

A BRIEF NARRATIVE
OF THE
HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

SIXTEEN SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE
“TRIBE OF JESSE.”

BY
“JOSHUA.”

“’Tis sweet to be remembered.”



BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS,
CORNER FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STS., BOSTON,
1874.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
JOSHUA HUTCHINSON,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE :
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

Dedicated
TO MY VENERATED FRIEND
ADIN BALLOU.

[*From Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.*]

HOPEDALE, MASS., *March 2, 1874.*

Dear Brother Joshua,—Your few lines of the 26th ult., with the printed slips, came duly to hand per mail. I am glad you are to publish the Narrative of your father's family, which has rendered itself illustrious by elevating musical services throughout our land ; and surely you have done me much more honor than I could claim, by the Dedication. Accept my cordial thanks. You might easily have chosen a more conspicuous and popular name ; but I hope it will do you no harm in the sale. Probably the matter of dedication will have no great effect either way in that respect. You will, of course, not fail to give our Hopedalians a chance to buy and read. I shall await the promised copy expectantly.

Heartily, your brother,

ADIN BALLOU.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, *April 3, 1874.*

DEAR MR. HUTCHINSON :— I am glad to hear that you are preparing, for publication, a sketch of the very musical family with which you are so creditably identified ; for it cannot fail to be read with interest and pleasure by those (and they constitute a vast multitude) who have been delighted and thrilled by the soul-stirring performances of “ the tribe of Jesse,” singly or in combination, in various parts of the country, for more than a quarter of a century. Sixteen children, of the same parents, constitute an exceptionally large number, especially in these less fruitful times ; and on this ground alone the case is a notable one. But that they all should have been endowed with a decided musical talent, in some instances amounting to inspirational genius, is, indeed, extraordinary, and probably unparalleled. The most widely known to the public, by their singing in concert as a quartette, are Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, occasionally assisted by Jesse, the gifted *improvisatore* — comprehensively bearing the title of “ THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY ;” and to these I desire to make special reference, not forgetful of what is due to the others, particularly to yourself, who have done such good service to the

6 *LETTER FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON.*

cause of humanity and progress, both by the matter and the manner of your singing.

If I mistake not, they made their first appearance in Boston, at the anniversary of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in 1843, taking that body by surprise, and carrying it to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Starting out as inexperienced minstrels on an untried experiment as to what their success might be, even under favorable auspices, they had every conceivable worldly and professional inducement either wholly to stand aloof from the maligned "abolition agitation," and give themselves exclusively to the singing of sentimental and mirth-provoking songs, or else to cater to the overwhelming pro-slavery sentiment that everywhere prevailed ; but they were proof against all temptations. Whether they should sing to thin or to crowded houses, to approving or deriding listeners, or whether they should evoke a hospitable or a mobocratic reception, as they travelled from "down East" to the "far West," they never stopped to calculate consequences, but unflinchingly espoused the cause of a despised and down-trodden race, — nobly remembering those in bonds as bound with them. Yes, it shall ever redound to their credit, that, at a most trying and convulsive period, they gave themselves to that cause with a zeal, an enthusiasm, an unselfishness, and a sympathetic and enrapturing melody surpassing all power of prosaic speech, which

most effectively contributed to the regeneration of a corrupt public sentiment, and ultimately to the total abolition of slavery. By the softening of prejudices and the melting of hearts under their pathetic strains for the poor fettered bondmen, they did their full part toward making it possible for Abraham Lincoln to issue his grand Proclamation of Emancipation on the first of January, 1863.

At all times singing "with the spirit and the understanding," as well as with their marvelously sweet voices, how charming to the ear, how quickening to the soul, was their every performance, with its unique and varied programme! But they sang not only for freedom and equal rights, but with equal zest in behalf of peace, temperance, moral reform, woman's enfranchisement, and other kindred movements, making thousands of converts, and exerting a most salutary influence far and wide.

Never before has the singing of ballads been made directly and purposely subservient to the freedom, welfare, happiness, and moral elevation of the people. Let the example become contagious!

I could willingly add much more, but my sheet is full.

Yours, to hasten the millennium,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.



PREFACE.



I OFFER, as an apology for this simple narrative, the desire to have some facts at hand, to be able to answer the many questions propounded to me in my concert journeyings by those who have a slight knowledge of the Family, or who have heard enough to excite their curiosity, and are desirous to know more ; as also to keep fresh the memories of the thousands of dear tried friends.

“ JOSHUA.”



A BRIEF NARRATIVE
OF THE
HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

JESSE and Mary L. Hutchinson, the progenitors of the "tribe," lived in Milford, N. H., during the years from 1777 to 1868.

Farmers by profession, musicians by "incident," the father possessing a rare baritone, and the mother a sweet and mellow contralto voice. The father with a strong physical constitution, the mother with a decisive nervous organization. Inured to the active duties of farm life, the development of their physical nature was enhanced by the constant exercise of vocal music, in the family and in the church. In the field, at the plough, by the wayside,

in the forest hunt, and in the household lullaby, did the father while away the joyous days of early married life; while the mother at the old spinning-wheel and loom, chiming with their buzz and clatter, did weave into the very tissue of the fabric where her nimble fingers plied, the sweet voice of sacred song,

“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.”

JESSE, the first-born, possessed an ardent temperament, with a sweet and charming voice, and up to the age of nine years enlivened the household band; for at his death there were three little brothers and one sister. One fatal day in the spring of the year, he went as usual to carry the dinner to father, down to the old saw-mill. While there, he came suddenly to his death by the falling of a stack of boards upon him. He seemed to have a premonition of the event, as he expressively said before leaving home to his younger

brother, — “David, I don’t want to go to the mill to-day.”

Thus, in the flush of early youth, did the dear boy pass to spirit life.

“We look around, and see the evil ways of men,
And oh! beloved child,
We’re more than reconciled
To thy departure then.”

DAVID, the second son, upon whom fell the responsibilities of the elder brother, endowed with a remarkable executive talent, was acknowledged, by force of circumstances, as a kind of home dictator, and many were the days and years that he seemed to “bear sway” in the matter of disciplining and instructing the younger and feebler of the flock. He possesses a deep bass voice, and though now seventy years of age, can sustain a full volume of tone, and with a peculiar inspiration will discourse in the richest harmonies. Although not known to the world as a public vocalist, yet he was an early teacher

and adviser in the family; and when the "boys" were making their earlier attempts at courting public favor, said, "Remember, boys, that *noise* is not *music*." He has amassed a handsome property, and sent out into the world an enterprising family of eight sons and daughters.

