

LIFE AND PAPERS

OF

A. L. P. GREEN, D.D.

BY THE REV. WM. M. GREEN.

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RESOLVED, That the Rev. W. M. GREEN be requested by the Tennessee Annual Conference to write the Biography of his honored and sainted father, the Rev. A. L. P. GREEN, D.D.

JAMES R. PLUMMER,
GREEN P. JACKSON,
R. A. YOUNG.

"DUCITUR HONORI TIBI."

TO MY MOTHER,
MRS. M. A. E. GREEN,

WHO WAS INDEED A
HELPMATE TO MY FATHER,

THESE PAGES

Are Lovingly Inscribed.

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LIFE AND PAPERS OF DR. GREEN.

1.

THE COVENANT.



WILL attempt to utilize this introduction: it shall be a covenant between the reader and the author.

First: I will make known—which will be comforting—that my chapters will be short. This resolve is made up from the deposit of sober experience. I have read books and longed for the ends of the chapters. A short chapter, like a short dress, has a pleasant, tidy look. I have observed an expression of hearty satisfaction on the faces of the audience as the last page of the obese manuscript trembled in the fingers of the wonderful orator from abroad. The friends whom I love to meet on the street are those from whom I can easily pull away. To afford the reader certain pleasure, in the absence of other refreshments, I will multiply the chapter *endings*. However, I must reserve the privilege of extending a chapter when it refuses to end. To stop with a jerk is just as disastrous to a *writer*

as to a *rider*. Indeed, there is some affinity between *horses* and *books*, in that they are both given to tricks. Many a poor preacher, meaning mischief to no one, has been censured for preaching ninety minutes, when he was doing his level best for fifty minutes to stop. We will not allow a chapter, after the end falls due, more than three pages of grace.

Second: As I never think of myself in the plural number, I must be allowed to use the singular; this is not vanity, but bravery. The first person plural may shift or divide responsibility; the first person singular can do neither. I must also enter a reserve at this point. I will use *we*, when a plurality of interests and logical symmetry demand it. *I* and *we* may meet occasionally in the same sentence.

Third: I must be allowed to ignore, as far as space will allow, initials—except as to given-names. The general run of authors are stingy in distributing immortality; they argue that an obscure man might be intoxicated with importance by seeing his undisguised name set up in a book—if a business man, it might affect his usefulness. Some man, good at enigmas, might guess that J. W. stands for John Wesley; it can stand just as well for James Wright; and, really, it is *the name of neither*. We do not refer to John Milton and William Shakespeare as J. M. and W. S. If a man be obscure, why intensify it by the use of initials that may stand for a full score of names in the census report of a county town? No: if I have any spring of renown, I invite my friends by name to come and drink.

I must express my gratitude to a host of friends

who have furnished me with valuable matter. The major portion of these communications have been carefully dissected—have passed through the pulp state and under the roller; this was to make them fit, and to make them true. If the reader does not recognize his or her letter in these pages, he or she may rest assured that the verbiage has been alchemized into something else. If a few scarlet and crimson letters have passed through without obliterating the dyes, it was because they defied the chemicals.

What he has written seems to me no more
Than I have thought a thousand times before.

2.

ADVICE.



MAN of great moral courage is one who listens patiently and kindly to advice. As I grow older I find myself more fearful of making mistakes, and, hence, have an almost morbid readiness to hear suggestions. My very best friends have been kind to advise me. In the outlook we will take up a few of these suggestions; for sometimes right behind the wise observations of a friend a delicate idea may be linked on, that could not climb a grade without some stronger power in front.

An old and tried friend of my father—Bishop Paine—writes: “You must take time, and do n’t hesitate because you are his son. While modest about his life and labors, do him justice. Keep to your own style: I want to see the Green in the book.” This was just the advice I wanted, only that I was not aware that I had a style, the ignorance of which may cause me *to mix the colors a little*.

Dr. Joseph B. Walker—one of my father’s few regular correspondents—writes: “Bring out the work as soon as you can with justice to your father and yourself. He had a vast number of old friends;

but almost every month some one of them passes away. These old friends are precisely the class that will take most interest in the story of his useful and honored life."

I have a letter from my old pastor and tutor, Dr. Edward Wadsworth. He says: "I determined to write and advise you to take a full measure of time for the work." I have also a short communication from Dr. Anson West, who says: "Do not be in too great haste. Do your work as quick as you can, but take time to complete it. When it is published it will be too late to make corrections." Though the advice of Dr. West is good, yet upon reading it I was troubled in spirit. I felt slow—exceeding slow. I felt like a dying man as to time. Would I, and could I, do the work right? I resolved to take the advice of my friends to the utmost limit of possibility. I resolved not to disparage or say little humble things about myself.

I have other samples of advice, *mixed in with something else* that poor human nature is very fond of, which I turn over to the imagination of the reader.

Patient and sympathetic reader! There may be a slight vein of the humorous permeating this book. Please do not be stern and exceeding proper! Come down from your dignity and hear me! "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It was uppermost: I could not help it. Bear in mind, the greatest humorist is the greatest of philosophers. The man who has no sense of the ludicrous eats the dry comb, and never tastes one drop

of the honey. Bring the jokeless man here, and I will place my hand on his head and say, Poor fellow!

Be it known that I have sprinkled with my tears this poor offering to the memory of my father.

Mirth is the medicine of life:
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly soothes the brow of Care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

3.

FORECASTING.

Miseret me tui.



GOING back to the farthest limit of my memory, Bishop Paine was the guest of my father whenever he came to Nashville. My love for him was hereditary, and my admiration commensurate with my love. A Chrysostom of Methodism, his mouth is golden. Kindly anticipating my wants, he has tendered a golden-worded *leader*, which I insert in full:

“I pity you, and yet I almost envy you. You have consented to become the biographer of your father. No kind of writing, if well done, is more difficult, and none more rare. With abundant materials, a fine subject, with leisure, and a high reputation for scholarship, nearly all who have attempted this path of literature have failed. Heralded by the publishers, and noticed with extravagant praise by a few newspapers and partial friends, the little sensation produced at first soon subsides into indifference. Its doom is death; and why? Sometimes it is not so much the fault of the writer or his work as of his readers. The portraiture of religious character does not strike the fancy of the populace;

and the reading portion of the Christian community, who should feel the greatest interest in it, is too small and unappreciative. Politics, finance, the local and general news of the day—not to mention personal and family cares—engross the mind, and leave but little time for other and better thoughts. But the fact is, most works of this class, whatever the merits of the subjects may be, are very exceptionable. What we demand in the history of a friend is that he be drawn naturally, fully, honestly, and concisely, as truth and justice will allow. The attempt to make him a hero, a martyr, a faultlessly great man or minister, without human foible or weakness, is a common and capital defect. When his true excellence in one respect is so exaggerated in giving his relative character, preëminence is claimed for him over others, and thinking people are simply disgusted, and lay the book down. Such an attempt places subject and writer at a damaging discount, and is resented as a silly effort of a mock auctioneer to palm off his common delf-ware for the finest porcelaine. We want to see our *friend*, and not the man who purposes to *show* him off—to see him as he was, and is, and will ever be, in the great, truthful record of his real life. We knew him as a man, a friend, a brother; a noble, God-gifted, loved and loving man, but without wings—no angel. We hope he is now an angel-man; but we only knew him as a man, and not only as a man, but *the* man, *contradistinguished* from other men. And as the greatest and best of men are only men, and must eternally retain their personal identity,

we neither expect nor desire that they shall lose themselves and become merged in any imaginary community.

“While we ask for the fair and truthful presentation of character, we are far from wishing that a biographer should detail all the peculiarities and weaknesses which, in a great or less degree, attach to all human beings. In this category we do not include what is criminal—not an eclipse, but *spots* which are lost to sight in the effulgence of the sun. Charity, and even justice, can afford to throw a veil over all those defects and peculiarities which are not inconsistent with Christian morals.

“I said, ‘I pity you;’ and so I do. Not because of your father’s character—I believe it stainless, and beautifully consistent; nor because I distrust your ability, under fair circumstances, to do him justice; but because I conjecture your written materials may be scant, and your pastoral and ministerial duties too exacting to allow sufficient leisure for such a difficult and delicate work. I almost envy the high and holy pleasure which filial reverence and love must realize in delineating such a father, and thus photograph upon mind and heart the image of one so dear to you and many of us who knew him long and loved him so much.

“In speaking of your task as difficult and delicate, I do not allude to extraordinary endowments in any particular line, and especially to any striking peculiarity giving eccentricity to character, to which it might be hard for you to do justice. Such men are so angular that they touch society at cer-

tain points only, and rarely accomplish much for the general good.

“The artist who paints a landscape finds not the severest test of his skill in sketching scenery where a few rugged hills and lofty mountains rise to view, but in minutely and faithfully delineating the varied charm of a scene where sublimity and grandeur are subordinated to beauty, utility, and life-like copies of nature and art. Then the ideal becomes realized, and the copy the original. Thus the difficulty of the artist’s work lies principally not in the bold and bare outlines, but in the delicate blending of tints, forms, and shades, which make it ‘a thing of beauty’ and ‘a joy forever.’ The best picture is the most natural.”

A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.

GENESIS.



ALEXANDER LITTLE PAGE GREEN was born in Sevier county, Tennessee, June 26, 1806. He was one of sixteen children, the youngest of seven brothers, and the son of George and Judith Green. He was called Page for the Rev. John Page, who was a distinguished preacher in his day, and died only a few years since in extreme old age. Alexander being very small at his birth, the Little was added to his name as a kind of *sobriquet*. When he was quite a child his father removed from Sevier to Rhea county, Tennessee, and from Rhea county, after a few years' residence, to North Alabama, where he settled in Honey-comb Valley, in Jackson county, and remained till his death in 1823.

As the history and character of the parents have much to do with the future of the child, I will furnish some imperfect memories of George and Judith Green.

I was entertained for a time with a family tradition that George Green was born in Virginia, was a worthy cion of one of the *second* families. This was set aside by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Prentice,

and his grandson, Mr. W. A. Green, who both testify, on good authority, that he was a Marylander, out of one of the *first* families. He was born shortly after his parents came over from "Merrie England;" and, while he was not "of the Puritans," there was a broad vein of Puritanism in his religious *habit*. At all events, he had either heard of or read the Blue Laws; and there may have been a picture of the "Mayflower" on the stained-glass front of his clock, if he had a clock.

George Green married Judith Spillmon, a girl of fifteen, in 1776, the first year of American Independence. Judith was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1761. She was converted the year of her marriage, and joined the despised Methodists eight years before the formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Dr. J. B. McFerrin, in a beautiful tribute, says: "This happy pair lived together forty-seven years. They were pioneers in three States—Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Judith Green was a woman of remarkable intellect, and deeply read in the Scriptures. It was a source of exquisite pleasure to her that she had borne and reared a son for the ministry."

Her religion, in expression, was not exactly the parallel of her husband's. It was just as good as to quality, but of the balmy, gentle kind. It lay away in her heart like a lake guarded by mountains, knowing no storms, but expressed in gentleness and devotion to her family and friends. I remember her well, as she spent the latter years of

her life in my father's family. Like her son Alexander, she was very fond of children, and many delightful hours have I spent listening to her stirring tales of border strife. Lamented and beloved, she withered away, March 18, 1846, at the home of her son in Nashville, closing a long life of eighty-five years, and a membership of seventy years in the Methodist Church.

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
And childhood's merry tale is told.
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

GEORGE GREEN—SOLDIER AND CHRISTIAN.



GEORGE GREEN, shortly after his marriage in 1776, joined the American army. He served for a time in the command of General Greene. He was one of the immortal nine hundred patriots who drove the boasting Ferguson from King's Mountain. He was in other engagements, but in after life had but little to say about his military career. He fought simply from a sense of duty, and after the war was over laid it all silently aside, as a sad but necessary task that had been performed. He remarked to my father, when conversing on the subject of physical bravery, that he always experienced a sense of dread when going into an engagement, but after the battle commenced, and he began handling his gun, this all left him.

