

MINNESOTA HISTORY

VOLUME 22

JUNE, 1941

NUMBER 2

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY IN THE STORY OF AMERICAN MUSIC¹

TO ST. PAUL, a city bearing the proud name of a little wilderness mission church, have come through the years many men. Here black-robed Jesuits intoned the Mass; dragoons of the army of the West grounded their muskets; Indians, daubed with black and vermilion, sullenly trod frontier streets; fur trappers, with short pipes in clenched teeth, swung bales of green hides; and Mississippi River gamblers, thin-lipped, with derringers up their handsome broadcloth sleeves, shuffled cards to the musical clink of bottles. Men of America were all these. But perhaps the strangest were the Hutchinsons, the men with the high-standing collars.

John, Judson, and Asa Hutchinson, of a famous troupe of family singers from New Hampshire, first arrived in St. Paul early in November, 1855. On Friday, the sixteenth, they left Minneapolis with two wagons and four horses to explore McLeod County in the vicinity of the Hassan River, now known as the South Fork of the Crow River. There they selected a site for the future town of Hutchinson. On December 22, 1857, Judge Charles E. Flandrau gave public notice of the entry of the town. Previously, however, the Hutchinsons with eleven others had organized the Hutchinson Company, an association of joint stockholders with

¹ This is a revised version of a paper presented on January 20, 1941, as the annual address before the ninety-second annual meeting of the Minnesota Historical Society. In presenting the paper, Dr. Jordan was assisted by five members of the Hamline University Choir and their accompanist, who gave performances of a number of the Hutchinsons' songs. *Ed.*

elected officials whose duties were clearly and legally defined.

Briefly, the company was to promote settlement, apportion land among emigrants, reserve certain lots for schools and churches, and maintain order. Liquor was forbidden, as were bowling alleys, billiard tables, and gambling devices of all types. On November 21, 1855, it was voted at Glencoe that women residents of Hutchinson "shall enjoy equal rights with men and shall have the privilege of voting in all matters not restricted by law." Perhaps this was the first application of the women's rights principle in the Territory of Minnesota. The *St. Anthony Express* commented as follows upon the Hutchinson colonization project: "With a clear sky above, the rich land below, we may expect to see in a short time a large town built up in Hutchinson." The community did thrive, despite the Indian uprising of 1862, and today it stands as a fitting tribute to New Englanders who recessed from singing long enough to father a community in Minnesota.

The three Hutchinson brothers responsible for this project were little known in the Minnesota region. There they were only another factor exerting itself in the great migration of the 1850's. But in the world at large—in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and even in Ireland, Scotland, and England—the Hutchinsons had won acclaim before the middle of the century as the most prominent troupe of family singers on tour. It was not until the era of President Jackson that folklore, narrative, and legend indigenous to American experience became popular. Then, of course, there tumbled from pens of particularistic authors a host of plots, characters, and scenes that truly reflected the democratic pith of the times.

At least thirty itinerant bands, including the Baker, Hughes, Thayer, Cheney, Peak, Orphean, and Hutchinson families, were delighting American audiences a century ago

in one- and two-night stands. In Minnesota, they gave concerts in St. Paul, Hutchinson, Little Falls, and Rochester, to mention but a few places. They sang in theaters, churches, schools, and even on the streets. The Druid Horn Players, "dressed in the costume of the ancient priests of Old Britain," attracted huge crowds; and members of the Old Folks Concert Troupe of thirty mixed voices clad themselves in the styles of 1760. The concerts usually were advertised by local newspapers, by handbills, and not infrequently by one or more members of the troupe parading through a town. A Kilmiste family performance was announced by an older player who walked the streets with a chicken feather in his hat and made a "donkey of himself."