NOAH, the third son, possessed a beautiful tenor voice, and all the natural requisites which would have made him a vocalist of note, had his talent for music been cultivated to the neglect of the more *imperative* duties, namely, of "helping father out of debt," and ultimately of providing for a large and flourishing family of his own, many of whom were eminently gifted musicians.

He died in the early spring of 1873. As a father he was tender and indulgent; as a neighbor he was a confidant; as a Christian he was practical. God bless his precious memory!

"We give our hearts to none but the good."

MARY, the fourth child and first daughter, died at the early age of four years. With the three brothers, she must have formed one of a most happy quartette band, as Morris afterwards said of the later quartette, "*A nest of brothers, with a sister in it.*" But this little band must have saddened, and their harps hung upon the willows, as they were called to "lay low" this 'sweet sister of song. What hopes were blasted, what joys turned to mourning, as the bereaved parents found their first quartette disbanded! Yet the hope of an ultimate reunion inspired them to lean upon Him who "doeth all things well."

"There is no death : the stars go down
To rise upon a fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more."

ANDREW, the fifth, was also eminently gifted as a vocalist, and cultivated the art as far as the limited means afforded would

admit, namely, the village singing school and the home practice in the family circle. His voice inclined to the lower register, and although baritone, yet he sang bass. He left home at the age of eighteen to "tend store" in Boston, where he remained in trade till his death, at the age of fifty-two, leaving a family of five children, some of whom were highly educated in music. He was passionately fond of the art, and devoted time and money to aid the younger members of the "tribe" in their early musical struggles, often boarding his younger brothers while in Boston studying music; and on one occasion made a present of a bass viol to the youngest brother, Asa, which is kept, I think, to this day as a precious memorial.

ZEPHANIAH, the sixth child, was passionately fond of music, and earnest in his efforts in acquiring a musical education; ever ready to second any judicious meas-

ures for the development of the art by the whole family. He was particularly anxious and made great sacrifices to enlist the whole tribe in a united effort in making music a specialty. He left a successful business in Illinois, at one time, hoping to effect a union of the entire family, and pursue the business as a profession. He died at his farm in Illinois, at the age of forty, leaving a family of three children, — “lovers of song.”

CALEB, the seventh child (twin brother), was eminently gifted as a vocalist, possessing one of the richest baritone voices in the family, with a musical ear intensely acute, and a sweet, genial nature combined. The tones of his voice, blended in the family choruses, were of the finest organ quality, and often in their full choruses it would lend a charming intensity, much to the admiration of the hearers. He was a peace-maker in his voice-ren-

derings, as well as in his fraternal relations. He did much to promote the art, and was intensely solicitous for the mutual welfare of the family.

He died at the age of forty-two, leaving a family of five beautiful vocalists. He still lives in the affections of all who knew him.

“Wait the result, nor ask with doubting mind,
Why God permits such things ; His ways, though
now
Involved in clouds of darkness, will appear
‘All right,’ when from our eyes the mist is cleared.”

JOSHUA, the eighth child and twin-brother,—the writer of this simple narrative,—was not more gifted than several of the rest, but from a variety of circumstances which it is just and proper to mention, was placed in a relation to the family somewhat peculiar, of which peculiarity I will speak ; and if the story shall border on egotism, I hope the reader will take the whole matter into consideration, and lay the mantle of charity *gently over it all*. From a child I

was an enthusiast for music, nursed in the lap of sweet sounds. At the age of four I well remember cultivating a great passion for drumming as well as singing, and many a day did I march over the fields and lanes at the "old cot where we were born," with an old tin pan fastened at the waist, and with a little twin brother, bugler, by my side, did beat out the "double quick," answering to that familiar song—

"All round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young ;
There many happy days I've squandered,
Many the songs I've sung."

Caleb and Joshua, at the age of ten, the one with a tin tunnel and the other with a comb, would imitate the bugle-horn and clarionet, and for years we were called "*the twin buglers*." On several occasions our services were engaged at trainings and public festivities. On one occasion, father put us on the steps of the old town-house, and as we struck up some of our stirring marches the multitude gathered round,

and were almost wild in their admiration. Then he took us into the store, and, after performing a piece, we were presented with gifts, not of "gold and frankincense," but what to us were equally substantial, "crackers and raisins." Two years later, I was detailed to the kitchen to help mother; Caleb to drive the cows, help milk, ride the horse to plough, and assist the other brothers in forwarding the work, so that the debt could be paid. For father had just bought a new farm, near by the old homestead; for the reason, he said, that it would "keep the family together."

At the age of eighteen, having for years sung in the choir, I was beset to "*take the lead*," as it was termed in those days, as our chorister had left. I thought the matter over, and being naturally ambitious, and finding the tide setting strongly in my favor, I would willingly have complied with the suggestion; but how to dispose of the then temporary incumbent was the rub. It occurred to

me that an honest statement of the question, by letter to him, would be an honorable procedure; so I wrote him that I had been solicited to take that position, but as there could be but one leader, it would be necessary for him to retire.

The simplicity of the request, as well as its frankness, touched a particular chord in his nature, that induced him to meet me at once, and proffer the position most cheerfully. I had the coöperation and encouragement of our music teacher, Mr. William Richardson, a gifted musician, who has left a family of some eight superior singers, and they in turn have transmitted the same gift to their children, some of whom have made themselves eminently useful. I continued in the position of chorister fourteen successive years. As the younger members of the family came to years, and were considered admissible to the choir, they were encouraged to join, until at one period there were some ten regular members. A debt of sincere gratitude is due to them

all for the confidence they ever evinced, especially after I had determined to make my mark as a singing-master. In the summer of 1836 our pastor, Rev. Mark Carpenter who was an excellent singer as well as preacher, came to me with an advertisement from a Boston paper, announcing a "Teachers' Class" to be held in that city, under the direction of Lowell Mason and George J. Webb. He urged me to go, promising his assistance and coöperation in regard to the expense. I was poor, but determined, and by persistent effort got forty dollars in my possession, and took my young wife along to attend the class.