George Green was emphatically—in politics and religion—a man of the period. The Sabbath in his family was kept holy in a strictly literal sense. The German idea of making the Sabbath partly holy and partly just any thing else had not obtained at that day. No manner of work was permitted on Sunday that could possibly be performed

on Saturday. No book but the Bible was read by any member of the family on this consecrated day. No visiting, jesting, or loud talking was allowed. Whistling was a grave offense. To laugh expressed a giddy, worldly mind. The children moved about slowly and noiselessly, as though some member of the family were very ill or dead. The Sabbath was a still, awful, solemn day. In striking contrast to the bright, cheerful Sunday of to-day was the Sunday in George Green's family only fifty years ago. Not that I ever heard any expression from my father's lips censuring the severe religion and home-government of his father; yet I am inclined to believe that Sunday was not the most pleasant day in the week in George Green's family; but it was just in keeping with the family discipline of that time. Those ribs of solid steel in the character of the father—so hard and stern—were melted down into attractive graces in the son. Who knows? the Deity may have foreseen the necessity of shaping for himself, in these molds of iron, a man of power. We may condemn the severity of the ponderous seal, but the impression is eternal. My father frequently remarked that the austerity of his father had a tendency to incline him in the opposite direction.

Religion has not changed; like the songs of the birds, it is the same now that it was a hundred years ago. The men of the frontier were natural men, with natural hearts and natural minds. Like the great trees under which they delighted to worship, they were unfertilized and untrained. The pioneers

were brusque in manner, with strong impulses, and their religion partook of the storminess and naturalness of its weather-beaten professors. This was the heroic age, and religion carried with it the clang of the sword, the rush of the combatants, and the shout of victory.

I am not prepared to laud the past and bemean the present. It is not a part of my philosophy that dead things are the best just because they are dead, and the longer they have been dead the better they become. I have no more respect for a mummy than for a fresh corpse. I do not respond Amen to the old saints who, in their prayers at meeting, *celestialize* the past, and *gehennaize* the present. Yes, I do believe that the generous "leaven" of Christianity will continue to extend its influence until the whole lump of humanity is leavened. I cannot say—truth will not allow it—that the religion of my grandfather was better than the religion of my father. They both may have attained, with some difference of expression, the same *ultimatum* of faith. The model of George Green was John Wesley; the model of A. L. P. Green was the archetype of all true religion, or that which is *lovely*, and that which is *best*.

George Green owned no slaves. It may be that he had conscientious scruples, as many of the old Methodists had, on that subject. I suspect he was a non-slaveholder for two pretty good reasons: first, he did not want them; second, he was not able to own them.

Waiving his excessive austerity, which was hardly

a crime, George Green was a good man and hospitable. His house was the preaching-place for many years. Coke and Asbury shared his good cheer; and Dr. J. B. McFerrin, when a beardless boy, ministered in holy things under his roof.

True religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant.

6.

THE BOY ALEXANDER.



ALEXANDER was the youngest boy, and, just like the youngest boy in all families, was favored the most. Whether the rigid piety of George Green would allow him to make pets of his children may be questioned; but I have it from the very best authority that Alexander was favored—it may have been by his sisters and brothers, it may have been (we do not know positively to the contrary) by his father. We all know that he was favored by his mother—and why? Just because he was the youngest of seven boys. Mothers, in all ages, have been the same. Governments change, sciences change—mothers do not.

Alexander was required to do but little hard work on the farm. If there had been but two boys, we might falter in this record; but who ever heard of the youngest of seven boys working, except for fun? Such a statement would cross-pile all family history. Alexander plowed just a little. Boys love to plow till they get large enough to make regular hands. Alexander brought water from the spring—that was not work; he chopped wood *at*

the pile—that was not work; he drove up the cows—that was not work; he went to mill—that was play. He may have carried the grist in one end of the bag and a rock in the other; did not other boys, and even men, do that? and did not the miller regard the rock as legitimate?

I cannot resist the temptation of stopping for a while at the mill. I have an attachment for an old mill—not a steam-mill, but a water-mill—there is so much to entertain a boy: old loggerheads floating around, an occasional musk-rat or a mink, rusty moccasins peering at you from the crevices of the rock dam; and then, when the sun goes down, the owls come, and armies of hobgoblins march around. Besides, it is such a gossipy place for the old rheumatic men, who can do nothing on the farm but feed the hogs, make an ax-helve, and go to mill. The old men and the mills of *eighteen eighteen* have been swept away by the floods of time. The great wheel that churned the blue water into foam is still, and the stories of the old patriots, mixed with the roar of the waters, have passed out into the unknown deep.

Although the word *avored* has been furnished by tradition, we will give Alexander the credit of being an active boy in doing little offices for his mother.

Whether the partial exemption from hard labor had to do with the better development of the finer nervous organism of this youngest boy—whether his mind was stronger because of immunity from the gross vassalage of the body, are questions that

belong to sublime physics. *Labor omnia vincit* does not necessarily mean to conquer bad things, but may mean to subdue good things. I have known intense coercive labor to destroy both energy and spirit. It is a false idea that there is "nobility in labor." Nobility is inherent in energy. Labor is not the cause, but the result.

Alexander Little Page Green was not born a man; he was a boy, with all the boyishness of boys: littered up the house, teased his sisters, carried strings and nails in his pockets, *chunked* the hogs, was fond of horses and a gun, was afraid of ghosts, made a great ado on Christmas with bladders and cane guns, was always hungry, just like a boy of 1877.

I must state an amusing incident of his boyhood, which I have from his own lips. What the offense was he does not state, but he became very much offended, and determined to spite the whole family by starving to death. To carry out his purpose he selected the chimney-jamb behind the kitchen—the very place of all places most unsuitable for starving. All the afternoon he stood there; he could hear what was said in the kitchen; he was mortified that his mother did not mention his name. If she would call him, or ask some one about where he was—but not a word was spoken concerning him. Night came, and his mother expressed no surprise at his absence; preparations were made for supper; the oven and skillet received the savory meal; and at last—for there is an end of comedy as well as tragedy—the aroma of the renowned broiled ham, that has whetted the appetites of millions, found its

way through the chinks, reached the olfactories of Alexander, and dashed his stern resolve. His conclusion was to eat one piece of broiled ham, and then starve.

Alexander was a boy of very quick temper. This seems fabulous to his most intimate friends in after years, who only knew his calm exterior. He relates this circumstance: He was plowing, when the horse became unruly, very restive; and the young plowman, furious with anger, and screaming at the top of his voice, dropped the line, rushed forward, and bit the poor beast on the ear. The student of psychology can readily understand how this latent fire, subsequently kept in bounds by a nice sense of justice, prudence, charity, and propriety, resolved itself into a force that we call energy. Men carry in their back and lower brains magazines of power, if kept in abeyance by a trained and active will. The tender is no more essential to the engine than a good, strong back brain is to a vigorous intellect.

And the mother looks from the cottage-door
To see how the night comes over the moor,
And calls the children home.

SCHOOL-BOY.



ALEXANDER was brought up and educated just like any other boy in the wild woods, who had religious parents. In his mental training there was just a little of art and an exuberance of nature. There was not much science in the log school-house, but there was a great deal to be learned outside of it. The *curriculum* of the frontier school was geography, reading, spelling, *ciphering*, and a little English grammar. An education then was not merely an auxiliary accomplishment, but something intensely practical—just as real as a plow, and valued not for its polish or honor, but for its utility. The boys and girls were not carried very far up the hill of science, but when the school-days were past, and they entered upon the duties of real life, they could at least parse “I lament my fate,” and calculate simple interest.

The frontier school-teacher was after the pattern of the other settlers—not so important as the circuit-rider, not so influential as the squire, but respected as a man of letters, and looked up to in all matters pertaining to his vocation. Like the traveling

preacher, he staid around, but in a much smaller circuit, for he staid with the scholars. He was an autocrat, from whose decisions there was no appeal. Whether Alexander's teacher was a Scotchman or an Irishman we know not. We conjecture that he was a stout man, had a will and a way, and was in command of the situation, *except on Christmas-day*.

The log school-house was intensely primitive; it was built by the settlers around in one day; no desks were dreamed of; the room was seated with puncheons; and the teacher, if an old man, might aspire to a split-bottom chair. Female teachers were rare, for the reason that they did not carry the muscle.

The border schools were all mixed. It was not considered a thing impracticable then for boys and girls to attend the same school. We opine that a strained delicacy has had somewhat to do with the division of the sexes in the schools of the present day. Human nature is just as good now as it was sixty years ago. May I venture?—the spirit of Protestantism, which elevates and sanctifies, is opposed to any reflection upon the purity of the sexes in any educational or religious department.

While writing this I am very sad because only small fragments are left us of histories that we love most. Indeed, what we have, compared to what is lost, is as the microcosm compared to the macrocosm. Those happy, shining ones that gathered in the old school-house, the lessons said, the pranks they played, the idle words they spoke—gone, gone! like the leaves of the forest, dropped and floating

upon the winds away, away! and we stand looking into the void, crying, Come back! come back! The days of my father's childhood and youth, like a procession of stars, have marched down the zenith, and are hid behind the horizon of more than fifty years ago. The grass is just as green, and the trees are just as grand, and the birds sing as sweetly; but where is the old log school-house, and the brown hands and feet of the children? Stop! it is all written in the Book of Remembrance—"now we know in part; but then shall we know even as also we are known."

They have waded the shallows below the mill,
They have gathered wild roses on the hill,
A crown for each tangled head.

RELIGIOUS BOY AND INTERPRETER.



I HAVE heard of religious children—not naturally religious, but trained from the cradle to *behave* and *believe*. I have read of the good children in the Sunday-school books, who just will die under the most favorable circumstances. Little Alexander might pass for a religious child. He was consecrated from his birth to the Church and the ministry. The Holy Ghost called, and his mother—a royal priestess—answered. She began the preparation at once. The priestly garments of Alexander were the prayers, Christian counsel, and example of his mother. Her prayers admitted no question or doubt. She prayed and believed, and Alexander preached.

He says in his Journal that he professed religion August 25, 1815. This makes him an active Christian when he was just nine years and twenty-nine days old. He embraced religion during a camp-meeting in Rhea county, Tennessee. His father was one of the campers, and lived only one-half of a mile from the camp-ground. I am persuaded from his own statement, and that of Mrs. Prentice—his sister—that he was not converted in the altar at

the stand, but in a rude chapel in his father's house, where service was being held on Sunday night after the camp-meeting service was over. His own statement is that he and an old negro woman were the only penitents; that when the invitation for seekers was extended, he crawled under the benches up to the mourner's seat. His sister farther states that after his conversion (the next morning), he came back to the camp-ground, and commenced talking to the mourners; that he joined the Church, *and that her father put him to praying in public.* A boy nine years of age praying in public, and put to praying by his father, is an illuminated chapter that might well be written on the foreheads of those who oppose the religion of children.

W. A. Green informs us that after George Green removed to Alabama, Alexander returned to the old neighborhood in Rhea county, and went to school two years. While he was going to school here, old Sister Gotheard said she had often heard him conclude religious service by singing, prayer, and exhortation, when his head was just above the book-board. Old Brother Gotheard called him his "boy-preacher."

I am not sorry to state that there was nothing particularly remarkable about A. L. P. Green's conversion; it was not *Pauline*, but just an ordinary experience that any true penitent might have; and I sincerely believe that the Church has been afflicted long enough with those remarkable conversions which make vain the expectations of so many well-meaning seekers after Christ. Thousands of

non-professors, who should be in the Church, spiritual and strong, are now, and have been, tramping on their way to Damascus, straining their eyes in search of the bright and miraculous.

Besides the members of his father's family, we have the name of only one man who was a member of the Society to which Alexander belonged, and that was Hughey McPhail, afterward a member of the Tennessee Conference.

At the age of sixteen, Alexander was appointed class-leader, which appointment he held about one year. We have here an example of Methodist succession: George Green prayed in public—he put his son to praying; George Green was a class-leader—his son succeeds him. We can imagine the delicacy of the situation. In this class were Alexander's parents, and other members of the family, and straight old pioneers, with consciences of exquisite tenderness, and behold! a little child in Christian experience was leading them. A class-leader then was a very important functionary. He was a sub-pastor, having the spiritual care of his class. This was necessary, as the *circuit-rider*, having a very large field, knew but little personally of a great many of his members. Alexander was, no doubt, appointed leader of the class because of the declining health of his father, who died about this time.