Such American troubadors, colorful in long-tailed blues, became ideal interpreters of American life. They sang about America for Americans. They answered the criticism of the supercilious *New York Mirror*, which, in 1839, asked, "When shall we have in America a characteristic national music?" They justified the faith of the *Springfield* [Ohio] *Republic*, which declaimed that true American music will "partake of our free air, and of the free thought of our glorious land — and it will not swell in sounds alone as does that imported from France and Italy; but in words as well as tones, it will have thought in it." Family concerts contained little of the operatic, less of the classical, and none of the mystical. Rather, they emphasized the melodramatic, the comic, and the sentimental. Programs included songs that were robust, told a story, or pointed a moral. The chorals, hymns, anthems, and glees were sung in a simple, unaffected way with emphasis upon clearly enunciated words. Frequently the performers sang *a cap-pella*.

Among the more prominent itinerant family singers interpreting the spirit of the times in music were the renowned

Hutchinsons from New Hampshire, the "Old Granite State." "The magic of their inspiring melody once felt, can never be forgotten," wrote a Minnesota editor. From the time of their first concert in 1839, the Hutchinsons were constantly in the news and were considered the type example for other similar bands. They wrote more original words and composed more music than did any other troupe. It was not until 1843, however, that Judson, John, Asa, and sister Abby felt sufficiently assured to leave their native state. Finally, friends persuaded them to attempt a program in New York City. With timid faith they arranged for their debut in the Broadway Tabernacle, where many concerts were given. Success was immediate. "The immense audience," noted the *New-York Tribune*, "were perfectly delighted and could scarcely be prevailed upon to release them from constant duty. We have seldom listened to sweeter melody than theirs."

Nearly all the Hutchinsons' programs began or ended, as did concerts of most other group singers, with a family song which commonly sketched their origin, early life, and principles. In St. Paul, late in 1855, the Hutchinsons began their program with such a song, "The Old Granite State."

Ho! we've come from the mountains,
We've come down from the mountains,
Of the old Granite State.
We're a band of brothers.
We're a band of brothers.
We're a band of brothers.
And we live among the hills;
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
We are passing round the world.

Our dear father's gone before us,
And hath joined the heavenly chorus,
Yet his spirit hovers o'er us,
As we sing the family song.

Oft he comes to hear us,
And his love doth cheer us,
Yes, 'tis ever near us,
When we battle against the wrong.

We have four other brothers,
And two sisters, and aged mother;
Some at home near each other,
Some are wandering far away,
With our present number.
There are thirteen in the tribe;
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
And our several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
Caleb, Joshua, and Jesse,
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
And Abby are our names.

We're the sons of Mary,
Of the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address ye,
With our native mountain song.

Liberty is our motto,
And we'll sing as freemen ought to,
Till it rings o'er glen and grotto,
From the old Granite State.
"Men should love each other,
Nor let hatred smother,
EVERY MAN'S A BROTHER,
AND OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD!"

And we love the cause of Temperance
As we did in days of yore;
We are all Tee-totlers,
And determined to keep the pledge.
Let us then be up and doing,
And our duties brave pursuing,
Ever friendship kind renewing
As we travel on our way.
Truth is plain before us,
Then let's sing in chorus,
While the heavens o'er us
Rebound the loud huzza.
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

The second number on a typical family program usually was a dramatic and colorful narrative, having as its theme some horrible human tragedy. Americans enjoyed this type of song, and two groups, the Bakers and the Hutchinsons, specialized in it. Frequently, these troupes selected the "Vulture of the Alps," described in contemporary handbills as a "thrilling song portraying the agonized feelings of a parent at the loss of an infant child, snatched suddenly from its companions by the ravenous vulture." Even today a slight tremor rides through the body at the first two lines.

One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was
rising high,
When from my children, in the lawn, I heard a
fearful cry.