Returning in about ten days, full of enthusiasm, I went to my choir, and a new era in music was at once inaugurated. I immediately started a singing-school in the society, as also other schools in the adjoining towns, and for six or seven years I continued in the business of teaching in the winter, with some juvenile classes in the summer. In the interim, and during

my devotion to the culture of sacred music, my younger brothers had grown in stature, and were beginning to comprehend a "destiny," while, step by step, they were being persuaded that "some things could be done as well as others." I frequently would take one of them with me to my schools, and they were a great attraction with their voluntary songs, or some instrumental execution; for several of them, especially the three younger, had become expert on the violin and violoncello, as well as upon wind instruments. About that time I urged my father — for he had become easy in life — to give the young brothers, especially Judson, better advantages, for we all accorded to him the pre-eminence. In fact, he was almost idolized by the whole circle, when he, with fiddle in hand, and warmed up to some lofty theme, would dash off and astonish us with his executions.

On one Thanksgiving occasion (it was, I think, in 1842, when the family had

come to the old mansion, scattered as we had been for some time, except the younger detachment), in consultation with Jesse, who then lived in Lynn, Mass., and who had acquired eminence as a music teacher, we suggested to the brothers and sisters — for we then were thirteen strong — that we might give a free family concert at the Baptist Meeting-house, on that or a subsequent evening. Brother Andrew, from Boston, demurred on the score that he could not spare the time from his business; but I told him that he *must* stay, and on his consenting, we immediately commenced a rehearsal.

The notice for the concert was the following, written on two slips of paper, one of which was put on the Old Town-house, the other on the Bridge: —

The eleven Sons and two Daughters of the "Tribe of Jesse" will sing at the Baptist Meeting-house on Thanksgiving Evening at 7 o'clock.

To myself was assigned the responsible duty of "*making out the programme and giving notice.*" The anxiety of such an untried experiment was almost too much for me to bear; but I secured a speech from a lawyer, S. K. Livermore, and the services of the minister, Rev. J. G. Richardson; and so the concert was interspersed with helpers that it might not fall through. Grandfather Leavitt, with father and mother, were also in attendance, and sang on the Old Chorals. The house was packed with an audience of all ages and positions, and the utmost respect was shown through the entire entertainment, which closed with *Old Hundred* and the benediction.

The next day I went to the janitor to pay for the use of the church. He pushed me away, saying, "*The people of Milford owe you!*" That generous man "still lives" at the age of seventy. Endeared to the Hutchinson family will ever be the name of EZEKIEL MILLS.

After father's decease, we found at the bottom of his choice papers a complimentary notice of the above concert, written by the minister, and copied into the "*Farmers' Cabinet*," published at Amherst, N. H.

Here I will stop to speak, in detail, of the several members, and show in a simple way the relations each sustained to the whole; only adding, that I had three children, two sons and one daughter, happily gifted in melody. The youngest son died at the age of four; the little daughter at one year.

My oldest son served in the war, and now has a little quartette of three sons and one daughter, being trained for future development.

JESSE, the 2d, was the ninth child, taking the name of the first-born, whose death I have recorded. Jesse, the enthusiast, the warm-hearted and generous Jesse, was sent at the age of twelve years to learn

me printing business in the office of the *"Farmers' Cabinet"* (an invaluable weekly, cherished by the family for the last fifty years), where he spent several years as fellow-apprentice and journeyman with the present proprietor, E. D. Boylston. His familiarity with the business, and his love of learning, with the facilities afforded him in that profession, rendered him eminently useful in after years, in lifting the then unknown family up to notice. He had learned the power of the press, and his acquaintance with many eminent journalists made him a strong auxiliary in pioneering for the advent of the "band." His knowledge of the art was constantly being exercised, and, conjoined with his ability as a journalist, gave him an enviable position; and often was he consulted by the brothers in matters relative to the success of a concert life.

His musical criticism was severe, for he had heard the "Stars" of that day, and did not allow a "Hutchinson" to be

marked second rate. As a musical director, he had few rivals; and in the family renderings of anthems and heavy choruses, towering aloft with his thrilling voice and a fine imagination, backed up with an "eagle-like shrill," he would carry through the grandest oratorios. But it was his poetic gift that gave him the appellation of the "Hutchinson Bard." His "*Family Song*," "*The Old Granite State*," his "*Good Old Days of Yore*," his "*Slave Mother*," and the immortal song of emancipation, "*Get off the Track*," have become household words.

Becoming early enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, through the eloquence of GEORGE THOMPSON, of England, and our own GARRISON, and the lamented ROGERS, he, availing himself of the eloquence of song, wrote *impromptu* many anti-slavery lyrics, and brought them forward at mass conventions in the early anti-slavery struggle, sustained by the united harmony of the family.

Although sometimes charged with eccentricities, he had accorded to him great simplicity and self-consecration to the work of lifting up the fallen, and rebuking the oppressor. He accompanied the "Quartette" to England, and with them endured the rough work of pioneering the way to popular favor, and was eminently successful. On their return home, he did much to sustain the Quartette in their stirring exhibitions in the principal cities of the northern States of the Union. He died on his return trip from California, where he had introduced a popular troupe of singers, at the age of thirty-eight. His wife and five children had "gone before."

Appended is a life-like spirit communication, some two years after his death, which was sent to me from the Shaker Village, N. H., Miss Betsy Came "medium."

"Oh, Joshua! — my heart is full! I yearn
To tell you truly what I feel and see!
'Tis but to-day since I began to learn
The A B C of immortality.

Oh ! could I only meet you face to face,
How would my spirit leap for utter joy !
So sweet would prove affection's strong embrace,
Jesse would lose the man, and play the boy !
This is no idle fancy of the brain ;
Not on imagination's wings I come,
But feeling prompts me to the softening strain,
Which brings the heart to friendship, love, and home.
Pray, Joshua, tell me, how do things appear ?
Do you not long to loose the brittle chain,
Which holds you closely to this earthly sphere,
And strike with me the never-ceasing strain
Of love, joy, peace, and everlasting life,
Where no discordant notes the music mar,
Where there are none to move the wheels of strife,
Or stay Emancipation's blessed car ?
Ah, could your eagle eyes but gaze, with mine,
Upon the lofty towers of love and light,
The panting soul would stretch its wings divine,
And soar to mansions so supremely bright !
I weep, I laugh, I dance, I pray, I sing !
Almost too happy ! Brother, take a part !
Come closer to me in this glorious ring—
A three-fold cord endears you to my heart.
You need not say of me that " He is dead ; " —
Oh, no ! — *Jesse's alive, and doing well !*
The crumbling dust may find a narrow bed,
The butterfly has only left the shell.
No more confined within that low-roofed cot,
Freer than Nature's songsters of the grove,
No gloomy fear or superstitious thought
Forbids my soul in perfect bliss to rove.

