AUTOBIOGRAPHY

...OF...

Rev. Joseph Tarkington

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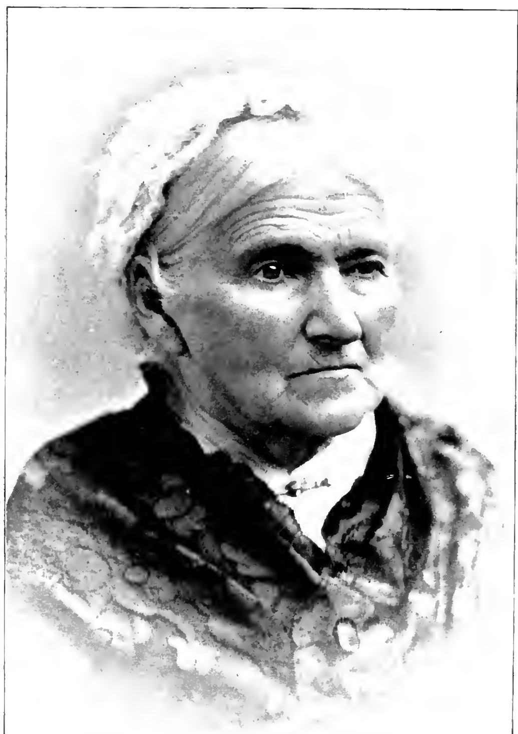
Autobiography of Rev. Joseph
Tarkington ...



MARIE SLAUSON TARKINGTON, 1886.

REV. JOSEPH TARKINGTON, 1886.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

REV. JOSEPH TARKINGTON,

ONE OF THE PIONEER METHODIST PREACHERS OF INDIANA.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

REV. T. A. GOODWIN, D. D.

"He served his generation, then fell on sleep."

CINCINNATI:

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INTRODUCTION.

SOME people read only the Preface or Introduction, and then, glancing through the text, lay the book down, supposing they have mastered it all. But the reverse is likely to be the method in this case; for the chief charm of the book is in what Mr. Tarkington has to say of himself and his times. But to properly appreciate that, the reader must bear in mind that what he wrote was not for the public, but that, at the urgent solicitation of his children, these personal incidents were written down for their special use, and that they appear in this form at the suggestion of personal friends and admirers, who insist that they, too, have a right to them.

Not having been written for the public, the style is simply narrative, such as he was accustomed to use when talking in the family circle or among a company of familiar friends. Those who often enjoyed these conversations will not fail to see the original Tarkington before them as they read, and almost hear the sound of his voice, and catch the peculiar twinkle of his eye and his modes of expression.

Because the style is so like him, and because this family treasure is put into this form for the

especial pleasure of those whose veneration for him entitles them to family privileges, that style is preserved, and the booklet goes to them just as it came to the more immediate members of the household, marred only by this prosy introduction, in which the writer has attempted to throw a sidelight upon some incidents that will seem obscure to the younger people who may happen to be drawn into its perusal.

Some statements are incomplete as they stand in the text, and many of them require a little explanation from contemporaneous history to bring out the supreme worth of the narrative, a photograph of early times and old-fashioned Methodism in Indiana.

How far this Introduction will aid in this, the reader must judge for himself, if he turns back to read it after having read Mr. Tarkington's story.

The story will be interesting to all who wish to study the beginning of things. No general history of the struggles of the early settlers of Indiana can possibly give as accurate an idea of its hardships and its incidental delights as this graphic account of his own experiences. The fact that the experiences of the Tarkington family were not exceptional, but were duplicated over and over again in all the river counties by those who had sought a home where the blight of slavery would not reach them, and, with slight modifications later on, when the "New Purchase" offered inducements to immi-

grants from a more northern latitude, will make the story the more instructive. It narrates things as seen and felt from within by one who saw it all, and was himself a great part of it.

The senior Tarkington seems to have been a roving character, seeking rest, but finding none for many years; but rovers were common then as now. He was evidently a man of pluck, however; and when he got started in the right direction to escape the curse of slavery, he never stopped until he was confronted by the boundary between civilization and the Indians, and so near the very "jumping-off place" that Indians were for several years his immediate neighbors from over the line. After all, were not such rovers a sort of social and political necessity? They could not always choose the final resting-place at the first venture. It was probably best they could not. Each successive move served as an educator or preparation for the final.

The reader of Mr. Tarkington's brief story of himself and his times will often wish for more detail than he finds in it. If, in attempting to supplement this lack of fullness by incidents coming under this writer's observations, and in his personal experience, which further illustrates early customs and old-fashioned Methodism, he seems to be tedious and sometimes irrelevant, the reader may skip the surplusage, if indeed he turns back to read this Introduction at all. The truth is, Mr. Tarkington does not do himself justice, even to his children,

for whose special information the meager story is told; hence the necessity of supplementary remarks for them as well as the public. His modesty would hardly allow him to tell all he knew of the privations of his childhood and youth, and the hardships of his early years in the ministry.

Studying the characteristics of life in early times in Indiana, the reader will be struck with the similarity, in every essential detail, between that of the immigrants from the South who found their home in Monroe County, and those from the East who, a little later, settled in Switzerland County, to become, later on, one in interest and fellowship. Mrs. Tarkington's recollections of her early life are hardly less interesting than those of her revered husband. In each is an inkling of what the fathers and mothers of that period had to endure. These were representatives of that class of families that succeeded, and they were nothing more nor less.

His conversion and preparation for the ministry were characteristic of the times, except that a year intervened between the conversion and his joining the Church. Among the first impressions of his new life was an abiding conviction that he was called to preach; but in what Church was not at first so plain to him. The cause of this perplexity was the diversity of creeds and denominations around him. In no quarter of the earth were ever more "isms" to be found than were within a radius of twenty-five miles of his home in Monroe County.

His parents had been Episcopalians or of Episcopalian stock; but as they had not given much attention to religious matters since his childhood, that settled nothing with him. The immigrants coming from the South had, almost every one of them, brought some different shades of belief. There were two kinds of Baptists, three kinds of Presbyterians, with New Lights, Christians, Disciples, and the like galore; each preaching some modification of Calvinism, except the Old Side Baptists, who took it straight, infant damnation and all; and a cardinal virtue with each was to earnestly "contend for the faith"—as he understood it. There were Methodists; but as they preached on weekdays only, at private houses, he saw but little of them until he went to the camp-meeting at which he was converted.

That year of deliberation and study was profitable to him all his life. In it he thoroughly investigated the various beliefs of the period, and armed himself for the defense of the distinctive doctrines of Methodism, against which, at that time, all seemed to hurl missiles.

His account of passing through the several approaches to the ministry, reveals the usual steps then taken—class-leader, exhorter, preacher. His collegiate training was short. In his plan, it contemplated much more than he received. Intent on better qualifications than he had been able to acquire on the farm, he entered the Indiana Seminary,

now Indiana University; but the fates—let us call it Providence—decreed that his stay should be short. So, likewise, was his post-graduate course short. It consisted in accompanying the presiding elder northward along the western border of the State, a hundred miles or more; then westward, into Illinois, fifty miles or more; thence, southward, to the Ohio River, one hundred and fifty miles or more; taking lessons in preaching from the presiding elder, in whom were blended the functions of a whole Faculty of a modern theological school.

That which will be most wondered at by modern observers of how preachers are now prepared for the ministry, will be how this student and the traveling Faculty managed to carry their wardrobe and library with them all that long round. That was nothing. The wardrobe consisted of an extra shirt only. Undershirts and drawers were not then known in pioneer society, and only one handkerchief (a red or yellow silk bandanna, though often it was cotton), and an extra pair of socks. This gave ample room in the saddlebags for a Bible, Hymn-book, and Discipline, and a copy of Fletcher's "Appeal" or Wesley's "Sermons"—hardly ever both at once; leaving room, ordinarily, for an assortment of books for sale. Shirts and socks were changed once a week, and the soiled goods were washed while the preacher waited at some hospitable farmhouse, or rather at the cabin of "the settler."

No short period covered by Mr. Tarkington's paper suggests more incidents that are illustrative of Methodism in Indiana sixty years ago than that connected with his pastorate at Lawrenceburg in 1838-39. He had been on the superannuated list the preceding Conference year. At the close of the Conference year of 1836-37, he was too sick to move, and to have remained a second year would have been almost an unheard-of proceeding, and he was therefore superannuated. Another case, illustrative of this custom, was that of James V. Watson, a young man of rare gifts and promise. He had traveled the Columbus Circuit, embracing the most miasmatic region in Indiana, the year 1837-38; and when Conference came, he had the real "shaking ager," and could not even attend Conference. Though in the usual course of the disease he might easily be counted on for duty as soon as frost came, he was superannuated, as Mr. Tarkington had been the year before.

Mr. Tarkington was soon able for duty, and put in the year farming with his father-in-law, and in teaching school, preaching almost every Sunday and attending funerals for many miles around without any pecuniary compensation; but he received from the Conference Fund for the year, $94.04.

That year, Lawrenceburg concluded to stem the popular tide, and become a station again. It was at that time one of the most important commercial towns in the State. The wheat and other market-

able farm products from Indianapolis and intermediate districts found their best market there, whether for manufacture or shipment, and the merchants, manufacturers, and bankers of the town were mostly Methodists. They had tried the station experiment four years before; but it was too un-Methodistic to succeed, with even as good a preacher as John Daniel. It is almost incredible that Methodism so long and so persistently resisted a change from the circuit system. Even that year, Cincinnati had two circuits in the city, each with two preachers on it; and as late as 1845, the *Western Christian Advocate* editorially protested against the tendency to stations, contending that the Lord's sending out his itinerants by twos was Divine authority for the two-and-two system. No one of the peculiarities of early Methodism gave way under more persistent effort of the presiding elders and the bishops to retain it, in opposition to the growing demands of the laity.

He had only about forty miles to move, and a two-horse farm-wagon was sufficient for the entire stock of furniture. Of course, this afforded no great display of household goods; but, nothing daunted, he set up housekeeping with what he had. The characteristic hospitality of the brethren made him and his family quite comfortable until he was duly installed in his own hired house.

After preaching on his first Sunday, he announced an official meeting at the parsonage for

Monday evening. No town in the State could have mustered a better Board—men of affairs and business ability. There were but three chairs in the house. As the brethren filed in, one by one, the affable pastor seated them on these as far as they would go; then he brought out an empty box or two; then gave them the edge of the bed and the table,—all without any embarrassment or apology.

The official business was soon disposed of, and none seemed inclined to remain for miscellaneous conversation.

Once out of doors, after adjournment, the meeting was reorganized on the sidewalk informally, and the question of furnishing the parsonage was briefly discussed, and a committee was appointed to see that chairs and tables and carpets and dishes were forthwith provided, and long before the next Sunday every need was abundantly supplied.

In his sketch, he speaks of one of the most wonderful revivals that prince of early evangelists, John Newland Maffitt, ever had; but he fails to tell why more of its fruits remained to bless the Church than was usual then or is now. Being personally conversant with the conditions, I have no hesitancy in ascribing it to the faithful pastoral work of Mr. Tarkington. He visited and prayed with every one; almost immediately and at once led them to Christ and to useful endeavor in the work of the Church.

A most affecting scene occurred during this series of meetings. The house was crowded, and

Mr. Maffitt had finished the opening prayer, when, as the congregation sang the voluntary—all sang, and all sang lustily—one of the hymns of the period, with no organ accompanying, some one handed him a letter. He saw from the postmark it was from his home in Brooklyn, New York, nearly a week's travel away. He nervously broke the seal, and read it. Those who could see his face behind the high pulpit readily perceived that the letter contained bad news. He covered his face in his hands a moment, and the congregation sang another hymn. At the close of that hymn, he arose, quoting Job xix, 21: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me." He then briefly stated the sad intelligence he had received—a lovely daughter had died nearly a week before; and then he proceeded to preach with even more than his usual power, conducting all the services as if no bad tidings had been received.

The Indiana Conference met at Lawrenceburg in 1839, and it long lived in the memory of those who were there, and it yet lives with the very few who remain, as the most eventful Conference ever held in the State. Bishop Roberts presided. Bishop Morris was also present. Edward R. Ames was secretary. The Conference included the whole State and one district in Michigan. Except the few that lived along the Ohio and lower Wabash Rivers, all had come on horseback, many traveling more

than two hundred miles. They were, with very few exceptions, dressed in home-made goods, and most of them were seedy—even a new suit of jeans would be the worse of the wear after a journey on horseback of two hundred miles. Many had come from a month's tussle with the ague, and some kept up the shake habit every other day during Conference. To have given up so as to not be able to attend, meant superannuation—the bugbear of the itinerancy then, even more than now.

Something of my personal estimate of the relative importance of this Conference may be due to the fact that it was the first I ever attended. It was held in the dingy court-room of the old courthouse, while there was preaching in the little church on Short Street at eleven and three o'clock and night, except one night devoted to the missionary anniversary. It was held with closed doors, not even those to be admitted on trial or to be continued on trial being permitted to attend. When the order was issued for all but members to retire, James L. Thompson nudged me, and whispered, "Do n't go;" and I did n't. Several of the older brethren looked reprovingly at me; but none of those things moved me, and as no one cared to take the responsibility of ordering me out, I remained, and had my first view of the inside workings of an Annual Conference. The truth is, the spirit of Americanism had begun to modify many of the British notions that had hampered American Meth-

odism from the beginning, and which continued to hamper it much later. It was not until 1852 that preachers on trial were lawfully permitted to witness the proceedings of an Annual Conference; though the rule excluding them from the sessions was more and more relaxed until it became a dead letter, and its lifeless remains were buried in that year, as the lifeless remains of several other dead rules were buried; but not until they had been so long dead that they emitted a bad odor.

At that Conference, one young man on trial, John H. Hull, who was afterwards to make his mark in the ministry, also defied the rule, and kept his seat, when those not entitled to stay were invited to leave. It was much later that inquisitive laymen ventured to defy the rule of closed doors, and still later when they were cordially invited to attend; and it was not until 1864 that the Disciplinary rule, not allowing laymen, not officially belonging to a Quarterly Conference, to be present at its sessions, was buried, after it, too, had been so long dead that it was a malodorous relic of the British *régime* that had long prevailed. The proceedings of the Conference at that period differed, in many respects, from the proceedings of an Annual Conference today, particularly in what was known as "the examination of character." It seemed to be not only the privilege, but the duty, of everybody who knew little or much about a brother to have a say. The man under examination retired, so that those who

had nothing good to say would not be embarrassed, and so that the good things to be said might not exalt him above measure. He was not required to give any report of his work, and, except as to those about to be admitted into full membership, no committee had any report; and even that report was quite a different affair from corresponding reports to-day, and generally ran about thus: "Grammar, good; geography, good; Wesley's Sermons, good; Fletcher's Appeal, very good; Watson's Institutes, only fair." Then came the representation of his presiding elder, and then followed an expression of opinion as to general fitness for "the work" by the Conference at large.

One case greatly interested me. William J. Forbes had traveled that year on the Bloomfield Circuit under John Miller, presiding elder. It was the close of his second year, and he might be admitted if deserving. The report of the committee on his studies was very complimentary. He was good on everything, very good on several; but on Watson's Institutes and Fletcher's Appeal, very excellent. Then came the presiding elder's representation. It ran about thus: "This is a peculiar case. Brother Forbes is a very good man and a very good preacher, and the people love to hear him. He reads a great deal, and understands what he reads, and I am not surprised at the very favorable report of the committee; but somehow or other nobody is converted under his preaching—"

"Let me ask Brother Miller a question," interposed James Havens, jumping hurriedly to his feet. "Does he make anybody mad?"

"O no! He is a sweet-spirited man; everybody loves him; but somehow—"

"Then I am opposed to him," interrupted Mr. Havens. "A man under whose preaching nobody is converted and nobody made mad is not fit for a Methodist preacher."

How much farther this "examination of character" might have gone, if the case had been longer open to general remarks, no one could tell; for, evidently, Mr. Havens had sympathizers; but the bishop cut it short by saying: "A young man that reads a great deal, and understands what he reads, and preaches well, and that everybody loves, is a safe case. All who will admit Brother Forbes, raise your hands." And he was admitted. The incident is, however, illustrative of one of the peculiarities of the times, which often cropped out. Literary attainments and habits of reading counted little, if they were not a detriment, in the absence of "'rousements."

One of the incidents that illustrates the genius of the Methodism of that period, was provoked by John S. Bayless. He had married a well-to-do young woman at Vincennes just before Conference, and had brought her to Conference on a steamboat; but as no provision had been made for entertaining wives, she was entertained at Rising Sun. With no

fear of tradition before his eyes, he had had his wedding-suit made by a tailor in the height of the fashion. The fact that it was made of store-goods was not of itself to be censured; for Edward R. Ames, William H. Goode, and a dozen or more others, wore store-goods; but the style of the clothes gave offense. The pants were "tights," with narrow falls; the coat was "pigeon-tailed;" and the hat of the stovepipe variety, giving the wearer a unique appearance in a body of Methodist preachers in regulation uniform. This was too much of a departure from traditional Methodism to go unrebuked; hence, Samuel C. Cooper offered a resolution that every member of the Conference be required hereafter to wear to Conference straight-breasted or shad-bellied coats, and breeches with broad falls. It passed without a dissenting vote; but more and more, from that on, preachers dressed as they pleased, so that the cut of the coat or pants is no longer a distinguishing badge of a Methodist preacher.

The most notable event of the session was the first appearance at the Indiana Conference of Dr. Simpson, the young president of Asbury University. Comparatively few of the preachers had ever met him. His personal appearance was a perpetual disappointment. He was too youthful to meet expectation, being less than thirty years old, and his dress was of jeans, neat and well-fitting; but not what most expected of so distinguished a man. His

praise as a preacher was in all the land, and every one desired to hear him.

The opportunity came in a sermon on the centenary of Methodism. The house was crowded, of course. His text was Ezekiel's vision of the waters flowing from the sanctuary. To intensify the effect of such a sermon as that must inevitably be, a fact almost forgotten had much to do. To an extent now hard to realize there had been going on in England and America that discussion of the millennium which culminated in the Millerism craze in the early forties. There was every conceivable shade of opinion as to just what the millennium implied; but the general thought was, that whatever it meant was near at hand, and the young president had unconsciously imbibed more or less of the vague and indefinable general thought, and so had the preachers. This sentiment was so universal that the traditional sermon on Calvinism at camp-meetings and other popular occasions had largely given way to a sermon on the triumphs of the gospel.

Imagine, therefore, a congregation largely composed of Methodist preachers, all of whom believed that some great moral victory was near at hand, and some faint conception may be had of the probable effect of such a graphic description as he gave of the widening, deepening, healing waters that Ezekiel saw would produce. Many of the preachers were so overcome by emotion as to almost drown the voice of the speaker, whose heart was quite as

much on fire as theirs. At one of his climaxes, an intelligent lady, not usually excitable, jumped to her feet, waving her parasol, and looking upward, exclaimed, "Sun, stand thou still, and let the moon pass by," repeating the sentence until some one started to sing, while her immediate friends took her out of the congregation.

Dr. Simpson was at once voted the prince of pulpit orators, an opinion never reversed in Indiana to the day of his death. Yet only a few thought it the proper thing to do to elect him to the General Conference that year. In the first place, he was not in the "regular work;" and, then, he was only a recent transfer, and he never had had any experience as a circuit rider. Besides, as self-sacrificing as the preachers of that period were in behalf of the young Asbury University, they took so little stock in education as a qualification for the ministry, that that very General Conference (1840), by a large majority, voted against authorizing theological schools. Sixty years have wrought a change as to theological schools, and an educated ministry, and what constitutes "regular work;" but the recent transfer is yet entitled to no recognition on his merits, by the Conference whose honors are to be bestowed.

I have spoken of James V. Watson as on the superannuated roll the year previous to this Conference. His temporary home had been near Aurora, and he had helped much during the Maffitt

revival in Lawrenceburg. He had traveled that circuit a few years before, and had many personal friends, who readily chose him as the proper successor to Mr. Tarkington, and all arrangements were made by preacher and people to this effect that the embryo system of "calling" now so potential would allow. It seemed to be so completely "set up" that little doubt was entertained by either of the high contracting parties; but the bishop had been brought up to a different view of polity, and would have none of it, so that the opinion often prevailed among the preachers that the way to get a long move and a hard circuit was to accept a "call" to a desirable place. But this case seemed so fitting all around that no one entertained any thought of its failure.

To fully appreciate the dénouement in this case, one must know from actual observation and experience on the spot the painful suspense of that solemn hour devoted to reading out the appointments; for it took nearly an hour. It was the first session of that Conference that was open to the public. Many of the preachers had bidden good-bye to their entertainers, and their horses, after a week's rest, were saddled and at the door ready to make a few miles homeward that day. A presiding elder stood in each aisle of the church, and the order was announced by the bishop that when the name of a circuit was announced there would be a pause, and the preacher for the preceding year should stand

up, and the presiding elder nearest to him would go to him and receive from him the "plan of the circuit." This occupied usually less than a minute, but to the Conference it seemed an age. Not a word was spoken until this part was complete. The preacher stood up as directed, and the presiding elder went to him; but not until the bishop saw that the "plan" was handed over, would he break silence. Then followed the name of the new preacher. It was usually a disappointment. Naturally enough he had hoped it would not be a long move, the quality of the circuit being secondary; for there was not as much difference in quality as might be supposed, as none were easy.

Bishops especially seemed to be insensible to the pain and inconvenience of long moves; and Bishop Roberts, who had been elected in 1816, the first married man ever elected bishop, because, as a married man, he would be apt to have compassion on married men, had grown to be as indifferent as any of them to the expense and inconvenience of long moves. But to none of the Conference was the suspense as long and painful as to James V. Watson. Madison District was soon passed, and Lawrenceburg had another preacher. Watson was then out at sea; but he fondly hoped that Indianapolis, or New Albany, or Lafayette, might need him; but neither did. At last the Michigan District was called, and then the bishop read deliberately, "White Pigeon," and stopped for the former

preacher to hand over his "plan." It seemed an age, and then he read, "James V. Watson," when the solemnity of the occasion was broken by Mr. Watson nervously getting on the seat and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Will anybody tell me where on earth White Pigeon is?"

"You will find it in Michigan, Brother Watson," coolly answered the bishop, and then went on to finish the list as if nothing unusual had happened.

It was more than two hundred miles from Aurora to White Pigeon, and there was no way of getting to the circuit but by wagon; but Watson went. In the creation of the Michigan Conference the next year he fell into it, and his talents found proper recognition. After being stationed at Detroit and other important cities, he became the first editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, ranking among the most distinguished and useful men of his period. Who shall say that, after all, the hand of the Lord was not in that cruel move? And who shall say that in many another appointment, whose outcome does not yet seem to us as propitious as in this case, there may yet be revealed that a smiling Divine face is hidden behind the frowning Providence that now causes our needless fears?

Mr. Tarkington refers to an attack of cholera he had at Hendrickson's, three miles west of Brookville. The Hendrickson class was a migratory institution, as were most of the country classes of that

period, holding meetings a little while at one and then at another private house, where there happened to be more than one house in the neighborhood sufficiently capacious for the purpose. This class had four such houses—Collett's, Hendrickson's, Sims's, and Carmichael's. All were stopping-places for the tide of immigrants then seeking homes in the "New Purchase;" all displaying the "Private Entertainment" sign over the gateway, except Carmichael's, which swung a regular tavern sign; the difference between this and that being that a tavern had a license to sell whisky "by the small," and the others sold by the quart only. Because Mr. Carmichael kept his bar-room open to accommodate travelers during preaching, Mr. Tarkington moved the preaching to Hendrickson's, where there was no disturbance of that kind; but he could find no such relief at New Trenton, where the tavern was kept by a local preacher, and the only other place available was at a layman's, who kept tavern also. Here the local preacher took his seat in the congregation near the door that led from the dining-room, the *pro tem.* chapel, into the bar-room, from which he could easily go at a call, and wait on customers, and then return to hear the balance of the sermon or tell his experience in class.