"The Maniac," describing the "progress of insanity," offered opportunity to yowl and figuratively to tear at asylum chains. The refrain, "No, by heaven, I am not mad," rolled forth in blood-curdling screams. It was a breathtaking performance, leaving singers, as well as audience, exhausted. Two other clamorous numbers were "The Great Railroad Wreck" and "The Ship on Fire." The latter began with a tremendous thunderstorm, with passengers and crew on bended knee, and ended with the vessel bursting into flame. It was strong stuff, so realistic, indeed, that in Canton, Pennsylvania, one Dutchman, overcome by the song, forgot himself, rushed from the theater, yanked an alarm, and had fire engines in the streets before the singers could stop him. In 1861, during a private White House concert, Lincoln, holding Tad by the hand, requested that "The Ship on Fire" be sung.

For a concert in New York on May 17, 1842, the Hutchinsons chose another lamentable tale — "The Snow Storm" by Seba Smith — now quite forgotten, but then a favorite narrative. It told of the sufferings of a mother who, in 1821,

wandered with her child over the Green Mountains in search of a husband whom she later found frozen to death.

The cold wind swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snows she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child,
If I must perish, save my child."

Then, the audience having wetted the programs with sentimental tears, tragedy turned to fun. Horror was usually followed by a type of backwoods humor, not too rough, but with a pronounced element of the exaggerated ridiculous. Many songs of this kind were performed in hundreds of concerts, in the effete East, on the western plains, and even on the mining and cattle frontiers. "One always feels better for having laughed," noted a Minnesota editor, "almost to the destruction of waist-bands, vest buttons, and lacings."

"Ten years ago you knew me well," sang the Bakers, "but now true love is past, and I must answer no." There was a nice young man who courted a daughter fair and stole the family silver. Another affable rogue taught a Sabbath school class and ogled every lass. And the tragic tale of Johnny Sands who neatly disposed of Betty Hague, is well known to many music lovers. "Not Married Yet," first published in 1841, began plaintively, "I'm single yet—I'm single yet—Ye gods, what are the men about." Saucy Kate enjoyed a better fate, for she was conquered near the vine-clad arch of the portal gate.

Another example of the humorous song is "Squire Jones's Daughter," which was sung by Whitehouse's New England Bards and is, in parts, suspiciously reminiscent of "Oh! Susannah." "Bobbin' Around," a celebrated Yankee song of 1855, brings into music the literary characters of Josh and Sal, a "gal" whose beauty could not be judged by externals; and "For I Should Like to Marry," which follows, exemplifies a whole group of similar songs popular in the period. This song is a duet in which a lady and a gentleman sing to one another.

GENT

Yes! I should like to marry,
If that I could find
Any pretty Lady,
Suited to my mind:
Oh! I should like her witty,
Oh! I should like her good,
With a little money,
Yes, indeed I should.
Oh! I should like to marry,
If that I could find,
Any pretty Lady,
Suited by my mind.

Oh! I should like her hair
To cluster like the vine;
I should like her eyes
To look like sparkling wine:
And let her brows resemble
Sweet Diana's crescent;
Let her voice to me
Be always soft and pleasant.
Yes I should, etc.

LADY

Oh! I should like to marry,
If that I could find
Any handsome fellow,
Suited to my mind:
Oh! I should like him dashing,
Oh! I should like him gay,
The leader of the fashion,
And dandy of the day.
Oh! I should like to marry,
If that I could find,
Any handsome fellow,
Suited to my mind.

Oh! I should like his hair
As "Taylor's" wigs divine
The sort of thing each fair
Would envy being mine.
He mustn't be too short;
He mustn't be too burly;
But slim, and tall, and straight,
With moustache and whiskers curly.
Yes I should, etc.

None knew the value of satire better than did the Baker, Pike, and Hutchinson families, and scarcely a program lacked their cutting tributes to contemporary follies. The pomposity of waxwork proprietors, traveling showmen, militiamen, and the modern belle all were castigated. But

bitter scorn, it seems, was reserved for Congressmen and physicians. "The Congressional Song of Eight Dollars a Day" was a favorite.

At Washington full once a year do politicians throng,
Contriving there by various arts to make their sessions long;
And many a reason do they give why they're obliged to stay,
But the clearest reason yet aduced is *eight dollars a day*.

