

"Dixie" and its Author.

It is a fact not widely known that the author of "Dixie" is now living in his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. His name is Daniel D. Emmett. If he shall survive another anniversary of his birth he will round out eighty years, having been born in Mount Vernon, October 29, 1815.

Daniel Emmett's grandfather was an Irishman. He came to this country before the Revolutionary War, in which he served a regiment as surgeon and chaplain at the same time. His son, Abraham Emmett, father of Daniel, was born in Virginia, and before the war of 1812 moved to Ohio. He served in that war of 1812 under General Hull, and later as a spy upon the Indians in the northern part of Ohio. Daniel is the first of a family of four.

Mr. Emmett recently invited me to bring my violin to his home, promising to go over his old songs and tell me something of his early life. He recited numerous little anecdotes of the two Shermans (the general and the senator), who used to go to school at Gambier, near Mount Vernon. They had an uncle at the latter place whom they often visited, and here Daniel met them. He remembers particularly that in playing "shinny" the Sherman boys were never allowed to be on the same side, for they were leaders and must lead opposing forces. Mr. Emmett says it was a fashion in those days among the young people to try their skill at making verses, and sing them to some popular tune. "Jim Crow" was a favorite, and the boys and girls found great delight in fitting words to that tune. In this way he formed a taste for verse-making and singing, which later led him to negro minstrelsy.

In 1828 he learned to play on the fiddle by ear. A short time after, he went to Cincinnati, where he engaged to play second violin with Stickney's Circus. Stickney's orchestra consisted of two violins, a bugle, and a bass drum, and in those days was counted first-class. The following spring he engaged with Miller's Caravan at Cincinnati, which had a good Eastern band. With this company he learned to play by note on the fiddle, piccolo, and fife. He was known at one time throughout the United States for his proficiency as fifer and drummer. His work with the caravan was to sing songs, chiefly darky songs, accompanied by "hoe-downs" and "walk rounds." Mr. Emmett made his own verses and sang them to some popular tune. He traveled all over the parts of the United States then visited by minstrel troops with Dan Rice, Spaulding, Seth Howes, Dr. Leonard, Welsh and Mann, Joe Sweeney, and other noted minstrels. Everywhere he went Emmett was a favorite. His understanding and rendering of the negro dialect were perfect.

As the venerable old man recounted to me his palmy days of minstrelsy, his eyes fairly twinkled with delight. His voice is thoroughly trained to the sweet tone of the melodious negro's voice, and a few old negro expressions and songs from him showed that he had not lost his old-time understanding of them. Since his time minstrelsy has undergone a change. The minstrels of that day did nothing but what the negro could and did do. The old-time darkies were not the acrobats and circus-clowns that minstrels make themselves to-day, and the old-time interpretation of dialect and mannerisms was more true to life than now.

"Dixie-land," which is really the proper name of the song, was written in 1859, while the author was a member of the well-known Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. His engagement with them provided that he should hold himself in readiness to compose a new "walk-round" whenever called upon to do so, and should sing the same at the close of their performance.

One Saturday night, as Mr. Emmett was proceeding homeward, he was overtaken by Jerrie Bryant, and asked to make a "hooray," and bring it to the rehearsal on Monday morning. The great objects of the "hooray" chorus were sound and noise. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed the walk-around the next day, and brought it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words completed. The tune and words of "Dixie," as now sung, are exactly as Mr. Emmett wrote them. Various aspirants for the authorship of the song in their attempts to lay claim to it have been cut short by the timely interference of friends of the composer.

The original copy of "Dixie," here shown in facsimile, is very well preserved. The complete song is as follows:

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
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, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land we 'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaver,
William was a gay deceiver;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old missus acted de foolest part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now here 's health to de next old missus,
An' all de 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 to-morrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar 's buckwheat-cakes an' Injun 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, away, Dixie land!

From the time it was first sung at Bryant's Hall in New York it was a success, and it became a favorite all over the United States as fast as minstrel troops could bring it before the people.

It is interesting to know how "Dixie" became the Southern national air or war-song. Early in the war

Dixie's Land.

1859

Walk Round. Composed by Daniel D. Emmett.
for Bryant's Minstrels.

Allegro *Song*

Chorus I wish I was in de land of cotton, *Long* Sim-mon-eed an
can-dy bot-tom, *Chorus* Look a-way, look way, a-way Dixie Land, in
Dixie land whar I was born in, *Long* Early on one frosty morn-ing, *Chorus* Look a-way, look
way, a-way Dixie Land, *Long* I wish I was in Dixie, *Chorus* Ho-roy, Ho-roy
roy In Dixie's land, we'll took our stand, To let an die in Dixie, a-
way, a-way, a-way down south, in Dixie, a-way away, away down south in Dixie.