During Mr. Tarkington's pastorate, there occurred in this class a semi-civil, semi-religious affair quite illustrative of the times and of the kind of material early Methodists were made of. Five miles

east of Brookville was another of these migratory classes, now meeting at Gregg's, now at Warmsly's, and now at James's. One of the first Sunday-schools in that county was organized here, with William Gregg superintendent. It was held in a cabin that had been abandoned by its former owner, who had gone to the "New Purchase." One morning a tramp, with a knapsack on his back, was seen to come out of the cabin and start westward. This led to an investigation, and it was discovered that the library had been despoiled of a lot of New Testaments, which were kept in a candle-box. Evidently the tramp had stolen them, and he must be arrested and the books recovered. It was nearly noon before the superintendent could organize his posse and start in pursuit; but when started they made good speed, and overtook their man just as he was coming out of Carmichael's tavern. There was no trouble in proving his guilt; for the books told the story; but some form of law had to be observed. Brother Sims, living nearly opposite, was a justice of the peace, and Brother Collett was a constable. They were sent for, and how to get the man to jail was discussed informally, when Brother Gregg spoke out: "See here, men, it is nearly six months to court-time, and if we take this man to jail, the county will have to board him; then we will all have to go before the grand jury, and again before the court, and all this will take time and money; and the most the court will do will be to send him to

jail six to twelve months for the county to board. I propose that we administer to him, now and here, forty lashes, save one, and that Brother Collett lay them on, and that then we let him go. He can make a crop somewhere before his year in jail would be out, and he will never steal from a Sunday-school again." The half-dozen or more that had gathered in, looked at Squire Sims to hear what he had to say. "Neighbors," he said, deliberately, "you know I dare not say anything officially in such a case. But it seems to me it would be a mercy to the man, rather than to subject him to a year's imprisonment and the county to a year's board-bill, to say nothing about the time and expense it will cost us all, if Brother Collett tempers justice with mercy. But I must not see it."

That settled the question. Brother Collett administered the thirty-nine lashes; not severely, but with an assurance that if gentle means like that did not answer, he could have the balance whenever called for.

Mr. Tarkington was not in any wise implicated in this affair; but it is only true to the history of that period to say that something like that was not an infrequent occurrence in early times, the professional horse-thief faring as much worse as a rope is worse than a cowhide.

On his first round on this circuit he had an experience that would have greatly embarrassed any other man, but which never disturbed him. Of

course, he never failed to lead the class after preaching, but his method was not the stereotyped article. He wanted, not only to know where they lived, but how. At his first appointment at Clendenning's, near Mt. Carmel, he found a brother, Ira Goodhue, who, though late in the forties, was yet unmarried. One of Mr. Tarkington's supplemental questions always was, "Do you pray in your family?" When he propounded this question to Brother Goodhue there was quite an embarrassing titter through the class, that Mr. Tarkington could not at first understand; but the class-leader came to his relief by saying, "Brother Goodhue is not married." "Well, he looks old enough, and he is good enough looking to have a wife, and I have no doubt there are many good-looking girls of suitable age he could have for the asking," was the characteristic reply. There were two or more of that kind present; but the miserable old bachelor could never make up his mind to do the necessary asking, or put himself in condition to be asked.

Nothing of that kind ever embarrassed Mr. Tarkington. I was with him once at a "speaking meeting" on the Centerville Circuit, when a well-to-do farmer and distiller, a noisy Methodist, rose to speak. He began: "I have been governed by two sperits; one is the good sperit, that prompts me to be good and to do good. The other is—" Here Mr. Tarkington called out, "Whisky!" at the top of his voice. "No," said the distiller, who was then

quite under the influence of his home-made goods, as he often was, "No; nobody ever saw me drunk." "Some people never get drunk—it always stands up in them," replied Mr. Tarkington, and the half-drunken Methodist distiller took his seat. We all expected a scene then and there; but that not occurring, we expected an immediate loss of twenty-five cents a quarter by his withdrawal from the Church. But when he began to talk of the rudeness of the preacher, those whom he most esteemed frankly told him that he was often, and even then, under the influence of liquor, and that he was mistaken when he supposed nobody knew he was drunk. Within six months he abandoned his distillery, and became a total abstainer.

His brief account of his courtship and marriage, even as supplemented by Mrs. Tarkington, is too inadequate to the most valuable purpose of the story, to leave without a few further words to cast a side-light upon the customs of the period, so far, at least, as relates to the courtship and marriage of Methodist preachers; not that they were less susceptible of tender emotions than others, but their conditions and environments were so different from other people as to make their courtship and marriage a different affair entirely from that of others.

To begin with, there was the law of the Church, as inexorable as death, that no man, no matter what his age or circumstances, should marry until he had traveled four years. That of itself at once put him

in bonds not common to man, and made the romance of love next to impossible, unless it provoked a spirit of insubordination, which led to defiance and inevitably to location. But to this was added that other law, which survived until its lifeless remains became so offensive that it was just dropped out by the editor of the Discipline on his own responsibility as a sort of sanitary measure. Only think of a law of the Church that would not allow a preacher to mention love and matrimony without first consulting his brethren! The rule did not say what brethren, but the presiding elder and his colleague always assumed that they were *ex-officio* entitled to be consulted, whether others were or not; but laymen and laywomen—for, until her eligibility to General Conference was under discussion, women had no standing in our Church based on sex; everybody was included in "he" and "him"—claimed to be included in the brethren who were to be consulted, and they were not slow to offer their services if the preacher seemed slow to ask for them.

Thus the unmarried preacher found himself between two opposing forces—one declaring that he must not marry until an arbitrary time had expired; and the other officiously, not only suggesting marriage, but proffering help in the selection of a "suitable companion." To add to this perplexity was a companion situation that was the fruitful source of annoyance. The circuits often embraced two or

more counties, and appointments were frequently fifty miles or more apart, and each was a sort of social center, distinct from all others, and each having its own personalities, among whom was liable to be a pious young sister, every way qualified to become a first-class wife for a preacher; and, strange as it may appear to this generation, most of these were heroic enough to be willing to endure all the hardships of the itinerancy if they might providentially be called to it.

To intensify this embarrassment, the young preacher had no home on the circuit except where his saddlebags might be for the time being, and he was frequently compelled to make the homes of these self-sacrificing young sisters his home when in that part of the circuit, and sometimes these were the only stopping-places for that appointment, and he was brought face to face with her once every four weeks. Common politeness required him to be courteous to all, and the instincts of a gentleman would lead him to be respectful to the grown daughter, who never failed to be in her best attire and on her best behavior during his stay, and often at the expense to him of many an hour that he ought to have spent with Watson's Institutes or Wesley's Sermons, whether he preferred to or not.

Before the year was half out, the local gossips, encouraged perhaps by the hopeful mother, had the preacher engaged to this local belle, as they had had to two or three of his predecessors. No pru-

dence, short of boorishness and bad manners, could prevent this; and it was probably duplicated, on the same authority, over in the other county, or at one or more of the appointments twenty to fifty miles away. It is almost inconceivable at this time how many men and women of that period became meddlers in the matrimonial matters of unmarried preachers, under the impression that the preachers were bound to consult them.

If the young man left the circuit without marrying any one, no prosecution for a breach of marriage contract followed him to Conference; but each disappointed girl lay in wait for the next young preacher. But if he married any one of them, there was likely to follow a charge against him to Conference by one or more of the disappointed, who had hoped against hope until some one else had been chosen.

It was noticed, about sixty years ago, that one young lady had a grievance at two or three successive Conferences against as many different preachers, who had shown her only common politeness when guests at her father's house.

But unrequited love was not all on one side. The rule requiring the young preacher to consult his brethren before taking any step towards marriage sometimes brought to the light other sufferers. In that heroic age it often happened that some large-hearted home was so generous in its hospitalities as to be a sort of Methodist tavern, to which

preachers from other circuits were welcome as they traveled abroad. At one of these, in the early thirties, was an amiable and accomplished daughter, who so favorably impressed three young preachers as they called occasionally, that each intended to make love to her as soon as he could take the first step—consult the presiding elder; and each sought the first opportunity, which was to be at a camp-meeting near the center of his large district. Neither knew for what any other of them had come so far. One obtained an early interview, presumably to the others, to talk over the next year's appointment; but he began by telling the presiding elder that his term of four years of celibacy was about to expire, and he had been making it a matter of prayer, and the Lord had evidently made it clear that he ought to marry.

"That seems very probable, and I see no objection to it," said the fatherly official, "but may I ask who is the happy girl?"

"Cora ——," was the reply.

"A splendid girl—will make any man a good wife," was all the young man could wait to hear.

In less than an hour he was on his horse, making haste to break the news to Cora, and begin the work of courtship.

The second soon had an audience, and made substantially the same speech, and received substantially the same indorsement of Cora; and he, too, started to tell her the news, not knowing that

No. 1 was on the same errand, or, if he was, hoping to outride him.

Later in the same day, No. 3 had a hearing. He made substantially the same speech, winding up, as the others had, with Cora ——.

"Now, see here, my young brother," said the presiding elder; "there must be a mistake somewhere. Cora —— is a splendid girl; but you are the third man who has to-day said the Lord had indicated her for a wife. Somebody must have misunderstood the Lord."

Whether either of these ultimately won the prize or not, history does not tell, nor was it true that Cora had been playing the coquette with either of them. She had only been lady-like to all of them, and had favorably impressed each; and had they been permitted by the law of the Church to begin where other young men begin, she could have relieved at least two of them from a humiliating experience.

A well-authenticated story of that period tells how another young preacher managed that delicate matter without first consulting the presiding elder or his colleague, and without breaking the rule or dangerously bending it. At a convenient time he took his Bible, and pointing to 1 John iv, 7, he asked: "What do you think of that?" She read it, and handed the book back without saying a word; but she looked pleased, and he was satisfied, and no law of the Church had been broken. Later on, he

consulted his presiding elder, but he was in a frame of mind to care but little for his opinion, as he had served the required probation. The verse reads: "Beloved, let us love one another."

James Hill was the only young preacher that I knew of who defied the law. Though the written law had been repealed by the omission of the prohibition from the Discipline, there yet remained the unwritten law, that whoever married during his two years of probation should not be admitted into full membership. Having found a suitable wife, he married before applying for membership, the first case of receiving a married man on probation that I had ever known. It worked well in his case, and long ago the unwritten law went to keep company with the written inhibition.

Mr. Tarkington served his four years and one more without any entangling alliances. That more than once fond mothers made it convenient for him to be occasionally alone with grown-up daughters, and that others recommended worthy young women to him, and more than once it was supposed that a match had been made, is true. It could hardly have been otherwise. But it remained for Maria Slauson, on the large Vevay Circuit, to weave a net about him that held him, and, as the story goes, all without attempting anything of the kind, or, at least, without seeming to.

Vevay Circuit in 1831 was essentially the same as other circuits of the period—large in territory,

with no abiding home for the preacher, but with several growing towns, in which were hospitable homes, but more marked with well-to-do farm-houses than any other kind of stopping-places. From the beginning he was famed as a pastor. When stopping in a town, he managed to sally forth from his temporary quarters and visit as many of the flock as possible, and he did the same at the country appointments.

On this circuit, as on others, there were several marriageable young women, whose mothers more or less plied their arts on him, but without success. There was, however, near the center of the circuit, a hospitable home which, to a young preacher, had unusual attractions. In addition to almost every other desideratum, there was a fairly good library, and, for the times, a good room for studying. It was not strange, therefore, that he more frequently visited this home than any other, and that he staid longer. It was the home also of a grown-up daughter, near his own age, decidedly handsome, and, as might be inferred from the exceptional library, much better up in literature than most of the country girls of the period.

As the sequel showed, she early set her head and heart on capturing the young preacher. To do this the more effectually, she managed to appear in her best apparel whenever he was there, and to entertain him with literary and theological discussions,

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leaving her mother to care for domestic matters, the mother apparently consenting.

When in the Slauson neighborhood, he sometimes, but not always, stopped at the Slauson homestead, where he always received a most cordial hospitality; but family affairs jogged along as if no guest was present; the men folks went afield as usual, and Maria's loom and spinning-wheel clattered and buzzed away regardless of any inconvenience it might be to the preacher in the prophet's chamber, poring over Clarke's Commentary and other books of that class, of which there was a fair supply for a farmer's library. One day, as the story goes, the noise of the loom strangely affected him, as it came mixed with a treble voice singing,

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain"—

then one of the most popular hymns in Methodism. What Clarke said about the snake that talked to Eve, or what Wesley believed as to the immortality of animals, all at once lost its interest to him, and either accidentally or on purpose, he turned to the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, and began to read: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "That 's Maria!" he added. "She layeth her hands on the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." "Maria again!" "She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant." "More Maria!" And he found his

heart strangely warmed; but he told nobody about it. Old as he was, he would have loved to see his mother about that time.

There is no love at first sight in this story; but there is a world of good sense in it, and a long life demonstrated that the girl who was not afraid or ashamed to keep on with her daily duties, though an unmarried preacher might be a temporary guest, would be equal to the demands upon a traveling preacher's wife. He hastened to see his presiding elder, and, without disclosing the secret, he bravely said, "I am thinking of getting married before another Conference." The elder replied coldly, asking no questions, "I reckon you are old enough, if you ever intend to," and the interview ended, and neither talked to the other on the matter until at the camp-meeting referred to in the text. But it was such a surprise, when the name of the proposed bride was mentioned, that the elder said: "Then I must use the ceremony in full, as it is given in the Discipline." "Very well," said Mr. Tarkington; "if you can stand it, we can." The elder had been misled by common gossip, and had supposed that the good-looking girl who had entertained him often by discussing books and literature in her Sunday fix-ups, while her mother attended to the milking and other domestic work that devolved upon country women of that period, was to be the bride. The elder read the form in full as it appears in the Discipline, stopping to emphasize "You both," as

it appears in the charge, which asks them to "confess" if they know of any "impediment why they may not be lawfully married." Instead of the usual silence, which is taken as evidence there is none, Mr. Tarkington responded, in a distinct voice and with as much emphasis as the elder had put on "you both," "I know of none," and the bride answered, "I know of none," and the ceremony proceeded to the end.

Not long after he had "consulted" the presiding elder, the homeward ride referred to by Mrs. Tarkington occurred, and he was permitted to proceed with his courting as other men do, but he was not more conspicuous thereafter as a guest of the family than at other stopping-places in the neighborhood, yet his fidelity as a pastor afforded him frequent opportunities to pay pastoral visits. But the story goes that he often disregarded the law of the Discipline, which forbids the holding of love-feasts more than an hour and a half.

Only those who knew Mr. Tarkington well can appreciate the quiet humor that lurks in that businesslike letter to Mr. Slauson, asking his consent to the marriage. He never intended to let it hinge upon the formal consent of anybody whose consent was not already obtained; but he put it that way in deference to the Discipline, which in its fraternalism does not allow a preacher to marry a woman without the consent of her parents,—a good enough rule as to minors, but not applicable to women of

the maturity of his affianced, when the applicant is over thirty. But Mr. Slauson read between the lines, and, with a feeble appeal for what he knew to be impossible, the unneeded consent was granted.

To characterize Mr. Tarkington as a preacher, referring to his pulpit performance only, no one word but unique would come near it. He had no model, living or dead, and no one ever chose him as a model; or if he tried to, he surely failed. His style was always conversational, and under no pressure of excitement did his voice ever become boisterous. In his early ministry in particular, when nearly every Methodist sermon had to attack some of the prevailing dogmas of the period, he made himself master of the subject, and well matured what he was to say, so that the distinctive doctrines of Methodism had few abler defenders when it needed defense. He was systematic in presenting his points and logical in using them, and his unique and inimitable pulpit manners contributed greatly to the effectiveness of the discussion. He never failed to have at hand some quaint original illustration, not found in the books, which fixed attention and clinched the argument.

Later in life, when the demand for such preaching had passed, because the isms against which they were originally aimed had been relegated to the historic shelf and no longer needed public rebuke, it is but truth to say that, relying too much upon the ammunition he had stored in war-times, his ser-

mons were less attractive, though he kept well read up in current literature and modern thought for one whose early advantages had been so limited, and whose early manhood had been so little favorable to study; but somehow he lacked either the disposition or the ability to so assimilate what he read as to give out his new thoughts with the effectiveness of his early sermons.

I have said his pulpit manners were unique. He sought to instruct, not merely to charm his audience, and those who attended his preaching for spiritual food never went away hungry unless, incited by what they heard, they hungered for more of the sincere milk of the Word; and they were sure to come at his next round to get more of the bread of life.

Four or five years after his first appointment on the Vevay Circuit, he was returned to it. It still extended to the Laughery, and included Rising Sun. At Rising Sun were two mothers in Israel who were models of Christian character; not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, and exemplary in life, yet never ostentatious or noisy in profession—Mrs. Craft and Mrs. De Coursey. It was the habit of these elect women to meet early every Monday, and discuss the sermon of the preceding day, and to recall and fix in their minds its good points, with the least possible criticisms.

After Mr. Tarkington left, in 1831, there came to the circuit a young man by the name of Arring-

ton, the most coruscating genius that ever graced or disgraced the pulpit in Indiana. No pen-description of his wonderful eloquence (?) can do it justice. He not only startled the plain people in the country, but he charmed the more cultured in the towns, who loved sound more than sense, and who prized a sermon most that had the least of the Christ in it. These women listened to him with wonder and a sort of admiration, but to little spiritual profit. He was in great demand at camp-meetings, and for a year or two he was a star of the first magnitude, or rather a comet of unusual brilliancy; for he went out in darkness soon after. He was followed by a young man by the name of Daily, whose ideal preacher was Arrington, and he strove hard to imitate him; but fortunately for him, he failed.

These two, and others less conspicuous, had somewhat accustomed even sensible people to more or less rant and fustian; so when Mr. Tarkington returned in 1836, with his gospel message, in his unique style, not a few were disappointed. They had unconsciously fallen more or less in love with star-scraping eloquence.

These two Rising Sun saints were, of course, to hear Mr. Tarkington on his first reappearance in their pulpit. They remembered how they had loved him six years before, and how they had enjoyed his preaching, and they expected a rare treat now; but the Monday interchange of views and feelings revealed their sad disappointment. "It seems to me,"

said Mrs. De Coursey, in opening the discussion, "Brother Tarkington has n't improved much since he was here. I was greatly disappointed yesterday." "It seems so to me, too," answered Mrs. Craft, in a tone that indicated reluctance to fully express her opinion, and the conversation continued along this line, except that here and there they could find some word of comfort in parts of the sermon.

Four weeks later he came again, and these faithful souls were in their places to glean what they might from the sermon. The preacher announced his text: "For the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it;" and then followed an exposition and application such as only Mr. Tarkington could give, showing that, after all, the profitableness of any preaching depended on the spirit in which it is received.

"Did n't he give it to us good yesterday," was the opening sentence of the Monday's interview by Mrs. De Coursey. "Well, he did, and I felt ashamed of myself all the time. Somebody must have told him," said Mrs. Craft. "But I 'll never be caught again in that trap," and the conversation took the turn of how important individual faith is in individual profit under any sermon. This incident is more illustrative of his style of preaching than pages of abstract description could possibly be.

I have spoken of his removal from Lawrence-

burg at the end of his first year. This was so uniformly the usage at the time as to excite no special attention. Yet it must be conceded that a desire to have a more popular pulpit orator had much to do with allowing so damaging a custom to prevail. But as the developments of a half-century show, it now seems to be another case, like that of Joseph, in which there was a Divine purpose the immediate actors did not know or care to know; for, as known by its fruits, no two years of his long and useful life were so beneficial to the Church as those two years at Richmond. To appreciate the work of these years, it must be known that, though Richmond early became a center or settlement which made it the nucleus of the beautiful city it has become, Methodism had been doing a great work in that new country seventeen years before it found even a temporary footing there, coming no nearer than Centerville on the west, and about the same distance on the south and north. One reason was, that a lot of blatant infidels of the Paine type had, by some law of affinity, settled there, and they gave no encouragement to the Methodist preachers to enter, though they offered no open resistance; but the chief obstacle was the Society of Friends, which had assumed a pre-emption right which they were determined to maintain by all means short of violence. It was as late as 1822 that Russel Bigelow, then on the White Water Circuit, which extended from New Trenton in Franklin County, on both

sides of the State line, as far north as were any settlements, determined to preach and organize a class. No private house was open to him, as had been elsewhere, but he obtained permission to occupy a small schoolhouse on the southern outskirts of the town. Here he formed a class of seven; but in a short time the schoolhouse was closed against them, and the class was disbanded. It was three years later that James Havens, then on Connersville Circuit, which included Wayne County, organized the class that was to become the nucleus of Methodism in Richmond. It met in private houses generally, the schoolhouse being grudgingly opened occasionally for a two-days' meeting. Its growth was slow, and chiefly among a class of no social standing and little property. The opposition of the infidels was chiefly negative, while that of the Quakers was often very positive, and marked in every way but violence. No Quaker would attend any Methodist meeting, or allow his family to. At much sacrifice they built a small frame church on Pearl Street, and Richmond became a regular appointment on the Wayne Circuit, with preaching once in two weeks by the circuit preacher, who preached only in the morning, going to another appointment in the afternoon. By 1838 it had grown to such importance as to become the head of a circuit, embracing several country appointments north and south, which were to be supplied with preaching on week-days once in two weeks; while Richmond was

to have the entire Sunday services—a class of appointments known then in Methodist parlance as half-stations, to which dignity Centerville did not attain until 1842, four years later.

The numerical strength of Richmond at that time may be inferred from the fact that at the end of this year the entire Richmond Circuit numbered only 182, of whom only 65 were in Richmond.

This was probably twenty to thirty less than it should have been, on account of Elijah Whitten's original method of administering discipline the year before. The Boston class had become shockingly demoralized by internal feuds of various kinds, involving occasion for innumerable Church trials, if any attempt had been made to straighten things out by Church law; for almost every member was involved on one side or the other of one or another of the numerous charges and counter-charges, involving almost every degree of moral turpitude, from picking the wrong geese to drunkenness, including slandering, backbiting, and refusing to pay honest debts; for there was no social difficulty that the preacher was not expected to settle in those days.

Mr. Whitten took in the situation at his first appointment, on a week-day, at a private house. After meeting was over, first one, then another plucked him aside to tell his grievance and demand a trial, alleging that Mr. Beswick, his predecessor, had neglected his duty in this matter. After listen-

ing to each with little patience, he dismissed each with a short "I 'll see about it," that gave no promise of immediate relief. Upon a little further investigation, Mr. Whitten concluded that if every one against whom charges had been made was expelled—and they all ought to be if the charges were true—there would be nothing left worth caring for, and he devised an original and certainly an effective plan of disposing of the case. At his next appointment, before preaching, he asked the class-leader for the class-book, the only record of membership then kept, and then he proceeded to preach such a sermon as no other living man could, on backbiting and all its kindred offenses. As told to me a few years later by one of the sufferers, it must have been double-distilled gall and bitterness, each one, however, generously giving it to the other fellow.