The attack upon the medical profession is aptly illustrated by two old favorites, one ridiculing the prevalent custom of prescribing mighty doses of calomel and the other describing medical students whose Latinish prescriptions seem to have had only one translation—"gin." "Calomel" begins and ends with the following verses:

Physicians of the highest rank
To pay their fees we need a bank,
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sense in Calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid the world a long farewell,
Without one dose of Calomel.

"O, Stay," the maiden said, "and rest thy weary head upon this breast." Longfellow's "Excelsior" perhaps sets the pattern for the hundreds of love scenes and sentimental ditties of the middle years. Shy maidens, "simpering, sniggling, and smiling," are really too abundant, and brave swains lurk almost everywhere. Bachelors are lamenting,

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?

And 'Zekiel was, well—

'Zekiel crept up quite unbeknown
And peeked in through the winder,
And there sat Hulda, all alone,
With no one nigh to hinder.

Accompanied by Prince's Superior Five Octave Moledoon

At _____ Hall,
On _____ Evening,

SELECTIONS FROM THE FOLLOWING
PROGRAMME.

"My Nation shall be all mankind,
And every land, my home."

When the Robins chirp and the Bluebirds sing,
Hush!—hush! the farmers go over the fields to plow and sow.

The Good Old Days of Yore—Song of Home.

191000 Poetry by Jessie, Music by Jodion.

Little Topsy's Song.
Words by Eliza Cook—Music by A. S.

Topsy never was born,
Never had a Mother;

1999

Bygone Hours.

If I were a Voice.
— Old Church Bell

The Old Church Bell.
O'Garry We Home to B

Song of the Wanderer, composed by Judson.

Song—A few lines fused into a few verses, as in the title, is a few lines for a few friends, in tone of "Few Days."

Mrs. Lofty and I. (Melody by Judson.)

Mrs. Lofly keeps a carriage,
So do I.

She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I.

She's so prouder of her coachman
Than am I.

With my blue eyed laughing baby
Treading by

I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy and carry me.

Where shall the Soul find rest,

STP: 1 0 1 1 1 1

Tickets of Admission.

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TO ALL PARTS

TO ALL PARTIES
 CHILDREN accompanying De

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Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock.....

The Ball Volume of 62 Songs as

The Full Volume of 88 Songs, as
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[illegible]

Ag

ADVERTISING POSTERS USED BY THE HUTCHINSONS
[From originals owned by Mrs. Fred Fournie of Savage.]

Sometimes, as in the "Humbled Husband," sung in the 1840's by Jesse Hutchinson, true love cries piteously:

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall —
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all.
Her taper fingers it is true
Are difficult to match:
What would they say, if they but knew
How terribly they — s-c-r-c-h?

But perhaps a gardener, who has a sense of humor, tells his sad story best of all in the "Horticultural Wife."

She's my myrtle, my geranium,
My sunflower, my sweet marjorum;
My honeysuckle, my tulip, my violet;
My hollyhock, my dahlia, my mignonette.
Ho, ho! she's a fickle wild rose,
A damask, a cabbage, a China rose.

She's my snowdrop, my ranunculus,
My hyacinth, my gilliflower, my polyanthus;
My hearts-ease, my pink, my water-lily;
My buttercup, my daisie, my daffydowndilly
Ho, ho! etc.

We have grown up together, like young apple trees
And clung to each other like double sweet peas;
Now they're going to trim her, and plant her in a pot
And I am left to wither, neglected and forgot.
Ho, ho! etc.

I am like a bumble-bee, that don't know where to settle,
And she is a dandelion, and a stinging nettle:
My heart's like a beet root, choked with chickweed;
My head is like a pumpkin running off to seed.
Ho, ho! etc.