Dance

Old missus marry will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around er,
He look as fierce as a forty pound er.
Chorus Ho-roy! Ho-roy! f c

FACSIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH COPY OF "DIXIE."

a spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans. Every part had been filled, and all that was lacking was a march and war-song for the grand chorus. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon until "Dixie" was suggested and tried; and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. It was taken up immediately by the populace, and was sung in the streets, and in homes and concert-halls, daily. It was taken to the battle-fields, and there became the great song of the South; and made many battles harder for the Northerner, many easier for the Southerner. Though it has thus

particularly endeared itself to the South, the reunion of American hearts has made it a national song. Mr. Lincoln even regarded it as national property by capture.

I asked Mr. Emmett what suggested the words and tune of "Dixie." He told me that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go south, that is to "Dixie's land." On a cold day a common saying was, "Oh, I wish I was in Dixie's land!" and this was the key to the song. The tune was composed in much the same way: one bar of music set the key for the whole.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Emmett was the

originator of the first perfected minstrel troop in the United States. It was in the spring of 1843, and was called the "Virginia Minstrels." It consisted of Daniel Emmett, leader; Frank Brower, Richard Pelham, and "Billy" Whitlock. They played for six or eight weeks in New York and Boston. They then sailed for England, and traveled all over Great Britain, disbanding in Scotland. Daniel Emmett is the only one of the four now living.

"Dixie" is as lively and popular an air to-day as when it was written, and its reputation is not confined to the American continent. It is much played in Europe, and ranks with the finest of the simpler airs in touching the emotions of the people. Whenever it is played by a big, strong band, the auditors involuntarily keep time.

Robert Sheerin.

The Eternal Feminine.

SWEET Mistress Summer's message, traced
O'er all the land,
Came finally to sad "Good-by,"
Written in tears as she turned to fly
From the Frost King's couriers, coming in haste,
A roistering band.

But, pausing once in her flight, she faced
Each rude newcomer;
And wrote, in calm, defiant mood,
Her afterthought on field and wood—
In earth and sky her postscript placed:
Lo! Indian Summer!

Minnie Leona Upton.

An Exile from Kentucky.

EIGHTY last January, sir,
Upon ole Hickory's day;
An' hail, sir, from Kaintucky,
Same caounty 's Henry Clay.
Yes, Texas is a splendid State,
I grant you, sir—but yet,
I long jest once again my foot
On blue-grass sod to set!

I prospered gre'tly sence I come,
An' all my stakes are here;
Children, too, married hereabouts;
I 'm fixed for life, it 's clear.
But I hone to see some blooded stock,
An' a reel Kaintucky belle,
An' drink one satisfyin' swig
From a good ole limestone well.

A hoss without a pedigree
Is only half a hoss,
An' Bourbon don't taste quite the same
When the ole State-line you cross;
I 've got no quarrel with my luck,
Smooth paths my feet have trod—
But oh, to get my feet squar-set
Once more on blue-grass sod!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

To a Blue-Stocking.

SWEET, my sweet, when summer boughs
Nod to the wooing breeze,

When coyly to the sun-god's kiss
Blink pale anemones,
When crooning cushats pipe at e'en
Love's happy litanies—
Should maid and man gay Eros ban,
And talk—of Socrates?

List! By the lazy streamlet
The pawky mimulus
Is whispering (sweet, I know it)
To the buttercups of us.
They know Love's tripping measures,
They 've heard his gamut through,
And they 're asking, "What doth 'Spencer'
At a *solitude à deux*?"

Oh, pinky-white the clover!
And green the meadow grass!
And a drowsy urchin lingers,
Conning low "Amo, amas!"
"Love, love," all earth is singing,—
Earth, heaven—it 's only you
That will not say "Da capo,"
My sorry-wise bas-bleu!

M. Duff Alexander.

Tracings.

"WHY," asked Love of a coquette, "did you shut
the door on me?" "That you might wish to enter,"
she replied.

"I AMOUNT to nothing," said a small stone, as it
rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town
was flooded.

VENUS asked Minerva to teach her wisdom. "You
could not then be Goddess of Love," said Minerva.

"I AM tired of Life," exclaimed a disappointed wo-
man. "Why?" asked her more fortunate sister. "Be-
cause I have never lived," she replied.

"LOVE has wounded my heart with a dart," said a
rejected lover. "He will cure it with another," said
his friend.

"I WISH I had only had your chances," said a poor
man to a rich friend. "Why! I picked them up after
you had passed them by," answered the friend.

A CHILD said to a butterfly: "You live but a day."
"But a day," said the butterfly, "is a lifetime."

"YOU do not exist," said Doubt to a soul. "You
would not be if I did not," answered the soul.

"YOU come too late," said a dying man to Glory. "I
usually wait till after the funeral," answered Glory.

"I HAVE read the Book of Life," said a conceited
youth to his grandfather. "No; the contents are not
on the cover," said the old man.

LOVE asked a woman how he could gain entrance
into her heart. She told him to enter from the inside.

"I HAVE never known Happiness," complained a
discontented old man to his companion. "No," an-
swered the companion, "you have never recognized
me."

E. Scott O'Connor.