  
 By grief you'r o'erpowered,  
 Yet still you'r no coward,  
 You carry the heart of a true Connaught man.

## AULD MRS. MADIGAN'S CAT.

BY D. D. EMMETT.

Air: Brannagan's Pup.

'Twas ould Mrs. Madigan owned a tom cat,  
 That slept on the fence every night;  
 His hair stood on end like a war Democrat,  
 And he spiled every day for a fight.

CHORUS:

He'd climb up the fence and hollow "murriare";  
 But devil an answer he'd get,  
 For pussy she lay by the hot kitchen fire,  
 While Tommy stood out in the wet.

Now Tom sent a challenge to every yard,  
 To fight at catch weight for the cup;  
 But his name was a terror throughout the whole ward,  
 And not a cat dare take it up!  
 He climbed to the top of a liberty pole,  
 And yelled: "I'm the cock-o'-the-walk!"  
 Then the neighboring cats crept into their hole  
 And said, "Hear the old bully talk."

A splinter stuck in 'im just close to his hip,  
 Where the hide is most generally thin;  
 He turned to descend when he heard something rip,  
 He'd pulled himself out of his skin!  
 Every night, so they say, when the weather is clear,  
 Be it winter or hot summer time;  
 On the top of the pole his skinned ghost will appear,  
 As a warning to cats not to climb.

CHORUS:

No more on the fence will he hollow "murriare,"  
 Nor try for an answer to get;  
 No more pussy sleeps by the hot kitchen fire,  
 But the "ghost it still walks" in the wet!



HARD TIMES.

The title page of this "roaring" farce reads thus:

HARD TIMES  
an original  
ETHIOPIAN! WALK-'ROUND,  
in 1 Act,  
BY  
DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT,  
1855.

CHARACTERS.

Old Dan Tucker.....A sufferer by the hard times.  
Belzebul .....The Prince of Darkness.  
Gabe Tucker .....One of the brack boys.  
Chummie .....Companion to Gabe.  
Showman .....A chap that won't work.  
Old Mrs. Tucker, A law expounder and one that sticks to her rights.

Only a brief extract from the opening scene is here given:

SCENE 1ST. — *Inside of Tucker's house. Poor furniture in appropriate places. Curtain rises. Enter Old Tucker poorly dressed. Advances to the front.*

Tucker:

Hard times! hard times! an' worse a comin',  
Hard times thro' my old head keeps runnin';  
I'll cotch de nigger make dat song,  
To shake him well would not be 'rong:  
I'd shake him up an' shake him down,  
An' shake him till good times come roun'.  
As soap-suds will a wash-board trace,  
Salt tears roll down my furrowed face.  
If some, perchance, should ask the cause,  
'Tis — "tings ain't as dey used to was."  
My banjo hangs against de wall,  
My fiddle will not play at 'tall.  
Ob him dat's rich I won't be jealous,  
For don't de big Book 'spressly tell us?

<sup>1</sup> For some reason unknown, Emmett for a time spelled his name thus.

An' tell us, too, widout much fussin',  
 Whedder we're white or color'd pusson:  
 "Bressed am dem dat's berry poor—  
 Dey'l nutin git — dat's berry sure."

---

WHOA! BALLY!

BY DANIEL D. EMMETT.

When I was but a colt, kept in a stable,  
 Now I am growing old, whoa! Bally!  
 To drag the cart and plow, I was not able,  
 I'm turned out in the cold, whoa! Bally!  
 When I was two years old, 'long came the halter,  
 Now I am growing old, whoa! Bally!  
 Round my young neck was tied—how times do alter!  
 I'm turned out in the cold, whoa! Bally!

CHORUS:

Crack your whip and pull away,  
 "Poor old hoss" has seen his day,  
 Whoa! Bally! whoa!  
 When you can't work you'll make bologna.  
 Three legs broke, you travel slow,  
 One eye out and tother too,  
 To the buzzards let 'im go! Poor old Bally!

Harnessed when I was three—drawing my master;  
 "Two forty" on the track—none could go faster;  
 Ten thousand dollars down—oft have I won it,  
 Then master said with pride, "Old Bally done it!"

Then I was stuffed with oats—fattened on clover;  
 Now I am fed with straw—my racing's over.  
 When I was twelve years old—losing my bottom,  
 Some sport to master said, "Sell him, 'od-rot-'im!"

Thus 'tis with human kind—ever ungrateful.  
 If this be gratitude, 'tis name most hateful.  
 Now I am twenty past—can't pull or carry.  
 "Bally!" the buzzards cry—"why longer tarry!"

Good-bye to blankets warm—good-bye to races;  
 Old horses must give out—colts fill their places.  
 Now I'll lie down and die, in some fence corner.  
 Come, buzzards, to your work! Bally's a "goner."

DEVOTIONAL.

These extracts are from the manuscript collection to which reference is made on a preceding page:

GRACE AT MEALS.

Heavenly Father: I desire to thank Thee for this frugal meal, and all other meals Thou hast permitted me to enjoy during my past existence. I pray Thee appropriate it to my good, to the benefit of the health and strength of both body and mind, and to whatever seemeth good for me in Thy sight.

FOR DAILY PRAYER.

O Lord God of hosts, who reigneth in heaven and ruleth this earth and the universe, grant, I beseech Thee, to me who ask, the gift of Thy divine love, that I may love Thee with my whole heart, both in word and work, and never cease from showing forth Thy praise.