Long before "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now" was composed by Henry Clay Work and published by Root and Cady in 1864, temperance songs were upon nearly every musical program presented by bands of

family singers. The Cheney and Hughes families were particularly arid, and the Barkers specialized in the "Inebriate's Lament." Antialcoholism was part of the singers' stock in trade, and they belabored the cup that cheers with vigor. Indeed, one of the first public appearances of the Hutchinsons was before the American Temperance Union in New York. Back and forth across the nation from Boston to Leavenworth, sometimes traveling with John Henry W. Hawkins, father of the Washingtonians, a temperance society organized in Baltimore in 1840, and sometimes with John B. Gough, famous temperance orator, they described luridly the sot who dissipated his wages, kicked his children, and beat his wife. Tavern keepers dreaded the sight of handbills announcing concerts by these unbridled prohibitionists. They detested such titles as "Don't Marry a Man if He Drinks," "Father's a Drunkard and Mother Is Dead," and "The Temperance Deacon." Local temperance societies, on the other hand, welcomed them and churches opened wide their doors, secure in the knowledge that "King Alcohol" would be dethroned. Sons of Temperance, ladies' temperance unions, and cold-water principles were the rule of the day.

Oh! cold water, pure cold water,
Raise the shout, send it out,
Shout for pure cold water.

"Which Way Is Your Musket A-pinting To-day?" stimulated perhaps by a tour through Iowa in 1880, rapidly caught temperance acclaim and was included in many prohibition songbooks.

The issue before us is plain and unclouded —
Shall our nation be ruled by King Alcohol's sway?
I candidly ask every qualified voter
"Which way is your musket a-p'intin' today?"

But of all the antisaloon songs which flooded the nation between 1830 and 1850, none stands out clearer and is more

typical than "King Alcohol," written to commemorate the conversion into a temperance hall of old Deacon Giles's distillery in Salem, Massachusetts. It was sung in Rochester and elsewhere when the Hutchinsons were on tour in Minnesota.

King Alcohol is very sly
A liar from the first
He'll make you drink until you're dry,
Then drink, because you thirst.

King Alcohol has had his day
His kingdom's crumbling fast
His votaries are heard to say
Our tumbling days are past.

The shout of Washingtonians
Is heard on every gale
They're chanting now in victory
O'er cider, beer, and ale.

For there's no rum, nor gin, nor beer, nor wine,
Nor brandy of any hue,
Nor hock, nor port, nor flip combined
To make a man get blue.
And now they're merry, without their sherry
Or Tom and Jerry, champagne and perry
Or spirits of every hue.
And now they are a temperate crew
As ever a mortal knew.
And now they are a temperate crew
And have given the devil his due.

No narrative of the spirit of mid-century America in music would be complete without mention of the vast song literature which pictured the great trek westward. Audiences listened breathlessly to fascinating tales of the weary emigrant, to fabulous accounts of the California discoveries, and to stirring recitals of the overland trail. Later, Kansas emigrant aid societies and "Pike's Peak, or Bust" were to find expression in song. Sang the members of one traveling troupe:

Cheer up, brothers, as we go
O'er the mountains westward ho!
When we've wood and prairie land
Won by our toil
We'll reign like kings in fairy land
Lords of the soil.

The Hutchinsons, composing a song to honor a Massachusetts band of forty-niners, expressed the great American belief in Sacramento riches.

As the gold is *thar*, most any *whar*,
And they dig it out with an iron bar,
And where 'tis thick with a spade or pick,
They can take out lumps as *heavy as brick*.

Some traveling troupes and lone artists reached San Francisco to perform in rude amusement centers. Their songs, commented an English journal of 1850, "are universally popular, and the crowd of listeners is often so great as to embarrass the players at the monte tables and to injure the business of the gamblers."