He concluded the services by the usual hymn and prayer, and then said: "This class is hopelessly involved in discord. If I am to believe half that I hear from you about one another, you all ought to be turned out of the Church, and every one of you will go to hell unless you repent. Now it is no use to hold Church trials in such a case. To make short work of it, I 'll burn the class-book and turn you all out at once." And, suiting the action to the word, he threw the class-book into the open fire, and it was in ashes in a minute, he standing in silence until it was past recovery, and the congregation stupefied with wonder. Then, resuming, he

said: "Now, I will not lead the class; for there is none to lead. But if any of you wish to join the Methodist Episcopal Church, resolved to do no harm, such as drunkenness, fighting, quarreling, brawling, brother going to law with brother, returning railing for railing, and the like, I will open the doors of the Church at my next appointment to take you in; but if you do n't come on these terms, I do n't want you."

Nobody joined at the next meeting, or the next, or during that year, though most of them came to hear him preach; for he was a wonderful preacher. But they paid no quarterage. Why should they? They were not members. Mr. Sullivan, who, as the pastor on the Richmond Circuit, had charge of Boston, reorganized the class; but it was several years before any considerable number of those thus summarily expelled returned to the Church, very many of whom not until Mr. Tarkington, four years later, was on the Centerville Circuit, to which Boston fell after Richmond was made a station.

Mr. Tarkington's work in Richmond is but poorly indicated by the fact that the enrolled membership was increased from 65 to 260. It consisted chiefly in his method of breaking down the opposition to Methodism which had existed for thirty years or more. His method was peculiar to himself. The sweetness of his life was so perennial that he soon became a welcome guest in many of the most cultured Quaker families, and his solici-

tude for their spiritual welfare often led him to urge upon them a spiritual religion to which most of them were strangers, though theoretically they professed to be led by the Spirit. Few, if any, however, of the adults ever attended his public services. They could not think of listening to a paid minister, or hear singing in worship; while, to them, the mourners'-bench was unbearable.

A story was current about that time that he so mortally offended a couple who had been induced by his social work to break the rules enough to attend one of his meetings, that they never went again. It was the custom to "read the hymn" in the opening services, and then "line" it. It happened on this particular occasion that the opening hymn was:

> "Children of the Heavenly King,
> As we journey let us sing."

The visiting Friends had no special objection to that; for they expected to hear singing, and had made up their minds to endure it. They did not have to sing themselves, and they had resolved not to. But when the preacher read the second stanza,

> "Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God,"

they took offense, because they supposed their refusing to sing would be construed into a confession they never knew the Lord. But times have

changed, and so have Quakers. No choirs now discourse better music than Quaker choirs, and the mourners'-bench is one of their favorite institutions. How much Mr. Tarkington's methods had to do with all this, no one can tell. It is enough to say that, in Richmond at least, from that day forward, the fellowship between Friends and Methodists has been most cordial.

He brings his autobiography down only to the close of his agency for Asbury University, in 1854. Perhaps the reason for this was that his children were all old enough then to know from their personal observation what occurred to him, and the further reason that the incidents of his labors from that on were but of the character common to the pastorate in later years. But he spent twelve years more in very effective work, on the Milroy, Milford, Bellevue, Westport, and St. Omar Circuits, and in the Greensburg Station, in all of which his labors were abundantly successful. But no two years of his life were of more value to the Church than the two years spent in Indianapolis as city missionary, from the Conference of 1865 to the Conference of 1867; and yet there were few then living, or who have since lived, that ever appreciated the labor of those years or their difficulties.

If the devil was at the bottom of David's taking the census of Israel, he certainly had a hand in dividing Indianapolis—first, into two Conferences, then into four, as it was in 1865. There had been

little Church aggression because of jealousies and rivalries, the arbitrary Conference lines being a perpetual hindrance. There had grown up in the city a semi-literary, semi-evangelical organization of young Methodists, whose aim was personal improvement and missionary work in neglected districts and suburbs, by maintaining Sunday-schools and such preaching as they and local preachers could furnish. The time came when it was evident to all that some one man of experience should have a pastoral charge of this work, and the Institute asked for the appointment of Mr. Tarkington. He was a member of the Southeast Indiana Conference, and on the face of the records he was appointed as a missionary from that Conference, which held a claim upon only one small corner of the city. When, therefore, his plans were developed, and in them he recognized no Conference lines, he was at first received coolly by all the other Conferences until the situation became better known; but even then it was deemed best, the second year, that he should take a superannuated relation to his Conference, and that thus the appearance of territorial grabbing might disappear.

They were years of much hard work. Though sixty-six years old, his strength had so little abated that he was able to endure much physical labor, and he gathered the members and organized the Churches now known as Madison Avenue, Hall Place, and Grace Churches, besides helping the In-

stitute in Sunday-schools, and preparing the way for other Churches, one of which ultimately resulted in the present Blackford Street, and another in Edwin Ray, and still another, after two removals, in the Broadway. These labors so demonstrated the damage of Conference boundaries within the city, that a meeting of all the Churches of the city unanimously demanded the putting of the whole city in one Conference in 1868; but it resulted only in putting it into two, and it was twenty-seven more years before the prayer of the laity was granted, and the city was restored to its maximum strength. No other man could have done better work, and very few as good.

In his account of his own work he takes occasion to speak a kindly word of me, his one-time colleague, and characteristically to express an opinion not necessarily pertinent to his story. I would not think of commenting upon the fact or the opinion in this delicate connection, but that the chief charm of his story, to all outside his family, is the light his experience throws upon early conditions and early Methodism in Indiana, which by the way differed but little from conditions and customs everywhere in the West at that time, and only such incidents as are further illustrative of these have been woven into this long and prosy Introduction.

I did locate early in life. Whether or not that was a misfortune to me or to the Church, as he ex-

presses it, depends upon considerations that it is yet too early to thoroughly weigh. That it led me to a much more laborious and more turbulent life than I could possibly have had in the pastorate outside a foreign mission, all who knew, even imperfectly, the details of that life will readily concede, and those who know the material results will be equally ready to judge that it was a misfortune; but these constitute only a secondary consideration of the end of living. What forces from within and without led up to that location may be interesting to this and coming generations; for already they sound like an incredible story.

He speaks of me as the first graduate of our Asbury University, and so I was; but he fails to mention what a disadvantage this was to me in my work. I was also the first person to enter the Indiana Conference with a college diploma. There were several educated men in the Conference; but they were from other States, and they had attained an age and standing that shielded them from the disabilities I labored under.

I had hoped the years I had spent in preparation would be an advantage to me, and so they were in many respects; but in other respects they were a detriment. I expected no favors, and sought none on their account, and went to such appointments as were assigned me as cheerfully as any man, and worked as faithfully as I knew how, bearing the discomforts that were inevitable to the period

as uncomplainingly as any one, counting them a part of a system that I most thoroughly believed in.

Towards the close of my first year I received a letter from E. R. Ames, then residing in Indianapolis, though Missionary Secretary, informing me that at his suggestion the Quarterly Conference of Indianapolis had unanimously requested the presiding elder to have me appointed as second preacher, under William H. Goode, to the Indianapolis charge, and advising me to make all necessary preparations for the work. I sold my horse, and made some other arrangements, in full faith that he knew what he was writing about; but when my appointment was announced, I was sent elsewhere. It was to a good circuit, and I went without a murmur; for I knew that the machinery of the itinerancy often worked that way. But six months later I received an explanation from Mr. Ames, telling me that when the case was mentioned in the cabinet, Thomas J. Brown, presiding elder on the Crawfordsville District, objected. He had met me at a camp-meeting on Alamo Mission the summer before my graduation, and I was too much of a fop to make a Methodist preacher, without more experience in circuit work, and hard circuits at that; besides, to show such favoritism to college graduates was a discrimination against preachers who had not been to college. Only Augustus Eddy, out of the twelve presiding elders,

earnestly objected to these views, and as Bishop Roberts and the presiding elder of the Indianapolis District, James Havens, heartily concurred in these views, I was sent to take further post-graduate lessons on a large circuit. This was no personal and local matter; it was in accord with common usage. About that time, Randolph S. Foster was sent from Ohio to the mountains of West Virginia, and Thomas Bowman from Baltimore to the mountains of Pennsylvania, to take their post-graduate lessons under like circumstances.

The year on Centerville Circuit with Mr. Tarkington was every way a pleasant one, notwithstanding the income was only $183, and much of that was in "truck and turnover" at about thirty-three per cent above the market price. To illustrate one of the methods of paying the preacher in that day of old-fashioned Methodism, take this example: At one of the wealthiest appointments on the circuit were two classes of about forty members each, and of about equal wealth. The quarterly-meeting was coming on, and in order to raise the quarterage each class-leader took a large two-horse sled, and drove from house to house, collecting what each householder "could spare for the preacher"—one sled load to be delivered to Mr. Tarkington, the other to me. This took a whole day. When the loads were compared, it was discovered that Mr. Tarkington's sled had about one-third more produce than mine. To even up, my class-leader raised his

figures and added an average of about thirty per cent to the price. That balanced accounts.

The "contribution" came during my absence. When, a few days later, I got home, I found our little kitchen stacked with sides and shoulders and pickle-pork, butter, lard, dried-apples, apple-butter, cheese, flour, meal, and other equally indispensable "truck," much of it in quantities sufficient to last a small family a year. We had no place to keep it, and there was nothing to do but to borrow a wheel-barrow and wheel it a half-mile to the store, and take it out in goods we could not afford to buy. It was vain to remonstrate against the injustice of charging more than the goods were worth; for the answer came back that I ought to be thankful for even that, as there would be a deficiency anyway at the end of the year; and so there was!

Centerville was to be made a station at the end of the year, and it was well understood that Mr. Tarkington was to be presiding elder. As I had preached only one-third of a year in Centerville, there being three preachers, and as I had no family but a wife—which was a great item in those days in the popularity of a preacher—there seemed to be not a dissenting voice to my return, and I fully expected it; but when the appointments were announced, I was assigned to Vevay, a hundred miles away. With childlike faith in Providence, I accepted the appointment as coming from above, and proceeded to sell my cooking-stove and other furni-

ture to pay arrearages on house-rent and at the stores for provisions alone; for we had not bought five dollars' worth of dry-goods the whole year, and then I borrowed ten dollars from a Methodist distiller, and moved what was left the hundred miles, without being able to understand why all this unnecessary expense.

I found Vevay Circuit one of the best of the period, and went to work to make it better. My heart was in the work, and the people received me cordially. I had from the hour of my graduation been solicited to take a school. Methodist teachers were scarce then and much in demand; but I preferred the pastorate, and rejected all of them.

At my third quarterly-meeting, while a guest with my presiding elder at the home of Mr. Slauson, where Mr. Tarkington had, twelve years before, found his wife, the presiding elder became unusually communicative, and somehow branched off on to appointment-making in the cabinet. Of course, I was interested in whatever would uncover mysteries, and I encouraged him to divulge. "Do you know why you were not sent to the Centerville Station? Everybody there wanted you and expected you," he began. I pleaded ignorance, but supposed that somehow it was because I was needed at Vevay, or something of that kind. "Well," he continued, "Presiding Elder Wiley proposed your name, and stated the wishes of the Church in Centerville; but Robert Burns, of the Winchester Dis-

trict, objected at once, arguing that it would not do to promote our college-bred men over the others, and Bemis Westlake, of the Fort Wayne District, joined him. Wiley insisted, and so did one or two others; but Bishop Andrew sided with Burns and Westlake, and you were moved, for no other reason than because you were a college graduate, and it would be invidious to give you such a station so early in your ministry."

That this revelation, made so accidentally, and without any thought of its probable result, recalled the revelation made two years before by Mr. Ames, is not strange. I said nothing suggestive of my thoughts, but that I should wonder if the years spent in college and the habit of study I had kept up since graduation were to be a perpetual bar to my usefulness in such a community as the town of Centerville was, would seem very natural.

I tried to dismiss the subject, which began to haunt me day and night; but it would not be dismissed. As if to re-enforce the internal discussion which this had started, there came the popularity as circuit riders, but not as preachers, of several contemporaries. One who, when admitted on trial in the same class with me, had never read the Bible half through, nor looked into an English Grammar, and who was so unsophisticated as to ask one of the mothers in Israel at whose house he happened to be when first reading the Book of Exodus: "What does opening the matrix mean in this verse;

'All that open the matrix is mine?'" and who, preaching on the resurrection, quoted Job as saying that though his skin-worms should destroy his body, yet in his flesh he should see God, was much more popular than I, chiefly because he could out-shout me when he got too happy to contain himself. My colleague, one of the best souls in the world, was unconsciously, and certainly unintentionally, adding fuel to the flame that was consuming me. He was three years on probation, because he could not pass even the superficial examination then required, and then he was admitted only on the promise to "bring up" Watson's Institutes, and who had not read a single book entirely through since he had been admitted, except Hester Ann Rogers. He got all the socks, but he generously divided with me; for he got more than twice as many as he could possibly wear out. He would put up for the night or for a week, as the demands of the appointments would allow, and smoke his pipe, and talk gossip, but read never, beyond the *Western Christian Advocate*. I met his praise wherever I went. He kissed all the babies, and had several namesakes before the year was half out.

Is it any wonder that, putting the popularity of these uneducated men and others like them together with the ostracism my college training worked with the appointing powers, when, toward the close of the Conference year, there came an urgent request from the Protestant ministers of

Madison that I should take charge of a female academy in Madison, which they wished to open, in view of the inroads the school just started by the Sisters of Charity were making upon Protestant families, that I accepted? Made to feel that the very things that fitted me for such a field were a detriment to me in the pastoral work, how could I choose otherwise? I accepted the call to the educational work.

I could easily enough have retained my membership in the Conference and taken the school; but I had convictions then, as I have now, upon the honesty of engaging in the insurance or any other business while retaining a membership in the traveling connection with all its prerogatives and immunities, but with none of its burdens and responsibilities. I located.

During the four years I was connected with that school, I was kept in close sympathy with the pastorate, not merely because I preached nearly as often as any pastor, but through some indefinable cord which made us one, so that when, in 1848, I determined to re-enter the pastorate, there was no new atmosphere to breathe or new ties to form.

In the eight years that had passed since my graduation, fifteen later graduates of the university had entered the two Conferences, and more than twice that number who had taken a partial course, and all were in demand by the people; yet the policy of the appointing power was unchanged. As a rule

they were under ban, and were assigned to second-class circuits, while men of their own age or younger in the ministry were given stations or better circuits, when to be a stationed preacher was a mark of distinction quite as great as being a presiding elder is now.

My appointment to Evansville might seem a letting up, at least so far as I was concerned; but the Evansville of 1848 was not the Evansville of to-day. The membership was less than two hundred, and the preacher who had preceded me had received less than two hundred dollars, including house-rent, and they owed the sexton seventy-nine dollars. It was not an appointment to be coveted; hence I got it. The stewards had reserved the house my predecessor had left—four rooms, in a dingy tenement block. I refused to unpack my goods in it, demanding something better. They had never heard the like before. But I got the better house, and they fixed my "allowance" at four hundred dollars, including house-rent—the highest ever made—and they paid it, the first time the allowance was ever paid in full. Though there was no "sweeping revival"—I did n't want one—the membership more than doubled in the two years I was there; and when I left, a copy of one of the *Advocates* was going into every family of the Church except one, and he, preferring the *Zion's Herald*, took that.

Near the close of my second year, Williamson Terrell, then closing his second year at Centenary,

New Albany, invited me to spend a Sunday with him, looking to my succeeding him in that charge. I went, and was pleased with everything, and the official members seemed pleased with the prospect of having me, and arrangements were made that I should go to Centenary; but that part of the machinery of the Church was not in as good running order then as now, and it seemed to be a fixed purpose of every bishop to "nip it in the bud," and Bishop Morris was especially famous for that. It was he who, three years later, refused to appoint a preacher to Union Chapel, Cincinnati, because families persisted in sitting together against the rule, and they had introduced an organ against the tradition of the Church. He intended to nip that innovation in the bud also.

It soon came to me, however, from a reliable source, that the argument for my not going to New Albany was the old purpose to keep college graduates from recognition; that having enjoyed so fat a station as Evansville, I should alternate with circuit work occasionally.

At the ensuing Conference, 1851, an unexpected and unsought event again led me out of the pastoral work. Dr. Simpson, Dr. L. W. Berry (then president of Asbury University), and Edward R. Ames, asked me to take an agency for a special work in behalf of the university, alleging that in their opinion it was an important work, and that my relation to the university gave me special fitness

for it, personally guaranteeing a reasonable salary if the trustees, who had declined at their annual meeting to employ an agent, should refuse to recognize me. It was to be for a year only. I took the agency, did the special work required, and was arranging to take pastoral work again, when the trustees of Brookville College elected me president of that embryo institution, and I accepted the office rather than to take work under a system that made my acknowledged qualifications for teaching a bar to the best fields for usefulness in the pastorate.

No one who is less than fifty years of age can to-day form even a remote idea of the social conditions which came in to turn the channel of my life at that time. The saloon was in the ascendant, and the public conscience was asleep as to its enormity. Somehow I had been drawn into the forefront of the battle, then on, which resulted in the prohibitory law of 1855; but there were less than a half-dozen papers in the State that sought its overthrow. To add to this burning question, the slaveholders had just obtained that personification of political infamy, the Fugitive Slave Law, and both the Whig and the Democratic party of 1852 had plighted their vows to not only enforce it, but to maintain it as a final settlement of the slavery question, and they agreed to ostracize everybody who dared to speak or write or vote to the contrary; and yet, early in 1853, they began to plot for the dividing of the Territory of Nebraska, so that its southern

portion might become a Slave State, and there was not a paper in the State, except a small one at Indianapolis, under the patronage of the impracticable Abolition party, that ventured the slightest opposition. To me the call to enter upon that fight was imperative, and I bought one of the oldest and best papers in the State, and opened batteries upon the twin iniquities—the saloon and slavery. How wisely and effectually I did my part is not for me to say. It is enough to say that, in a short time, the local paper came to be recognized as such a power that its removal from Brookville to Indianapolis was demanded, in order to better meet its mission, and that it so far met the demands of the hour that at least three-fourths of the Methodist preachers, and many other preachers, became its ardent supporters, so that in 1860 it had the largest *bona fide* circulation any paper had ever had in Indiana. Somehow people liked its strike-out-from-the-shoulder way of putting things, and Hon. Henry S. Lane said of it in 1860, that it had had more to do in carrying Indiana for Mr. Lincoln than any one other agency.

The spirit of the paper, which gave it its great popularity with one class of men and women, and made it the most hated of all papers in the State by saloonkeepers and slaveholders and their allies, the cowardly conservatives of the period, may be inferred from the fact that, while it denounced the Republican platform of 1860 because it recognized

slavery as having some rights that ought to be respected, it yet supported Mr. Lincoln as a step in the right direction in the purpose of the party to restrict slavery to its then boundaries. It was too hungry to reject a half loaf because a whole loaf was not at its command.

When, after the election, the South had begun to carry out their threats, Governor Morton proposed to send representatives to what some timid ones had proposed, a Convention to be held in Richmond, Virginia, to propose some compromise, and ask on what terms the South would consent to stay and continue to dictate the Nation's policy, it denounced the proposition as cowardly, adding: "Better prepare for war, because war is not only inevitable, but desirable." This provoked a storm of denunciation, even in the Republican ranks, which added largely to the circulation of the paper; for the common people were in sympathy with such sentiments.

The saloon had no occasion to be better pleased; so that, between the two, I was kept in a happy frame of mind.

Mr. Tarkington thought my location was a misfortune. It is too soon to judge, if the theory so often preached—not a word of which I believe, however—be true, that even God himself must wait until all the results for good or evil of a man's life must have been wrought to a finish before a correct judgment can be formed as to rewards and pun-

ishments. The end is not yet. What were streamlets a half-century ago, are widening and deepening rivers to-day. Whether I could have done more for God and humanity in the pastorate, handicapped as I was by the prejudice of that period against a learned ministry, and the jealousies of those who had not had early literary advantages, can be known only to Him who knows all our ways. Only this is sure: "A good man's steps are ordered of the Lord;" and the faith that illumined many a dark hour in the midst of complicated labyrinths still abides in the serenity of a happy old age. "He leadeth me."

There! I have been betrayed into the narration of incidents almost personal to myself; but I will let it stand. Mr. Tarkington and I were as nearly a reproduction of David and Jonathan as is ever found in persons whose ages differ by nearly a score of years, and what I have said relating to myself is intended wholly to illustrate customs and opinions long since obsolete.

MARIE SLAUSON TARKINGTON, 1832.

REV. JOSEPH TARKINGTON, 1832.

Autobiography of Rev. Joseph Tarkington.

WRITTEN IN 1887.

ANCESTORS.

I WAS born at Nashville, Tennessee, on October 30, 1800. Jesse Tarkington, my father, was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina. His father was Joshua Tarkington, Jr., who was the son of Joshua Tarkington, one of two brothers who came when boys from England to the Colony of Carolina; the brother of Joshua, Sr., was stolen by the Indians when the two were hunting strayed cows, and was never heard of afterwards. Joshua, Jr., married, and had six sons, named Joseph, John, Jesse, Richard, William, and Isaac, and one daughter, Elizabeth, called Milley for common.

Joshua (my grandfather) married Zelphia Alexander, and his brother Zebulon married Mary Hassell, in Tyrrell County, North Carolina. They were Episcopalians. Joshua (my grandfather) was bedridden for months before he died; had his coffin made of walnut, and put under his bed before his death. After the death of his father (my grandfather), Jesse, with his brother John, in company

with their uncles Zebulon and William, moved to Tennessee, and settled in the canebrake in Davidson County. My grandfather, Joshua Tarkington, Jr., had two brothers (Zebulon and William), and one sister, whose name is now unknown. Zebulon and William moved to Tennessee with my father. The two uncles bought farms in that county; but Jesse went upon David Beatty's land near Nashville, where he staid three or four years. The Indians stole all his horses, and David Beatty sold him two. Having then but little means or money left, he sold his lease of the land to Beatty, and moved down about seventeen miles to near where Franklin now is. There father bought land of two men named Murray and Tatum, who had entered it with Revolutionary War land warrants. When my father moved this time, my mother carried me in her arms, and she said I cried all the way. There father cleared up a farm, built houses and a barn, and soon had a very good orchard.

DEFECTIVE LAND TITLES.

But in twelve years there came an older overlapping claim to the land than that conveyed by Murray and Tatum to my father, and, after a suit at law, my father lost the land. Murray and Tatum were insolvent, and there was no recourse left. Then father leased land of a William Hadley, on which he staid two years.

There was much trouble in those times from

land claims. The land was surveyed by courses, distances, and monuments, not laid off in sections, townships, and ranges, and great uncertainty and confusion resulted in that then almost new country. A number of lawyers, such as Messrs. Haywood, White, Cannon, and Andrew Jackson, afterwards General Jackson, made fortunes by the land suits growing out of these claims.

To make troubles double, about this time the Creek Indians, the second time, stole all my father's horses; but, it being the spring, he could not spare the time to go after the thieves, so he bought a three-year-old colt, and did his plowing.

EARLY DISTILLERIES.