Move on, my brother ! we're a happy band,
All urging you towards the heavenly shore ;
Ready to clasp you with affection's hand,
Where loved and loving hearts shall part no more.
But, while you stay, build up humanity —
Make stronger yet the ties of brotherhood ;
The whole creation is *one family* —
Then labor for the whole creation's good !
Work, brother, work ! toil for the mass of mind !
Put forth strong energies for truth and right !
Error shall flee like chaff before the wind,
And evil blush before the God of light.
Let not self-love, self-interest be the spur
To move you forward in the glorious track ;
But genuine pity for the wanderer
Quicken your heart to draw the erring back.
Oh, ignorance ! thy clouds are passing off
Like mists when the bright king of day comes on ;
And old sectarian chains we wisely doff,
For Jesse's rod shall blossom in the sun
Of sacred truth and heaven-born righteousness,
And every spirit shall inhale its sweet.
Yes, with redeeming power our God will bless
And comfort those who worship at his feet.
I've much to say ! You cannot bear it now ;
Therefore, in wisdom, Mercy cries, refrain.
The future shall unravel much for you,
And paint new glories for my dear Irene.¹
My sister, falter not ! new springs shall rise,
New joys, new aspirations fill your heart ;

¹ Joshua's, or my wife.

Because, like Mary, you have been so wise
In choosing for yourself the better part.
Oh, take my warmest blessing, loving Sis !
I'll bring you comfort in desponding hours ;
My brother, too, in all my happiness,
You shall not fail to share its choicest flowers.
Adieu, companions true ! I go in love and peace ;
I go to halls of wisdom — goodness — right ;
Where joy is pure, and pleasure cannot cease ;
For God is in our midst, — *He is the light !* ”

Jesse had large conversational powers, and in the discussion of political issues he would cope with some of the ablest men of the day. His politics were always reformatory and liberal, and the “*New York Tribune*,” with its invincible Greeley at its head, was his constant companion. Indeed, Greeley himself was often with him to consult and advise in the great struggle for Emancipation. Hailing from the same State, and almost from the same school-house, they were confidential “chums ;” and many an hour have they communed together at his editorial “sanctum.” But his real power was not felt, save when he could weave into some popular air the

“melody of soul” in the lifting up of Humanity.

One word as to the introduction of his “*Get off the Track*,” or Emancipation song. It was composed late at night, during an anti-slavery convention in Boston; and on the following morning he submitted it to the members of the family then in the city. When the meeting had opened, and a song was invoked from the “Hutchinsons,” Jesse stepped to the front, and holding up the sheet on which the song was written, with his peculiar enthusiasm he broke out in the loftiest strain, —

“Ho ! the car Emancipation,
Rides majestic through our nation,
Bearing on its train the story —
Liberty, a nation’s glory !”

Then came the chorus by the quartette, “*Roll it along*,” etc.; and the enthusiasm was so great that it was difficult to go on to the end. The occasion demanded the song, and he *met* the occasion.

BENJAMIN, the tenth child, although not conspicuous as a musician, possessed a most liquid voice and great tenderness of expression, and was eminently useful in the choruses of the family; and while his humorous qualities served to exhibit the sunny side of life, he did much to encourage the development of the brothers. Ready to serve in whatever capacity he might be placed, he was a judicious financier, and did much to aid the great work of reform. He was the "home guard," in the main, but held himself ready to go into "the service" when the occasion was presented. He died at the age of twenty-nine.

"Hark ! what is that note so mournful and slow ?
It sends on the wind the tidings of woe ;
It sounds like the knell of a spirit that's fled ;
It tells us, alas ! a brother is dead."

As he was nearing the spirit land, he broke out in great ecstasy, in a sweet and clear tone, —

"Victory ! victory !
This is the day of victory !"

We sang at his funeral service, in the tune of Sherman, —

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,” etc.

At the same time was the funeral of sister Rhoda’s husband, Mr. Isaac Appleton Bartlett, a gentleman of unblemished character and great worth; and the peculiarly rich harmony that was breathed on the occasion will never be forgotten. So was it at a later funeral of Judson and Noah, — introducing the chant, “*Hear, Father, hear our Prayer,*” and “*Nearer my God to thee.*”

JUDSON, the eleventh child, the dear, confiding, generous, loving, humorous, gifted Judson, while an infant upon the floor, was heard to hum distinctly the melody of old Greenville, —

“Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.”

He was in the nursery alone with mother, and to her great surprise she

heard the music, but did not know where it originated at first. Like the boy's whistle, it came unbidden — a characteristic of his through a life of whistling. If there was one of the sixteen who was deserving of the appellation of musical genius, it was he. At an early age he collected funds enough, by raising vegetables on the farm, to get him a fiddle, and then his wants were all supplied; but not being permitted to practice upon his acquisition, except as by stealth, father's conscientious scruples not allowing it, he was obliged to do his fiddling in an "upper chamber," — a very appropriate place to commune with the divine; and many an hour, in the period of his minority, did he spend in this pleasant pastime in that retired place. On one occasion, when he had become able to carry two parts upon his fiddle and sing a third, father overheard him, and told him he might "come down." Thank God, he did come down, and a most heavenly mission did he render to the world!

Blending his sweet voice (for the age has not produced a sweeter one) with the exquisite touch of that violin which had become an element of his own soul, he was enabled to charm the admiring multitude who flocked in town and city to be fascinated by his exquisite strains. If this seems overdrawn, let the encomiums of the press in this and the old country, for some twenty years or more, lend their aid to substantiate it. Who in the last twenty-five years in America has not heard, or heard *of*, the humorous, eccentric, and charming Judson?

His astonishing Italian burlesque was, perhaps, the greatest attempt at diversified execution, and elicited the highest commendations from the severest critics. At one time in Philadelphia, I was sitting by a friend, an opera-going gentleman of culture, who, after listening to the "burlesque" amid the vociferous applause of the immense audience, said to me, "That can't be beat." His "*Bachelor's Lament*," and

"*Away down East*," the "*Modern Belle*," and "*Anti-calomel*" songs, were rendered with that peculiar originality and dash which identified him as the humorous delineator of the "Family." But, perhaps, his power was not more felt as a musical performer, than was his natural descent from the intensely humorous to the sad and pathetic. We have seen an audience of hundreds bowed in tears, listening to the plaintive moan of —

"I would not die in spring-time."

His satirical song, the Anti-slavery "*Jordan*," was one of the most efficient instrumentalities in showing up the absurdities of the slave system in this country; and, doubtless, its rendering to thousands of audiences did much to disgust the American people with the "peculiar institution." And when the time of deliverance came, and the ordeal of war was instituted, the people were more abolitionized than they were aware of; and the victory achieved by our arms was the work of a converted people moving on to a higher destiny.