It was about 1821, according to Dr. R. A. Young's statement, when Alexander saw his first distinguished man. "A venerable and scholarly gentleman came to stay all night. The boy learned that the stranger was an author, that he had actually

written a book. In after years the Doctor used to tell, in his inimitable way, how he stood off and looked at the great man, and how he sat for hours in mute astonishment and listened to his conversation. It was the Rev. Thomas Stringfield."

We do not know exactly the date, but sometime in his teens Alexander was thrown a good deal with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, particularly the Creeks, who, with the Cherokees, had, before their removal to the West, fifty villages in the Valley of the Tennessee. Alexander, with the quick perception of a boy, soon picked up enough of the rude language of the savages to conduct an intelligible conversation, and was employed for a time by the traders as an interpreter. His brother Berry held a contract from the Government to feed the Indians. He states that for several months, while in the employ of the traders, he was without a covering of any sort for his head. His life among the Indians, while it furnished him a great deal of information as to the habits and character of the red men, and the *aboriginal* history of the country, afforded him a rich fund for conversation in succeeding years. His fondness for field-sports may have been acquired during his stay with the Indians.

Many years had elapsed, and Dr. Green found a lone Creek sitting on a curb-stone in Nashville. He walked up behind him and spoke to him in his own tongue, when he sprang to his feet as if he had been shot. "What do you want?" inquired the Doctor. "I want some of that *hissing cider*," answered the Indian, pointing to a soda-fount.

THE JOURNAL—EXHORTER.



HAVE before me the Journal of my father. It has the weather-beaten sweat-marks of active service, for it was written upon the field. Julius Cesar swam a river with his Commentaries between his teeth. If a good *overhanded* swimmer, he kept them dry. Our soldier of Immanuel (we know not when nor where) failed to carry his Journal in his mouth, for he soaked it most thoroughly in unfiltered water. The quill pens used were very good, but the ink was pale, or watered, or too black, and the pages were not lined. So the Journal comes to us both legible and illegible; but I have read it all except some of the proper names, which cannot even be surmised. It extends over eight years, beginning in the autumn of 1824. It is closely kept for four years; the remaining four years have only an item now and then. Its long life is remarkable. A journal of personal experiences can hardly be placed among the annuals. At first its breathing is regular and quick; then it is taken with an asthma; then, in a sleepy, intermittent spell, it dies *exceeding dead*. Of course this Journal, taking it as a whole,

is of no general interest to the reader, as it is, in the main, a string of preaching appointments. We propose, as we pass on, to take out an item here and there for the delectation of the reader. We quote *verbatim*:

“In August, 1824, I was licensed to exhort, and, in a few weeks after, went on Paint Rock Circuit with the Rev. Barton Brown. The first day he preached, and the second day I preached for the first time. The next day he preached, and the day following he left me on the circuit to fill his appointments, which I did, and at some places there was considerable work.”

At that time a license to exhort was almost invariably the forerunner of a license to preach. The exhortation was virtually the preacher's trial, in which he proved his suitability “in gifts and graces to preach the gospel.” Our exhorter calls his exhortation preaching, and I suppose he selected a text and preached a regular sermon. He was licensed to exhort with a license to preach in view. I rather like the plan.

The Rev. R. K. Brown furnishes us with some precious history, which he gathered from the lips of his sainted father, the Rev. Barton Brown, who says: “I joined the Conference several years before Alex. Green, and remember him, then a boy of eighteen or twenty. He often went round the circuit with me, and exhorted; and he was a very fine exhorter. One day I said: ‘Alex., you must preach to-day at eleven.’ This was the first time. We were at a house not far from the church; it was

about eight o'clock in the morning. The young preacher sought a place for private prayer, and finally found a large stump standing about twenty yards from the fence in a field of tall green corn, and thither he repaired for strength and wisdom from on high for the first and great work of his life. Not once did he go, but eleven times in three hours; so that he made a beaten path by passing twenty-two times to and fro to wrestle with God. At eleven o'clock he did preach, sure enough. Shortly after, I left the circuit for a time in his charge, and on my return found him the *biggest* preacher of the two, and he has been so ever since."

This worthy senior, the Rev. Barton Brown, was called up higher only a few months before his junior companion. How natural that he should step into the chariot just a little in advance! He leaves the odor of a good name, and, best of all, two successors of his own blood and bone—Hardie and Robert K.—who belong to the "rank and file."

As the Church in Honey-comb Valley, to which Mr. Green belonged, was upon the line of two appointments—the Jackson and Paint Rock Circuits—and was shifted from one circuit to the other from year to year, it is left to inference whether in the former or the latter he received his license to exhort. His association with Mr. Brown points to the Paint Rock Circuit, upon which the Rev. Richard F. Jarret was preacher in charge, and the Rev. Barton Brown junior preacher. At the same time the Rev. James McFerrin and the Rev. Arthur Mc-

Clure were on the Jackson Circuit. The Rev. William McMahan was Presiding Elder on the Huntsville District, Tennessee Conference.

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the noblest.

FIRST APPOINTMENT.



AS we are dealing with biographical landmarks that were "real and earnest," we desire to be strictly *canonical*, and must refer the reader back to the testimony in the old Journal.

After Mr. Green has been exercising his gifts as an exhorter for a number of weeks, he enters in his diary: "I then returned home, and in a few days our Quarterly-meeting Conference was held, which was about the last of August. At this Conference I obtained recommendation to the District Conference to preach; at which District Conference I obtained license, and returned home again. At the District Conference I obtained recommendation to the Annual Conference for the traveling connection. At the Annual Conference, which was held about the last of November, 1824, the Rev. James McFerrin and I were appointed to the Jackson Circuit in the State of Alabama, the Rev. William McMahon, Presiding Elder. On the 10th day of December, 1824, I bade adieu to my friends and set out for my circuit." A letter from Bishop Paine is just in place. He writes:

“The Tennessee Conference held in Columbia, November 25, 1824, was a memorable term with the writer. He had finished the first year of his *presiding eldership* on an immense District, had attended the General Conference in Baltimore, had just been married after *seven years* hard service as an itinerant preacher. Among many others who were admitted on trial at this Conference were three men who became my intimate and life-long friends—G. D. Taylor, George W. D. Harris, and A. L. P. Green. The last was reported to be a very pious and persevering young preacher. His appearance was favorable. He was, to be sure, quite youthful, and his friends did not claim for him much educational culture; but he combined, with a fine, manly, and even handsome *physique*, a modest, an intelligent, and a kind of transparent sincerity and *naïveté* of character, which won the confidence of the members. At the close of the Conference he was appointed to Jackson Circuit as junior preacher. James McFerrin, the honored father and head of all our McFerrin family, was in charge of the circuit. It proved to be a year of great spiritual prosperity.”

Certainly this chapter will be fully *ex cathedra* when we bring the *neoteris* right behind the *presbuteros*. We quote from the admirable tribute of Bishop McTyeire:

“At the Annual Conference held in the autumn of 1824, at Columbia, fourteen applied for admission on trial as traveling preachers, who were received. Among them was A. L. P. Green, then in his nineteenth year. As junior preacher he was returned

to his home circuit that year and the next. Among the inferences we might draw are, that his development in mind and body was respectable, and even vigorous; though he labored at and near home—among kinsfolk and acquaintances—his ministry was acceptable and in request; and this means much. He was not a ‘novice,’ though exceptionably young for a preacher. His case does not fall under St. Paul’s warning against the elevation of ‘novices’ in the ministry, for the margin reads, ‘One newly come to the faith;’ and he was older in the faith than many who have received ordination.”

The Rev. James McFerrin, the senior colleague of my father, was a man of vigorous intellect and beautiful character; devoted in body and spirit to the Church—which love he has transmitted to his descendants, for he is the father and the grandfather of Methodist preachers. Dr. J. B. McFerrin, who joined the Conference the year after my father, is his honored son; and we might name nearly a half score of others, sons, grandsons, and nephews, who are standing on the walls to-day.

James McFerrin was just a year in advance of my father, having joined the Conference on trial in the autumn of 1823. Here we have two men, neither of them ordained, in charge of a large circuit.

It sounds a little novel that A. L. P. Green obtained his license to preach at a District Conference. At the proper place I have some revelations to make on the subject of District Conferences. The Rev. Greenville T. Henderson says: “In the bounds of the Tennessee Conference, in 1824, no District

Conference was held except by the Rev. William McMahan.”

I cannot close this paper without a hasty reference to the Rev. William McMahan. We quote from the official record:

“Mr. McMahan was a preacher of wonderful fluency and power. For fifty years he held up the cross and preached the doctrines of Christianity in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, leaving holy foot-prints, and winning votaries to Christ. No one ever had the reputation that he had in North Alabama and Mississippi.”

The Conference class of admissions in 1824 was composed of the following: Richard H. Hudson, John Summers, A. L. P. Green, Thomas M. King, Isaac V. Enochs, Gilbert D. Taylor, George W. D. Harris, Samuel R. Davidson, Thomas P. Davidson, Henry J. Brown, Amaziah Jones, Jeremiah Jackson, William V. Douglas, Michael Berry. A close intimacy existed between George W. D. Harris and A. L. P. Green, which continued without check or hinderance till the death of the former. I know not that any of this class remain except Michael Berry, father of the Rev. U. N. M. Berry, of the Tennessee Conference, and Thomas P. Davidson, who is now furnishing, through the columns of the *Western Methodist*, an entertaining autobiography.

Bishops McKendree and Soule were present at this Conference.

There never breathed a man who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard.

JACKSON CIRCUIT.



THE first appointment of a Methodist itinerant, however insignificant it may be to others, is always full of charming history to him. He remembers vividly the roads and by-paths, the streams and hills; he remembers the name and location of each church, and the favorite places where he delighted to rest and study. If a good and true man, his name is blessed in many a cottage-home when he is far away. He may return in after years, when a generation has taken its flight—the churches have gone to decay, and the old registers are lost; but fresh in his memory still is the circuit, like an illuminated city. Fifty years have elapsed: the now aged man of God knows more than any one; he has carried it all; he can tell you wonderful things that happened when your father was a boy.

I wish the space and the interest would allow the insertion, *verbatim*, of the whole Journal.

The young itinerant, upon the threshold of the first year's work, enters in his diary:

“Dec. 11, 1824. I reached my first appointment at Robert Clark's; the weather was cold and very

disagreeable, so that there was but a small attendance; but I tried to preach.

“*Dec. 24, 1824.* I swam my horse twice across a creek, and preached to a small congregation. The next day—Christmas—I rode ten miles, preached to a full house and held class-meeting; we had a good time.

“*Dec. 31, 1824.* I rode through very inclement weather; swam a creek, but did not meet any congregation.

“*Jan. 2, 1825.* I preached to a large congregation in the neighborhood of Bellefonte; here we had a good meeting indeed, and four days’ rest.”

This was his first round on the circuit. He notes that Brother James McFerrin joined him December 23, and continued through the round. From December 11 to January 6 he attended twenty-one appointments. A swollen stream was not in the way of an itinerant of 1824. He states that very sore eyes prevented his attending one appointment. To preach and hold class-meeting, besides riding ten miles, was not too much work for Christmas-day. He honors the 8th of January by calling it the “day of days.” We follow copy:

“I rode six miles. The preaching was at a private house. When I came in sight I was astonished at the number of people assembled; only the females could find room in the house. On this day the blessed work began. After the sermon I called for mourners, and many came up—several from the outside. We spent some time in singing and prayer, and then held class-meeting, after which I extended

an invitation for members, and joined five into Society.”

If I were to make a rough guess, this service must have embraced all of three hours. A very ample text (no doubt) is followed by a very full sermon; then an exhortation, or appeal for penitents; then “some time” in singing and prayer; then the dear old class-meeting; then an invitation for members, and their reception. Well, could the short-service laymen of the present day have stood it? These people were hungry, because their feast-days were so far apart—two weeks, and sometimes four. He continues:

“*Jan.* 10, 1825. I rode ten miles, and preached to a moderate congregation. Here Methodism received considerable opposition from the Schismatics.