On the place he bought of Murray and Tatum, he had an orchard of the finest kind of peaches. So abundant was the fruit that he and his neighbors got a still, and made peach brandy, worth one dollar a gallon. The purest spring water which bubbled up from among the rocks was ruined in making it. The success in making brandy in peach-time encouraged them to make whisky; so they went at it. My father was engaged to run the still. My mother protested strongly against the enterprise, but it was of no avail. The neighbors brought meal for him to distill. In that day no house or cabin could be raised or logs rolled without whisky to boost it, nor could a child be born in cabin or camp without its coming being celebrated with a dram.

The still-house was a great trouble to my mother. The people would come ten miles to bring their meal, and their peaches, in peach-time, in sacks on horseback; wait for them to be turned into whisky, which they would drink warm from the still; and then they, becoming warm themselves, would often get to quarreling. I remember seeing Williamson, Willett, Turnage, and Page, all at the still at one time, all friendly and agreed when they came, but not so upon going. Once, Willett threw Williamson into the slop-trough, flat on his back. The slop happened to be cool. When Williamson got out, he was such a shocking sight to me, a lad, I ran home and told my mother what had occurred, and she said she wished the still and all were burned up. Again and again she tried to have father quit the business, but the neighbors kept coming. If Church members had not had their liquor made there, it would have been better; but they did, and would have it at all gatherings. Even preachers would patronize the thing. Neighbors would sometimes come to the house drunk, and mother would have to take them in the house, or they would lie out doors all night. Her wish came true. The still burned up. How it was fired, or by whom, no one knew.

FIRST RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Then it was mother said, "Let us invite the Rev. John Pope to preach in our house," and father consented; and the minister was invited, and came.

He was a heavy-set man, with a good voice; a very good man, all said, a Methodist. He baptized six of my father's children at one meeting, at Johnson's Grove, three miles west of Franklin. I was a small boy, and stood on the ground looking on, while the children stood before the preacher in a row in the order of their ages, three older and two younger than myself. My father and mother had been baptized by the Episcopalian minister long before that. At this meeting I heard the first shout of "Glory to God," while John Pope was preaching. It was given by a large fat woman. Not long after this there was a change in the neighborhood, from going to the still-house all week to drink and quarrel, to going to hear preaching Sunday morning and night at the neighbors' houses.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

My father, having lost his farm through defect in title, thought he would go where he could buy land direct from the United States, and went to Alabama prospecting. An earthquake came the night of the day he returned. He had just built a frame house. It was tall, and shook so much that father called for the children to come down-stairs for fear it would fall. So all came down in spasms of fear, as were, almost, my father, mother, and the widow Alexander, whose husband was a cousin of my father, and lived near by—all were full of wonder

as to what was the matter. Some said the house was pushed, and went out to see what had done it.

They saw nothing—no ropes to pull or poles to push the house with—and came in, and continued to discuss the strange condition of things. It was agreed that nothing should be said about it, as no one would believe what they would tell of the strange commotion. But in the morning, people came from all directions, telling the same story of their houses being badly shaken. While discussing the matter, father set out on the table some brandy and water, and asked his frightened neighbors to drink. An old colored woman came up to father and asked, "Massa, did any you try to shake my house down last night?" Another said, "I thought the horses were rubbing my cabin down." One said it was something in the ground; for she felt the ground shake in her yard. Father said every bolt shook in its lock. Then it shook the water and brandy on the table. No one tasted them. Strange, when such fear came, brandy was not thought to have any saving strength! While the gathered neighbors stood by the door in the yard, afraid to go in the house, a distant heavy murmur, like low-down thunder, was heard. All eyes turned to the southwest. The house began shaking. The boughs of a tree in the garden shook, while the air was still. Water in vessels ran over. Some said the end of the world was nigh; others, that it was

a sign of war with England. The meetings, directly after, were well attended. Some went who never had gone before. By day and night men sought God. As a reputed very bad man, Willett was going on his way up a high hill one night to meeting, some rowdy boys, knowing he was coming, rolled rocks down toward him. He cried out that the end was at hand, as the rocks and mountains were about to cover him. This man, aroused through fear to a knowledge of the power of God and feebleness of man, learned to know the fear of the Lord that passeth understanding, and stood faithfully in that knowledge to the end of his life.

SHOUTING AND DRINKING.

There was much shouting at that day in private and public. My Uncle Israel's mother, the wife of Amos Adkins, a Revolutionary soldier, was a great praying woman. She could pray, sing, and shout at the flax-wheel, in garden, and in the church. Her husband talked of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge. I often sat at his feet while he told his stories of the war, of his suffering for food and clothing. He, like most of those old soldiers, drank hard. Though I was a boy, I would never see Adkins mistreated; but would go home with him often when he could not find his way home at night, and hear the good wife say: "Now, Amos, you have been at that again. Why do you do so,

Amos?" The first thing I ever heard her sing was:

> "If I met one by the way,
> I always had something to say
> About that heavenly union.
> O, backslider, come away,
> And learn to do, as well as say,
> And then you will feel this heavenly union."

It was at her house where my mother had sent me for warping spools to run thread on. Though that was seventy-two years ago, I can not forget that good woman and her song. She was of the old-style Methodist; could tell where she was converted, and how she had been sustained by the grace of God through all the War of 1776. She lived to see the second war with England, and said she wished she had some boys to send into the army.

It was wonderful how long the animosities of the War of Independence lasted in the hearts of good people.

THE JERKS.

In those times the exercise of religion was very vigorous. I have seen the women shouting, and, in bending backwards, their hair would stream down, touching the floor. It seemed that they would break their backs. Some would have the jerks. No two men could hold them still. The holders would be thrown down. The best way to treat them was to get out of their way when they had the

jerks, and only see that they did not hurt themselves. There is something in the jerks unexplainable. I asked Mrs. John Givens, who at times had them, to explain what they were. She said that, when she felt like shouting praises to God, if she did it willingly, she did not have them; but when she resisted shouting, which she said she had done until the blood ran out of her nose, then the jerks came, and were very hard with her. She was a pure, good woman, a Presbyterian, and a great help to young Christians.

MORE EARTHQUAKE.

But more about the earthquake. In parts of Tennessee the chimneys and houses fell. The chimney in father's house, built of stone, two stories high, was split eight or ten feet in the breast. At one meeting, the Rev. Mr. McConica, a Baptist preacher, large and fine-looking, was preaching, when the cry was made that the house was sinking, and, such was the chronic terror of the people, the whole congregation was in confusion; some running away, shouting, "He is coming! He is coming!" some screaming for mercy; some fell out of the gallery of the meeting-house; others lay down groaning and crying. One man tried to get out through a large chink between the logs of the house, but could not turn his foot to get it out, and had to be pulled back.

The white folks were not so particular then in

keeping their darkies at a distance. Some of Mr. Reese's slaves were often called in to pray for the whites. One of them, who had power with God, was a leader in many revivals of religion.

The shouting, in public and private, may appear to have been extravagant in the eyes of this generation, when so many profess a conversion and have nothing to say about it, and, in many cases, are not clear, and have not confidence enough in their experience to expre s it. Well may he who has undoubted consciousness of having passed from death to life, praise God!

FASHIONS.

The fashions in that day were not in every respect most favorable to religious exercises. Short sleeves, and dresses low in the neck, were as fashionable then as now. Rev. James Axley was preaching one day in a private house, with a chair before him for a pulpit, when two young ladies came in and sat just in front of him. He had a very large bandanna handkerchief on the back of the chair, and very gracefully handed it to the young ladies, with the request that they would cover their bosoms.

Such a practical admonition would not pass muster in this day. However, the dresses of the ladies of that day were made on the saving plan. The skirt, small at the bottom as at the waist. The men wore sharp-toed shoes, the point looking up

in the face of the wearer an inch and a half, like a sled-runner. Some wore short clothes, so called because they were not long. The stockings came to the knees, where the trousers overlapped them, and were buckled to them with a strap, to keep the latter down and the former up. Some wore buckles on their low shoes. Bishop William McKendree, whom I first saw near Washington, Indiana, on his way to the Missouri Conference, in 1822 or 1823, always wore short clothes. The vest was generally long. The coat had a great high-rolling collar, a long and very sharp tail, with large brass buttons on it. It would take a tailor a day or two to make the collar, which came as high as the wearer's hat-brim. The shirt-collar came to the ears, with a suspicion that the wrong end was up. The hat had a narrow brim, and was about ten inches high. The fashions have greatly changed, the most of them (always excepting high-heeled shoes) for the better, as we think.

START FOR INDIANA.

Now the War of 1812 came on. One of my brothers volunteered; and the other, with father's team of fine horses, was pressed into the service to haul provisions in Southern Alabama, where the army was fighting the Indians. The troops in this expedition suffered for provisions, reduced at times to eat the hides which had been taken from the cattle. When my brothers came back, father re-

solved to strike for Indiana Territory. He had four boys able to work; but soon the oldest married. My uncles advised father to seek his fortunes in the farther South, but he said he would go where there were no slaves. They said the condition of things could not be helped, that even the women folks could not do without their slave help; but father was determined to try a free country. So, in October, 1815, the family all willing to try, we started for the Territory of Indiana. A five-horse wagon was tightly packed with our household goods. My mother rode on horseback, carrying the youngest child. The three children next older rode in the front part of the wagon; the rest walked and drove the cattle and hogs. The first night we all slept in a barn; the next day we passed Nashville, and forded the Cumberland below that place. We intended to reach the Ohio River at Diamond Island. By and by we came to White's Creek, and on a high hill we stopped at a hotel styled "Paradise." Before reaching the Ohio, I sold my Indian pony—"Tackey," as he was called, which I had got in exchange for a calf before starting—because I did not want to pay his ferriage over the river and winter him afterwards. I sold him to some darkies, who came into our camp, for a skillet. It took the ferryboat all day to ferry us over the Ohio, just above Diamond Island. Some of the cattle and hogs jumped off the boat, the sides of which were not over a foot high, with nothing

at the ends, and swam over. At dark we were all over, and glad of it. We camped for the night a mile or two from the landing. As soon as the meat began to fry for supper, the wolves commenced howling. From the sound, there seemed to be fifty of them. Our dogs would not go twenty feet from the camp. We could see the wolves by the firelight, and shot amongst them, but it did no good. They howled around all night. This was down in the neck between the Ohio and Wabash, in Posey County.

We moved on until we came to Mr. Tweedle's, at Patoka, Gibson County. Here we stopped, and my brothers and I helped him gather his corn; while father went further, looking for a place to winter. He came back and said there was a place in Bushroe or Bushrun. There we went, and helped the people gather their corn, while father went further into the Indian country. A Mr. Hackett told him General Harrison's blockhouse on the bank of White River, now Edwardsport, five miles from Chambers's fort and blockhouse, would be the place to winter in, and there we moved; but, sad to say, hunters had carelessly left fire in the blockhouse, and burned it up.

BUILD A LOG HOUSE.

We built a camp, and then a log house, at the blockhouse, where Edwardsport now is. There was plenty of deer, wild game, and wolves, and

great sugar-camps on "Congress land." We cleared twenty acres of land that winter of 1815 and the spring of 1816. William Polk had a sugar-camp of eight hundred trees, and a Mr. Chambers had a large one. They made thousands of pounds of maple-sugar. It was a time of war, and we were obliged to keep a good lookout, though the Delaware and Miami Indians about there were friendly.

We had settled on a school section of land, which was not yet in market. Across White River no one lived within ten miles. We had to go ten miles to mill—to Emerson's Mill—on a creek between where we lived and Vincennes, or to Shakertown, and had to stay two or three days before we could return with our grist. We ate parched corn, and rode horseback on our sacks through the bush —a hard way to get one sack of cornmeal.

One morning I was sent to the bottoms of White River for the cows. They had gone over Black Creek. The leader had a bell on, which could be heard from one to two miles on a clear morning. I found them, and began driving them home, when a howl of many wolves commenced all around. I outyelled the wolves, and kept close to the bell cow. The hogs lived on the abundance of acorns, hickory-nuts, and walnuts during the winter, and were fat in the spring. But the wolves ate the pigs. Bee-trees were abundant. The Indians would bring turkeys and venison hams to exchange for meal. One time they camped in the bottom of

White River, and a blizzard came with deep snow, and they were likely to freeze. The bucks came and begged us to let their squaws and papooses into our cabin to save their lives. All of one end of the cabin was chimney, eighteen feet wide. We could haul logs in with a horse, and pass him out by an opposite door. Father let the Indians in, gave them a corner, and hung blankets up for a partition. They had brass kettles, in which they cooked corn, venison, turkey, and bear-meat together; and, when cooked, they would all sit around the kettle, with knife and spoon, and fish out and eat until filled. We would go to their camp, and find a fire in the middle of the bark tent, Indians lying all about it, smoking. They would have whisky if it was to be had; but would offer it only to men, never to a woman or a boy. When they intended to have a dance or frolic, they put away their guns and knives, and one Indian was appointed to keep sober. When traveling, the women rode astride, and all went in single file.

Once, when the Miamis came from Vincennes, where they had received their pay from the Government, they wanted to cross White River at Edwardsport. Father had a canoe, and helped them across. The Indians swam their horses by the side of the canoe, though some of the horses would not swim, but floated on their sides, and were pulled across. One Indian put his little colt in the canoe, and it knocked him overboard, when we boys and

all the Indians, except one Indian with paint streaked on his face, laughed. The Indians crossed over and went to Owl Prairie, ten miles east of Edwardsport, where was a wild country.

Families lived on Steele's Prairie, sixteen miles south of Edwardsport, and in Liverpool, now Washington, Daviess County, Indiana.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The country was very sickly. My brother Jesse, who was two years older than I, died that summer of 1816, and his grave is under the hotel at Edwardsport. Five of the family sickened in one day, and the family wished to move again. The land sale was at Vincennes in the fall of 1816. Father, with a Mr. Shields, went to look for land. Shields wanted to find a salt spring, and they went to what is now Monroe County. They got the numbers of many quarter-sections. Father had but little money, and he bought one quarter adjoining west of what is now the town of Stanford, in Monroe County, to which we moved that winter. Shields did not get a salt spring. The land had to be paid for in four installments. None sold under Congress price, two dollars per acre, at which father bought his. Some was bid up as high as four dollars per acre.

The Blue Spring, thirteen feet deep, between Bloomington and Stanford, was a great gathering-place for Indians. Many bark tents were there.

The quarter-section the spring was on, though not valuable, sold higher than any in that township.

Hard times set in, and many could not pay for their land; but Congress favored the people, and let them take less than they bid off, so they could pay for what they got. Gold, silver, and United States Bank notes were taken at the land-office at par; all other money was shaved from twenty-five to seventy-five cents on the dollar.

We made rails at twenty-five cents a hundred. Father had some hogs, and was not wholly dependent on game.

MOVE TO MONROE COUNTY, IND.

When we came to live, in 1817, on the land bought in Monroe County, we lived for six months in a camp made with one end open. Sadler, our nearest neighbor, lived in one twelve months or more. We had to put in our time clearing ground to raise corn, and go sixty-five to seventy-five miles after it. Father and I commenced clearing ground on March 10, 1817, and worked early and late to get ground ready to plow, and just as we were ready, the Indians stole all his horses but two, and these we had to keep to pack provisions. Father got a three-year-old colt to plow, and as soon as five acres were ready, I set to work with a plow, all wooden but the share, checking off the ground one way and then the other, going two or three times in a place to make one furrow, while father

and the little boys worked to clear five acres more, and my brother Burton packed corn with the two horses, and I plowed on with my colt. So we got ten acres in corn that summer, five acres of good corn and five of stock corn. The colt had nothing to eat but grass, which we had to get after plowing all day. He was hobbled at night and turned loose, and he would wander two or three miles grazing, and in the morning I would have to be up betimes to hunt him up before the locusts, which were bad that year, began to sing loud enough to drown the sound of the bell on the colt so I could not hear it. So, by hard work, we had five acres of good corn and five of stock corn in that year.

We had no hand-mills in that part of the country, and often had to beat the corn in a mortar, and have the fine part for bread, the coarse for hominy. The advance was from the mortar to the hand-mill, from that to the horse-mill. To the latter we had to go ten miles, stay a day or two, lie on a bear-skin, and eat parched corn at the mill while waiting. Times were getting good then; still better when we could get two and one-half bushels ground at a water-mill by staying for it two or three days.

By and by we got a barrel of flour, but it was so musty it made us all sick; but it was flour, and when the nausea from eating passed off, we would go at it again with tears in our eyes. They were good times, indeed, when Colonel John Ketcham built a water-mill on Clear Creek, between Bloom-

ington and Stanford, and Hamilton built an overshot one five miles from where Bloomington is now. Campbell Berry (whose sister my brother Burton married) and I sawed out the plank with a whipsaw for the water-chute of the Hamilton mill. In sawing with the whipsaw, the log is raised on forks, and one stands on the log and the other under. I stood on top, and the only profane word I ever uttered was when Campbell Berry jerked the saw into a knot, and threw my end of the saw so it struck me on the forehead, whack! raising a great welt. I have had nearly seventy years of regret over it as it is. As Berry was a stubborn sinner, and reproved me for it, it appeared to me the more awful. The opportunity was fully embraced by Berry. Berry married Celina, a daughter of William Burton, who was one of the first Methodists in Monroe County.

A CAMP-MEETING SCENE.

The Burtons went to camp-meeting, and Berry went on Sunday and staid all night. A good work was going on, lasting until one o'clock. Berry stood looking on in stubborn silence, when I spoke to him, and called on his sister-in-law, Betsy Burton, to pray for him. Then they sang,

"O, that my load of sin were gone!"

Then his mother-in-law prayed. Then they sang,

"Of Him who did salvation bring."

Then Berry's wife, who could pray like a saint, led in prayer. She seemed inspired, and as she prayed, Berry commenced crying. From a low murmur, his voice grew louder and louder, higher and higher, till he could be heard a mile. His grief seemed unutterable, and he found no relief. He seemed to lack faith in Christ to save. I know not whether he ever obtained the evidence of eternal life. He went to Texas, as also did his father, the Rev. Joseph Berry, who was a New Light preacher, and died there; his father dying on the way.

Berry's wife and her sisters belonged to the first class I ever led, and though it is nearly threescore and ten years ago, their voices in prayer and song are as if heard yesterday.

To see now—in place of the unbroken forests, log-cabins, no schoolhouses or churches—a schoolhouse almost on every other section, churches in every neighborhood, colleges and even universities here and there, built by the energy and sustained by the faith of the people, is wonderful for one man to see in his lifetime.

EARLY CHURCHES.

Before the camp-meeting spoken of, let me refer to the state of things. The first Methodist preachers in the country were Rev. Daniel Anderson and his brother George. Daniel was six feet four inches tall. He had a lion's voice, was a good preacher,

and, better, he was a good man. He was sent to the Bloomington Circuit by Rev. Samuel Hamilton, presiding elder, in 1820. His circuit commenced at Old Palestine, the county-seat of Lawrence County, on the south fork of White River, taking in all the country then north to Eel River (now in Putnam County), and west to the Vincennes Circuit. Palestine was so sickly the county-seat was afterwards moved to Bedford. He preached without pay worth naming—what he got was home-made leather socks, and jeans. The hides of bear, deer, and cattle were tanned by the farmers in troughs cut out of trees. I had a suit of such leather, made by myself. Buckskin will resist briers. Rev. George Anderson was six feet tall. He was stouter than Daniel, and had a louder voice. They would ride forty or fifty miles, holding meetings in cabins and in the woods. In warm weather no cabin would hold the people, who would come eight or ten miles, walking and on horseback, to hear them. People often preferred to let their horses rest on Sunday, and eat pea-vines in the woods, and they would walk to meeting.

The best women in the country walked to meeting barefooted, stopping when in sight of the meeting-place, and then putting on their shoes and stockings. Rev. Peter Cartwright's wife said she heard James Sims, a local Methodist preacher, standing barefooted, deliver as good a sermon from Romans v, 3-5, as she ever heard. They who

were called to preach and hear, obeyed in those days, shoes or no shoes. Meat is sweet to the hungry man. The early preachers in Indiana and Illinois were of the highest type of moral purpose and mental and physical energy, whether in broadcloth or buckskin. They were resolute, fearless men, full of power and the Holy Ghost—such as Sims, the Andersons, Strange, Armstrong, Samuel Thompson, James Havens, Charles Holliday, who, in this land, made the breach in the wall of Satan. They saved this country from heathendom, rescued it from the bad, that such men like Bob Ingersoll and the like might live to speculate, to throw up dust from the beaten road, and wonder where it will fall.

The sure foundation of civilization was laid by those men, by word and deed, in behalf of the souls of men, lifting up the gates of this life and the life to come, obeying the command, and relying upon the promise, "Go ye into all the world; preach the gospel to every creature; and I am with you." Well do I remember when, under Peter Cartwright for presiding elder, Rev. Jesse Walker, in his leather breeches, and with his wolfskin saddlebags, started on the Rock River and Fort Dearborn (now Chicago) Circuit. He seemed to be going out of human society—going to preach to the Indians—where Chicago, the second city in the Union, now is.

CHANGED TIME.

How hard was the work, cutting the timber off to raise corn in Indiana! Now we are urging the replanting of trees, and offering rewards for the best new-planted groves of timber. Now the plow-boy rides on his plow through fields freed from stumps by dynamite. In those early times the hidden root and the threatening stump often made his life, between the plow-handles, worse than the grasshopper, a burden.

Then the religious life, too, had its hard beginnings. I had a hard time starting. None of my family belonged to any Church. I wanted to go to all the meetings, and in the new country we had all kinds of Churches and preaching. The first sermon I heard in the Territory was at the funeral of my brother Jesse, who died at Edwardsport. It was preached by Rev. Mr. McCoy, who was a missionary to the Indians. Jesse was eighteen months older than I, and we were much attached to each other. I was moved then to lead a better life; but no one offered to lead me. The spring after that, we moved to Indian Creek, near where Stanford is, in Monroe County.

THE MOVING.

We paddled and poled our pirogue, with what goods could be put in it, up White River, which was high and swift, to the mouth of Richland

Creek, and there made a deposit, as we found others had done before us. It took us a week to go up. Father and mother, and brothers Eli and George, staid there, while brother Burton, a hired hand, and myself went back in the pirogue, which had been borrowed of Mr. Buckles, who lived three miles below Edwardsport, on White River. Brothers Harden, John, and Berry, and sister Mary, staid at Edwardsport to take care of the stock, while we went up the river, and came back, when they, with us who came back, drove the wagon, loaded with our household goods, and the cattle and hogs across the river at Edwardsport.

The first day we came to the log-cabin of Zeb. Hogue. The hogs were put in a pen, and the cattle ran out with the bell-leader at night. With a cold breakfast of bread and meat the next morning, we were off before daylight on the Indian trail. We had often to cut the way for the wagon through the brush. We went through Owl Prairie, and got over Richland Creek the second day. The smaller children slept in the wagon, the rest of the family on the ground. Those on the ground were blanketed with snow in the night. The next morning repeated the starting of the day before, and leaving the trail we went up on the ridge. Father had blazed the trees for three miles from the deposit to the trail in the direction he thought we would come. The snow was ten inches deep. There were great flocks of wild turkeys and plenty of deer in

the woods. While we boys were gone down the river, father had killed many. From the deposit we had thirty miles to go, and no road. Mr. Joseph Berry and Mr. Eli Lill had made a corn deposit at the mouth of Richland Creek before we got there, and had gone on to Indian Creek to put up their cabins. As they went they had blazed the way—hacking the bushes, marking a "B" or an "L" on the trees. The hogs and cattle did well on the march through the great woods. Acorns and nuts and grass plenty under the snow. On the first day from the deposit, three miles out, we came to a hill, where we had to unload the wagon, and carry the goods upon our shoulders. At night we piled brush on the snow, then on that our deer and bear skins, and slept. The next morning I saw more wild turkeys than I ever saw. A half-mile square appeared covered with them. It was a wet morning, and they were not inclined to fly, but staid on the ground to eat acorns and beechnuts. We had to move along the ridge, where the briers were thick and strong, tearing the horses' legs and our own; so we wrapped the horses' legs with deerskins. The boy with buckskin trousers had to do the running in driving the stock. He had to run or give up his trousers, and he chose the former alternative all the time.