But it remained for Captain George W. Patten of the Second United States Infantry, author of *Voices of the Border*, to pen a typical tragedy of manifest destiny and of the "shining land where the gold-mines lay." Patten was stationed at Forts Ripley and Ridgely in Minnesota and at Fort Abercrombie in Dakota before the Civil War. In the early 1850's Patten's command was stationed at Fort Miller, near the San Joaquin River, to protect emigrants who were crowding the California trails on their trek to the diggings. One evening, so Patten tells, a family of gold seekers, exhausted and starved, arrived at the banks of the swollen San Joaquin. The mother had been buried on the plains. Within a short time an infant and its sister also died, "leaving the disconsolate father to prosecute his further journey to the gold mines alone." Patten added that the last words of the dying emigrant child were to be

conveyed to the "ear of the world through the medium of song." When George P. Reed of Boston published Patten's delineation of the episode in 1853, with music and piano accompaniment by "an Amateur," its success was immediate. Abby Hutchinson frequently included it on her programs. "The Emigrant's Dying Child" is a sentimental interpretation of the hardships endured on the overland trail.

Father, those California skies
You said were bright and bland,
But where tonight my pillow lies,
Is this the land of Gold?

'Tis well my little sister sleeps
Or else she too would grieve,
But only see how still she sleeps
She has not moved since eve.

And when you pass this torrent cold,
We've come so far to see,
And when you go on beyond for Gold,
O think of Jane and me.

The Hutchinsons, after an extended tour of England and Ireland in 1845, gave much of their time to the abolition movement, a cause in which they had been interested for many years. They popularized the "Emancipation Song," "The Slaves' Appeal," and "Little Topsy's Song."

They were intimate friends, as well as co-workers, of William Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, and other leaders of the antislavery group. "We were inspired with the greatness of the issue," wrote John Hutchinson, "finding our hearts in sympathy with those struggling and earnest people . . . and we sang for the emancipation of the millions of slaves in bondage." The "Negro's Lament" was one of the most popular of their selections.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Africa's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though slave they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

This was first sung at a meeting of the Boston Antislavery Society in Faneuil Hall in January, 1843. "The powerful description of the singing of the wonderfully gifted Hutchinsons," ran a comment in the *Liberator* of Boston on February 24, 1843, "does not surpass the reality of their charming melodies. The effect on the thousands who listened to them was, in fact, indescribable. They added immensely to the interest of the occasion; and the manner in which they adapted their spirited songs (nearly all of which were original and impromptu) to the subjects that were under discussion displayed equal talent and genius."

Perhaps the most famous of all the antislavery songs in the Hutchinson repertoire was the stirring and dramatic "Get Off the Track." The words were written by the Hutchinsons and adapted to an old slave melody. After its introduction in 1844, it became, with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, among the more powerful instruments aimed at the Southern slave system.

Ho! the car emancipation,
Rides majestic through the nation,
Bearing on its train the story,
Liberty! a nation's glory.
Roll it along! Roll it along!
Roll it along! through the nation,
Freedom's car, Emancipation.

Let the ministers and churches
Leave behind sectarian lurches,
Jump on board the car of freedom,
Ere it be too late to need them.

Sound the alarm! Pulpits thunder,
Ere too late to see your blunder.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming:
Now, look out! the engine's coming!
Church-and-statesmen, hear the thunder
Clear the track, or you'll fall under.
Get off the track! all are singing
While the "Liberty Bell" is ringing.

N. P. Rogers first heard this song in 1844. "It represented the railroad," he wrote in the *Herald of Freedom* in June, 1844, "in characters of living light and song, with all its terrible enginery and speed and danger. And when they came to the chorus-cry that gives name to the song—when they cried to the heedless proslavery multitude that were stupidly lingering on the track, and the engine 'Liberator' coming hard upon them, under full steam and all speed, the Liberty Bell loud ringing, and they standing like deaf men right in its whirlwind path, the way they cried 'Get Off the Track,' in defiance of all time and rule, was magnificent and sublime."