There was a moral clamor in our arms (so to speak), especially when the sword was put into the hands of the oppressed, and the old rallying song of —

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave,”

was sung by myriads as they went “marching on.” Ah! the “inspiration of song!” It is Liberty’s great auxiliary.

I desire to say one word here appreciative of the early labors of Mr. Garrison, and though the incident occurred some thirty years ago, yet it comes to me in all its freshness. At an anti-slavery convention held in the city of Lowell, Mass., a fugitive slave, George Latimer, I think, was put upon the stage. An original Duet by brothers Jesse and Benjamin was sung with a chorus of the other members of the Family present, — entitled “*The Slave Mother*,” and also “*The Slave’s Appeal*.” Then came the masterly and overwhelming logic of the great orator, standing between the then slave-holding church and

government and the victim there represented. And such scorching words and burning eloquence I had never before heard. It seemed to me like a voice from the very heavens, "*Let my people go!*" Thank God, the dear Apostle and Liberator still lives to see the glorious results of those early sacrifices, and to now "close the eyes" of our beloved Sumner, and endorse his dying words: —

"Take care of the Civil Rights Bill!"

Judson died at the zenith of his usefulness, mourned and lamented by thousands who knew and cherished his virtues. He left a devoted wife¹ and two gifted daughters, one of whom, Kate L. Hutchinson,² has for several years travelled with the "Family," or some other popular troupe, and has won many a laurel by her sweet melodies.

"We die but as the spring bud dies,
In autumn's golden glow to rise ;

¹ Since married to Dr. S. S. Stickney, Milford, N. H.

² Recently married to Dr. Thomas Benton Dearborn, Milford, N. H.

These be our days of April bloom,
Our July is beyond the tomb."

RHODA, the twelfth child, and second daughter, was born amid the rejoicings of the entire family; for most of the children then had never seen a sister. She, too, came endowed with the heavenly gift, which soon became developed in the household melodies. Possessing a high contralto, and a good physical constitution, her voice was strong and melodious, having a flexibility most rare. Ever when in health was she singing while at her household duties, and the voices of Mother and Rhoda were blended in sweet duets, resounding through the old mansion

"In the good old days of yore."

She did what she could to aid the younger members in their early public career, by an assiduous application to their physical comfort; and, had she been early inured to the stage, would have been ex-

ceedingly popular as a solo singer. She travelled some months with the "home branch" of the Family, while the Quartette proper were in England, singing in many of the towns and cities of New England and New York. The delicate condition of her nervous organism has been a drawback upon her public efforts, and she consequently has been obliged to seek the quietude of the home circle.

She has two daughters gifted in song; and the youngest, Nellie Gray, though at the tender age of fourteen, possesses a rare soprano voice, and has already acquired eminence as a vocalist, and with judicious training will do great credit to the "Family" she represents.

JOHN, the thirteenth child, — the bold, daring, ambitious, inflexible, gifted John. From a child he developed the qualities given above — genial and loving withal. Possessing in many respects the most

commanding vocal talents of the whole sixteen, with a nature intuitively aggressive, and an ambition that "can't be beat," he has worked his way up to a fame that few attain. To him belong many of the laurels so lavishly bestowed by the press in the years that have marked the popularity of the "Hutchinson Family."

His determined course of action from a child, in the matter of a "calling" to sing, has been his sword and buckler in times when the faint-hearted would go under. At an early age, not more than eight, I think, at our district singing-school, the teacher had started a tune that had become familiar to his young ears; and thinking the time was not quite up to the subject of the words, I suppose, John dashed his voice forward, causing a general stampede of the hangers on. A firm halt was ordered by the teacher, and the young vocalist indignantly reminded that "there could be but one leader in *his* school." But for those attributes early

coming to the surface, the Hutchinson name had scarcely been known out of the rural little town that gave them birth. With such qualities, combined with the geniality of Judson, the high bearing of Asa, and the loving, child-like simplicity of sister Abby, — blended in the resonance of song and patiently unfolded through years of discipline, — may be found the key to that climax of fame which the Family reached.

When the storms of adversity lowered over their young prospects, and failure was depicted in the countenance of the others, John, with a firm resolve that said, "Don't give up the ship!" would inspire them to hope again, and perhaps with a slight change of base they would go forward. He has cultivated music for the love of the art; and more and more as he has matured in the profession, has he been impressed with the great importance of making it the handmaid to religion and the upbuilding of humanity.

Not content to hang his harp upon the

willows, since the innovation on the Quartette by the marriage of Abby, and the death of Judson, and Asa's removal or family detachment, he has gone on in a most commendable course, enlisting other talent of the first order, and rendering his entertainments peculiarly meritorious and popular. I think he must have held thousands of public concerts within the last ten years, that have been incomparably excellent. He has brought to the front, in the person of his son Henry, one of the most popular vocalists in America; and his daughter, sweet Viola, another of Nature's "artless sisters of art." His wife, too, has been a constant helpmeet in her delicate appreciation of true musical expression, and her high culture in this department has aided him much in his public demonstrations. His rendering of the pathetic lyric, "*Will the New Year come to-night, Mother?*" like Dempster's "May Queen," has given him a hold upon the tenderest emotions of the

soul, as thousands would testify who have been moved by its pathos. His "*Bingen on the Rhine*," "*Newfoundland Dog*," "*Bridge of Sighs*," and that immortal song, "*The Ship on Fire*," by Russell, as rendered by him, have given him a celebrity scarcely yet reached by any of the *prima donnas* of our time. Though now at the age of fifty-three, he will captivate and charm the most fastidious with his intrinsic purity of voice and its emotional utterances. The past few years he has been laboring much of the time in the cause of woman's suffrage, as well as in the temperance movement, holding conventions in conjunction with those organizations, and dedicating his gifts, which have been duly appreciated in most of the towns and cities in the great West. One of his new productions, as rendered by him and his son Henry, "*The People's Advent*,"

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter,"

as sung at those conventions, has obtained a wide reputation. The grandeur of the poetry, and the corresponding grandeur of the music, have called forth the admiration of thousands.

“And men are great whene’er they will it,”

as rendered by them, has a significance and power beyond expression.

But here I must stop, with the injunction, “Be true, dear brother, to the highest instincts of humanity, and let that voice, so long raised in the interest of virtue and religion, be still echoed forth

“For the cause that lacks assistance,
And the wrong that needs resistance,
With the bright hopes in the distance,
And the good that you can do.”