Judge Berry, who had gone before us, put his buckskin leggings on his horses.

The second night after leaving the deposit, we

bedded ourselves as on the previous night, and called the place where we stopped "Johnny-cake Camp," from the fact that we cut a large chip out of a hickory-tree, and baked our bread on it by the log-heap fire. The third night was passed as the former; but it turned warmer, and rained in the night, so that mother and the smaller children got in the wagon. Others of us got under the wagon, or sat by the fire, with skins to cover us from the rain, and so passed a dreary night. From the ridge on which we traveled the waters ran south to Indian Creek and north to Richland Creek.

The fourth day we struck the blazed trees which led to the Indian Springs. (The Indian or Blue Springs in Monroe County were a resort for Indians going back and forth from Vincennes to Fort Wayne.) When we came to a certain blazed tree, we turned off the ridge and came to the Twin Springs, which come out of a bank a few feet apart and run into Indian Creek. We there followed up the creek until we came to a branch of it, which we followed to the land father had purchased, and in the middle of this land we stopped, and built a camp on the banks of the branch. The camp was a clapboard tent, the clapboards put up endwise, one end open to a large log-heap fire. We then built a cabin on the north end of the land, near a running-out spring; but having discovered the "cave-spring," which was of pure water, welling up among large rocks, the next fall we moved down

near it, and built a good house, which became the home of father and mother until their death.

PREPARING TO ENTER THE MINISTRY.

My conversion was at a camp-meeting five miles west of Bloomington, August 27, 1820. I joined the Methodist Church when David Chamberlain was on the Bloomington Circuit, on June 10, 1821. I read the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church, which I got of Samuel Dobbs, over on Clear Creek; but Fletcher's "Checks on Calvinism," given me by David Rollins, convinced me that I could not agree with that. I read, also, the Philadelphia Confession of the Baptist Church, which I got of John Saddler, who lived over Indian Creek; but I did not see my way clear yet. Daniel Rollins gave me the Methodist Discipline, and the doctrine of that suited me, as it has so many thousands, to guide the way to Christ.

A short time after I joined the Church I was called on to lead in prayer. Then I was appointed class-leader by Rev. John Cord, a very holy man. Rev. James Armstrong came on the Indiana District in 1824, and took me with him around the district for five weeks, to put me on the Boonville Circuit, which was called traveling the circuit under the presiding elder by one who had not been appointed by the Conference. Bloomington Circuit embraced Lawrence, Monroe, Owen, and Green Counties, and parts of Morgan and Jackson. The

preachers had little to live on. Rev. John Cord, when he had a few spare days at the end of his circuit-riding, split rails for fifty cents a hundred, for Daniel Rollins. Once I took him some corn-meal, flour, bacon, and hay in a wagon, and found him near his house, coming out of the woods with ax, maul, and wedge, and as he saw what I had brought, he wept with grateful joy like a child. I had gathered the provisions from my class, here a little and there a little, what each could spare. People yet owed on their lands, and had little or no money. Some worked out for twenty-five cents a day to get money to pay on their lands. A lady, Mrs. Hall, who came out West with David Rollins, said she had never seen ministers preach in linsey-woolsey where she came from. It was hard work, plain food, and no dyspepsia, for people and preachers.

When Rev. James Armstrong came, after Rev. John Cord, on the Bloomington Circuit, before he was appointed presiding elder, he was very popular, until he began preaching on the Divinity of Christ; then the New Lights, as they were called, who were Arians and followers of Rev. Barton W. Stone, who had left the Presbyterian Church some twenty years before, and had come from Kentucky and preached in our country, did not like him so well. The New Lights were a very religious people, great shouters, and had the jerks. They held all kinds of meetings and camp-meetings. They baptized

by immersion, believed in the clear conversion of the heart, and held experience-meetings. They called for union all the time, which meant "You come to us, and we 'll meet you." Alexander Campbell absorbed all who cried "Union." They were numerous about Bloomington. Judge David McDonald was the smartest preacher they had when he belonged to them in his young days. But he said they lacked system. He ceased preaching, practiced law, joined the Methodist Church, and lived and died a very religious man. The Church needs organization of the religious element of the people, as well as does any work for humanity, if it would progress. Rev. George Whitefield was a powerful preacher of the Word. He preached, sowing the good seed; but Rev. John Wesley sowed and harvested.

My conversion took place at a camp-meeting four miles west of Bloomington, on August 27, 1820, at eleven P. M., with a Methodist class-leader, Daniel Rollins, on one side, and a Presbyterian elder, Samuel Dodds, on the other. I praised God, and commenced to look after my comrades. It appeared to me that God at that time called me to look for the lost. The next morning, Monday, the meeting closed, and I went home. None of our family made any profession of being religious. In the afternoon of that day my mother proposed going to my brother's, half a mile from our house. As we walked we talked of the camp-meeting.

Mother said, "We hear you were converted last night." I answered, "Yes." She said, "Hold fast to your profession." I saw the tears falling on her cheeks as she spoke. She said she was converted at the time the earth shook in Tennessee, in 1811; that she had backslidden from not joining Church and making profession of it, and so had put her light under a bushel. We encouraged each other as we walked. I had not then joined any Church, but intended to do so after I should study the doctrines of the Churches. I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on June 10, 1821, at a meeting held in Benjamin Freeland's house by Rev. David Chamberlain, whom the folks called the "Wild Yankee." My class-leader was Daniel Rollins, who, soon after I joined, called on me to "lead in prayer," which I did the best I could, but thought I made a "poor out of it." The next Sunday a prayer-meeting was held at the class-leader's, and I was called on again, and, while praying, a man named Orange Crocker was converted, and there was some shouting. This was the beginning of a revival in the neighborhood.

Soon, Class-leader Rollins moved to Bloomington, and the Rev. John Cord appointed me class-leader. It was a hard work for me, but I determined to do what the Church said I must. The revival continued some time. The people built a large meeting-house. I hewed every log, and hauled them to the place.

LICENSED TO PREACH, AND STARTS.

Rev. James Armstrong succeeded Rev. John Cord on the Bloomington Circuit in the fall of 1824, and took a recommendation to the District Conference at Shiloh, in Lawrence County, Indiana, in accordance with which I was licensed to preach.

The same fall, Rev. William Beauchamp, Rev. Aaron Wood's father-in-law, having died, Rev. James Armstrong was appointed presiding elder to the Indiana District, which embraced country on both sides of the Wabash as far north as white population extended, and took in all of Indiana, except a strip on the east side, which was in the Ohio Conference, and of which Rev. John Strange was presiding elder. Mr. Armstrong would be gone on his district six or seven weeks. His family lived in Bloomington. His son John died while he was holding quarterly-meeting on the old Patoka Circuit. When it was thought that John was dying, William King went to Campbell's, in Pike County, to inform his father, and they rode all day and night, eighty miles, and got to Bloomington to find John dead. When he came back from his next quarterly-meeting on the Boonville Circuit, he said to me, "You must go and help Rev. O. Fisher, on the Boonville Circuit, who is in feeble health." I answered: "I am not prepared; I have just begun to go to school here (at Bloomington), and how can I leave school?" "No, you must go." I said, "But

I have no horse fit for such travel." Then he asked young L. Wilson if he would exchange horses with me, and Wilson said, "Yes." "But," said I, "I have no great-coat." Said Armstrong to Rollins, "Will you give your great-coat for Tarkington's cloth cloak?" "Yes," said Rollins. "There," said Armstrong, "no more excuses. Meet me to-morrow at Judge Sedgwick's, or God will curse you." This fell heavily on me. I went home. The neighbors came to hear my farewell at my father's house. The house was filled. I then preached my third sermon, and, at the close, asked if there was any one who wished to join the Church, when my father and mother came forward. Two other persons also came. I felt encouraged to go. So the next morning I started to meet Mr. Armstrong.

STARTS FOR BOONVILLE CIRCUIT.

My mother fell on my neck and kissed me, and the family, in tears, said good-bye. I was starting on a life's journey. When I got to Judge Sedgwick's, I found Armstrong had gone on; but I overtook him at the ferry over White River, and we reached Mr. Paine's, in Owen County, that night, and were kindly treated. The next night we came to Mr. Hardesty's cabin, where Greencastle now is. There were a few log-cabins there then. Some trees had been cut down where the public square is. We were very hungry, and cornbread never tasted better. In the cabin, where we staid that

night, one could reach the joist over head with the hand and stand on the floor. Thence we went to Sugar Creek, without dinner by the way, and the day after crossed the Wabash and went to Helt's Prairie, where the quarterly-meeting was held. When we got there, Rev. John W. McReynolds was preaching. Armstrong exhorted after him. The meeting was at a private house. Rev. Hackeliah Vreedenburg was one of the preachers on that circuit, a very good man and poorly paid. Rev. Robert Delap was the other preacher. From there we went to Mayo's. Mayo was the clerk of Edgar County, Illinois, but lived on his farm; for the office would not support him. There were but few cabins then where Paris now is. We staid at Mayo's two days and nights, and held a meeting each night. I preached the first night from Amos iv, 12, "Prepare to meet thy God." I was badly scared; but the wife of Rev. J. W. McReynolds shouted and helped me out; for I quit when she commenced. The second night, Armstrong preached a good sermon. People came six to eight miles to the meeting. From there we went to Mr. Barnes's, ten miles north of Terre Haute, Indiana, to the quarterly-meeting of the Honey Creek Circuit. Rev. Samuel Hall was on this circuit, but he lived south of Terre Haute. It was at this Mr. Barnes's house that Rev. Edwin Ray—father of John W. Ray, of Indianapolis, Indiana—died. When Rev. Edwin Ray was in health he was the most useful preacher

in the Conference, everywhere successful. He, Rev. Aaron Wood, and Rev. Richard Hargrave, were all men of brains. All ministers preached, exhorted, and met class after meeting in that day. If a preacher did not meet class after preaching, he would hear about it.

From Mr. Barnes's we went to Rev. Samuel Hull's, in Carlisle, and there Armstrong preached from the text, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Thence to the Vincennes Circuit, to the Rev. J. Posey's, near Bruceville. Rev. Edwin Ray had an appointment there, but Armstrong preached. Thence we went with Ray to his quarterly-meeting at Mr. Hinckley's, on Black Creek. Armstrong preached on Saturday at eleven A. M., and Ray at night. On Sunday, Armstrong at eleven A. M., and at night I preached from Thessalonians v, 19. From there, Armstrong and I went to Vincennes, and stopped with David Bonner. We went to the court-house, and heard Mr. Martin, a Presbyterian missionary, preach from the text, "The kingdom shall be taken away from thee." The next day we went to Princeton, and from there southeast to Mr. Nesbit's. Nesbit was the father of Rev. Alfred Nesbit. Here, Armstrong preached for Rev. George Randall, one of the preachers of the old Patoka Circuit. The next day to Jonathan Jacques's, in the neighborhood, and there I met Rev. John Schrader, who had located there, and who preached the sermon on the night I was converted, near

Bloomington, Indiana. His text was, "The kingdom is like unto a net," etc. Next we went to Evansville, which at that time, 1824, was very sickly. It appeared that half the houses were empty. It had not a schoolhouse or meeting-house. There were not a dozen Methodists in the town. There was an old frame building in which a school was taught, and sometimes preaching had. The quarterly-meeting was held up-stairs in a dilapidated frame house. Armstrong preached on Saturday at eleven A. M., and George Randall preached at night. On Sunday, Rev. John Schrader preached, and Armstrong followed; and Rev. O. Fisher, of Boonville, preached at night.

Mr. Warner, who kept the only hotel, a small frame house, said if Armstrong would preach Monday night he could have the hotel dining-room, and Armstrong preached there that night.

Things here looked discouraging; few members, and no leader; the circuit preachers, Revs. W. H. Smith and George Randall, with clothes well worn out.

REACHES THE CIRCUIT.

From here, Armstrong, Fisher, and I went to Boonville. We stopped with Mr. Black, the father-in-law of John Graham, one of the trustees of our university. I had to preach, but it was not so bad, as Armstrong followed with an exhortation. From Boonville we went to Rockport, Spencer County, where Armstrong preached at eleven

A. M., on Saturday, in an old brick court-house, not very clean. Rev. George Locke, father of Professor John W. Locke, preached at night, from "Arise and shine, your light having come." Armstrong preached on Sunday at eleven A. M., and in the afternoon the two preachers who had come over from Kentucky, Revs. James L. Thompson and Locke, with Armstrong, went to a meeting across the river in Kentucky, and left Fisher and me alone, to finish the quarterly-meeting. I preached in the old court-house, and Fisher exhorted, and called for seekers of religion to come to a certain bench. Seven came, and were converted. On Monday morning, Fisher and I started to an appointment on Pigeon Creek, stopping at Mr. Barnett's for breakfast, after which Fisher prayed with the family, while I went to get our horses. Fisher and the others got to singing and shouting, and I held the horses at the gate for half an hour, waiting. They had a happy time. After they had calmed down, Fisher and I started; but on the way he got happy and shouted, and in his ecstasy fell off his horse Charley, who stood still, as if used to the occurrence, until his master got ready and mounted. Fisher was an exceptional man for purity of mind and life, and for zeal for the Master. He was the most diligent man in pastoral work I ever met. If he felt impressed to see a certain man or family on the subject of religion, he would go, though he had never spoken a word to them, and talk to them at

once on finding them. Sometimes the family to which his mission brought him would be alarmed at his sudden appearance, the deliverance of his message, and disappearance. He would always pray with the family, and then, telling them that at such a time and place there would be preaching, and to come and see, would depart. At one time he had a meeting at McCoy's, between Rockport and Boonville. After preaching he went across Pigeon Creek, and it rained so hard and the creek rose so high he could not get back until the afternoon of the next day. I was thus left in charge of the meeting in progress, and was much embarrassed, not having been in such a situation before; but a local elder, Joseph Arnold, came in and helped me through. On Sunday, at three P. M., Fisher got back, and on being asked what he had been doing, said he had visited ten families, and prayed with them and preached to them. Several of those families became religious, and joined the Church.

There was a revival in all the circuit that year. Dr. Henry S. Talbott was converted, joined the Church, and afterwards became a traveling preacher, station preacher, and presiding elder; and his son is now (1887) station preacher at New Albany, Indiana.

We held a camp-meeting between Boonville and Evansville. Armstrong, as presiding elder, attended it, and preached with much power. At the

close of the meeting, Armstrong took us with him to Paoli Camp-meeting, on Blue River Circuit. Here we met "old Billy Cravens," as he was familiarly called, and Rev. Richard Hargrave. Mr. Cravens had charge of the circuit. From there we went to Bloomington Circuit Camp-meeting, four miles west of Bloomington, Indiana; and thence to the Illinois Conference, which met in August that year, 1825, at Charleston, Indiana. The Conference was held in an upper room of James Sharpe's.

Bishop McKendree and Bishop Roberts presided. Here, for the first time, I saw Rev. John Strange, Thomas Hitt, Aaron Wood, Allen Wiley, James Scott, James Havens, a knightly list, who came to the Illinois Conference with the Territory of Indiana, cut off from the Ohio Conference and attached to the Illinois Conference by the General Conference in 1824.

The Illinois Conference then included all of Indiana and Illinois and part of Michigan. It was divided into four districts, one of which, Madison, had John Strange for presiding elder; Charleston, James Armstrong; Wabash, Charles Holliday; Illinois, Samuel Thompson. Rev. Peter Cartwright was a leading member of the Conference. He was thought to be the best debater in it. After the Conference he took sick, and his wife came all the way from Springfield, Illinois, in a two-horse wagon, with Levi Springer and wife (father of Hon. William C. Springer, congressman—when I left

Illinois, in 1828, Levi Springer had no son), to take him home. It was no railroad journey, but through the woods, brush, and mire, with hardly a trail to follow. Cartwright was circuit preacher on the Sangamon Circuit, Illinois, and Rev. Samuel Thompson was his presiding elder.

GOES TO PATOKA CIRCUIT.

At this Conference I was appointed to the Patoka Circuit, in the Wabash District, with James Garner as preacher in charge. He had a wife and five children, whom he left at Charleston, Indiana, with his wife's father. They could not be supported on the circuit; for he only got twenty-eight dollars, in all, for the year, and part of that was in leather, linsey-woolsey, and flax. Talk of a traveling preacher in that day going for the sake of money! If he so went, he would come back wofully disappointed. Garner went home to see his wife and children but twice that Conference year. I got as pay for that year nine dollars and a pair of trousers. I had to draw on my father for other clothing. Rev. Charles Holliday, presiding elder of Wabash District, received, the first quarter, thirty-seven and a half cents. He lived in Illinois.

We labored hard that year, and closed with an increase of membership. The circuit included New Harmony, where Mr. Robert Dale Owen had bought out Mr. Rapp, and tried to establish his system of living in common harmony, which proved

a failure. He erected a chapel and hall, to which all denominations of Christians and all free-thinkers and infidels were alike welcome. I preached in the chapel while a ball was going on in the hall, connected with the chapel by a door. When the door opened to persons going from one room to the other, the fiddling and preaching mingled in both rooms. Mr. Jennings, one of Mr. Owens's followers, used to rise in the religious assembly and catechise and contradict the preachers. This he did to Mr. Beck, of Illinois; also to Rev. James Armstrong, who got even with him. He asked Armstrong, "Mr. Armstrong, how do you know you have a soul?" Armstrong answered, "I feel it." "Did you ever smell, taste, see, or hear your soul?" "No." "Then there are four senses against you." Then asked Armstrong, "Mr. Jennings, did you ever have the toothache?" "Yes." "Did you ever see, hear, taste, or smell the toothache?" "No." "Then you have four senses against you." The doctrines of Mr. Owen were "of man, and came to naught." Now, where his chapel of reason stood, is a Methodist station preacher, preaching "Jesus and the resurrection."

The Patoka Circuit included five counties. The first place I came to on it was Archibald Campbell's, a mile from Petersburg. It was night, and I called and asked to stay. Mrs. Campbell came to the door, and said, "No, we are all sick, with no one to put up your horse." I told her I could put

up my horse, and she said, "Well, if you can wait on yourself and do without supper, you can stay." And so I did. Mr. Campbell had a very high fever at the time, and turned to me, when I came in and set down my saddlebags, and said, "You are traveling, sir?" I answered, "Yes." "Where are you from?" "From Charlestown, Indiana." "That 's the place of our Conference. Do you know anything about who our preachers are?" I said, "I do." "Well, then, tell us who they are." I told him the presiding elder was Rev. Charles Holliday, from Kentucky, and the preacher in charge was Rev. James Garner. "Well," said Campbell, "who is the other one? We had two last year." I answered, "Bishop McKendree sent me." "Why, what can you do?" "Not much," I answered. "Well," said Campbell, "wife, give him some cornbread and cabbage to start on." I started on it, after a fifty mile ride that day. The next day I went on, giving out appointments for Mr. Garner, and that night got to O'Neal's, near the place of Major Robert O'Neal, who had sold out and was going to Sangamon County, Illinois. I preached there, and after the sermon, Major O'Neal said: "I will be gone before Mr. Garner comes. Who of you will open your house for preaching?" All was silent for some time, and then Major Robb arose and said: "Rather than have no preaching in the neighborhood, I will open my house. I have a large bar-room, and there are several sinners at my

house. If you will accept of what I have, you are welcome." So an appointment was given out for preaching at Major Robb's, in two weeks. The major treated the preachers well all the year, and, though he never made any profession of any religion, yet all of the female members of his family became religious. One of his daughters became the wife of Judge Embree, of Princeton, and another married a minister of the gospel. The major fought and suffered under General William H. Harrison in the War of 1812; and he told Judge Embree, shortly before his death, that if he had tried as hard to believe in Christ as he had to disbelieve, he would have been a Christian long ago.

The camp-meeting at Shiloh, conducted by the presiding elder that year, was a success.

GOES TO SANGAMON CIRCUIT.

The Illinois Conference, in the fall of 1826, was at Bloomington, Bishops Roberts and Soule presiding. I was appointed to Sangamon Circuit, Illinois, Rev. Richard Hargrave preacher in charge, and Rev. Peter Cartwright presiding elder. About ten preachers stopped at my father's for the night on their way to their apointments after the Conference closed. Some lay on pallets on the floor. The next morning all started, and I went with them; but before reaching White River I was left alone. That night I staid with a colored man, twenty miles from Terre Haute, and the next morning rode

twelve miles for breakfast at John Dickson's (Dixon's) on Honey Creek. Dickson had forted with General Zachary Taylor in Fort Harrison, in the War of 1812. That day I reached Mr. Mayo's, in Edgar County, Illinois, and preached that night. The next day Cartwright and Hargrave came on, and we rode fifteen miles on our way, and staid all night with a friendly man, who gave us venison and roasting-ears to eat. The succeeding day we traveled forty-five miles, and reached a cabin on the Okaw River, which is a swampy stream, very bad to cross on account of the muddy sides and bottom. The owner of the cabin, a Mr. Sedoris, kept two yoke of very large oxen to haul wagons through the stream or swamp.

Cartwright had called for quarters for himself, Hargrave, and me but a few minutes before three others rode up to stay all night. The landlord told them he would have to put them on the floor, and they were willing to take the floor; for they said there was not a house to stay at within forty-five miles. When bedtime came, the landlord said the first three who came should lie on and the last three under the bed. And so it was; the three under the bed slept with their feet out. The man and his family occupied the rest of the floor, the table having to be moved out of the house for room. I slept between Cartwright and Hargrave on the bed, and was well flattened out by morning. The next morning the family got up first, and made room for

the three under the bed to get out, and after them the preachers got up. We had for supper good cornbread and venison, the same for breakfast, and the bill for each was fifty cents. Horseback riding was hard, but cheap. My traveling expenses from Bloomington, Indiana, to Springfield, Illinois, paying every bill, was $2.75.

The day we left the Okaw, Cartwright and I caught a wolf. We rode after him, and Cartwright, taking his big stirrup by the leathers, swinging it, fetched the wolf a blow on the head, killing him. Hargrave, riding up, said, "What are you doing?" I answered, "Taking the wolf out of your way, so he won't trouble your sheep!" But Hargrave said, "If you felt as I do about my horse's back being skinned by the saddle, you would not be after wolves." Hargrave was in one of the blue moods, which fell to his lot often. But he could not help it; for he was dyspeptic. We rode forty-five miles that day, and put up at Mrs. Stevens's, some thirty miles east of Springfield, Illinois.

The next day I stopped at Mr. Larkin's, on the Sangamon Circuit, and Cartwright and Hargrave went on to Cartwright's, on Richland Creek. Hargrave and I arranged appointments so that we should meet each round in the middle of the circuit, at Mr. Clark's, near Sangamontown, and there report and consult about the work.

