

without one from their mothers' milk can form an adequate conception.

It is indeed a rare treat to listen to this band of really cultivated singers. One cannot fail to be struck with their modesty, good sense, and their marked ability. Such an illustration of the developing power and culture of the new citizens of the South is full of promise for them and for our common country. The institution to which this band belongs cannot begin to meet the demand, we are informed, upon it for well-trained teachers. Texas alone has just sent to its officers for twenty-five for the public schools in that State. God speed the school, and crown the songs of its students and their endeavors for self-improvement with success!

The Jubilee Singers.

A choir of ten persons, five of each sex, connected with the Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., are now giving concerts in this vicinity in aid of the funds of that excellent institution. It bears the name of our well-known friend, General Fisk, of St. Louis, and has had at one time upon its roll twelve hundred students, young and old. Classes in college studies have already been formed, and arrangements are being perfected to secure for colored students a liberal education, fitting them for the professions, particularly for teaching.

But setting aside the worthy object these singers have in view, the entertainment they afford is of the highest and most affecting character. They have not been trained for public concerts. Simply singing together during their late school experience, they have developed their remarkable gifts, and have suggested to their own minds and others this delightful means of adding to their facilities for gaining their education. While they sing with great accuracy and effect, and with a peculiar sweetness and harmony of voices, many familiar pieces of music, the great feature of their performance is their inimitable rendering of the pathetic songs of the slave, in the plantation, in his cabin, and in his religious services. No description of these plaintive and often religiously exultant strains, born in the throes of unutterable suffering or in the victories of faith, can give one such an idea of theirÆolian melody, as they are now happily of the past, and only remembered for their exquisite tenderness and as a signal evidence of the grace and power of the Gospel, as the literal and impressive rendering of these natural singers, with the blood of their authors in their own veins. We never saw an audience more moved by the double emotions of pleasure and tenderness than one listening, on a recent occasion, to a concert conducted by this student choir.

The title of some of the melodies are significant, and suggest the character of the simple, disconnected, but very touching words through which these wailing or triumphant emotions find expression: "Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord;" "I've just come from de fountain;" "Gwine to ride up in de chariot sooner in de morning;" "Swing low, sweet chariot;" "Roll Jordan, roll," etc.

But of the melody itself only the ear listening to the lips of those who have drunk in the inspi-