ASA, the fourteenth child and youngest son,—the genial, manly, companionable Asa, the son of “Jesse” “in his old age.” From a child he exhibited elements of maturity, that won for him the respect of all the household. He was

father's "pet boy;" and if there ever arose the emotion of jealousy in the older members, it was easily reasoned as a mitigating circumstance, that he was peculiarly father's "dear boy." Inheriting a large share of the musical gift, he soon came to understand his place in the family choir. He almost intuitively felt the necessity of a greater share of the lower bass quality to perfect the harmony of the whole, the greater part of the members inclining to the "upper register." Hence the necessity of more power in the "lower register;" and without any solicitation, he assumed the bass, and found that there lay his power. While yet a child, accompanied by father to the church (for that was the nursery for religious aspirations), as the choir were singing, he would indulge in moving his head against the old pew railing, producing a vibration so fine, that when the violoncello and double bass were in full blast, the feat, especially in the heavy chorals, was as effective as the

sub-bass of a big organ! — guided entirely by his intuitive musical sense and innate love of harmony. But he had hardly reached his teens before he became the owner of his pet instrument, the violoncello. He soon became a proficient, and was ever ready to lend his rich voice, with the commanding bow, to form a basis for the richest harmonies. Here let me speak of a physiological fact. The voices of all the family were baritone, and as many instruments composed of the same metal are known to produce the best harmony; so *vice versa*, where the instruments are made from a diversified composition. The reputation of the “Family” has been based as much upon this physiological fact, and more, perhaps, than on any other.

While Asa’s voice was superlatively beautiful in the medium register, it was equally so in the lower; so that he could descend to the octave in C or double B flat with the most perfect accuracy and ease; and being carefully guided by an exquisite ear, a

foundation was laid for the most perfect harmonial expression, so that the finest musical critics of the country were lavish in their praise of the harmony as rendered by the "Family."

Whether in a quartette or a full chorus, his voice, aided by his violoncello, or otherwise, was positive and reliable, never allowed to betray the other parts; a rare gift to be most earnestly coveted. Like most of the family, he sang for the mutual pleasure of receiving and imparting to others. He loved the profession, not only as a means of pecuniary profit, but for the higher development of intellectual culture, and as a powerful auxiliary to devotion, thus imparting the greatest good to man. But the success of the Quartette, as vocalists, was also due largely to the remarkable *executive* ability of Asa, in his tact at shaping a judicious and attractive programme; as well as by pursuing a liberal policy with the press and advertising agencies.

After a triumphant musical career while

associated with the Quartette, comprising himself, Judson, John, and Abby, he early enlisted his wife Lizzie,—universally admired in her rendering of the songs, “*What are the Wild Waves saying,*” “*Mrs. Lofty and I,*” and the bemoaning, “*Hannah’s at the Window binding Shoes,*”—and his children Abby, Freddy, and “little Dennet,” and for the past ten or fifteen years has had an independent band, producing a troupe of great musical celebrity; spending a great part of his time in travelling, and holding hundreds of concerts, and charming the hearts of thousands in New England, as well as through the “Great West.”

He resides in the town of Hutchinson, Minnesota, a town incorporated by the “Family” in 1856, being identified with the pecuniary interest, as well as moral development of that young but flourishing place. Three years ago, with a zeal peculiar to him, he took a professional tour to the East to raise funds for the building of

a church in the town ; and getting the requisite sum, the church was immediately built. A sad event has come, of late, in the death of his eldest son Freddy, cherished and loved by thousands who knew him. May the consolations of Christianity be ever tendered the bereaved hearts ; and if the father's life is spared, we hope he may again come to the old hearth-stone.

“ Though our days on earth are fleeting,
And all temporal joys retreating,
Yet we hope for another meeting
Better far than days of yore ;
When through heavenly courts ascending,
And with angel voices blending,
We shall sing on without ending
At our Heavenly Father's door ;
Sing the new song forever more,
EVER MORE.”

ELIZABETH, the fifteenth child, and third daughter. Oh ! the joy felt in the numerous household at the advent of another “ little sister ! ”

“ Joys that we've tasted may sometimes return ;
But the torch, when once wasted, ah ! how can it
burn ? ”

At the early age of four years, just as she was budding into sweet innocence, and her lovely voice mingling in sweet sounds, whiling away the summer hours in the old mansion, and in the beautiful meadow below, did she hear, from the skies above, — “the voice of angels,” — “Come, sister, come away!”

“She’s gone, sweet child ! she’s gone
From earth and every sin :
Why should we mourners be ?
In heaven we’ll meet again.

“And, if He sees a smile too bright,
A heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.”

ABBY, the fourth sister, the sixteenth and youngest child of the “Tribe of Jesse,” “born out of due time ;” — the innocent, affable, genial, loving, charming Abby, the household pet. A peculiar charm hung about her existence. Her gifts and developments were watched with the greatest assiduity by the fond par-

ents, while eleven brothers and an elder sister were guarding her childish steps on to virtue and excellence. She had scarcely entered upon her teens before she was brought into public life. Even at the age of eleven she was initiated into the Quartette, and had given many public concerts. Possessing a large share of the "gift," and blending with her genial nature a smiling face radiant with the joys of conscious innocence, she modulated her voice in the harmony perfected by her own sweet contralto, or chanted her little "*Spider and the Fly*" so naturally, that it gave the highest emotions of pleasure to the multitudes that heard it; as also her "*Jamie's on the Stormy Sea*," with the finale, "*Home returned to Love and Thee*," given with that touching naturalness peculiar to those bewitching sounds. She was truly the charm of the young Quartette, as from city to city, and from state to state, did they fly to minister to the growing desire of a young nation

to patronize home talent, home culture, and natural music.

The harmony as rendered by the Quartette, assigning to Abby the contralto, while the soprano was sustained by Judson, was at first subjected to a fastidious criticism, but it did not fail to reach the great heart of the people; so that when consulting Professor Webb, of Boston, and obtaining what word of encouragement they might from that great and good man, after listening to a few strains, he said: "Young gentlemen, please yourselves, and you will please the world." In the autumn of 1845, after years of successful musical triumphs at home, Jesse, Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, with trembling hearts, ventured abroad to the mother country, in company with Frederick Douglass, to see the world and learn more of the musical art, as also to realize that substantial encouragement which they had been flattered to think might await them. But even there, they were

subjected to a similar experience to that which had attended them at home,—of much delay in awarding them the meed of appreciation they anticipated. Nevertheless, with the urbanity of Jesse, the persistence of John, the genius of Judson, the executive coolness of Asa, and the charms of “dear Abby,” they soon touched the English heart.