After a round or two of the circuit, we visited a man in the jail at Springfield, who was to be hanged

for the murder of his wife in a drunken spree. The jail was of logs a foot square, and was covered with logs, and on them a stack of prairie-grass, and on this grass, the day the man was hanged, in November, 1826, Hargrave stood and delivered the greatest exhortation I ever heard, to the thousands of people then assembled. Hargrave got along well until the following April, 1827, when his dyspepsia compelled him to desist traveling, and he went home to his father's in Pike County, Indiana. I was thus left in charge of the circuit, and Cartwright sent Rev. James Johnson, a young man, to help me.

There were two good camp-meetings during this year on the circuit—one at Richland, and one three miles east of Springfield.

At the Conference of 1827, held at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, John Strange immortalized himself in a sermon, on Sunday morning, to the preachers, from the text, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Bishop Roberts had prepared to preach to Conference, and he (Strange) was embarrassed.

GOES BACK TO SANGAMON.

I was sent back to the Sangamon Circuit, with Rev. Isaac House as my colleague. He was a very pleasant young man. We had two camp-meetings that year—one at Hussey's, in the east part of the circuit; and the other at Hendershot's, a few miles from Jacksonville. Cartwright and Rev. John Dew

attended them. Rev. John Dew was on his way to Rock River Mission, which included Chicago, Illinois. He was superintendent of the mission. I remember his story of a marriage he solemnized when he was stationed at St. Louis, Missouri. He hired a horse and buggy for five dollars, drove out eight miles on a bitter cold day to the wedding, and after the ceremony, when the groom asked him what his fee was, and he answered that there was no regular fixed fee, the groom gave him—his thanks. Dew advised us to fix our charge. I asked him how he felt with his cold ride, five dollars out of pocket, and a thank 'ee in; and he said he felt "righteously mad."

Conference in the fall of 1828 was held at Madison, Indiana. Rev. Edwin Ray was the station preacher there, and was very sick during Conference.

GOES TO WHITE LICK.

I was sent to White Lick Circuit, the west end of the Indianapolis Circuit. On my way my horse died within twelve miles of Indianapolis, and I took my saddlebags on my shoulder and walked to Indianapolis, leaving my saddle, bridle, and great-coat to be brought in the United States mail mud-wagon. I stopped at Colonel Paxton's, northwest corner of Washington and Pennsylvania Streets, and was introduced to the colonel as a Methodist preacher on foot, and hunting his circuit in the wilds of White Lick and north of that as far as

White Lick waters run. The colonel made me welcome. On Sunday morning, Nehemiah Griffith was to deliver his valedictory, and start Monday for Fort Wayne Mission; but Armstrong, who had been appointed Griffith's successor, came in, having ridden fifteen miles that morning.

This station had four or five appointments attached to it. What do the boys in this day say to such a "station?" Griffith would not preach, and Armstrong had to, and he did. He seemed full of fire. This was pleasing to the Indianapolis people; for they had had the chills very badly that fall. After his sermon, Armstrong asked if there was any one from White Lick there, and a large man, Elijah Kise, arose and said, "I am from that part of the world, and hunting a preacher." Armstrong asked him to come forward, and then introduced him to me. Brother Kise was taking me with him, when Armstrong said, "Stop! your preacher is without a horse." In those days a horse was as necessary to a preacher as now an engine is to a train. Said Kise to Armstrong, "He is not as old as we have been in the habit of having." "Never mind that," said Armstrong, "he will naturally grow older." Mr. Kise had ridden with his son, and put me on his son's horse and took his son on behind him, and so I went home with my member, and preached that night on my new circuit at Robert Wilson's. Mr. Kise lived in the neighborhood of what is Shiloh Church, in Hendricks County.

That year they built a log meeting-house, and called it Shiloh. William Gladden, the Wilsons, David Faucet and his boys, were of that Church. Peter Monacle was local preacher.

This was a successful year for Indianapolis Station. That year, John Wilkens, Alfred Harrison, Colonel Paxton, Calvin Fletcher, Henry Porter, Dr. Scudder, and many more of the good, substantial men of Indianapolis, joined the Church. Armstrong was well beloved by the people of that place, and went from there in 1832 to the Laporte District, and, it may be truthfully said, died a martyr to the cause of the Master. He fell at his post, at the age of forty-two. He was a success wherever he went. I lost in him a true friend. By him I was licensed to exhort and preach. He took me into the itinerancy. I visited his grave in Door Prairie Cemetery in 1856. I saw it, and fell upon it and wept.

I had a good year on White Lick Circuit; some two hundred and fifty joined the Church. James Walker loaned me a horse. Rev. John Strange, who was my presiding elder, said to me, in the woods at the first quarterly-meeting, when I was lamenting the loss of my horse: "Never mind, Joseph; ride their horses until they get you one." So I did. They got me a good young horse, and I paid towards his price forty dollars out of my salary of sixty-five dollars.

The last quarterly-meeting was held out of doors

at Mr. Gregory's, south of Mooresville. Rev. John Strange attended. He looked worn out; his district reaching from Charleston south, beyond Crawfordsville north.

Though the people could pay their preachers little in those times, how cordially they received and hospitably entertained them! The people, in that day, would not have listened to a resolution of a Conference that its members should board themselves while attending Conference. The preachers and the people struggled together, each knew the other's trials, and, truly, each, in their way, ministered to the other.

David Bonner, at Vincennes Conference, September 30, 1830, entertained some ten preachers, among them Cartwright, Thompson, James Havens, Allen Wiley, John Strange, and Ruter. He had four beds on the floor, and said he wished he had eight or ten more.

When the preachers no longer deserve to be welcomed by the members of the Church, or are so full of purse as not to desire the relation of host and guest, then let them "put up" at a hotel.

At the close of the year 1828 the preachers of Indiana and Illinois met in Conference at Edwardsville, Illinois. We all went on horseback, except Revs. Calvin Ruter and Thomas Hitt, who went in a two-horse wagon, with wooden springs. Coming back, Bishop Soule, riding along with the young preachers on old "Hero"—a large brown

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horse, which had carried him around the United States three times—joyously exclaimed, as the rain fell on them, "Who would not be a Methodist preacher?" He wore an oil cloak, which covered him and his saddlebags, and, to some extent, his horse. He had trained old Hero to walk as fast as a common horse would trot. The first night out from Edwardsville we got quarters at a farm-house. All were more or less wet. Some of us slept on the floor. All were up in the morning early to breakfast; but Edwin Ray and I could not get on our boots on account of their being wet. So the rest left us pulling at our boots, and it was nine o'clock A. M. before we caught up with our company. Sleeping on a good dry floor, with one's horse-blanket for a mattress and saddlebags for a pillow, was all right; but to pull on wet boots for an hour or two while the others were breakfasting and breaking jokes at us, was hard on Ray and me. If Bishop Bowman, as reported, slept on the floor at the Conference at Noblesville in 1883, I hope his boots were dry in the morning.

That day we got to Vincennes, Indiana; the next to Westfall's, in Daviess County. By that time the company had been scattered off to the different circuits, so that there were but three of us together, and I went from Westfall's house to my father's.

GOES TO RUSHVILLE CIRCUIT.

There I rested a day, and then started for Rushville Circuit, my appointment, by the way of In-

dianapolis. My circuit this year had thirty-four preaching-places. It embraced all of Rush County but John Grigg's; all of Decatur but Perry's (Peri's); all of Shelby but a small part off the west side; the most of Hancock, and the south part of Henry. It was a hard circuit, large and muddy. I had two horses through the winter and spring.

Mr. Brooks, of Little Blue River, let me have a horse for four weeks until he could cure my horse's legs. So, when I came around again, I left Brooks his Dick, and took my own beautiful Tom after his rest. In this way I worked it to have two horses.

That winter and spring one could often track his predecessor by the blood from the horse's legs on the broken mud and ice. Rev. James Havens had preceded me the year before, and, with others who came after me, knew what traveling here was. I counted, one day, six wagons stuck in the mud between Rushville and Little Blue River. Some had left their wagons and taken their goods out on horseback. This hard traveling, in those times, was endured only by good constitutions, and that without much roast-beef and plum-puddings. There was not much indigestion in it. We thought out our sermons as we rode from place to place, eight to fifteen miles each day to the preaching-place. After preaching and leading class, we often rode several miles to dine. At night there was hardly ever good light—firelight, or a little tin lamp, fastened to the side of the room in a log, supplied with lard or bear's-grease. I used to carry

candles, cut in two, in a tin-box, and so would read until bedtime by candle-light, and get up often at four o'clock in the morning and read until the family arose. He who did not arise early, got little knowledge without seeking the opportunity. The life in the air, the motion of riding, the movement of your horse, the variety of the way, keeps you alive, awake, and there is apt to be life in a sermon that you ride with.

A young man came out of the East to preach in Rev. James Havens's circuit. He read his sermon. Havens was called on to conclude, and prayed, "Lord, bless what we have heard read to us today!" The sermon had been written before he came on Havens's circuit.

The examination at Conference of candidates for admission was very strict in the early days. They were called before five to seven of the clearest heads of the Conference. Well do I remember my time, when Dr. Allen Wiley, Revs. Calvin Ruter, Thomas Hitt, Samuel H. Thompson, George Locke, and James Scott put us "through the flint-mill." I was asked for the proof of the depravity of the heart, and gave, "Ye must be born again, or not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Revs. Locke and Scott locked horns in argument upon sufficiency of the answer. I listened to them for half an hour, and, with the enthusiasm of youth, thought the examiners should be examined. The young men then did not preach whole sermons

without a text of Scripture for authority. A sermon, like a lawyer's brief, should state clearly the point, the reasons in support of it, and the authority justifying it. Dr. Aaron Wood once objected to a young man's admission, on the ground that he omitted to prove his doctrine by the Bible; he had not one quotation from it, merely a text hitched on to the statement. We were not sent to preach men's doctrine, but the Word. "Go preach the gospel to every creature." Let the Church take no substitute for the gospel of Christ.

But let me return to my circuit. In it now are five cities; not in the mud, but built up, and well paved; the country, farm adjoining farm, with comfortable homes, and barns full of fatness; a church and schoolhouse in every neighborhood; railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines through every county. God has blessed the last half-century. It is a Christian civilization, pushed to progress in the pinch of the start by the religious fervor and energy of the itinerant preachers and other Christ-loving men and women of the then wilderness. The people now can not pay their obligations to those old soldiers of the cross; but they can do much in advancing the standard, and raise the world to everything that is glorious. There is yet need of leaders.

There was a good camp-meeting that year at Sharpe's Camp-ground, near Spring Hill, in Rush County, commencing on Friday and closing the

next Monday. Revs. Allen Wiley, James Havens, and James Conwell attended it, and preached with much power. There were some thirty-five conversions. I received that year for support sixty-three dollars, and my colleague, Rev. William Evans, who was married, sixty-three dollars. The preacher who married within four years after joining the Conference received no additional allowance. This was the rule adopted to keep the young preachers single, because few circuits could support a family. Bishop McKendree, at Charlestown, Indiana, in 1825, exhorted Rev. Edwin Ray not to marry, for the reason that the unmarried preacher could go anywhere, and go further, easier, and cheaper. The exhortation had effect for only two years. This year closed with a sacramental-meeting in a grove two miles west of Rushville, conducted by Rev. James Havens, who preached on Sunday. Judge Charles Test said Rev. James Havens preached the most powerful sermon he ever heard.

We closed up our work, and went to Conference at Vincennes in the fall of 1830. I went by the way of Bloomington and home. Rev. Addison S. Grimes and, I think, Andrew Locke started with me. In Greene County we were overtaken by a storm, and had to turn into a little cabin. The rain fell in torrents. We staid all night, sleeping on the floor. The man of the house built a good fire to dry our clothes. He and his wife slept in a bed raised in one corner on forks driven in the ground,

which they hospitably offered us; but we declined. The next morning we rode ten miles to breakfast, and that night got to Vincennes. Conference opened next morning at nine A. M.; but no Bishop Roberts. He was sick at St. Louis, Missouri. On motion of Rev. Peter Cartwright, Rev. Samuel H. Thompson was made presiding officer, and performed the duties of his position with much care and satisfaction.

GOES TO VEVAY CIRCUIT.

I was appointed to the Vevay Circuit, with Rev. George Randell for colleague, and Rev. Allen Wiley presiding elder.

In the spring of 1831, Randell quit, with the consent of the presiding elder, and Elijah Whitten, who only had license as an exhorter, was substituted to help me. At the Quarterly Conference in May, 1831, Whitten was authorized to preach, though he did as well with exhorter's license as when made a preacher. He was called "a stormer." In a private house he would start his meetings standing behind a chair; but before he closed, he would be up in the chair, and if it was splint-bottomed, stamp a hole in it. This year I first saw Rev. Samuel T. Gillett and his wife, formerly Miss Goode. He was in the navy, and studying navigation with Professor Elliott at Rising Sun. His wife would kneel down in church during prayer, and he would sit up straight as a midshipman. There was a very good revival

on the circuit, and many joined Church that year. The extent of the circuit was from Crooked Creek, near Madison, east to near Lawrenceburg, and north to within four miles of Versailles, Ripley County. The Ohio River was the south line. We had two camp-meetings—one at the Barkworks in Switzerland County, eight miles from Rising Sun, and the other close to Madison. The Barkworks meeting was a very good one; though a young man, D—— K——, disturbed the meeting Saturday night, and also Sunday morning while Whitten was preaching at nine A. M. He came into the congregation while Whitten was preaching, loudly talking and swearing. Whitten stopped. I had procured a warrant from Justice of the Peace Walker, on account of the disturbance the night before, and given it to Constable Mackey, who, on this second interruption, was to arrest K——, who, as the constable approached, walked backwards, keeping his eye on Mackey, until passing the line of tents, he fell backwards over a wagon-tongue, when Lewis Clark, who was with Mackey, jumped on him and tied him with a rope, which I happened to have in readiness, and the officer, holding one end of the rope, drove him—for he would now and then kick like a horse—to Justice Goddard's, and he was bound over to keep the peace. He came back to the meeting and behaved like a gentleman, as he very well knew how. A religious friend of his afterwards asked him why he did not

behave so before, and he laughingly answered that he was not bound to. As he afterwards represented Switzerland County in the Legislature, I presume a good many Methodists forgave him. At the other camp-meeting, on Crooked Creek, four miles from Madison, there were one hundred and forty conversions. Tuesday morning the presiding elder addressed the young converts. Then some of them spoke with trembling joy of the new life and the blessing received. Then the parents, wives, and husbands of the converted got started; whole families joined in praise and prayer, and so the work broke out afresh and spread, and there was no closing the meeting as intended. So we said to let it go on until it closed itself, and the people sent to Madison for provisions, and we staid three days longer. From this meeting Rev. Benjamin Stevenson, at Madison, had some thirty accessions to his Church, and we, on the Vevay Circuit, over a hundred. At the close of that meeting I spoke to Rev. Allen Wiley to solemnize my marriage to Miss Maria Slauson, which he did on September 21, 1831, at her father's, nine miles north of Vevay.

HIS BRIDAL TOUR.

Two days thereafter, my wife and I started for my father's, a bridal-trip on horseback. Rev. James Scott, when on the Madison Circuit, had given her a colt, which she had raised, and which, now five years old, she rode. She had a bridle,

saddle, and saddlebags, paid for by her own weaving of linen on a common loom. The first night we reached a hotel on the old Madison and Indianapolis road, twelve miles from Columbus, Indiana. The house was of hickory logs, with the bark stripped off. The next morning I left it to her to breakfast where we were or go on to Columbus, and she decided to go on to Columbus. From Columbus we started through what is now Brown County. Soon as we passed White River, it began to rain, and it continued until night. As my horse was a very fine traveler, we changed horses. We had some thirty miles to go to get to the first cabin. Just at dark we got to Jackson's Lick, on Salt Creek. I asked for quarters of the man at the Lick, and he referred us to some cabins ahead. We went to the first, and the woman there told us her husband had gone to the settlements for breadstuff, and there was no place for our horses; to go to the next. We went to the next, and there they were all sick, with no place for the horses. So we went to the third, and there they were in the same condition with the last. We went back to the first of the three, and the woman said we could come in ourselves, and go to the Lick with our horses. So the bride alighted, and I went back to the Lick, where the man said horses were being stolen about there when left out. So we built a pen around the horses, got some green corn, and fed them. The man offered to share his buffalo-skin and a blanket

with me; but I went back to the cabin. I asked the woman of the cabin if she ever got to Church, and she said she had not heard praying or preaching since she left Kentucky. After prayers we went to bed, without anything to eat since leaving Columbus. The bed was made by driving forks into the ground, between the puncheons forming the floor, and laying poles in the forks, and across the poles boards. I asked my bride if she was hungry. She said: "What if I am, there is nothing to eat here; but I have one little biscuit in my pocket I brought from home." Upon her insisting, we divided it. Next morning by daybreak I was up, looking after the horses at the Lick, and found them safe, and soon we were started. At three o'clock P. M. we got to my father's, and we soon had dinner, and it was sweet. A bride these days who would go through such as mine did for her bridal tour, would be thought worthy to be trusted in any mission where the gospel should be preached.

Leaving my wife at father's, I started to Conference at Indianapolis, with my brother Hardin and Rev. Enoch G. Wood, and at night reached Robert Brinton's, three or four miles from Indianapolis. Mr. Brinton was one of the first class-leaders in Indianapolis. Rev. James Scott, when on the Indianapolis Mission, married his daughter; Rev. Samuel Brinton was his son.

At Conference, Bishop R. R. Roberts presided,

and preached on Sunday at eleven o'clock A. M. At three P. M., Rev. John Strange preached the funeral sermon of Rev. Edwin Ray, who had died during the year. It was a wonderfully eloquent sermon.

GOES TO WAYNE CIRCUIT.

I was appointed to the Wayne Circuit, and returned to my father's, and thence, with my wife, on our horses, started for "Old Wayne." The first night on our journey we stopped at Talbot's, in Martinsville; the second at John Wilken's, in Indianapolis; the third at Knightstown; and the fourth at Israel Abrams's, in Centerville. Abrams was one of the leading stewards of the circuit. We boarded with him four weeks, and then rented a house of two small rooms of Mrs. Pugh, a sister of Mary Dunham, who shortly afterwards married the then attorney and civil engineer, afterwards Rev. Giles C. Smith. When they got married, we gave up our house to them, and got a part of E. Hart's house. Hart was a brother-in-law of Governor Oliver P. Morton. My colleague was Rev. James Robe. He was a very mild young man, and it seemed to the presiding elder, Rev. Allen Wiley, better for variety, to transfer Robe to Connersville, to Rev. A. Beck, and bring Rev. Elijah Whitten to me. "For," said Rev. Thomas Hitt, "what a mistake it was to put two men like Whitten and Beck on one circuit! Either would blaze on ice in a minute."

Whitten was successful with me. One held the reins, and the other cracked his whip from the word "Go!"

In 1832 the cholera prevailed more or less in the country, and in the cities to a great extent.

On June 24, 1832, on Sunday morning, while I was preaching, I saw the doctor called out of the meeting, and when I went home at the close, I found something new, and we called him John Stevenson Tarkington. He is now a lawyer at Indianapolis. The year closed with good success. I was paid that year $144. That fall the Conference was held at New Albany, Indiana.

WHITE WATER CIRCUIT.

At General Conference, in the spring of that year, the Illinois Conference was divided into the Indiana and Illinois Conferences. Bishop Soule presided at the New Albany Conference, and I was sent to White Water Circuit, and made a short move from Centerville to Brownsville, Union County. My colleague was Rev. Hiram Griggs. Rev. James Havens was presiding elder. We held two camp-meetings—one six miles above Brookville, the other at Mt. Zion, four miles from Connersville; each was profitable.

In August, 1833, while holding a sacramental-meeting at Carmichael's, three miles west of Brookville, I took the cholera at William Hendrickson's. Dr. Haymond, of Brookville, attended me. Rev.

Greenbury Beeks was with me at the time, and led my horse home on Monday. Mrs. David Price, of Brookville, went to Brownsville, and brought my wife and little boy to Brookville; and that old friend of the preachers, Samuel Goodwin, brought them out to me at Hendrickson's. Their coming was my medicine. Mrs. Hendrickson said she thought when my wife and child came she would have them to wait on; but she found my wife took all care of me off her hands. We always felt very grateful to the Brookville folks and the whole Hendrickson family for their great kindness to us at that time.

GREENSBURG CIRCUIT.

That fall of 1833 Conference was held at Madison, and I was sent to the Greensburg Circuit. When we came to Greensburg things appeared discouraging. The town had been visited by typhoid-fever, and many had died—Dr. Teal, George Robinson, and Mrs. Silas Stewart, and others. There had been no religious services for some time. There was no Methodist church. I preached in private houses, and in David Gageby's cabinetshop, where the Rogers House is now, on the northwest corner of the public square. I went to work visiting the sick and praying for them. It was a long time before Silas Stewart got restored from his sickness to health of body and mind. Until he got to walking about, he thought he owned the town.

The Church members were collected together,

and had prayer-meetings in private houses, such as Freeman's, Roszel's, Stewart's, and sometimes in the old court-house. Preaching was had in the old court-house, but it was a hard house to preach in. In the spring I got fifteen dollars from James Freeman, five dollars from Silas Stewart, five dollars from Jacob Stewart, and five dollars from James Robinson, and bought the lot that Mr. F. Dowden owned on Franklin Street, and, though the Church was feeble, it built the house that is now on that lot.

The Greensburg Circuit was cut out of the Rushville Circuit in 1828. In 1833 it had appointments at Greensburg, Robbins's, Burke's, W. Braden's, Cox's, George Miller's, J. Truesdale's, Joseph Henderson's, J. Lower's, Biggot's, Gray's, Sharpe's, T. Perry's, and also Burney's, south of where Milford now is.

The camp-meeting this year was a good success. Revs. Allen Wiley, presiding elder, James Havens, and Augustus Eddy attended it.

We lived in a little frame house which stood where Mr. S. Bryant built on Franklin Street.

There the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists had one place of worship. David Gageby was chorister for all alike.

The Presbyterian preacher was Rev. Lowrey; the Baptist, Rev. Daniel Stogsdell; and we would all meet together. One would preach, another exhort, and the third pray. There was no complaint

of large meetings, though some persons would come from eight to ten miles to attend.

Conference was held at Centerville in 1834. My home was with John Newman. Bishop Roberts preached the funeral sermons of three ministers, Armstrong, Locke, and Griffith.

CHARLESTOWN CIRCUIT.

I paid sixteen dollars for a wagon to move our goods to Charlestown. We rode in a Dearborn wagon, and drove our cow; for I found it good to keep a cow where there were children to raise. A daughter, Mary M., now the wife of Dr. John H. Alexander, of Milford, Indiana, was born to us at Greensburg on the 24th day of February, 1834.

When we got to the Charlestown Circuit we stopped with Mr. H. Robertson, whose family was very kind to us.

In the neighborhood of Charlestown one of the first churches in the Territory was built. (See Dr. Holliday's "Early Methodism in Indiana.")

There were four brothers of the Robertson family, who did much for the cause of Christ. Mrs. Hawk was a very dear friend of ours, a most amiable woman, and intellectual and helpful in the Church. Elvira Hawk died September 15, 1879, at New Albany.

The plan of this circuit was left by my predecessor, Rev. John Miller, for two preachers to travel it. Rev. Rezin Hammond started as my assistant;

but he said I could travel it in three weeks, and the presiding elder, Rev. William Shank, excused him.

The year was successful. I sold five hundred dollars' worth of religious books in the circuit. Getting books among the people stirred them up wonderfully. They could read at all times. One can judge of the religious standing of a family by the books they read. Going the first round on the circuit, I would look to see what books were read.