“*Jan.* 11, 1825. I rode over a mountain. It rained hard all day. Brother Gilliland, who was riding around the circuit with me, exhorted.

“*Feb.* 3, 1825. I preached at Pleasant Grove. There was a grog-shop about one hundred and fifty yards from the church. On the day before I preached a man and a boy were alone in this house at midnight. The boy was awakened by the screams of the man, who was on fire; he threw a bucket of water on him, but did not extinguish the flames. The boy then went to the well to get more water; but when he returned the man’s clothes were burnt off, and he died about daylight, without a hope of heaven.

“*Feb.* 5, 1825. The Rev. William Anderson preached for me, and we had a good time.

“*Feb. 7, 1825.* I rode seven miles, and preached to a small congregation; but we had a warm meeting. We held class-meeting for the first time in this place. *The people were considerably alarmed at the thought of undergoing an examination.*

“*Feb. 14, 1825.* I rode eight miles, and preached to a small congregation; fifty-two persons were present, and fifty were females.

“*Feb. 17, 1825.* I started to our first quarterly-meeting, about sixty miles distant.

“*March 6, 1825.* Brother Bewley *preached, and I preached after him.*

“*March 20, 1825.* I preached at Smith’s, and there were persons present who had walked five miles.

“*March 24, 1825.* I preached at Bellefonte, which completed my fourth round. I went home, and had four days’ rest. In these four rounds, or sixteen weeks, including the extra work, I preached about ninety-five times.”

They grow in grace most rapidly
Who labor most for God.

JACKSON CIRCUIT.



OUR landlady shows a spirit of accommodation by studying the tastes of her guests. How could she otherwise “*season* justice with mercy?” Our landlady is a judge of human nature, is very discerning, and, withal, is a physiognomist and a historian. She reasons *a priori*. We know, and she knows, that animals in early life, poorly and scantily fed, when furnished with better fare take on appetites of exquisite sensitiveness, from whom no accomplishment of the *cuisine* can draw the exclamation, “This is good!” Because of these our landlady is sad; they would keep house, but are incompetent. Furthermore, our landlady is aware that as there are standard literary works, so there are standard dishes for breakfast. Shall we rebut and destroy that which has been established by the custom of the ages? Our fathers all ate beefsteak and hash for breakfast, and so do we; these are culinary standards. In all well-regulated small families what can or should be the final destiny of a large turkey-gobbler, the third day after its death, but hash? I am proud of hash, because it nourishes so many of my friends. It is not insan-

ity, but the law of association, that has led me into this seeming digression. A diary reminds me of hash in that it may be constructed variously and be destitute of a frame-work. The reader has a delicate stomach, and refuses honey, which is not scriptural, for Solomon says, "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good." Every entry in my father's diary is good. I cannot force an appreciation, but I can move bravely on. Yesterday I read the last paper to a fishing associate of my father—Mr. M. A. McClaugherty. He said: "Your father did not belong exclusively to the Church; write something that will be of interest to those who are not Church-people." While we do not recognize the right of any one to be out of the Church, yet we would rather please than offend even this class.

Our young itinerant has another "day of days."

"*April 10, 1825.* I preached to a small congregation, but a happy one. I called for mourners, and they nearly all came up.

"*April 15, 1825.* I rode six miles, and preached to a good congregation. Brother John McFerrin exhorted and called up the mourners; we had a good time."

This was the Rev. John B. McFerrin, D.D., who was received on trial into the Tennessee Conference in the autumn of this year, 1825.

"*April 18, 1825.* I started to our second quarterly-meeting, at Brother Jas. Smith's. I preached on the way. Brothers McMahan, McClure, Smith, and King met on their way to the meeting. On the second day (Thursday) I met Brother Clark,

and staid all night with him. On Saturday we went on to the meeting, which was held April 21. Brother McClure preached at eleven, Brother McMahon at twelve, and Brother Sullivan at night. On Sunday Brother McClure preached at eleven, Brother McMahon at twelve, and Brother King at night, and we had, indeed, a glorious time; about sixteen professed religion."

It seems that much stress was laid on the preaching of the word. Here, at a quarterly-meeting, six sermons were delivered in two days, and no school-boy declamations of ten or fifteen minutes, at that; they were full-grown, robust, healthy sermons.

"*May 1, 1825.* Brother James McFerrin and I attended a two-days' meeting. We had a good time, considering the opposition to Methodism at this point.

"About this time I preached at Breeks's Meeting-house, and remained till the camp-meeting. Here we had a glorious time. The meeting lasted five days, after which I rode to Winchester, Tenn., and staid all night." He continues: "My health is feeble; but, notwithstanding, I rode eight miles, and preached, and received five into the Church.

"*May 4, 1825.* We commenced a two-days' meeting at Father Clayton's. Here the Schismatics had been preaching a great deal, and the minds of the people were on a stand. I thought it right to show what the Schismatics were. Accordingly I preached at twelve o'clock on the word 'Watch.' Before I finished the Schismatics were all mad. One got up from his seat and walked toward me with a stick,

and I thought he was going to throw it at me. This day's preaching drew the line between the Schismatics and the Methodists. From this time, during the year, I was on the circuit only at times, being employed mostly at camp-meetings."

Dr. McFerrin, in his "Methodism in Tennessee," says: "During this period (about 1818) the Arian heresy found advocates in Tennessee, and a sect sprang up, called the 'New Lights,' or 'Schismatics.' They were headed by some prominent Presbyterian ministers, the most distinguished of whom was Barton W. Stone, a man of considerable learning and decided popularity. They called themselves 'Christians,' and led away hundreds who were influenced by their heretical teachings."

"*July 14, 1825.* Our camp-meeting came on at Bellefonte, and here we had the greatest time that I ever witnessed. The meeting convened on Thursday and broke up on Tuesday. I think in that length of time I slept about ten hours in all. Every morning I went around and took the number that had professed at each tent in twenty-four hours. There were, during the meeting, one hundred and three conversions that we heard from, and many more not reported; seventy-nine joined the Church.

"From this camp-meeting I went to another near Owensboro, Tenn., where we had a good time. I then returned to my circuit, and preached until the next quarterly-meeting, which was September 15. Here we had a good time indeed; it continued from Thursday till Monday. Seventy-one professed religion, and forty-nine joined the Church.

“The next week I attended a camp-meeting in East Tennessee, near Washington. This was a good meeting.

“Next I went to a camp-meeting at Winchester, and from that to the District Conference; then returned home, and attended a camp-meeting in Madison county, near Brownsboro. I then tarried at home for two or three days, and returned to my circuit, attended three protracted-meetings, and then took leave of my work, and started for the Annual Conference, which was held in Shelbyville, Tenn., commencing November 10, 1825, and continuing in session ten days. I was again returned to Jackson Circuit.

“In the Conference-year of 1824 and 1825 I rode something like fifteen hundred miles, preached over two hundred times, and received two hundred into the Church.”

A splendid summary for the first year! I find, in a strange chirography—perhaps by the Rev. James McFerrin—these words: “May the Lord bless your labors while you live in the world, and help you to be humble!”

Bishops Roberts and Soule were present at the Conference in Shelbyville.

I saw one man, armed simply with God's word,
Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword.

ADVENTURES AND OTHER MATTERS.



TOURIST may write a book, provided he has been turned over, blown up, sunk, frozen, starved, robbed, slept on the floor, crowded, lost his money, and caught the fever. I took up my pen to write about the "Centennial;" I was discouraged: I had only spent my money and been crowded.

I notice in the magazines illustrated accounts of travels; the pictures add much interest—*e. g.*, men, like flies, climbing up perpendicular cliffs, riding on avalanches, leaping on sticks over great chasms that would pale a chamois. Sober, unimaginative travelers, following on behind, fail to find these places of perilous interest.

A soldier who has fought no battles is without the glamour of a hero. A soldier must be shot at, or be captured, or have a scar somewhere *in front*. If I wished to be a colonel, I would put on two overcoats, a pair of cavalry boots, a pair of thick leggings, wrap a comfort around my head, and get a blind man with a fowling-piece to stand off about two hundred yards and shoot at me with bird-shot.

A Methodist preacher who never rode a circuit

is without history. He may be a great man, and a good preacher in Jerusalem, but he came up without fighting Edom and Moab.

The history of a Methodist itinerant could not be entertained without his engagements, his great meetings, and his adventures on horseback in the wood and the stream.

The diary of the second year begins: "George W. Morris and I were appointed to the Jackson Circuit, and on November 23, 1825, we struck the circuit at Brother McFarlin's. Brother Morris preached, and we held class-meeting."

"*Dec. 10, 1825.* I had the most disagreeable ride that I ever experienced. I had about twelve miles to travel over a mountain. About daylight it commenced to snow, and snowed very hard. At ten o'clock I started for my appointment, and in about two miles reached the foot of the mountain, where the snow was much deeper than lower down. It was about a mile and a half to the top of the mountain, and very rocky and steep. On account of the ascent, and the snow covering the rocks, my horse had a very uncertain footing, and I had to dismount and lead him. It being the south side, I was sheltered from the storm in a good degree; but in climbing I became very warm, and the snow giving way under my feet made it very laborious. By the time I reached the top of the mountain I was wet with perspiration, and it seemed that I had reached another world, for the wind blew very hard and cold from the north, and the clouds, from which the snow was falling, apparently lay on the ground.

It was so dark that I could scarcely find my way. It not only snowed, but sleeted, so that the few low, scrubby trees were loaded with ice. The wind blew the snow in my face, and my clothes hung with icicles. I saw no way of relief. The snow clogged my horse's feet, and he traveled with difficulty. About one o'clock I reached my appointment, and met three or four persons, and preached to them a short sermon, and we had a *tolerable* good time.

“On this day I had another appointment fifteen miles distant, but failed to reach it in time—arrived at the place at dark. I ate something, and started for a night appointment five miles distant. It was bitter cold, but when I reached the place, to my great surprise, I found a house full of people. I preached to them one hour and a half, prayed three times, sang about six hymns, joined them into Society, and rode five miles the same night after ten o'clock.”

The reader is ready to join with the young preacher in calling this “a day of days.” Combining the mental effort, the physical labor and exposure, few men ever accomplished so much in thirteen hours. The result of this day's hardship he carried to his grave; for upon that bitter night he was frost-bitten, from the effects of which, combined with tetter, he died. Now we are left musing: All this exposure—was it necessary? That house full of people assembled that cold night must have a shepherd. How could they hear without a preacher? Can the angels tell the beautiful destinies, more charming than the “beautiful snow,” that have

evolved from that day's work? Truly, the Methodism of fifty years ago was in league with the hurtling storm, and in favor with the rolling flood, for it "stopped and staid" not for either. I am glad that in the absence of immaculate shirt-bosoms, and still more elegant discourses, it can boast of its battered veterans, who carried the word to those who sat in the shadow of the mountains, "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." He writes:

"*Dec. 11, 1825.* I rode six miles, and crossed a high mountain. I was forced, because of the slippery rocks, to walk up the mountain. I at length reached my appointment, and preached to a small congregation. The same night I had an appointment about three miles distant; here I met a large crowd, considering the cold. The church being open and the people uncomfortable, we had a dull time.

"*Dec. 21, 1825.* I rode forty miles, and reached my mother's, in Honey-comb Valley. Here I preached to a large congregation on Christmas-day.

"*Jan. 19, 1826.* We had trying times indeed. [Joshua Clark was with him.] We had eight miles to ride, and a mountain to cross, and the snow was falling heavily all the time. We had to walk up and down the mountain, and were thoroughly wet by the snow, which was eight inches deep. At twelve o'clock we reached our appointment at Mt. Zion, and found nine persons. I preached a short sermon. The good Lord was present, and I received eight members, and staid all night at Father Clark's. This was a day of suffering with me, and brought

to my mind the pleasures of home and the eternal rest that lies beyond this vale of tears, which ever bears me up under sore trials.