Grant, O Heavenly Father, that I may have perpetual fear and love of Thy holy name. \* \* \* Grant that Thy praise may always be in my mouth. I hope in Thy infinite goodness and mercy and I love Thee with all my heart.

Pour down Thy blessings upon me, should I prove worthy of them. Bless my parents and relatives that lie in their cold and silent graves. Help the poor and the sick and those that are in agony. Convert the unbelievers and enlighten them in the true faith, and let me not waver in faith in Thee and Thy promises.

Heavenly Father, give ear to Thy supplicant, that in Thy bounty Thou mayest grant me both pardon and peace.

Show forth upon me, O Lord, in Thy mercy, Thy unspeakable loving kindness; that Thou mayest loose me from all my sins and deliver me from the punishment that I deserve from them. Assist my weakness and suffer me not again to fall into my past sins and to be separated from Thee. As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God! For what have I in heaven? and besides Thee, what do I desire on earth? O my God! this house of my heart is too narrow for Thee! Do Thou enlarge it; it is falling to ruin, do Thou repair it; it has been defiled by sin; I pray Thee cleanse and purify it. Let Thy tender mercies come unto me, and I shall live. Let my soul enjoy the sweetness of Thy presence.

AT GOING TO BED.

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, bless that repose I am about to take in order to renew my strength that I may be the better able to serve Thee. O all ye saints and angels, intercede for me this night and during the rest of my life, but particularly at the hour of my death. Merciful God, I beseech Thee, give me sweet and refreshing sleep. \* \* \*

## "GENIUS AND PHILOSOPHER."

Since the preparation of this sketch was undertaken, some one has intimated that one of its purposes would be to show that Emmett was a "genius and a philosopher." It would be superfluous, in conclusion, to enter a disclaimer. This brief biography reaches an end without a thought of flights so lofty.

Emmett could not claim rank with cultured composers of his own land. In simple pathos he was surpassed by Payne and Hanby and Foster. But in one respect he was eminent — preeminent. To create a song through which a people should express their aspirations for nationality — an air so stirring, original and vital that it should survive a "lost cause" and win the plaudits alike of vanquished and victor, is a distinction that comes to few — the stamp of what the world calls genius.

Philosopher? What is a philosopher? The term is applied to the metaphysician, who speculates profoundly about the beginning, purpose and end of all things; to the man of worldly wisdom who penetrates the existing order and walks with confidence straight to "success"; to the implacable reformer who tugs at the world and at times tows her out into the expanse of the broader view. Our unpretentious minstrel belonged to none of these. He did not take himself seriously. He left not a line expressive of devotion to his first, last and greatest love — nature. But if to tread life's uneven way through the camps, the music halls, the circus tents, and maintain integrity of body and mind and soul; if to labor long and obscurely for the love of song and see millions moved by its enchanting spell; if to enrich others with no reward to self; if to meet the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with a smile and a heart free from bitterness; if to accept frugal fare with a thankful spirit; if to win and hold the respect of neighbors by kindly word and deed; if to walk erect under the weight of years and view with joy unexpressed hazel fringed lane, undulating meadow, winding stream, waving woodland, and over all the dome of blue with its message of peace; — if this is philosophy, Daniel Decatur Emmett, without knowing it, was something of a philosopher.

**APPENDIX.**



LIST OF "WALK-AROUNDS."

The following is a list of "walk-arounds," words and music by Emmett, arranged in order of composition:

- |                                      |       |                                |
|--------------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------|
|                                      | 1859. |                                |
| / I ain't got time to tarry.         |       | / Loozyanna low grounds.       |
| / Nigger in de tent.                 |       | / I wish I was in Dixie's Land |
| / John come down de holler.          |       | / Johnny Goolar.               |
| / Road to Georgia.                   |       | / Chaw roast beef.             |
| / Flat foot Jake.                    |       | / What o' dat?                 |
| / Billy Patterson.                   |       | / Turkey in de straw.          |
| / Hai, Johnny Roach.                 |       | /                              |
|                                      | 1860. |                                |
| / Darrow Warrow.                     |       | / De Contrack.                 |
| / Old K. Y., Ky.                     |       |                                |
|                                      | 1862. |                                |
| / De Back-log.                       |       | / Mr. Per Coon.                |
| / Bress old Andy Jackson.            |       | / Black Brigade.               |
|                                      | 1863. |                                |
| / High Daddy.                        |       | / Goose and Gander.            |
| / Here we are, or cross ober Jordan. |       | / Ober in Jarsey.              |
| / Greenbacks.                        |       | / Jack on de green.            |
|                                      | 1864. |                                |
| / Foot-falls on de karpet.           |       | / U. S. G.                     |
|                                      | 1865. |                                |
| / Whar ye been so long?              |       |                                |
|                                      | 1868. |                                |
| / Burr Grass.                        |       | / Whoa, Bally!                 |
| / Pan-cake Joe.                      |       | / Yes or no.                   |
| / Want any shad?                     |       | / Abner Isham Still.           |
| / Sugar in de ground.                |       | / I am free.                   |
|                                      | 1881. |                                |
| / 15th Amendment.                    |       |                                |





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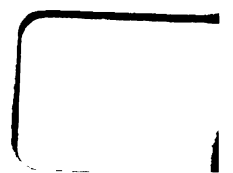




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