Conference was held at Lafayette in 1835, Bishop Roberts presiding.

GREENVILLE CIRCUIT.

Unexpectedly, I was sent that fall of 1835 to Greenville Circuit, which had been made upon the division of the old Corydon Circuit. On that circuit, at John Hancock's, who lived in Harrison County, Indiana, was a double log-cabin, and in one part Mr. Hancock lived, and into the other—two small rooms—we moved. This John Hancock was six feet four inches tall. He had five sons and two daughters. The sons were all married. They were a good family of plain Methodist folk. Rev. Calvin Ruter, presiding elder of the district, went to the General Conference at Cincinnati that spring of 1836. The Methodist Book Concern in New York City was burned February 17, 1836, the date when my daughter Martha A., now wife of Daniel Stewart, of Indianapolis, was born.

We had a pleasant year. My wife made more to

support our family than was given by the circuit. She made and bleached bonnets for the women and stocks for the men.

Conference was at Indianapolis in 1836, Bishop Soule presiding.

VEVAY CIRCUIT.

That fall I was sent to Vevay Circuit, and Rev. Lewis Hurlbut with me. When we left Brother Hancock's, the old man got in the wagon and went some distance with us. The children were very fond of him, and when he got out to leave us, the children cried, and my boy said: "Grandpa Hancock had to cry, too. Poor grandpa! I am sorry for him; he has no little children to play with now." The first night on our way we staid with Mr. Kettley, and the next with Rev. Edward R. Ames—afterwards bishop—in Jeffersonville. As he helped the children out, he said, "What would I give if my children were as healthy as these!" I advised him to keep a cow. Mrs. Ames was delicate of health, but noble-spirited. She was anxious to be of use and comfort to her family. She had never learned to cook, and wanted my wife to teach her. How many ladies regret, when the charge of a household comes upon them, that they never learned the art and mystery of cooking! Children should be brought up to be independent in their line of life, to practice unto knowledge all the things which may be proper, as well as necessary, to their after-

enjoyment of the gifts of man and God, and in this to consider work honorable in all persons in all grades of society. Knowing how themselves, they may teach others what they are not compelled to do with their own hands. All women should know how to "keep house."

The next day, after leaving Brother Ames's, we got to Rev. William H. Goode's, four miles from Madison. He had not entered the itinerancy then, but did enter soon afterwards. He was a high-minded, Christian, Methodist preacher. The next night we reached my wife's father's, nine miles north of Vevay, within my circuit.

The Conference that year was at Indianapolis, and the question came up as to the establishment and location of a university. Three places were in nomination—Rockville, Indianapolis, and Greencastle. General Tilghman A. Howard represented Rockville. He had the largest subscription, and was a large subscriber himself, and he made a very able speech in favor of the location at his place. Dr. Tarvin Cowgill represented Greencastle, and finding General Howard had the largest subscription, had some friends to raise theirs higher. Mr. Calvin Fletcher spoke for Indianapolis, but did not labor hard for it, saying it was not good for boys to be away from home, and in as large a place as Indianapolis would be some day. When General Howard admitted there were some chills and fever at Rockville, Mr. Fletcher admitted some even died

at Indianapolis; but Dr. Cowgill said, "People never die at Greencastle; although, for convenience, they have a cemetery there." The dear doctor is in it. General Howard died untimely in Texas, and Calvin Fletcher, after accumulating much wealth and raising a large and very worthy family, lies in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. But the university, to which they all contributed liberally, is yet growing at Greencastle. Miles C. Fletcher, a son of Calvin, was professor there, and became Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State. He was killed by a misplaced car on a side-track while on a passenger train with Governor O. P. Morton during the war, on his way from Terre Haute to Evansville.

In 1836, though the State Bank was in operation, there was but little money in circulation; but the members of the Conference felt the need of an institution of learning to which Methodists could send their children and know that they would be cared for by the Faculty. They found that those sent to Dr. Cyrus Nutt, then teaching in the county seminary at Greencastle, had good attention paid to their needs. It was but a short time until Dr. Matthew Simpson was elected president of the college, and then, soon afterwards, Professor William C. Larrabee was elected professor, and the university started on its progress. The "hard times" were on us, and the beginnings of the university were with great struggling. The trustees appointed agents to

solicit contributions and subscriptions for scholarships. From time to time they were, commencing with Rev. Samuel C. Cooper: Revs. John C. Smith, William M. Daily, John A. Brouse, Aaron Wood, Israel Owen, George W. Ames, Thomas A. Goodwin, myself, and Daniel De Motte. They all worked hard, but Samuel C. Cooper and Isaac Owen did the most, and continued in the agency longest. The scheme of selling one-hundred-dollar scholarships was adopted. The purchaser paid twenty dollars cash, and the remainder in four annual installments with interest. I took one, and the payment was one-third of my salary.

We all hoped for better days, and they came. By and by scholarships for one hundred dollars were issued, to be perpetual, and for these Rev. Isaac Owens got thousands of subscriptions. Dr. Simpson and Professor Larrabee would often go with the agent in aid of the work.

The people often took Cooper to be the president of the university, and Simpson the agent or a circuit-rider. Cooper was large and of imposing presence; Simpson, in those days, angular, stooped somewhat in the shoulders, and utterly unpretentious. But when they spoke from the pulpit, who was who was manifest. When on the Vincennes District, I was told of an incident in their work. Both went to a place where they were strangers. The landlord came out to the gate to meet them, and first saluted Brother Cooper, and then asked

him, "What circuit-rider is this you have with you?" Cooper said, "You mistake; this is Dr. Simpson." "Ah!" said he, "I see the wisdom of Dr. Watts's saying, 'The mind 's the measure of the man.'"

In the year 1837 my health failed me, and that fall I superannuated, and helped clear up and then cultivate a small field of corn at my father-in-law's, and taught school.

LAWRENCEBURG STATION.

Regaining my health, in the fall of 1838, at the Conference at Rockville, I was made effective, and was sent to Lawrenceburg Station. I was the first "station preacher" appointed for Lawrenceburg Station. It had no parsonage. We first moved into the old banking-house on High Street, which had but one door, and that in front. So soon as we could find another place, we moved across the street into a very large and uncomfortable house. From it we moved to a little frame house, belonging to and adjoining on the west the residence of Mrs. Hunter, who afterwards married Isaac Dunn, and survived him. Mr. L. B. Lewis had recently moved out of it to High Street. I paid seventy-five dollars rent out of my six hundred dollars salary. We had then four children, our son Joseph Asbury (now practicing medicine at Washington City, D. C.) having been born on the 25th day of November, 1837, at Father Slauson's. I

worked hard, and had a prosperous year. The official brethren of the station were Isaac Dunn, Jacob Dunn, George Tousey, James Thompson, James Jones, L. B. Lewis, William S. Durbin, John Callahan, Enoch D. John, George Shelden, L. Drain, William and Ellis Brown, and Rev. I. Fuller. It was a good, strong working board. Some two hundred joined the Church. Rev. John N. Maffitt held a series of meetings. He baptized ninety-eight in the house, and I twenty-eight in the Ohio River. The best class of men and women in the city joined the Church, and the most of them lived well and have died well. In this year, 1839, the first move was made towards a German Church in Lawrenceburg. I saw Rev. Adam Miller in Cincinnati. He was that year on the North Bend Circuit, Ohio Conference. Learning he could preach in German, I invited him to come and preach. I went among the Germans, and invited them to come and hear him, and they came, and he preached Sunday afternoon. He made another appointment, came, and, with Rev. John Kissling, organized a German Church in a little house on High Street belonging to Muhlfinger, a little west of the Methodist church-building.

RICHMOND STATION.

At the Conference in the fall of 1839, which met at Lawrenceburg, I was appointed to Richmond Station. Our goods were sent by canal to Brookville, thence by wagon to Richmond. There we

first lived in a house belonging to Mrs. Batterbee. From that we moved into a house on the street east of that, and then into the house of Jere Mansur, on Pearl Street.

I was on this station two years, until the fall of 1841. There were accessions to the Church at each quarterly-meeting. We sent the three oldest children to school to James Poe, who taught in the basement of the church on Pearl Street. He charged but little for tuition. He was a good teacher—if he did instill learning a little violently by a free use of apple-tree sprouts. The church-building did not cost four hundred dollars, and it was enlarged, and seats with backs to them were put in it. I well remember the labors of John Boggs, James Poe, Daniel Crawford, John Iliff, and John Thomas in behalf of the Church.

The Friend Quakers were not so friendly towards us then as now. Though opposing us, their children would come to the Methodist Church Sunday nights, and not a few joined us. I could see the little smooth white caps close by the door, and sometimes they got to the altar of prayer. God has done a great work for the Church in Richmond. But very few remain of those who worked at the foundations.

I paid seventy-five dollars a year rent out of my four hundred dollars salary. My wife was sick nigh unto death at one time in the first year, but God stood by her, and saved her to raise her family.

The second year I was taken sick, at a camp-meeting north of Centerville, with sinking chills. I was taken home to Richmond, but it was thought I could not live. Dr. Vail, Dr. Salter, and Dr. Palmer did what they could, standing by me night and day. And Mark E. Reeves was very kind and attentive, being with me during the critical nights of my sickness, and soon as I was able to step out, took me riding in his carriage every day for weeks.

LIBERTY CIRCUIT.

In the fall of 1841, at the Conference held at Terre Haute, I was appointed to Liberty Circuit. Not being able to ride on horseback, Daniel Burgess took us all in a carriage.

In five days after we got into the parsonage we were burned out, by the girl putting away ashes in a wooden vessel in the smokehouse attached to the house, my wife not being able to attend to everything. In four days after that, my wife gave birth to our son William Simeon Reeves. We had the sympathy of the people in our trials. That year there was a gracious revival. It continued all the year, and many were converted. Rev. Augustus Eddy was presiding elder. My colleague was George Havens, "a son of thunder" in those days. The three Havens—father, James, and his two sons, George and Landy—could start as much excitement as any other three men I know of. There were three brothers—James to preach, Joel to ex-

hort, and John to lead class. If nothing moved, no one else need try for that time. John, Joel, and James Havens were brothers. George and Landy were sons of James.

This was the year the Millerites predicted the world would come to an end, and much was said and done by them to that end.

CENTERVILLE CIRCUIT.

In the fall the Conference was at Centerville. They had just completed a new church-building there, and it was a fine one for that day.

Bishop T. A. Morris presided; Rev. Edmund W. Sehon, James B. Finley, and E. S. Janes, then Bible Society agent (afterwards Bishop Janes) attended. Mr. Janes made a very good speech. At the start he appeared embarrassed, and said: "A French general during a great battle said to another, 'I 'm scared, and if you were as much scared as I am, you would run.'" Rev. James B. Finley, of Ohio, preached a good sermon, in which he referred to the time he saw Rev. James Havens converted and join the Church in the mountains of Kentucky, and said, "We caught a whale that time." To which Rev. A. Eddy responded, "What! in the mountains?" Mr. Sehon preached a telling sermon from Romans i, 16. "It had 'rousement in it," as Bishop Morris said. I expected to go back to Liberty Circuit, and Rev. W. W. Hibben to go to Centerville; but things changed.

As Rev. George M. Beswick and I were going into the church to hear the appointments read, he said to me, "Do you know that this is the Church you are to serve in this year?" I exclaimed, "It is?" I had seen an application for my return to the Liberty Circuit in the hands of my presiding elder, Rev. A. Eddy. Brother Hibben was sour, but Liberty was a very good circuit to go to. Centerville Circuit was very heavy; preaching every Sunday in Centerville. Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin was my colleague. He was the first graduate of Asbury University, a good preacher and earnest. I have always regretted that he located. It was a misfortune to him and the Church. The appointments on this circuit were: Salsbury, James Burgess's, Boston, Abington, Doddridge's, Beeks's, Beelers's, Martindale's Creek on the National Road, Edwards's, Mt. Zion, Nettlecreek, Pollard's, Sanders's, Economy, Newport, Concord (in Ohio), Washington, Baldwin's on Walnut Level, Hagerstown, and Centerville. Centerville was then the county-seat of Wayne County, the largest county for population in the State. The presiding elder sent Rev. John Robbins on the circuit to help us. John was more easily depressed than his brother, Harlan Robbins. He had a large cornfield in the White Water bottom, which the river overflowed when his corn was three feet high. He looked at it, told his wife he was ruined, and got in bed and staid there until the next day, when his father-in-law told

me of it, and I went to see him. I asked him, "What is the matter, Robbins?" and he said, "O, I am ruined!" "Where are you ruined?" I asked. "Look at my corn!" I said: "How can that ruin you? It will rise again, and the overflow will make the ground richer." So I took him by the hand, and brought him out of his bed. He afterwards told me he had more corn that year than he ever had.

We had on the circuit a local elder, Jonathan Shaw, a good man, and well posted in theology by reading Wesley, Fletcher, and Watson; for he read much. He was steadily opposed to slavery. He was ahead of the times. The people called him an Abolitionist, and said he was crazy. He was at our meeting in Boston, Wayne County, Indiana, and preached, in one of those high box pulpits, on "Wine is a mocker." His manner was, in excitement of speech, to stretch up high on tiptoe, with arms extended, and then suddenly double up, or rather down, stoop down, and spring from one end of the pulpit to the other. In one of his springs, he flirted clean out of that pulpit, and down to the floor on his hands and knees into the congregation. "Well! well!" Robbins told him, "that 's what you get for running around so much." But Shaw had the nerve to finish his sermon. And he lived to hear people say he was right in his views all the time.

That year Rev. Allen Wiley was presiding elder.

He was at one of the Quarterly Conferences, at a camp-meeting four miles north of Centerville. Rev. T. A. Goodwin had charge of the meeting during the session of the Quarterly Conference, and said we were to have a woman preach to us in the morning. "Why so?" asked Wiley. Goodwin answered, "I have published it." Wiley replied, "I will not be present; for if I do, it will be published that I have women preaching at my appointments." "O," said I, "Brother Wiley, it will not militate against your going to the General Conference. I will be present, and see that the ark shall be safe." Said he, "You may, but I will not." So the hour came, the bell rang, and the woman took the stand. I called the congregation to order, and all was still and quiet. She stepped forward, gave out the hymn, prayed feelingly, and then announced her text: "Mary hath chosen that good part." Some justified Wiley, others accused him, and yet others stood still to "see the salvation of the Lord!" And I think it is coming. You can see women engaged in the work of the Church in trying to save souls. They are eloquent in the pulpit, busy as doctors and lawyers, and go on great missions to the end of the world. May the time come "when all God's people will be prophets!" Now there are calls from all over the country for such women as Mrs. L. O. Robinson and Mrs. Governor David Wallace, those eloquent pleaders in the cause of temperance and religion. St. Paul was certainly orthodox, and

whatever he said for the times and the people to whom he spoke, he had women to help him, and for whose labors he was graciously thankful.

This year the cholera was bad in Cincinnati. Rev. Augustus Joselyn came to Centerville, lecturing on hygiene, medicines, treatment, etc., saying cholera could be prevented by them. But he was disappointed; for he died with seven of his pills in him. He was from New York State, and my father-in-law said he was a great preacher there in the days of his youth.

In the fall of 1843 I went to Crawfordsville to Conference. Bishop Andrews presided. Professor William C. Larrabee, of Asbury, delivered an interesting and effective speech on behalf of the university. Dr. Charles Elliott (as he said) exhorted after him, and, laying his hand on Dr. Matthew Simpson's head, called him his boy Mattie, whom he had brought out into the ministry in Pennsylvania, recommended for the presidency of Asbury University, and now prophesied he would honor the position. The prophecy was fulfilled.

CENTERVILLE DISTRICT.

I was appointed to Centerville District as presiding elder. The district extended into Randolph and Jay Counties, and there that winter the roads were horrible to travel. One time it was rain all day and freeze at night—mud and ice. I had to go through or turn back. I went forwards, my

horse breaking through the ice every step. As I returned from this mud-and-ice trip, I saw a wagon standing in water and mud, with a woman seated with a child in her arms on top of the load of hoop-poles. She said they had stalled, and her husband had gone for help to pull the wagon out. They were taking the hoop-poles to Cincinnati to exchange for goods. It would take a whole week for the trip. Now, some people would smoke out in tobacco the worth of that load on the trip. But these folks made the trip with no cover on the wagon. The energy of those times has been rewarded with the now fine farms in Randolph, Jay, Adams, and Wells Counties. In those times lawyers made the round of those counties, riding the circuit, and if their appointments were not more remunerative than the preachers', they got but little; but the preachers had the advantage—the people boarded them with what was to be had; yet no preachers located on account of gout.

When Bloomington, Indiana, had not the square cleared off, court was held there. Hugh Ross came to court as a lawyer, and James Matlock got him to preach in his log-cabin—the first house built in the town. His text was, "The Lord is my law-giver." I thought he did very well. It is my recollection he did all his work at the bar and in the pulpit without fee or reward. At the General Conference of 1844, Indiana was divided into two Conferences.

In the fall of the year 1844 the North Conference was held at Fort Wayne. Bishop Waugh presided, and Bishop Hamline, with his wife, was also there. Bishop Hamline came in a two-horse wagon from Detroit, and went from the Conference in the same to Cincinnati. I was returned to the Centerville District, with no change in it. During the ensuing year, all things moved on in the Church as usual, in great peace and with increase in membership. My daughter Ellen M. was born at Centerville on the 18th day of December, 1843.

The Conference in the fall of 1845 met at Lafayette, Indiana. Bishop Hamline presided. Dr. Charles Elliott, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, was again visiting us. He, with Bishop Hamline, went in a carriage, in company with Rev. Samuel T. Gillett and myself in another. The first day from Centerville, we got to Ross's; roads very bad. The next day to C.'s. Soon as we got into a house, Bishop Hamline would have prayers, and he would keep on until we were called to dinner or supper, as the case might be, calling on each preacher in turn to pray, omitting himself, until Dr. Elliott turned on him, and called upon him to "lead in prayer." It was amusing and interesting to be with these two good and wise men.

When on the hillside overlooking Lafayette, the Doctor said paradise could not have looked more beautiful than the scene before us. I never had a more pleasant traveling companion than Dr. El-

liott. The second day after we got to Conference, I received news of the death of my brother-in-law, Delanson Slauson, who had lived four miles north of Indianapolis. I had taken my family at the close of the year to my father-in-law's for a visit, while I should be at the Conference.

BROOKVILLE CIRCUIT.

This year I was transferred to the Indiana Conference. The Indiana Conference was held at Madison, Bishop Morris presiding, and I was sent to Brookville Circuit, Greenly H. McLaughlin as my colleague; Allen Wiley, presiding elder. The year passed off well.

The Conference in the fall of 1845 met at Connersville, Bishop Hamline presiding. I was sent back to Brookville, with Thomas C. Crawford colleague, and Lucian W. Berry presiding elder. We had a prosperous year on the circuit, with, as during the former year, an increase in membership.

VINCENNES DISTRICT.

In the fall of 1847 the Conference was at Evansville. I went by boat from New Albany. The river was very low. Only small boats were running. About twenty-five preachers were on the boat with me, and we had to lie on the floor. We were two days and a night on the way. I was appointed to preach on the boat going down the river, and Rev. F. C. Holliday coming back.

At Evansville, I boarded with Dr. Elliott. Bishop Waugh, who was presiding bishop, dined with us one day, and said he wished for some one for the Vincennes District. I told him I was in the other end of the State, and had six children, and there was no way to move but by wagon. Rev. Allen Wiley said he would go if he could move his wife, who was helpless, and had not walked a step for years. The bishop said I could go with a healthy wife and six children better than Wiley with his wife as she was. So I had to move from Brookville to the West. I determined to move to Greencastle, just beyond the north end of the district, so our children could go to school there. (John afterwards graduated at Asbury, and Mary and Martha at Mrs. Larrabee's).

I gave a man forty dollars to wagon our household goods from Brookville to Greencastle. The Vincennes District reached from the corporation line of Greencastle to the neck between White River and the Wabash, in sight of Mt. Carmel, Illinois. This neck was in White River Mission. Every time I made the round of the district, I was away from home five weeks. Taking my clothes and books in my saddle-bags, I attended five quarterly-meetings, including Vincennes as the last. At Vincennes I stopped with Brother David Bonner, and on Monday morning before day he had my horse fed, and I rode eight miles before sunrise, and fifty miles that day. At night I called for

quarters at the Rev. Thomas Manwarren's, in whose house I preached in 1833, at New Trenton, Franklin County, Indiana. I did not know he had moved. He did not seem willing to let me stay. It was dark. He wanted to know who I was, traveling so late in the night. I told him I was Joseph Tarkington, and had traveled fifty miles that day. "O," he said, "I know you; come in!" So we met unexpectedly, and talked over the "old times." In the morning, by day, I was on my road home. When I came to the National Road, I stopped at a hotel for dinner, and found the landlady to be Rebecca Sedgwick, who belonged to my class when I was a class-leader. She first married Thomas Freeland, and at the wedding I was my friend Freeland's best man. He died, and she had married a Mr. Mason, who then kept the hotel where I was stopping. So it was encouraging to meet old friends in this strange field of labor. I enjoyed my dinner, which was soon ready, and, my horse fed, I was soon on my way, and stopped at night fifteen miles from home at a hotel, and the next noon found me home, not having heard from them during my absence. I found all well, and staid at home a day and a half, and was off again to Spencer quarterly-meeting. At Spencer, I met my old friend, Rev. Henry S. Talbott, preacher in charge, with Rev. N. Shumate for junior; both strong men. I well remember when the town of Spencer was laid off.

John Freeland was elected clerk, first of Owen

County. He was the son of Joseph Freeland, who was educated in Maryland to be an Episcopal minister, but when converted joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, freed his slaves, and moved to Indiana. He was a holy man, and his wife was devoted to God's work. They lived not far from Bloomington. When a boy, I attended quarterly-meeting conducted by Rev. David Anderson in a cabin. In that day they did not admit all kinds of folk to love-feast, and I stood at the window, and Mrs. Joseph Freeland spoke in love-feast. She spoke eloquently and with power; told of her conviction and conversion, and how then she felt and saw more clearly the sin of slavery, and had said to Mr. Freeland, "These slaves must go," and so they were freed. She said she would rather live in the wilds of Indiana, do her own work and be religious, than stay in Maryland, have all their slaves, with the blood of slaves on her soul. I trembled like a leaf in the wind, standing there by the window. After this, Mr. Freeland bought land on White River, and got my father to send me with his team to take him to it. I moved him from Indian Creek, Monroe County, to his little log-cabin in the woods near that little town in Owen County, Indiana, called "Freedom." In going we had to cut our road, all but five or six miles. Mr. Freeland had the township, range, and section, and went on blazing the trees, his son and cousin clearing the way, and I drove the four-horse wagon. Some-

times we ran over logs, jolting the good woman who rode in the wagon. We made five or six miles a day. Every night and morning, Mr. Freeland would sing and pray where we camped. We had one Sunday on the way, and Mr. Freeland would not let the wagon go that day. He said the day was as good in the woods as in the city. I obeyed orders; for I was working by the day. They were all in good spirits on the way. Finally we reached the little cabin in the woods, and snow was coming down fast. The wagon was unloaded, and, with one night's rest, by daylight next morning, and with Mr. Freeland's benediction, I drove off towards home. The snow had covered my wagon tracks, but I went by the blazes. I got back in two days and one night, sleeping that night in the wagon in a buffalo robe. This family did much good by their example of self-denial for conscience' sake and their pure-heartedness. Some of their freed slaves followed them to Indiana, and were cared for.