“*Feb. 10, 1826.* I rested at Brother Roberts’s, and was employed principally in reading ‘Wesley’s Philosophy.’

“*Feb. 23, 1826.* I rode six miles to my appointment at William Barclay’s. The people turned out pretty generally; the house was crowded, and outside there were about fifty. I preached one hour and a half, and the people wept aloud; I called for mourners, and a number fell upon their knees in the house, and as many outside. This was a precious time.

“*Feb. 25, 1826.* I rode to my appointment and preached; but few were out, for the waters were up, and the people did not expect me.”

My father’s senior colleague this year—George W. Morris—has been represented as rather an eccentric character, but, withal, a man of severe morals and rigid piety. He joined the Tennessee Conference on trial in 1819. In 1837 he was transferred to the Arkansas Conference, in which he continued to labor till 1842, when he located.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed
Which the cold know not nor the careless heed—
Of the gentle word, and the kindly deed,
That hath blest the world in its sorest need;
Sweet will the harvest be.

LABORS AND SICKNESS.

THERE were giants in the earth in those days." I am not surprised, for there are giants in the earth in these days. We read in the Church-histories of those "sons of thunder" who climbed the mountains and swam the rivers—men of strong faith and *iron* constitutions. The last adjective is not an exaggeration. Iron, when exposed to the weather, will not outlast a man of ordinary strength; neither will a man of great physical vigor, overtaxed in mind and body, outlast iron. An iron constitution, like an iron bridge, sometimes takes us by surprise with a crash. Delicate people, who have no acute distempers, as a general rule, live the longest. Why? Because they do not presume on their strength, and pay some regard to the laws of health. I remember all of twenty-five years ago, Jones came staggering into church. I thought, solemnly, "The place that knows Jones will soon know him no more;" but Jones is still with us, comes to church, has but one eye, has no teeth except those furnished by the dentist; Jones looks at you straight and steady with that one eye, and says, "I am tolerable."

My cousin Zenobia, not for pleasure, but health, has been boarding at the springs every summer for twenty years and more. She is still with us, and can endure more fatigue than her younger and more robust sisters.

Our young preacher had a fine *physique*—perfect health, and no hereditary disease; and yet exposure, excessive labor, and the want of rest began to prey upon his *iron* constitution. Hear what he says:

“*Feb.* 28, 1826. I awoke in the morning very sick, was apprehensive that I had taken cold. I took a sweat, but without any apparent good effect. This day I suffered considerably in body, but my mind was composed; the next day I took some medicine, which seemed to be of service at first, but owing to the damp air I took fresh cold.

“*March* 3, 1826. I found myself growing worse; a physician was called in, and from this day I began to mend. I took another sweat, which had a good effect.

“*March* 5, 1826. I was able to ride a mile or two.

“*March* 6, 1826. I rode six miles, and staid all night in the neighborhood of Bellefonte, at Brother James Gilliland’s.

“*March* 7, 1826. This day I spent mostly riding about in the neighborhood, as the people said it would be of advantage to me to be thus employed.

“*March* 9, 1826. I visited a gentleman who was afflicted pretty much in the same way that I was. He was a great sinner, and on this day was taken with a terrible delirium, so that it required four

men to hold him in bed. In a few hours the delirium was past, and in a few days he was well."

This is the first, and I believe the last, allusion in his Journal to pastoral visiting—in the present day the greatest labor of a Methodist preacher. Under the old *régime* preaching was first, and visiting second. Now, whether for the better or the worse I cannot say, visiting is first. The old preachers of to-day take very slowly to visiting. Fifty years ago the province of a preacher was to preach, and he gave himself unreservedly to the expounding of the word; and how could it be otherwise, when, as in the present case, more than twenty-one appointments had to be filled in a month? He continues:

"*March 14, 1826.* I rode five miles, and preached for the first time after my sickness, on the words, 'In the Lord put I my trust.' Before I finished, the people shouted so that I had to desist. We had a good meeting. Thank the Lord for experiencing the truth of the scripture, 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength!'

"*April 3, 1826.* I rode five miles, and met a good congregation at Captain McMahon's. I was very much depressed by a sense of weight in my chest.

"*April 4, 1826.* I rode to my appointment at Mt. Pleasant. Not being able to preach, a brother held meeting for me.

"*April 5, 1826.* I rode five miles to my appointment at Shiloh. I engaged a brother to hold the meeting; I had a high fever, and at night suffered very much.

"*April 6, 1826.* With much difficulty I made out

to reach my appointment, but had to dismiss the congregation. I had eaten nothing of any consequence for two days. In the afternoon my fever abated, and I rode fifteen miles to an appointment in the neighborhood of Bellefonte. Brother McIntire preached for me, and we had a good and glorious time.

“*April 7, 1826.* I rested, and felt better.

“*April 8, 1826.* In company with Brother McIntire and Brother Abbets, I rode twenty miles to a two-days’ meeting. We reached the appointment at twelve o’clock. Brother McIntire preached and called for mourners. Four of the dear people found God in the pardon of their sins. The sinners wept, and the Christians shouted. We held meeting again; Brother Ellis preached, and two more found peace.

“*April 9, 1826.* We held love-feast, and to many it was a love-feast indeed. Glory to God for his goodness! At eleven o’clock Brother McIntire preached, followed by another brother—both good sermons. After the last sermon, as this was a retired neighborhood, and had never been blessed with a quarterly-meeting, it was thought proper that the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper should be administered. Brother Morris, who was an ordained preacher, conducted the service, and we had a good time. Sunday night a brother was appointed to preach who did not arrive on account of the inclement weather. I attempted to preach, but was unable to stand, and Brother McIntire took my place, and preached a short sermon. There were five accessions and six conversions at this meeting.

“*April 10, 1826.* I rode ten miles, to my mother’s, with the intention of staying until I regained my strength. I remained until the 16th, and then, as my strength had somewhat returned, I rode twenty miles, and attended a quarterly-meeting of Brother McMahan’s, near Huntsville. On Saturday night I endeavored to preach, and Brother McMahan exhorted. Sunday morning at ten o’clock the Lord’s Supper was administered. At eleven o’clock, on account of Brother McMahan’s illness, I had to preach.

“*April 17, 1826.* I rode home, and continued until the 19th; I then set out to attend our second quarterly-meeting, in the eastern part of Jackson county, near the Tennessee line. This meeting was converted into a camp-meeting, which continued from Thursday till Monday, during which time thirteen professed religion, and ten joined Society. This was an obscure neighborhood, and the congregations were small, but the Lord was in and about his people.

“*April 26, 1826.* Brother McMahan and I started out for the Cherokee Nation. With Brother Neely I staid all night at William Neely’s, and there we remained till Friday afternoon (the 29th). We then rode to the camp-ground, about three miles from town. This meeting continued till the 9th of May. There were about sixteen conversions, and the Christians enjoyed themselves very much. Glory to God for his goodness!

“*May 9, 1826.* Brother Morris and I left the camp-ground, with the expectation of meeting next day.

The next morning I rode to the place appointed, and remained until twelve o'clock, but heard nothing of Brother Morris. I thought it advisable for me to start, as my appointments commenced the day after, and I had a mountainous wilderness of thirty-five miles to pass through before reaching the settlements. This was a memorable day to me, for I was very sick all day; and being all alone, I had opportunity for meditation. I had some happy moments in thinking of the joys of heaven. At eight P.M. I reached the foot of the mountain, and stopped with a Mr. Brown. It was to me a disagreeable night, for there were six or seven dark-looking men there, who staid all night, whose principal employment was to drink whisky and argue on Scripture. I was called on occasionally to decide disputed points.

“*May 19, 1826.* I preached to a small congregation, but it was with great difficulty that I could speak at all, for I was very unwell indeed.

“*May 20, 1826.* I rode seven miles, and preached to a small congregation. I could scarcely stand, but blessed be God that in my affliction the Lord was with me!

“*May 21, 1826.* I rode three miles, and met a large congregation. Here I got Jesse Ellis to preach for me, and we had a good time in preaching and class-meeting. I met another large congregation, and could get no one to preach. I commenced with the intention of praying and exhorting a little; but I concluded to try and preach, and the Lord blessed me with strength enough to de-

liver a short sermon. I concluded to go home and stay till I died or regained my strength.”

The common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care.

MEETINGS AND INCIDENTS.



WE presume, and assume, that the reader is, or should be, very much interested in the Journal. So we will not trespass on time or space with an introduction. The good old book is open:

“*June* 28, 1826. I left home and started for my circuit. I met Brother Conn, who was to travel the circuit with me for these reasons: Brother [F. A.] Owen, who was appointed to the Cherokee Mission, took sick and went home; Brother Morris had to go and fill his place, and Brother Conn was removed from the Paint Rock to the Jackson Circuit.”

The Rev. William W. Conn died only a few years since, in extreme old age. He was admitted on trial into the Tennessee Conference in 1822, and located in 1828. He was a good man, and very much beloved. The appointment of Mr. Conn as the colleague of my father explains the failure of Mr. Morris to meet his engagement, for he was then on his way to the Cherokee Mission. We return to the Journal:

“*July* 13, 1826. Our ‘fourth quarterly-meeting’ commenced at Father Clark’s, and continued till the

eighteenth; it was converted into a camp-meeting; we had great and good times; there were sixty-two conversions, and twenty-nine joined Society.

“*Aug. 2, 1826.* Brother Stephen Carter, Mary (his daughter), and I started for a camp-meeting in Limestone county. We rode this day about forty-five miles, and came very near having to stay out in the swamps of Flint River. We had to travel till nine o'clock at night before reaching a place to stay.

“*Aug. 4.* We reached the camp-meeting, which held four days, and we had tolerable good times. Thirty professed religion, and twenty-nine joined Society.

“*Aug. 15.* I rode ten miles, and preached at Sharon Meeting-house. We had a glorious meeting. Brother A. Harris was with me, who had embraced religion a few weeks before, and it appeared that wherever he went the fire burned; just a word about the goodness of the Lord would set him to shouting. Thank God for a shouting religion!

“*Aug. 16.* Brother Harris and I rode five miles to my appointment at Brother McFarlin's. Here the meeting exceeded any thing that I had ever seen before. My own feelings became so kindled while I was preaching that I had to desist; and it is said that every one shouted except some children and one young man, and there was a large congregation.

“*Aug. 20.* My horse being sick, I had to leave him and borrow one, which was extremely disagreeable to me. On my journey I suffered myself to reason with the devil, which was to my advantage. The

first thing he represented to me was the difficulty of traveling and preaching—the many days of ill-health that I had experienced; besides, my horse was both sick and lame, and my cloak had been stolen. Now, if the Lord had appointed me to travel and preach, why were so many difficulties in my way? But when I began to think of the many times that the Lord had blessed me and my preaching, and the souls that he had given me for my hire, I was enabled to say, ‘Get thee behind me, Satan!’ and, in the language of the psalmist, ‘O Lord, in thee do I put my trust!’ On the Sunday following Brother Maclin Bewley drew up a subscription-paper to buy me a horse. He made up twenty dollars and upward in one day, which in a few days had reached seventy dollars.

“*Sep. 2, 1826.* Brother Bewley and I rode to a camp-meeting in Blue Spring Cove. This was a Presbyterian meeting. We staid there until September 5.

“*Sep. 6.* I went to my mother’s, in Honey-comb Valley. Here we had a large congregation and good times. Brother Bewley preached. From this we went to Brother King’s camp-meeting, on Paint Rock Circuit, and staid until the eleventh; I then returned to my own work.

“*Sep. 14.* I attended my appointment at Pleasant Grove. On the way I was presented with a horse by Brother Bewley; this horse he had got up for me by subscription, which was worth at least one hundred dollars; besides which he put into my hands one hundred dollars, to be disposed of as I

pleased. I was very thankful indeed—thankful for friends.”

We may enter this as a “red-letter” day—a horse and all of one hundred dollars presented to a young circuit-preacher! Really, if many an old conscientious brother in the Conference had been consulted he would have entered a protest—“Too much for the humility of a young brother!” Friend Bewley was a Greatheart. In my recollection the “young brother,” when much older, served many years for less, and yet he felt in debt to the Church.