Early introduced to the notice of the great reformers of that period, they were taken into their affections; and then came across the sea, words of encouragement to the many solicitous hearts they had left behind. How joyful were the “Home Branch” of the family to learn of the tide of success setting in for the “wanderers!”

A wave of triumphal honors followed them up to the day they left for “sweet home,” so that their last concerts were attended by thousands of admiring people, and a fervent “God bless you!” given them as they left for their native shores,—

a musical success almost "without a parallel." They immediately inaugurated a tour to Washington. Starting from Boston, and stopping at the principal cities between, they reached Washington at the sitting of Congress; and the ovation they received in every city was never so marked before. "*The Family Song*," "*Uncle Sam's Farm*," "*The Good Old Days of Yore*," "*Song for Emancipation*," and "*The Good Time Coming*," were some of the most important features of the programme, and elicited the warmest encomiums; and although many of them bearing strong rebukes upon our "complicity with wrong," yet, being rendered in the simplicity of an earnest conviction, reached the consciences of the people.

The rendering of the pathetic ballad by Abby, "*Over the Mountain and over the Moor*," or the "*Slave's Appeal*," although hissed by the slaveholders, was, nevertheless, an appeal not to be denied. Said a Southerner at a concert at Washington to

a comrade, at the rendering of that song, "That is d—d bad taste!" The other rejoined, "It is d—d bad taste to hiss a lady."

One incident connected with the concert above spoken of is so humorous in its character, that I will here relate it. When Judson had taken his position to sing the "*Humbugged Husband*," and had got to the line, "I'm sadly taken in," just at that moment the stage gave way where he was standing, and he went down with fiddle in hand, some three feet or more; the audience supposing this arrangement was "in the play." But after having regained his position on the stage unharmed, the crowd, comprehending the "situation," set up the most vociferous applause, while he stood as a statue, with fiddle and bow lifted high, ready to go on.

But to return to "sweet Abby." With a voice not particularly heavy, yet so mellow and winning, coming from a child "born to smile," it was sure to win the

ear and stimulate the heart. Although now some forty years of age, she is often beset by many old tried friends to enter the arena, and yet lend her charming voice in the cause she so early espoused. For twenty-five years she has been the wife of Ludlow Patton, an eminent broker in New York; and with her pecuniary ability and her generous nature, has freely contributed to the cause of humanity — deeply in sympathy with every good work that has for its ultimate results *the greatest good to ALL* — singing evermore “the Fatherhood of God” and “the brotherhood of man.”

In justice to myself, I might say that, in giving my own narrative, I did not go far in detail as to my individual public services. I can only say, that it has been my constant desire not to detract from the Hutchinson fame. I have studied to render the song or the ballad the best I could; and when the surroundings have been propitious, have had a consciousness of being

successful. I have given, probably, fifty public entertainments, on an average, per year, for thirty years past, being sometimes assisted by other voices — or entirely alone. Besides this, I have taught some fifty or sixty schools. I have come to wear the silver locks of sixty-two winters; and now, accompanied by my friend WALTER KITTREDGE, I am singing among the snow-clad mountains of the Old Granite State. And here I will append the original version of the “Family Song,” by brother Jesse: —

I.

We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
We have come 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.

2.

We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
In the Old Granite State.
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
And we bless them in return.
Good old fashioned singers,
Good old fashioned singers,
Good old fashioned singers,
They will make the air resound.

3.

We have seven other brothers,
And of sisters just another,
Besides our father and our mother,
In the Old Granite State.
With our present number,
With our present number,
With our present number,
There are fifteen in the "tribe."
Thirteen sons and daughters,
Thirteen sons and daughters,
Thirteen sons and daughters,
And their several names we'll sing.

4.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy,
Caleb, Joshua, Jess and Benny,
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 you
With our native mountain song.

5.

We are all Washingtonians,
We are all Washingtonians,
We are all Washingtonians,
And have all signed the pledge.
We are all teetotallers,
We are all teetotallers,
We are all teetotallers,
And determined to *keep* the pledge.

6.

We're the friends of Emancipation,
And we'll sing the proclamation,
Till it echoes through the nation,
From the Old Granite State,
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse,
Are the friends of equal rights.

7.

Nothing seems to us alarming,
For if music ceases charming,
We can get our bread at farming,
In the Old Granite State.
We're a band of farmers,
We're a band of farmers,
We're a band of farmers,
And we dig among the hills.

8.

We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees,
From the Old Granite State ;
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing,
We shall " whittle " through the world.

9.

How we love the rocks and mountains,
How we love the rocks and mountains,
How we love the rocks and mountains
Of the Old Granite State !
Pointing up to heaven,
Pointing up to heaven,
Pointing up to heaven,
They are beacon lights to man.

10.

Now three cheers all together !
Shout Columbia people ever !
Yankee hearts none can sever,
From the Old Granite State.
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the heavens o'er us
Shall resound the loud huzza !

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

One word in extenuation of this hith-

erto untried effort. I offer this thought, suggested by a prominent merchant at Great Falls, N. H., a few days since. Speaking of the "Family," he remarked that it had become "a fixture in the History of the Country."

The connection of the Family with the early Anti-slavery struggle — if it would pay to recapitulate it — would furnish an amount of reading matter equal to what has already been said. But it has seemed best, on the whole, with the culminations of the last twelve years, to say no more. The congratulations that have come to my ears as a member of the family, in being the instruments of good in that as well as other reforms, have been truly flattering; yet I can only say, *we have done no more than our duty*; and as the widely honored and beloved WHITTIER said to me, a few years ago, when thanking him for his great work for the race — "*If I have done good, I am glad; if I have done harm, I am sorry.*" Or, as the

sainted LINCOLN said, when the emancipated slave woman congratulated him for having done more than all the Presidents before him — “*No one before him had the opportunity.*”

SYNOPSIS.

ENTIRE number of children, 16. In spirit life, 10; in earth life, 6, namely; —

David, residing in Milford, N. H., between the "*Cot where we were born*" and the "*Old Mansion*" on the northern bank of the winding Souhegan.

Joshua, on Amherst Street, Milford, N. H., the former residence of Parker Pillsbury.

John, at Old High Rock, Lynn, Mass.

Rhoda, at the Old Mansion.