Had the Methodist Church kept abreast of the Friend Quakers, the two Churches would have kept up the principle of anti-slavery to a higher level. But there was a letting down in the General Conference of 1836, when the North was held back by the South. When Rev. Orange Scott lectured in Cincinnati at that Conference, he was treated very coldly. But God let the cause go on until the Kansas trouble. Then Sumter fell, but Major Anderson did not fall; for he held the flag there in 1865.

The prophet thought he stood alone, but God told him there were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. God's cause stands not alone.

In 1848, Rev. Matthew Simpson resigned the presidency of Asbury University, and on Commencement-day of that year baptized my son, Matthew Simpson Tarkington, who was born at Greencastle, on July 16, 1848.

GREENSBURG DISTRICT.

I remained on the Vincennes District until the fall of 1851, when Bishop Waugh sent me to the Greensburg District, and then we moved to the farm on the Michigan road, a mile west of Greensburg, leaving John S. at college to graduate the next year. The little boys, Joseph and William, drove the cows. The first night we stopped at Stilesville, at Brother Kelly's. The next day we dined at Mooresville, and that night we were kindly entertained by Mr. Christian and family. It was dark when we got to his house, and the boys had some trouble driving the cows. William said, "Others may have tribulation, but nothing like Joe and I had driving cows after dark." The next day we reached Rev. James Ray's, and some of us stopped with him, and others went on into Shelbyville to Dr. Robbins's. The people were very kind to us, seeing we had to move so far. The next day at sundown we got to a little cabin on the farm which my brother Eli had built and had lived in for seven years. He had bought land near Kokomo

and moved on it. The cabin was empty. We lived in it until we built adjoining it the next year the house we now live in. John Trimble built the house, out and out, for $1,200. Good weather-boarding was obtained at fifty cents per hundred. My wife and the two boys, Joseph and William, managed the little farm, Mary and Martha taught school, and I traveled the district, which extended west to within ten miles of Indianapolis.

In the fall of 1853 I was made agent of Asbury University for the territory now comprising Indiana and Southeastern Indiana Conferences; that is, virtually, that part of the State south of the National Road. I was agent two years. I had the collection of many notes taken by Isaac Owens, of precious memory.

Methodists should discontinue theater-going, dancing, and card-playing. What dying sinner calls for dancers, card-players, or theater-goers to pray for him! The Church has a hard time to keep her young folks from amusements, which, if not sinful in themselves, are the open doors to sin. The question is, How can a member of the Church indulge in these amusements, and then go to Church and lead class-meeting?

The world knows what is the duty of the Church, and when it falls short, the answer to all appeals is, "Physician, heal thyself." We can not ignore the Bible doctrines and precepts, and stand acquit before the world, much less before God. To please the world at the expense of these is impossible.

APPENDIX I.

MRS. TARKINGTON'S ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY LIFE.

THE Slausons were English. My father, Simeon Slauson, Sr., was from Stamford, Connecticut. He was the son of, I think, Jonathan Slauson, who is said to have died August 31, 1820. The names of Jonathan's children were Jonathan, Elihu, Simeon, Daniel, Jonas, Sarah, Lydia, Rhoda, and Polly.

My father's surname, correctly spelled, was Slauson. After we moved from New York to Indiana, and he had entered his land, the United States patents for his land came from the Government spelling his surname, as the grantee, Slawson, instead of Slauson, and the neighbors generally in writing spelled it that way. So father got into the habit of writing a *w* instead of a *u* in his name.

Uncle Elihu Slauson was the father of John Budd Slauson, late of No. 16 46th Street, New York City, and "before the war," of New Orleans, Louisiana. Uncle Elihu's wife's name was Esther. Aunt Polly married Dan, and lived in Brooklyn, New York, with her daughter, Adaline Hunt. She was ninety years of age when I last saw her, in 1876. I do not remember my grandmother's maiden name. I remember knowing only Uncles Elihu,

Jonathan, and Daniel, and Aunt Polly; although I remember an Aunt Rhoda; she was father's sister.

My mother was born near Ballston Springs, New York. She was at her Aunt Sally Brown's, in Orange County, New York, when my father saw and courted her; although I have heard that they first met at a sleighing party on North River. My mother had brothers, Lewis Wood and Halsey Wood, and, it seems to me, a David Wood, a sister Mary Wood, and Hannah Wood, who married a Mr. Minor Mills.

Father was younger than Uncle Elihu. They bought and lived on a farm in Orange County, New York, three miles from Middleton, where we used to go to the Presbyterian Church, and hear Mr. Jackson preach. Father, however, used to say he did not like to hear him, because he preached with gloves on, and prayed with his eyes open.

Uncle Elihu and we lived on the farm within a dozen rods of each other, having one large yard in common.

Aunt Polly (Dan) was the youngest of father's family. She was married, and lived near us a year or two. She came to our house to take care of the rest of the children, while father and mother and I visited mother's folks at Ballston, before we came West. I was twelve years old, and went with father and mother as the oldest of the children. We went to mother's father's—three miles from Ballston, New York—and Aunt Mary Wood, the youngest

of her sisters, staid with me while mother and father went to see Aunt Hannah Mills. My Uncle Daniel had a son Daniel, who was called "Little Daniel," and it was funny to me then to hear him so called, because he was quite a tall young man when they were both once at our house in Orange County, New York.

My father was a cooper, and made wooden canteens for the soldiers in the War of 1812. I remember holding a light at night for him to see to make them; he worked one Sunday also. He did not work much on the farm; but attended to his coopering, making mostly butter firkins, meat and whisky barrels, well-buckets, etc. Uncle Elihu attended to the farm. The farm was in Orange County, New York, twenty-five miles from Newberg, nine miles from Goshen, and three miles from Middleton.

Orange County was a great butter country then. Churning was done by horse-power, with a churn large as a barrel.

Ezra Slauson used to be about our place. He claimed to be a second cousin of father's in some way. I remember the little children used to plague him, play pranks on him, to get him to run after them. He did not seem to be able to do much for himself; but would work making baskets, and play with children, whom he appeared to love to be with. Ezra came West before we did, and wrote back bragging up the country. He had some land near

Hartford, back of Rising Sun, Indiana. He married, but I think his wife would not live with him.

Father sold out his share of the farm to Uncle Elihu, and had about $3,500 when we came West. We moved in the fall of 1818. We brought no furniture, and came to Pittsburg in a two-horse and a one-horse wagon. We brought featherbeds with us, and on our way to Pittsburg, at night, took our bedding into a room in a hotel or other house which was rented for the night. We never saw any one camping out until we came West. We did not know we could do so. At Pittsburg, father bought, for forty-five dollars, a "family boat," in which we loaded our goods, wagons, and horses, to carry us down the river to Rising Sun. The horses, when put on the boat, behaved so badly father sent them by a Mr. Robbins, who was going overland, to Ohio, about one hundred and fifty miles from Rising Sun. Mother herself had made and moved with us thirty pairs of linen sheets, never used, and fifteen pairs for common use. She intended five pairs for each of her girls. We could have done well enough in New York, but father wanted land for his children.

We could have gone from Pittsburg to Rising Sun in three weeks with our horses and wagons; by the boat we were seven weeks, the water was so low in the river.

Arrived at Rising Sun, father rented a house, in which we spent the winter. The Crafts (Rev.

Thomas A. Goodwin's wife's folks) lived there then; also the three brothers James; also the Peppers and the Browns, from "York State."

In the spring of 1819, father walked through the snow the one hundred and fifty miles up into Ohio, and brought the horses, and we moved over to what was afterwards our home-place, nine miles north of Vevay, Switzerland County, Indiana, about a mile south of what is now Bennington.

Father had bought one hundred and sixty acres on the east side of the road, intending to move there; but a Mr. Ingersoll owned one hundred and sixty acres opposite, west of the road, and had cleared about three acres and put up a cabin, which he let us move into while he went back to Butler County, Ohio, to bring his family; but his family being averse to coming further West, he sold his land to father. We staid in the cabin three years. It was at the west side of what became the "old orchard," and was on the edge of the woods. The wolves used to howl around the cabin in all manner of voices; each one appeared to have a dozen.

I used to carry the water in summer, after the day's work was done, from Hildebrand's, a mile south of us. I would take four wooden buckets, fill all four, then take two half-way home, go back and bring the other two up to them, take two home, and go back for the other two. We ground corn in a hand-mill, bought of Butcher, who moved up into Decatur County. The stones were about twenty-

four inches in diameter, set in a hollow gum about three feet high. The under stone was stationary, and grooved on the upper side from the center to the edge, and in its center was an iron pivot, on which rested and turned the upper stone, which was the size of the lower. The upper stone was turned by a pole, one end of which was fixed in a hole near the outer edge of the upper stone, and the other end in a hole made in a crosspiece nailed to a tree over the center of the stone. So, running the pole round and round with one hand, with the other we dropped the corn into a hole near the center of the upper stone, and the corn running through to the lower stone was taken and "ground between the upper and the nether millstone," and came out at the edge through a hole in the "gum." This was our mill—and better than many in the neighborhood had—until a mill was built by, I think, Clark Mitchell, a mile east of our house.

I was thirteen years old, the oldest of six children, when we moved to the cabin; was strong and healthy, and helped father clear ground, piling and burning brush and logs, besides helping mother all I could about the house. Work was plenty and help scarce.

Father at first cleared ground by cutting the trees close to the ground, and burning and cutting the logs and clearing all off the ground, and insisted that was the only way; but he found that a slow way to raise corn in such a heavily-wooded

country, and adopted the custom of the country by deadening the trees, and putting in his corn in the deadening, and then, after the corn was gathered, in the fall, winter, and spring, cutting down the deadened trees and burning them as much as he could.

The first or second year we lived in the cabin we heard one of neighbor Rogers's hogs squeal in the edge of the woods a few rods from the cabin, and father ran out and found a bear dragging the hog off. He chased the bear off, and then, with dogs, he and others pursued him until he backed up to a tree and boxed with the dogs, knocking them here and there, until one of the pursuers got a chance and shot him.

After living for three years in the cabin, we moved into a house father had meantime built on the land he first bought on the east side of the road. It was a hewed-log house, of one large room, about twenty feet square, and a shed room on the first floor, and a room up-stairs over the large one. We had two large beds, with a trundlebed across one end of the large room, and in that room we cooked at a large fireplace; the shed and the room up-stairs were bedrooms. There, from December 27, 1830, and March 17, 1831, Daniel, Josephus, Malissa, and Mahala died of winter, now called typhoid, fever. Sisters Matilda and Maluda were born there; also Daniel and John.

Benjamin Hildebrand (father of Uriah Hilde-

brand, who went with brother Delanson in 1838, or 1839, when he moved on the one hundred and sixty acres of land four miles north of Indianapolis, Indiana, which father gave brother) was our nearest neighbor on the south; then came Runa Welch, with his wife Milley, who made cheese, and who, when my son Joseph was born at my father's, vainly offered John a whole one for the baby. And the Davises lived at Davis's Hill, three and a half miles down the Vevay road. Old Mr. Shaddy lived a little southwest of us, and his son afterwards lived next us on the south. Zenas Sisson came and joined us on the north.

I was converted at a prayer-meeting in a little log-house up the branch of "Indian Kentuck," at the house of Mr. Marlow, three or four years before I was married. No preacher was there; but the neighbors had simply gathered for prayer. Zenas Sisson led the meeting. Daniel Sisson, Mr. Gardner and his wife, the Chittendens, some of the Mitchells, Jonathan Andrews, and Mr. Jacques were there. Revs. Allen Wiley and Aaron Wood were the circuit preachers at the time, and John Strange presiding elder.

I afterwards joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at a meeting in the schoolhouse about a half mile north of Zenas Sisson's sawmill, Rev. Allen Wiley minister. None of my family had joined then. Rev. Allen Wiley and family lived about three miles east of our house, on a farm.

Rev. John Strange baptized me at a camp-meeting held on father's farm after I joined Church.

In 1830 father burned brick for a new house, and Mr. Greenleaf made the window and door frames and sills; but when the four children died, mother did not feel like she wanted a new house. The brick house was, however, built in a year or two—a large two-story, "with an L," where father and mother, and after them my brother Simeon, lived and died, and where my brother's widow now (1887) lives.

My husband, Rev. Joseph Tarkington, came as a Methodist preacher on the circuit where we lived in 1830. One Sunday in the spring of 1831, as I was on horseback, riding home from John Cotton and Amanda Clark's wedding, he rode up by my side, and asked me if I had any objections to his company, and I said I did not know as I had. He had been stopping at father's on his rounds of the circuit. It was one of his homes. Mr. Tarkington sometime after this, about a month before we were married, as he was starting away on his circuit, handed a letter to my father, which is as follows:

"August 30, 1831.

"Dear Brother and Sister,—You, by this time, expect me to say something to you concerning what is going on between your daughter and myself. You will, I hope, pardon me for not say-

ing something to you before I ever named anything to her, though she is of age.

"Notwithstanding all this, I never intended to have any girl whose parents are opposed. Therefore, if you have any objections, I wish you to enter them shortly. I know it will be hard for you to give up your daughter to go with me; for I am bound to travel as long as I can, and, of course, any person going with me must not think to stay with father and mother.

"Yours very respectfully,

"J. TARKINGTON.

MR. SIMEON SLAWSON,
SLAWSON P. O.,
SWITZERLAND CO.,
INDIANA.

Father thought there would be so many dangers, with suffering and poverty, in being a preacher's wife, that it was a very serious matter, and, though he was a man of very few words, he told me as much, while he appeared to be very gravely affected. But he wrote a note, and gave it to him when he came around next time, which is as follows:

"*September 4, 1831.*

"REVEREND SIR,—You express a wish to know if I have any objections to you forming an affinity with my daughter Maria, to which I would reply: If you and my daughter are fully reconciled to the above proposition, which I have no reason to doubt,

I do hereby assent to the same; nevertheless, if such a union should take place, it would be very desirable, if you should settle yourself down here, that you would not be too remote from us.

"Yours most respectfully,

"S. AND M. SLAUSON.

Addressed
REV. JOSEPH TARKINGTON,
PLEASANT TOWNSHIP,
SWITZERLAND CO.,
INDIANA.

We were married on September 21, 1831, as will be seen, without a long engagement, and the life of an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife may be imagined from the narrative of my husband.

APPENDIX II.

COPY FROM THE FAMILY BIBLE OF SIMEON SLAWSON, LATE OF SWITZERLAND COUNTY, INDIANA, DECEASED.

BIRTHS.

SIMEON SLAWSON, born January 19, 1777, Stamford, Connecticut.

Martha Wood, born February 5, 1786, Orange County, New York.

Maria Slawson, born January 22, 1806, Orange County, New York.

Malissa Slawson, born July 1, 1807, Orange County, New York.

Delanson Slawson, born January 8, 1810, Orange County, New York.

Josephus Slawson, born July 21, 1812, Orange County, New York.

Halsey Wood Slawson, born July 25, 1814, Orange County, New York.

Mahala Slawson, born September 18, 1815, Orange County, New York.

Simeon Slawson, born May 23, 1818, Orange County, New York.

Matilda Slawson, born June 8, 1820, Switzerland County, Indiana.

Maluda Slawson, born May 19, 1822, Switzerland County, Indiana.

Daniel W. Slawson, born May 15, 1825, Switzerland County, Indiana.

John Wright Slawson, born May 17, 1827, Switzerland County, Indiana.

MARRIAGES.

Simeon Slawson and Martha Wood, April 6, 1805.

Joseph Tarkington and Maria Slawson, September 21, 1831.

Delanson Slawson and Malinda Clark, May 10, 1832.

Matilda Slawson and Augustus Welch, November 21, 1841.

Maluda Slawson and John S. Winchester, December 14, 1844.

Simeon Slawson, Jr., and Angeline Mansur, May 14, 1846.

DEATHS.

Halsey W. Slawson, September 8, 1814.
Daniel W. Slawson, December 27, 1830.
Josephus Slawson, February 17, 1831.
Malissa Slawson, March 13, 1831.
Mahala Slawson, March 17, 1831.
John Wright Slawson, January 30, 1832.
Delanson Slawson, September 22, 1845.
Simeon Slawson, January 22, 1858.

Simeon Slawson, Jr., May 23, 1858.

Martha Wood Slawson, July 7, 1866.

Maria (Slawson) Tarkington, December 16, 1889.

Maluda (Slawson) Winchester, September 7, 1895.

John S. Winchester, February 12, 1898.

APPENDIX III.

JOSEPH TARKINGTON'S FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

JOSEPH TARKINGTON was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, October 30, 1800.

Maria Slauson was born in Orange County, New York, January 22, 1806.

John Stevenson Tarkington was born in Centerville, Indiana, June 24, 1832.

Mary Melissa Tarkington was born at Greensburg, Indiana, February 26, 1834.

Martha Ann Tarkington was born in Harrison County, Indiana, February 17, 1836.

Joseph Asbury Tarkington was born in Switzerland County, Indiana, November 25, 1837.

William Simeon Reeves Tarkington was born in Liberty, Indiana, November 5, 1841.

Ellen Maria Tarkington was born in Centerville, Indiana, December 18, 1843.

Matthew Simpson Tarkington was born in Greencastle, Indiana, July 16, 1848.

MARRIAGES.

Joseph Tarkington and Maria Slauson were married September 21, 1831, by Rev. Allen Wiley, at the home of Simeon Slauson, her father, nine miles north of Vevay, Indiana.

John S. Tarkington was married to Elizabeth Booth, daughter of Bebee and Hannah Booth, November 19, 1857, at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Mary M. Tarkington was married to Dr. John H. Alexander at the farm near Greensburg, Indiana.

Martha A. Tarkington was married to Daniel Stewart, May 18, 1858, at the farm near Greensburg, Indiana.

Joseph A. Tarkington was married to Elva Meredith Yeatman, at Washington, D. C., June 14, 1885.

William S. R. Tarkington was married to Helene S. Tarkington, daughter of William C. and Eliza Tarkington, at Bloomington, Indiana, June 2, 1870.

Matthew Simpson Tarkington was married to Clara Williams Baker, daughter of Marsh Baker, of Greensburg, Indiana, March 25, 1878.

DEATHS.

Joseph Tarkington died at Greensburg, Indiana, September 22, 1891.

Maria Slauson Tarkington died, December 16, 1889, at Greensburg, Indiana.

Ellen M. Tarkington died at the home, near Greensburg, Indiana, May 2, 1861.

Elva M. Tarkington, wife of Joseph A. Tarkington, died at Washington, D. C., January 8, 1891, leaving two children, Joseph Arthur and Elvin Yeatman Tarkington.

Daniel Stewart, husband of Martha A. Tarkington, died in Indianapolis, February 25, 1892.

APPENDIX IV.

MR. TARKINGTON'S RECOLLECTION OF HIS ANCESTORS.

MY great-grandfather was one of two boys, who, by tradition in the family, came with their father from England about A. D. 1700, and settled on or near Albemarle Sound, in Tyrrell County, North Carolina.

One of the two boys, while hunting strayed cows, was stolen by the Indians, and never heard of afterwards.

The remaining boy, my great-grandfather, married, and had three sons, William, Joshua, and Zebulon, born about A. D. 1730, in said county.

My grandfather on my father's side, said Joshua, had six sons, Richard, Joseph, Isaac, John, William, and Jesse (my father), and one daughter, Elizabeth.

My grandfather on my mother's side, said Zebulon, had two sons, Joseph and Joshua, and seven daughters, Priscilla, Keziah, Mary (my mother), Nancy, Esther, Deborah, and Elizabeth, called Milley.

My Uncle John married his cousin, my Aunt Priscilla; and my father married his cousin, said Mary.

In A. D. 1798, my father and his brother, Uncle John, with their families, also my mother's mother

and her children, moved from North Carolina to West Tennessee, near father's. Uncle Joshua, mother's brother, married in Tennessee, and among his children were Hugh, William L., and George Tarkington, of Kentucky; Joseph Tarkington, of Louisiana; and Martha, wife of William Yost Durham, of Waveland, Montgomery County, Indiana. Hugh and George are dead, and William L. lives near Danville, Kentucky. [He died at Danville, Kentucky, January 9, 1898.] My Uncle Joshua was a famous fiddler, and his younger sisters loved to dance to his music.

Mother's sisters were all handsome, sprightly, and graceful, and made a merry family. When a lad, many a time have I seen Aunts Esther and Debby, who were slender, lithe, and gay, dance before the large glass by the half hour. Grandma, with the three children, Debby, Millie, and Esther, lived in a house in the same yard with us.

I remember when Millie married Peter Swanson. Millie and Debby used to play tricks on the Swanson brothers (Dick and Peter), when they saw them coming, by hiding or running to a neighbor's; but the boys finally caught the deer.

We heard that old Mrs. Swanson—who was a great, heavy woman—did not want her boys to marry those gay Tarkington girls, for fear they would be danced out of everything .

General Zollicoffer, killed at Mill Springs, married a daughter of Debby and Dick Swanson.

Millie and Esther married before the shaking of the earth, Debby after.

After Rev. John Pope began to preach at our house, father would not allow any more balls, as they used to have there; and the girls were quite displeased at his determination.

My mother's brother Joseph, running, stepped on a cane stub, and died of lockjaw.

My mother's sisters married: Priscilla (as I have said) to my Uncle John; Keziah to Balaam Ezell (who turned out a Baptist preacher, I saw him baptized); Nancy to George Oliver; Esther to Thomas Brown (of Natchez, Miss.); Deborah to Richard Swanson; and Millie to Peter Swanson (both of Williamson County, Tenn).

The following is the family record of Jesse and Mary Tarkington:

Jesse Tarkington was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, February 21, 1767; married August 28, 1792; and died October 20, 1854, aged 87 years, 7 months, and 29 days, at the old homestead near Stanford, Monroe County, Indiana.

Mary Tarkington was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, December 21, 1773, and died at the old homestead, near Stanford, Indiana, April 2, 1859, aged 85 years, 3 months, and 11 days.

CHILDREN OF JESSE AND MARY TARKINGTON.

Sylvanus H. Tarkington, born in North Carolina, September 26, 1793; died April 16, 1870.

Burton Tarkington, born in North Carolina, November 6, 1795; died February —, 1861, at Tarkington Prairie, Texas.

Jesse Tarkington, born in Davidson County, Tennessee, March 15, 1797; died October 17, 1816, at Edwardsport, Indiana.

Joseph Tarkington, born October 30, 1800, in Davidson County, Tennessee; died at his home near Greensburg, Indiana, September 22, 1891.

Hardin A. Tarkington, born November 30, 1802; died in Iowa, September —, 1886.

John Tarkington, born October 28, 1804; died ————————, 189—.

Ellsberry W. Tarkington, born June 30, 1807; died November 3, 1852, in Monroe County, Indiana.

Mary Reese Tarkington, born October 20, 1809; married John D. Whaley, ——————, 1835; died at Southport, Indiana, June 19, 1896.

Eli P. Tarkington, born November 13, 1811; died April 6, 1876, in Howard County, Indiana.

George O. Tarkington, born July 11, 1813; died January —, 1817, in Monroe County, Indiana.

William C. Tarkington, born June 27, 1816, at Edwardsport, Indiana; married Eliza Kay Foster, daughter of Dr. William C. Foster; died at Indianapolis, Indiana, July 19, 1895.

Harrison Tarkington, born February —, 1818, in Monroe County, Indiana; died July —, 1818.