We close this paper with an incident. I remember the sermons of the old preachers abounded in such experiences:

“*Sep. 17, 1826.* I attended the funeral of a lady who died under peculiar circumstances. Just eight weeks before her death her husband attended my appointment. He was convicted of sin, and joined our Church. He returned home the same evening, and related to his wife all the circumstances of his conversion, at which she became so enraged that she stamped and swore most bitterly, and in her rage was taken with a strange kind of fever. She went immediately to bed, and never arose. She was sick only a few days. A Methodist exhorter, who lived in the neighborhood, came to the house to pray for her. He made his request known by telling her that he would pray, if she had no objection, at which she turned upon him her dying eyes, filled with terror, and said, ‘If I had strength I would get up and kill you.’ She cursed and swore, and, with bitter curses rolling from her lips, she

closed her eyes and left the world. Let all who hear this circumstance be taught not to abuse the mercies of God; for there is no doubt in my mind but that this woman was suffering some of the ‘pangs of hell’ before she left the world.”

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

CAMP-MEETINGS AND SO-FORTH.



HERE are various reasons why the camp-meeting conducted on the old plan must be ere long a glorified thing of the past. This is not a matter of love or preference, but of destiny, to which we all must bow, and "make the most of it." In the Southern States camp-meetings are, and have been, sustained by the few, as to expense. The *few* are active business men, whose time is more fully occupied than in *ante-bellum* days; they have not the slave labor and excess of provisions. Labor, provisions, and time have all become valuable. A meeting conducted on the gratuitous plan smacks of good-cheer and Southern hospitality; but, while it is fun to the multitude, it grinds exceedingly hard on the generous *few*. I am satisfied that the Northern hotel plan is the best. There are few camp-meetings now, not because the people do not like them, but because there is no feasible plan for conducting them. We have furnished these observations especially for the benefit of a class of camp-meeting loafers (a number of whom remain to this present) who are very lugubrious at the degeneracy of the times caused by the scarcity of

camp-meetings, but really (*inter nos*) because the opportunity is denied them of leaving their families at home on short allowance and gormandizing (themselves) at the big meetings. I have heard my father often, in his good-humored way, refer to these religious *whang-doodles*, who infested alike camp-meetings and quarterly-meetings. A pen-portrait of one, under the *cognomen* of Benhadad, is furnished in these pages. Let us return to the Journal:

“*Sep.* 28, 1826. Our camp-meeting in Honey-comb Valley commenced on this day, and continued until October 2. We had a glorious time, considering the place, it being a small community. About thirty-five embraced religion.

“*Oct.* 2, 1826. I started to a camp-meeting at Winchester, Tenn. I think there were just fifteen in company, several of whom had professed religion in Honey-comb. When we were about three miles on the way, Brother Harris commenced singing; and being very warm in religion, he began to shout, after which several others joined in, which continued for twelve miles, and about two hours and a half. I was fearful that a number of young horses would take fright; but it appeared that the good Lord helped them to sit on their saddles, for they let go their bridles, clapped their hands, and made motions that made their horses run at full speed; but not one of them was hurt.

“The people living along the way were wicked, and, as we passed, they would crowd to their doors and stare at us, as if they thought we were deranged. After riding ten miles we came to the forks of the

road, where the party divided, and a shout went both ways. Such expressions of power I have never seen before, and there was no scoffing among the people. One wagon refused to give the road; the driver and those in the wagon seemed not to notice us at all.

“*Oct. 5.* The Rev. Thomas M. King and I started in the direction of the camp-meeting. We rode four miles, and attended an appointment of Brother King’s on the way. On the same day we attended an appointment of Brother James McFerrin’s, in Madison county. He not being able to attend, I preached, and Brother King exhorted.

“*Oct. 6.* We rode to the camp-meeting known as Farris’s Camp-ground. It so happened that only one preacher was there besides those on the circuit. Brother King and I had to bear the greater part of the burden.

“*Oct. 12.* We rode twelve miles to our District Conference, which was held near Huntsville.

“*Oct. 23.* I rested in the morning, and rode in the afternoon to my next appointment at Father Brandon’s, and preached the funeral-sermon of a young man by the name of James Gaddis, about twenty years old. I never saw so many tears shed in the same length of time.

“*Oct. 27.* I rode through a heavy rain to my appointment at Ebenezer, and preached two sermons before I sat down, on 1 Peter iv. 6, and 1 Peter iii. 18, 19, 20. These sermons I preached by request of the Universalists; and I heard that I gave some satisfaction on the subject.

“*Nov.* 4, 1826. I attended an appointment at Brother Parks’s; and as this was my last round, many came a long distance. Among them was an old gentleman well known as a persecutor of religion, and particularly of young Methodist preachers. Seeing him in the crowd, and recollecting that I had seen him before at my appointments four days in succession, and as he had come this day about ten miles, I was at a loss to know what his design was—whether he was serious on the subject of religion, or was following me up to hear me preach twice on the same subject, in order to laugh about it in my absence. During the sermon I found he was serious; and I was much pleased to find him affected, because a religious person could have no peace where he was. We had a good time, and the meeting held late. After service the old gentleman seemed slow about leaving. After the people were all gone he still staid; about sunset he observed that he must go, and started as though he were going to leave, when he took me by the hand and said he wanted a word with me. We stepped aside, and, with tears in his eyes, he said that he was an old sinner, and I must not fail to pray for him—that he had a large family, and thought he ought to hold family-prayer, and that he did not know how to pray, because he had not made it a study, and he wanted me to write a prayer for him. I wrote him a prayer, as near as I knew how, and then with tears he bade me farewell. I heard that he went home, took his seat by the fire, and remained sometime silent. At length he asked one of the

family to hand him Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason.' He took the book, and said, 'I thank God that I have the privilege of committing you to the flames,' and threw the book into the fire. I understand that he is now a serious man, and conducting family-worship."

We subjoin the form of prayer referred to above:

"1. Speak of the greatness of God and his goodness—that it is from him we receive every blessing—that he is the fountain of all happiness.

"2. Speak of your unworthiness—that without spiritual influence you can do no good thing.

"3. Ask forgiveness for past sins, and that you may be blessed with every needed grace.

"4. Ask God to bless the Church and the world, and that his word may be received.

"5. Pray God to have mercy on sinners—to bring them to light, and to comfort the penitent, and to give them knowledge of sins forgiven.

"6. Pray God to bless the fatherless and widows—the sick and all those in distress.

"7. Ask God to be with you in spirit while you live in this world, and to bring you down to your grave in peace, and save you in heaven.

"Since I have been meditating on the subject of prayer, I am of the opinion that if you will get the points in your mind for which, or about which, men generally pray, it will be of more service than this written form."

"*Nov.* 10, 1826. I rode six miles, and met a good congregation. Most of the people commenced crying as soon as I began to preach. During the ser-

mon I was overcome with tears, and had to stop, and give vent to my feelings.

“*Nov. 11.* I rode after night six miles, and preached the best I could to a large congregation. Here I finished the labor of two years. Blessed be God that I can leave the circuit with a conscience void of offense toward God and man! I do know that my feeble exertions have been blessed. I believe, if I never meet or see these people in this world again, I shall meet numbers of them in heaven; for which prospect I give glory to Almighty God.”

Between the close of his regular work and the Annual Conference he is actively engaged on extra duty. He writes:

“*Nov. 14, 1826.* I rode to my mother’s, and preached to a large congregation. I remained at Bellefonte until the sixteenth.”

This was indeed a year of great labor and trial. He does not state the nature of his physical affliction. We think it probable that he had the all-prevailing disease of the Tennessee River bottoms, chills and fever. His pulpit labors were increased by a very vehement delivery. Upon this point I quote from a letter of the Rev. R. K. Brown, of the Tennessee Conference: “You know that your father, in his riper years, was very deliberate in his delivery; and yet, I remember, he said to me, for my comfort, that his greatest grief in his earlier ministry was that some of his friends compared him to a certain old Baptist preacher, whose delivery was like pouring peas on a rawhide.” I have heard my father refer frequently to the difficulty

he had in toning down his voice and gestures; but there are reasons sometimes for apparently unreasonable things. Persons who have had no experience in public speaking cannot appreciate the fact that some temperaments require considerable physical effort to warm the circulation and electrify the brain, when the brightest thoughts seem to be the creations of nervous fervor. This is particularly the case with young preachers, who, like young dogs, run the best on a warm trail; and even old preachers are sometimes prosy when their brains are cool.

MADISON AND LIMESTONE CIRCUITS.



THE Rev. Ambrose F. Driskill was appointed by the Tennessee Conference of 1826 as the senior colleague of A. L. P. Green on the Madison Circuit. For some reason they did not labor together.

While Mr. Driskill was not the actual, but only the official, associate of my father in his public ministry, it may not be irrelevant to devote a short paragraph to the memory of a strong preacher and a good man.

I remember Mr. Driskill as a Presiding Elder. He was in charge of the Nashville District when I was a child. He impressed me as a man who had his views and his ways. My brother and I stood around and looked at him. He carried the atmosphere of holiness about him. He was a Methodist in usage and doctrine; never ran on any of the branches; *stuck* to the trunk-line. I heard my father remark that he remembered Mr. Driskill at an early day as the most tastefully-dressed gentleman in the Conference—not foppish, but elegant, in the fit and neatness of his apparel. Mr. Driskill joined the Tennessee Conference on trial in 1822,

and died while in charge of the Madison Circuit, North Alabama Conference, in 1875.

The labors of the second year are finished, and my father enters in his diary:

“*Nov. 22, 1826.* I started with Brother Davidson for the Tennessee Annual Conference, to be held in Nashville, Tennessee. On our way we staid all night with Brothers Steger, Watkins, McMahan, Rows, Johnson, and the Rev. Thomas D. Porter. We were on the way five days and a half; we reached Nashville on Monday. Our Conference opened on Tuesday, November 28, and held until December 5. At ten o’clock on Tuesday night we received our appointments. Brother Ambrose F. Driskill and I were read out to the Madison Circuit, and on Wednesday, December 6, started for our work. We met the first appointment December 10. Brother Driskill preached. On the same day I understood that I had been removed to the Limestone Circuit.”

We can hardly realize, with the improved transportation of the present day, that a member of the Tennessee Conference in 1826 spent nearly six days in traveling from Jackson county, Alabama, to Nashville.

On the morning of November 27, 1826, A. L. P. Green saw his future home for the first time. We should like to know what were his impressions of the little city and its people; but no, not a word is written—not even the name of the family with whom he staid. He could not be returned to the Jackson Circuit; the two-years’ pastorate had closed. Perhaps the all-absorbing question, Where shall I be

sent? shut out every thing else. He says nothing of his ordination to the deaconship by Bishop Soule; he does not state why he was changed from the Madison to the Limestone Circuit immediately after the Conference. The choicest bits he throws, without any ceremony, to that insatiable gormand, Oblivion. But, after *all*, if we had it *all*, would it be possible to write a history at *all*? I think, Not at *all*! The Rev. James McFerrin was the senior preacher on the Limestone Circuit. He and Mr. Green had spent a delightful year together on the Jackson Circuit. Mr. McFerrin must have his youthful associate again. The change was a renewal of a pleasant association, agreeable to both parties. There would certainly have been no want of affinity between Messrs. Driskill and Green, who were warm, devoted friends all their lives. He makes the first entry in his diary:

“*Dec. 12, 1826.* I rode twelve miles, and attended an appointment at Nubbin Ridge, which was the first appointment of mine on the Limestone Circuit. Brother John B. McFerrin preached a very good sermon.” [Mr. McFerrin was junior preacher on the Lawrence Circuit, with the Rev. Alexander Sale.]

“*Dec. 18, 1826.* I attended an appointment at Triana. The day was rainy, congregation small, and meeting very cold.”

I subjoin a poem, which he dedicated to the people of Triana. It is just a little sally of humor, and gave no offense at the time. Indeed, the present Trianians have no part or parcel in it:

A POEM FOR THE PEOPLE OF TRIANA.

As I was on my horse, and bound
 To places strange and new—
 Indeed, it being my first round,
 And scarcely knowing what to do—

So curious was I for to know
 Where sin did most abound,
 Where there was an excess of woe,
 To find which I went round and round.