When, however, slaveholders would not "get off the track," the Hutchinsons did their bit to further the conflict by popularizing "The Battle Cry of Freedom" until it was "soon shouted in camps, on the march, and on the battlefield." Nor was this enough. John Hutchinson determined to take his singers into the camps of the Army of the Potomac. Unfortunately, however, they included in their programs Whittier's stirring "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," an inflammatory abolition poem set to the music of Luther's great hymn. General McClellan thereupon expelled the singers from the Union lines on the ground that abolition was not the primary object of the war. Undaunted, the troupe appealed to Lincoln. Secretary Chase, it is said, read in a cabinet meeting the lines judged offensive by McClellan. Lincoln listened attentively and then is

reputed to have said, "It is just the character of song that I desire the soldiers to hear." By presidential order, therefore, the Hutchinsons were readmitted to Union camps and barracks.

Musical America was not unmindful of America, the land of promise, and of America, the strong. Patriotism could not be denied the composer, and songs praising victory and liberty and country probably begin with John Dickinson's "The Liberty Song, or In Freedom We're Born," written in Massachusetts early in 1768. The Yankee war song of the Revolution entitled "The American Hero, or Bunker Hill," written by Nathaniel Niles, originally appeared as a broadside in 1775.

As colonial conflicts passed into the dimming long ago, jauntier melodies replaced the ponderous harmonizing of the academic era. One must not forget "Corn Cobs or Yankee Notions," a folk development derived from the earliest version of "Yankee Doodle." The words of "Corn Cobs or Yankee Notions" were first printed in the *American Comic Songster* for 1834. Ballads, such as "Old Colony Times," became popular. The first stanza was sung from Maine to Georgia, and at least as far west as Nebraska.

In good old Colony Times,
When we were under the King,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,
Because they could not sing.

The nineteenth century saw a tremendous increase in sectional and patriotic songs. Every artist strove to place at least one song of "God and Country" upon his program. They were not difficult to find. The *United States Songster*, published in 1836, listed fourteen, among them "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "The Hunters of Kentucky," "The Boys of Ohio," and "All Hail to the Brave and Free."

Not until the roaring forties did a pronounced element of humor creep into this type of song. During this decade almost countless compositions based upon differences in geographic areas were published and included on concert programs. Henry W. Dunbar's "We've Left Our Mountain Home" and "The New England Farmer" frequently were listed as favorites. Typical of the lighter songs springing from the rich sources of Yankee ingenuity is "Away Down East." It tells of a man from Indiana who "took his bundle in his hand to seek this fabled land." And what a land it was, "a place of applesauce and greens, a paradise of pumpkin pies, a land of pork and beans!" Little wonder that the weary Hoosier remained forever in regions "Away Down East," whetting his jackknife and consuming apple brandy.

"Uncle Sam's Farm" was dedicated to "all creation" by Jesse Hutchinson and was published by Reed at Boston in 1850. The verses which follow invite the people of the world to share the personal freedom and the rich treasures of the United States.

Of all the mighty nations in the East or in the West,
The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best;
We have room for all creation, and our banner is unfurled,
With a general invitation to the people of the world.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every nation, come from every way;
Our lands they are broad enough, don't feel alarm,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

St. Lawrence is our Northern line, far's her waters flow,
And the Rio Grande our Southern bound, way down in Mexico.
While from the Atlantic ocean, where the sun begins to dawn,
We'll cross the Rocky Mountains far away to Oregon.

While the South shall raise the cotton, and the West the corn and pork,
New England manufacturers shall do up the finer work;
For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along our hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep and driving cotton mills.

Our fathers gave us liberty, but little did they dream
The grand results to follow in the mighty age of steam;
Our mountains, lakes, and rivers, are now in a blaze of fire,
While we send the news by lightning on the Telegraphic wire.

While Europe's in commotion, and her monarchs in a fret
We're teaching them a lesson which they never can forget;
And this they fast are learning, Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do their voting, and the children go to school.

Songs such as those mentioned here reflect the spirit of American life. They sing the story of a brave people and of a great democracy. The faded sheet music of yesteryear is a key to the nation's past. Social historians now search for popular tunes sung by the Hutchinsons and other traveling family troupes, for they are eager to capture the spirit of the nineteenth century and to gain an insight into the life of the common man.

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