The Charleston Advocate.

"As you will that men should do unto you do you even so to them."

VOL. 2. NO. 42. CHARLESTON, S. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868. WHOLE NO. 87.

The Charleston Advocate,

A RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
A. WEBSTER.

[illegible]

[illegible] All Letters of Business of the M. E. Church, within the limits of the S. C. Conference, should be addressed to the Agent.

[illegible] Communications intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor.

THE LAST DOLLAR.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

"It is our last dollar," he said. "But the Lord will provide."

The Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville. He was poor and his congregation was poor. Often before he had been very near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until this day.

"So you've been always saying," sobbed his wife; "but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store, and your salary won't be due these three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here, James, where the people are so poor?"

"I have no other place to go to, nor money to travel, if the Lord opened a way. My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens; he will surely feed us."

"I wish I had your faith, but I haven't, and it won't come to me. O! what shall we do?" and she wrung her hands despairingly. "My poor children!"

"Once I was young and now I am old," solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, "yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As if in answer to his pious ejaculation there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door, a traveler, quite wet through, entered.

"I was coming through the forest from Maryville," he said, "and ventured to stop at the first house I saw. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too good a liberty?"

"Not at all," answered the master of the house. "We have but a poor shelter, as you see; but such as it is, you are welcome to it; there is a good fire at any rate."

For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble home boasted no parlors and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing-room, living-room and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and intelligence, and the conversation with him, the minister forgot his trouble and he was reminded of earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now among these hills.

At last the storm abated and the stranger arose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

"See here, Jemima," said his wife eagerly, when he returned to the house, "I found this on the floor where you had been sitting."

It was a fifty-dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which it was now apparent the traveler had overheard.

"I thought he was writing the directions he asked for," said the minister. "He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, he would provide?"

His wife burst into tears.

"God forgive me!" she said; "I will never doubt again. The Lord amply sent this stranger to our aid."

"And he will still provide," replied her husband. "Whatever may lot be, here or elsewhere, in him I trust."

A month after, a letter, a rare event, came to the "Rev. James Spring." It was as follows: "Rev. and Dear Sir—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars and a good parsonage-house." The letter concluded by saying: "The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm a few weeks ago. He overheard you in a moment of great distress speak with such full faith that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made." Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place in a broad and fertile valley at the foot of the hills. It was a far finer sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith he tells the story of his Last Dollar.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

We take the following interesting sketch of Southern life from a recent number of *Chal's Health*. It is well known that where we have Schools and Churches these dirges of the plantation are being rescinded among the things that were. They are preserved only as a plaintive relic of the past:]

There were lately published by Messrs. A. Sampson & Co., of New York, a collection of the Slave Songs of the South, which were written down and noted by Messrs. Allen & Ware, and Miss Lucy McKim (now Mrs. Wendell Garrison), as they were spoken, sung, or chanted by the freedmen of the Sea Islands of South Carolina. There are one hundred and twenty-six of them; not one-tenth of these peculiar melodies of a peculiar people; but quite enough to enable us to judge of their quality and character, and more than enough to make us glad that they are rapidly falling out by the disappearance of the social system under which they sprang up. They are the black shadows of a gigantic crime. They make one's heart ache to read them, and still more to listen to them. Musical they are, and even fascinating; but they are so sad, so simple, so barbarous, so sad, that we shall relish when the antiquary announces in his most pathetic strain that no further trace of them is to be found in the land forever.

No one who has heard the negroes in their religious meetings sing the songs of Zion, by which, under the heavy yoke of their slavery, they solaced themselves with the hope of a happy future beyond, can ever forget the zest, the abandonment, the fervor that neither saw nor cared for criticism, with which they were rapturously given. He carried away with him a higher estimate of the negro capacity and a brighter hope for their advancement than he brought there. But one sees, as he reads these songs that once enchanted them, and analyzes the music which kindled them, that his pleasure was mainly due to historical and philanthropic associations which threw a halo around the dusky singers and their melodies. They are charming; but they are only charming as lullabys—as the simple, childish chants with which they sobbed their sorrows asleep; without poetic graces, without manly vigor—not poems but ejaculations, seldom tunes, but only snatches of melody. It is time that we should look this fact in the face and deal with it as it is; for, these highest utterances of slave life show us that the intellect of the race needs religious as much as intellectual enlightenment, and that we should not suffer ourselves to be so deluded as to mistake the frenzy of rapture for strong or pure piety. [illegible] phrases which they more [illegible] For example, a colored congregation was lately heard singing:

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

It was found out by the reporter of the incident that the second line had been [illegible] from the old hymn of

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

The first impression produced by such lines is dangerous; for behind the laughing muscles up and down our country it calls on us to see to it that our grow lines lost until every plantation in the South is within an easy walk of a school-house and within sound of a church with an educated minister.

As illustrative of the conclusions which we have taken of these songs, let us quote a number of the very best; those that come nearest to routine poetry.

The first is the dirge known as "Poor Rosy"—a sigh from the inner heart of slavery—of which Miss McKim tells this sad story.

"One woman, a respectable house-servant, who had lost all but one of her twelve myriad children, said to me, 'Pshaw! dat's bar to dese yer chil'en, missie. Dey just rattles it off—dey don't know how for sing it. I likes 'Poor Rosy' better dan all de songs, but it can't be sung without a *full heart and a troubled spirit*.'"

Here it is:

POOR ROSY.

Poor Rosy, poor gal,
Poor Rosy, poor gal,
Rosy break my poor heart,
Heaven shall be my home.

I cannot stay in hell one day,
Heaven shall be my home,
I'll sing and pray my soul away,
Heaven shall be my home.

[illegible]
Heaven shall be my home.

O when I talk, I talk wid God, (*repeat*),
Heaven shall be my home.

I danno what makes want wid me, (*repeat*),
Heaven shall be my home.

"This song," says the editor, "ranks with 'Roll, Jordan,' in dignity and fervor." Another version of the second part runs in this way:

Before I stay in hell one day,
Heaven shall be my home,
I sing and pray my soul away,
Heaven shall be my home.

The most popular and best of all the religious songs of the slaves was

NOBODY KNOWS.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Glory, hallelujah!

One morning I was walking along,
O, yes, Lord,
I saw some angels coming down,
O, yes, Lord.
I pick de groups, and stick de place,
O, yes, Lord,
As sweet as honey in de honey comb,
O, yes, Lord.
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, &c.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
O, yes, Lord,
Sometimes I shouts 'round de ground,
O, yes, Lord.
O, nobody knows the trouble I've seen, &c.

What makes ole Satan hate me so?
O, yes, Lord,
He had me once and he let me go,
O, yes, Lord.
O, nobody know the trouble I've seen, &c.
Altho' you see me goin' along so,
O, yes, Lord,
I've had my troubles here below,
O, yes, Lord.
O, nobody knows the trouble I've seen, &c.
If you want to serve ole Satan run,
O, yes, Lord,
Just give off a gospel sun,
O, yes, Lord.
O, nobody knows the trouble I've seen, &c.

We have given this last song not as [illegible] of the slave songs, but from our [illegible] as sung by the scholars of [illegible] 1863. Mr. Allen tells us [illegible] [illegible] and shouted I [illegible] Sampson [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]