At length I to Triana came,
 Where men and sinners are the same;
 In wickedness of every kind
 They are by practice all combined.

I cannot say what they do mean;
 In vice they 're fat, in virtue lean;
 And if they do not soon repent,
 They 'll be from God and mercy sent.

Now, *Mac*, I would just let you know
 Religion there's in the back row;
 The meeting-house I found quite empty,
But in the streets were people plenty.

It was near on to twelve, I thought,
 When to the meeting-house I *got*,
 And I was sorely grieved to find
 No pulpit there, nor seats, nor stand.

And O, my brother! that's not all:
 They made the church a Mason's hall;
 And yet still more I hear about it:
 They say they 'll make a school-house of it!

And when you preach there, all will say
 They did not know that was the day!
 They 'll stay away without remorse,
 And flock in crowds to hear old Moss.

So, brother, you must scold them well,
 And tell them they are going to hell!
 Tell them, "Indeed Triana town
 Need not on Methodism frown."

Shall it be told in this our day,
 "Triana would not let you stay?"
 No; Satan's power, and theirs together,
 Cannot our Methodism fetter.

But we will keep our heads well clear
 Of their strange blood, and we will bear
 Tidings of life and full salvation
 To such as want to get to heaven.

He adds: "I wrote these lines to send in a letter to Brother James McFerrin, for the Trianians are very careless about religion." This is a boy's poem—perhaps the first our young preacher ever wrote. The reader must allow a broad poetic license. This is fun—that is all—at the expense of Triana, where many good Christians have lived and do live.

The Limestone Circuit was a four-weeks' appointment. The following, as near as I can gather from the diary, were the names of the preaching-places: Nubbin Ridge, Jordan's, Beech Grove, Siloam, Mt. Sharon, Huley, Cambridge, Poplar Grove, Pettus's, Mt. Zion, Maysville, Mother McGehee's, Bethlehem, Hauley's, Athens, Dogwood Flat, Davidson's, Mooresville, Hebron, Hopewell, Triana, Cotton Port, Bethel, Malone's, English's, Collier's, Jackson's, Beech Grove, and Hundley's. Here we have twenty-nine appointments to be filled in four weeks, by preaching twice on Sunday.

We turn over the pages of the diary, nothing of

special interest occurring until January 30, 1827. At this date he received a letter from a boy-preacher on the Lawrence Circuit, which I will take the liberty to insert:

“MORGAN COUNTY, ALABAMA, Jan. 27, 1827.

“REV. SIR:—Once more I embrace an opportunity of writing to you a few lines, merely as a compliment. I went to the office on my last round, and received a letter that you wrote. You told me that I might write when I had something good, which seemed to insinuate that you were indifferent about it; but as we are told to ‘render good for evil,’ I determined to write when opportunity offers—that is, when I can get pen, ink, and paper plenty.

“I have been round my circuit, and am pretty near round again. I can, indeed and in truth, say that this circuit is very much deranged. Our first quarterly-meeting is over, and Brother Davidson can tell you all about it.

“I am very well in body, and enjoy some of the ‘life and power of religion;’ but how unfaithful I have been! Pray for me, that I may be more holy.

“I have read, since I saw you, ‘Paley’s Philosophy,’ ‘Sullen’s Arguments,’ ‘Ballar’s Grammar of Nature,’ ‘Natural Philosophy,’ the Gospels, the three first books of the Pentateuch, besides some sermons, some narratives, some newspapers, and some other little things. You may say that this is but little; but recollect the season has been cold. I hope to mend my ways.

“Rev. Sir, you will do well, I hope, and succeed

wherever you go. I shall close by subscribing myself your unworthy friend, J. B. McFERRIN."

Dr. McFerrin may well be proud of this letter, for it shows him an active student. Mr. Green certainly prized it very much, as he copied it into his diary. Other letters from friends on the Jackson Circuit are preserved, but are wanting in general interest; and, like a good-hearted, prosy professor dismissing his class before bell-tap, we extend a gracious release to the reader.

Do you like letter-reading? If you do,
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones—
Gay, sober, rapturous, solemn, very true,
And very lying, stupid ones, and witty ones.

LETTERS, SICKNESS, AND CAMP-MEETINGS.



AN old lady in Kentucky said that she liked to hear a certain preacher, because there was so much in his sermons that was not gospel. I was reprov'd myself by a little girl, who said that my sermon was not in the Bible. For reasons just the reverse, I am going to insert a letter, because it has in it so much of the spirit of the gospel, and is a word-picture of an old Christian-perfection, class-meeting Methodist:

“BELLEFONTE, JAN. 19, 1827.

“REV. A. L. P. GREEN—*Dear Brother:*—I write to inform you that I am in pretty good health, for which I thank the good Lord. I received your friendly letter some little time since, for which I am thankful, and I hope you will continue to write. My dear brother, I love you, and I hope you will have good times. In this part of the country times are dull; but I feel myself, let others do as they may, I will serve God, and, by his helping hand, make my way to heaven. We had a prayer-meeting in town last night, and the Lord was with us, and many appeared to be happy; and as for my own feelings, they were better than tongue can express,

for which I thank the good Lord. We have but one preacher, and he is a good one—old Father Davidson. I have had hard times since I saw you, and many things have disturbed my mind; but when troubles assail, I can turn to the Lord, who blesses my soul. We have three prayer-meetings in the week. I am glad that while some people turn out badly there are so many who do well. My dear brother, I want you to pray for me, that I may be enabled to overcome all my difficulties, and be instrumental in doing some good in this wicked town; and, my brother, if we should never meet in this world, I hope we shall meet in a better, for which I do pray in secret places. I remain your friend and brother,

McNAIRY HARRIS."

We select one other, of the same spirit:

"FRANKLIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, January, 1827.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER GREEN:—With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to you. My health is good, for which I am thankful to Almighty God. In regard to my religion I can say this much, that I feel bound for heaven, and I do thank the Lord for the desires I have to serve him. Religion in this neighborhood is at a low ebb. May the Lord heal all our backslidings! Brother Davidson was well last night, for we staid together at Brother Alexander's. Brother Brown is gone, and Brother Davidson is well received indeed on the circuit; and I am in hopes the Lord will revive this work this year. I have a request to make of you, and that is, you will pray for me. I assure you that I have

not forgotten you. When you have not better employment write to me. May mercy, goodness, and prosperity attend you all the days of your life! Fraternaly,
 JOSHUA CLARKE.”

These letters are emphatically in the benediction style; there is about them a halo of the long ago. Like pressed flowers that drop from an old volume, they speak of an unknown love and a gentle hand. We have selected them only because they are heart-classics. They have the same platitudes that weary some original, smart people; and yet, if the angels were to go round searching old drawers and trunks for specimen letters to show at the millennium, I would confidently hand them these after they had refused the letters of Greyson and Lord Chesterfield. They have the odor of precious ointment. I throw many letters away because I know them not, and they know not me. I have letters, old and faded, that I love; they have been touched with the honey end of Jonathan's rod, and they have grafts from Aaron's rod of immortal buds, that will blossom when principalities and powers have hasted away. These are the names of my father's friends; these are the men who sharpened the lance that Achilles threw.

We return to the diary:

“*Feb.* 11, 1827. I attended an appointment in Triana, and met a large congregation. I preached a tolerably long sermon, and we had a profitable time; for the people wept much, and among those who wept I observed a young man who was dressed

like a dandy. When the meeting was over he came up and told me that he wanted me to pray for him every day until my return, when he expected to join the Church.

“*Feb.* 25. I encountered a terrific storm. I was among the hills of Elk River, and as I was traveling with my back on the cloud, was not apprised of its approach until nearly overtaken. The lightning began to play, and the thunder burst, peal after peal, with such awful power that the hills appeared to tremble. I now began to think it was time to seek for shelter. The roaring of thunder and falling of trees so alarmed my horse that it was with difficulty I could hold him. I concluded to let him go, and kept him reined to the road. I ran him about one-half of a mile, and came in sight of a house. A man standing in the door saw me coming, and threw open the gate; but he could scarcely hold my frightened horse till I dismounted. I thank God I sustained no injury.

“*Feb.* 27. I preached at Brother Hundley’s, and we had a glorious time, indeed. Seven or eight persons came up for prayer, and the strength of the Christians was renewed.

“*March* 11. I met a good congregation in Triana. The young man who promised to meet me four weeks before was present, and joined the Church; there was great solemnity.

“*March* 16. I rode twelve miles, and preached at Cambridge. Brother James McFerrin was present, and preached also. We held class-meeting. At night we held meeting at Brother George Malone’s.

A brother from Tennessee preached a very good sermon. I followed him in an exhortation, and called for penitents. Seven came forward, and four found God in the pardon of their sins.

“*March 19.* I met a good congregation on Poplar Creek, and preached on the scripture, ‘The wicked is driven away in his wickedness.’ After the sermon fifteen or sixteen penitents came forward. I appointed a meeting at night at Brother Yarbrough’s. We had a crowded house, and I preached ninety minutes. At the close of my discourse there was a general weeping and shouting all over the house. There was a large man standing in the door, whom I saw weeping and paying very close attention. At last he fell full-length on the floor, and cried for mercy. When I called for mourners between thirty and forty came forward. There was not a single person in the house who prayed in public. I labored with the mourners until exhausted.

“*March 20.* I preached to a few at English’s. At night we held a meeting at Brother Hogan’s, near Cambridge, and Brother John B. McFerrin preached and I exhorted. We called for mourners; five were converted.

“*April 8.* I attended a meeting at Triana; there was a large attendance. There I conducted the first class-meeting ever held in that place.

“*April 13.* Brothers James McFerrin and Booth Malone, and I, went to our quarterly-meeting. Brother Malone preached the first sermon, and Brother McFerrin exhorted. The sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was administered on Sunday at

ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock Brother McMahan preached, and there were many tears. In the afternoon I attempted to preach. We had some mourners, and joined two into Society.

"*June 21.* I attended a camp-meeting, where about thirty persons embraced religion.

"*July 5.* Brother James McFerrin and I attended a camp-meeting at Ford's Chapel, and continued to its close.

"*July 10.* Brother McMahan and I rode to Mt. Air, in Tennessee, where Brother M. solemnized the rite of matrimony between a Mr. Coats and a Miss Die. The next day we rode to Huntsville, and spent the night with Brother Brandon, and on the next day attended another wedding.

"*July 13.* I attended the camp-meeting at Bell Spring.

"*July 19.* I preached in Athens, and rode to a camp-meeting at Round Island, where about twenty-five persons embraced religion.

"*July 25.* I attempted to preach at Pettus's, but had to stop on account of sickness. Brother Malone happened in, and preached for me.

"*July 27.* I rode to Huntsville, and got Brother Craig to fill my appointments for me. I remained in Huntsville upward of two weeks, to regain my strength. During my stay I preached five times in town and twice in the country. [Rest with a witness!]

"*Aug. 22.* I preached at Pettus's on the passage, 'God so loved the world,' etc. This was the same text that I took here before, but was not able to

finish; neither was I able to finish it this time, but concluded my remarks on the next round.

“*Aug. 23.* Brother Malone and I rode to a camp-meeting, and after the meeting broke Brothers James McFerrin and Joshua Boucher, and I, rode to an appointment at Brother Hundley’s. Brother Boucher preached, and we had tolerable feeling times.

“*Sep. 5.* I preached at Colyar’s; we had several mourners. From there I rode to a camp-meeting near Tuscumbia, at which I preached three times.

“*Sep. 14.* I met a small congregation at Cambridge, and preached a short sermon. The same day I went to see a sick child, and found it dying. At half-past eight it left the world. As there was no one to watch, I sat up with it. Without any sleep I had to ride eight miles, and was very feeble when I reached my appointment. Notwithstanding my weakness, I had to preach, as the local brother whom I had engaged failed to attend. In the afternoon I rode eight miles, and preached the funeral-sermon of a son of Elijah Hogan, which service closed near sunset. I then rode eight miles to my next appointment, that night, in Athens.