Asa, at Hutchinson, Minnesota, sixty miles west of St. Paul; and

Abby, in New York City.

Entire number of grand and great-grand children, 107.

An elaborate *Genealogy* of the Hutchinson Family, traced back some three hundred years, was compiled four years since with great care and expense by Perley Derby, of Salem, Mass., and published at the Essex Institute Press.

A "TRIBUTE" to my *mother* and her *sister Sarah*, from the pen of the late Dr. R. D. Mussey, in a letter written to the Rev. Dr. Davis of Amherst, N. H., dated Boston, October 30, 1862, containing reminiscences of his boyhood in Amherst,—his father being a worshipper in the Rev. Mr. Bruce's congregation at Mount Vernon (formerly north parish of Amherst), they being members of his choir:—

"There was one charm," says Dr. R. D. Mussey, "which was peculiar, connected with the worship on that hill—it was the singing. There was a good choir, but the great fascination came from a single voice, that of Miss Leavitt, an elder sister of Miss L., who afterwards became the mother of the Hutchinson family, so renowned in song. The choir of the Mt. Vernon Church often met for practice on Sabbath morning before the hour of worship. Miss L. always sang the alto. How many times as we striplings ascended the hill did we stop to drink in those rich and unearthly tones (oh I can hear them now) which filled the whole atmosphere, and seemed to come from an elevation far above that of the open gallery windows.

"My dear Sir, pardon my enthusiasm. I have since heard Madame Malibran, Madame Sontag, Jenny Lind, and an oratorio in St. Xavier's Chapel, from the choir of Pope Pius IX., on the evening of his coronation, and I have not yet heard a voice so rich and inspiring as that of Miss Leavitt. Does such a voice come as often as once in a century?"

A book will soon be put in press, edited by JOHN
W. HUTCHINSON, entitled

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY ;

Or, the History of the Conflicts and Triumphs attending Thirty-five Years of the Eventful Public Life of the Author.

CONTENTS IN BRIEF.

1st. This publication will embrace a concise genealogy of the family, back *five hundred years*, into Great Britain (with their coat of arms), and of the first settling in Massachusetts (Salem), two hundred and thirty-five years ago, before the days of Salem Witchcraft.

2d. An elaborate history of the *Tribe of Jesse*. A chapter for *each member*, with leading characteristics, accompanied with some *popular original songs*, with engraved likeness ; their lives as agriculturalists and merchants.

3d. *The Original Quartette*. "A nest of brothers with a sister in it." Their *travels in England*, and wanderings of thirteen years in the States, alternately farming and singing, and settlement of Judson, John, and Asa, in Hutchinson, Minnesota, a town bearing their name.

4th. The busy, active, earnest life of thirty-five

years of the author, holding upwards of 10,200 concerts in America and England, while sustaining his relation to the different branches.

5th. His *own family* (which was the tribe of John).

6th. Experiences in the *Anti-slavery* and *Temperance struggles*.

7th. Commission from the Secretary of War to sing among the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. Expulsion, and subsequent return with unanimous consent of the Cabinet, and by the special request of President Lincoln. (See "Great American Conflict," by Hon. Horace Greeley, at close of first volume.)

8th. Of his efforts in behalf of woman's enfranchisement in Kansas, and presidential campaigns.

9th. Three years' campaigns through the States, under the auspices and coöperation of the *State Temperance Alliance*, holding more than 2,000 enthusiastic conventions in largest halls and churches, establishing Union Praise Meetings, preparing the sentiments of the people, always announcing, prophetically, "If the *men* did not close the *dramshops* of the country, the *women* would." The praying crusaders verifying this by shutting up one hundred and twenty-five dram-shops in one place in Ohio in six weeks. Still the work goes on to completion.

10th. Chapter on Temperance ; and the meeting at the Capitol, Washington, D. C., of the earnest

colaborer, Dr. Dio Lewis. Coöperating with him and the earnest ones to drive back the curse of *rum*.

11th. A chapter on and with the reformers.

12th. Receptions, ovations, and congratulations, by the freedmen and colored people generally at the Capitol, and the colored people of Baltimore.

13th. Friendly correspondence of colaborers, and distinguished editors and journalists in England and America.

14th. Closing with benedictions from the believers in the "good time coming for the nations of the earth." "*Spero meliora.*"

Complimentary from the Milford, N. H., "Enterprise."

THE NARRATIVE OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

THERE are but few men or women in the thickly settled portions of the United States, who are not familiar with the name of the Hutchinson Family and who do not couple with their name the remembrances of the sweetest vocal melodies ever heard in concert halls. Go where we will, in town or city, we find some one who is familiar with the family. It will be interesting to all to know that Mr. Joshua Hutchinson of this place, one of the famous singers, is now preparing, and will in a short time publish in pamphlet form, a narrative of the family. Mr. H. does this so that he may more fully and easily answer the eager questions of the curious who crowd about him after his concerts. Through the politeness of Mr. Hutchinson, we have been permitted to peruse the manuscript, and have been much interested in the contents. The work is full of happy surprises for the reader. The purposes, struggles, and victories of each member of the family are written in a style that *pictures* rather than chronicles the active scenes of *real* life, and the reader feels himself living over his school days, wandering in the fields, or being infused with ambitions, just like those the author has written about in his narrative. The book will be offered for sale in Milford, and we are confident that all our citizens will find it an interesting work.

THE FREED LAND.

THE land is cleansed ! Where'er the sin had left
A footprint or a trace,
Repentant tears rain down upon the dust,
And every stain efface.
Open beneath God's look the records lie,
Nor need we blush or fear
To turn their leaves, from which the wrong is crossed,
Beneath His sunshine clear.

In the hot fire of His indignant love
All fetters melt and fall ;
The least we ask from country and from law
Is *Liberty for all*.
The ancient prejudice has cowered back
Beneath the patriot's blame ; —
To all who love our country and our flag
We give a brother's name.

Is more atonement needed ? We can give
More yet of wealth and gold ;
More yet of precious blood, whose worth and price
No words have ever told.

So that our land be cleansed, be pure, be true,
Be righteous in God's sight,
We place no bound, hold back no sacrifice,
Nor shun e'en ruin's night.

Our land is cleansed ! Thank God forevermore !
Angels may walk thereon,
Nor stain their robes against a rusty chain,
Nor hush their orison.
And if the graves are thick about their way,
They'd call them shrines for prayer,
Nor turn aside from e'en our battle-fields,
For true hands conquer there.

Ellen Murray.