“*Sep. 16.* We had a large congregation in Athens. Brother Hundley preached, at eleven o’clock, a very warm and energetic sermon. At twelve (noon) I preached the funeral-sermon of a son of Brother Gamble, during which service there were many tears, and at the close I joined a number into Society.

“*Sep. 20.* Our camp-meeting at Cambridge commenced, and twenty joined the Church.

“*Sep.* 27. I went to a camp-meeting on Madison Circuit, where about thirty persons embraced religion.

“*Oct.* 2. Father Thompson and I rode to my mother’s, in Jackson county, near Gunter’s Landing. On the next night Brother Hunter, mother, and I, had a happy time.

“*Oct.* 4. We rode to Bellefonte camp-meeting, at which we had good and great times. I preached four times. [This camp-ground was on the farm owned by the Rev. James McFerrin.]

“*Oct.* 18. Our camp-meeting at Nubbin Ridge commenced, which was also the occasion of our District Conference. Thirty professed, and twenty joined the Church.

“*Nov.* 19. I preached to a small congregation at Father Moore’s; and on this day we finished our year’s labor, in which I preached two hundred and fifty times. Brother McFerrin and I received two hundred and thirty-five into the Church, and turned out twenty.”

To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives.

SECOND YEAR ON THE LIMESTONE CIRCUIT.



SUMPTUOUS dinner, while it has much that is alluring to a hungry man, has some features, apparent and latent, that detract: the excess, the tediousness, the hospitality administered with “a vengeance,” the lassitude and headache that follow. That is a good aphorism for a dining, “Remember your head in the morning.” But, after all, there is some republicanism even in a wholesale dinner. No man, whatever his appetite or capacity, is required to sample every dish. It is pardonable, even at the tables of the most *élite*, for the humblest consumer to say, “No, I thank you.” How much a restless man would enjoy the privilege of standing around between the courses! But I intended this as the introduction to something entirely different, which is: If the reader is a non-religionist, and has grown weary of the Church-ring of the diary, he or she is not forced, by any law of humanity or politeness, to partake, only so far, and in kind, as suits his or her taste. We begin, as near as we can, where we left off:

“Nov. 21, 1827. Brothers James McFerrin, Bar-

ton Brown, T. M. King, A. F. Driskill, and S. Gilliland, and I, started to our Annual Conference, in Tuscumbia, Alabama.

“*Nov. 22, 1827.* We reached Tuscumbia, and the Conference convened the next day, and held till November 30. On account of a petition from the Limestone Circuit, I was returned, and Brother Joshua Boucher was appointed to travel with me.”

Bishop Soule presided at this Conference. William McMahan was returned to the Huntsville District as Presiding Elder. Joshua Boucher, the senior colleague of my father, though dead for many years, is still fresh in the Methodist memories of North Alabama. He is represented as an off-hand stump-preacher of remarkable fluency and power. A few years before his death a friend—Dr. T. S. Malone—remarking his self-possession in the pulpit, observed, “Brother Boucher, I suppose you are never embarrassed in preaching.” He replied, “Old Boucher’s knees always tremble when he ascends the pulpit.” Dr. McFerrin, his intimate friend, says (“Methodism in Tennessee”): “Joshua Butcher—more properly, Boucher—was admitted on trial this year (1813). In the morning of life he was gay and full of pleasure. He was a fine musician, and performed on the violin to perfection. His society was coveted because of his high social qualities. His education was very deficient, but his mind sprightly, and his capacity for improvement great. He was licensed to preach in 1811. In 1845 he closed his labors, dying at Athens, Alabama, August 23.”

We have selected from the diary of this year

only about two per cent. of the entries. We begin again:

“*Dec. 16, 1827.* I preached two hours at Nubbin Ridge to a large congregation, and there was considerable feeling. At four o’clock I preached to the blacks, and many of them came forward for prayer.

“*Dec. 25, 1827.* (Christmas-day.) I preached at Liberty, on Poplar Creek, and that evening went to the marriage of a Mr. David and Miss Jane D. Keys.

“*March 24, 1828.* I preached at Jordan’s. There were eight or ten mourners, and quite a stir in the congregation.

“*March 26, 1828.* I preached to a good congregation at Hundley’s. We had four mourners and good times.

“*April 2, 1828.* I did not attend my appointment at Triana, as I had to meet with the delegates of the Conference to transact some important business.

“*April 12, 1828.* I preached at Round Island, and from this time till August 7th I continued on my circuit, doing just the regular work.

“*Aug. 7, 1828.* Our camp-meeting at Cambridge commenced. We had a good and great time. Sixty-three embraced religion, and fifty joined the Church. After this meeting I attended a camp-meeting held in Morgan county, at which fifty embraced religion, and about the same number joined the Church. During these meetings I labored much, was exposed a great deal, and in consequence was taken sick—at first apparently with cold and a violent cough and sore throat, which lasted for several days. At last I suffered with nausea, and my

eyes and skin became affected. I was golden-yellow all over. This is now the twelfth day, and I am still sick with yellow-jaundice, which is not very easy to get rid of.

“I find that religion is our only trust in hours of affliction. Yes, what is all the world without God? It is a void, a blank, an unlettered scroll.”

They talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—

Pain dies as quickly; stern, hard-featured Pain
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign.

THE MADISON—HIS LAST CIRCUIT.



THE Tennessee Conference convened in Murfreesboro, December 4, 1828. Bishop Soule presided. The class of fourteen which joined on trial in 1824 is reduced one-half. Seven of the original class are elected and ordained elders: J. B. Summers, G. W. D. Harris, Thos. P. Davidson, Richard H. Hudson, A. L. P. Green, Samuel R. Davidson, and Michael Berry. Thomas Payne was ordained, but was a deacon when admitted in 1826. William McMahan is continued in the presiding eldership. A. L. P. Green, preacher in charge, and Greenville T. Henderson, junior preacher, are appointed to the Madison Circuit, Huntsville District. This was my father's last circuit, and we infer, from the few and hastily-written entries in his diary, that it was a year of great labor. Indeed, as the years sped on and his capacity increased, his labors grew. All that he read and all that he did had reference to his preacher-work. I remarked once in his hearing that I was going to read a certain book. He said, "Do you think you can get any thing out of it that will be of service to you in preaching?"

The Rev. Greenville T. Henderson was admitted on trial into the Tennessee Conference in 1825. Dr. J. B. McFerrin was a member of his class. For a number of years Mr. Henderson was in the local ranks, and displayed a great deal of energy and spirit in his secular undertakings. He is now a live member of the Conference—goes up every year to receive his “patch,” my father’s name for an old man’s appointment. He preaches with great power, and is especially formidable when pitted against an immersionist. However, he delights more in peace than in war—never invites a controversy or accepts a challenge, except when there is an urgent necessity. He contends for the faith—not for his own glory—but the good of the cause. My father always kept a warm place in his heart for G. T. Henderson.

We copy only a few entries from the time-worn diary:

“*Jan.* 1, 1829. I reached my appointment at Mount Carmel. Brother Henderson was two weeks in advance of me on the circuit. I attended my appointments faithfully, but in some places found no congregations. The work was in a distracted condition, but we went on and did what we could until we met, which was at our first quarterly-meeting, held at Mount Pisgah, February 6, 7. This meeting was well attended. It was said that we had more people out on Saturday than for years before at that place. On Sunday Brother McMahan administered the sacrament, and Brother Henderson preached.

“*Feb.* 15. I preached to a good congregation at Ford’s Chapel.

“*Feb.* 16. I visited Mr. John Hancock, who had been sick for two years, and was without religion. I remained with him until he was converted.”

He furnishes a long account of the sickness and triumphant death of John Hancock—also, a summary of the year’s work. He states: “Brother Henderson and I had much peace this year. We had five camp-meetings in the work. We received into the Church about four hundred persons.”

Mr. Henderson, from recollections of this year’s work, furnishes a story in substance as follows: There lived in the bounds of the Madison Circuit an eccentric man by the name of Oldham [not his real name], who made it his pleasure to try the preachers (particularly the young preachers), when they first came on the work, with curious scriptural questions which neither he nor any one else could answer. He was no skeptic, and professed to believe in the literal King James’s Version. His house was a favorite stopping-place of the itinerant. Hearing that a new preacher was on the circuit, Mr. Oldham prepared his battery of questions. Mr. Green was informed in advance, and prepared his defense. He determined that, instead of answering, he would question “a fool according to his folly.” On his first round he found it convenient to spend the night with Oldham. Quite a company of the neighbors had gathered in to make welcome the new preacher. It was an opportunity that must be improved, thought Oldham—it was expected of him. After

supper O. made some moves as though he were going to begin the examination. G., anticipating him, said, in a slow, measured voice, "Brother Oldham, do you believe the Scriptures?" "Certainly," said O.; "why do you ask such a question?" "Because," answered G., "I was not satisfied that you believed *all* the Scriptures—do you believe that story about Samson and the foxes?" "I do," answered O., with some emphasis. "Do you really," said G., "believe that Samson caught two hundred foxes and turned them tail to tail with fire-brands between, and turned them loose among the standing corn, vineyards, and olives of the Philistines?" "Yes, I believe that," said Oldham. "Just as I expected," said G. "The Bible says Samson caught three hundred foxes; you believe he caught only two hundred!"

Oldham never recovered from the shock. He was disgraced in the presence of his neighbors by a trick-question after the pattern of many that he had propounded himself. Whatever his attitude may have been toward others, he never approached G. with a hard question; and it is said that they remained the best and most intimate friends.

Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;
There is a hand above will help thee on.

NASHVILLE STATION—GARRETT AND GWIN.



WE read the diary, which can hardly now be called a diary: "I attended a session of the Tennessee Conference at Huntsville, Ala., November 19, 1829. Bishop Roberts presided. We had but little excitement in religious matters at this Conference. I was appointed with the Rev. James Gwin to the Nashville Station, and in a short time came to my work. I arrived in Nashville some time in November, and found the Church in quite a good state. Brother Gwin and I, during the year, added two wings to the station—one west of the city, and the other east. At the western appointment we established a camp-meeting, which was much blessed of God. During this year we added five hundred members to the Church."

Dr. McFerrin says ("Methodism in Tennessee," vol. iii., p. 85): "Mr. Green was then a young man just entering upon the sixth year of his ministry. He had traveled five years in the Huntsville District, and was now stationed in a city for the first time.

"Preaching was established, and a church organ-

ized, in a small log-cabin on Front street. Besides 'New Hope,' a small frame house, two and a half miles from Nashville, on the Gallatin road, was a preaching-place. Another appointment, added to the station about this time, was the Nashville Camp-ground, some five miles west of the city, and near the Charlotte road, in what is known as 'Robertson's Bend.' Another still was the African Church, situated not far from the Sulphur Spring: here there was erected, for the colored people, a commodious brick house, that was thronged with anxious hearers from Sabbath to Sabbath.

"The reader will see that this was work enough for two men, yet with the aid of local preachers the field was well cultivated, and a rich harvest was gathered into the garner of the Lord from among both the white and colored people."

The Rev. Lewis Garrett was Presiding Elder of the Nashville District at this date. He was a thin, spare-made, silver-haired old man, and, tradition says, very fond of an argument about any thing in politics, literature, or religion. He is justly claimed by both Kentucky and Tennessee Methodism. Kentucky has a prior claim, as it was his adopted home for many years. As a Kentucky preacher, an elaborate notice has been furnished by Dr. McFerrin in the pages of Dr. Redford's "Methodism in Kentucky." As a Tennessee preacher, a very extended and exhaustive notice covers many pages of the first volume of "Methodism in Tennessee." As it has been a part of my plan to furnish only a running glimpse of my father's official co-labor-

ers, a short paragraph must suffice even in this case:

“Mr. Garrett was born April 24, 1772, in Pennsylvania, and died at the home of his son, M. Garrett, Esq., near Vernon, Mississippi, April 28, 1857, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He joined the Western Conference in 1794. As a preacher his manner was very deliberate, and his sermons at times overpowering. In connection with the Rev. John N. Maffitt he commenced in Nashville the publication of the *Western Methodist*, a popular weekly sheet, advocating the claims of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From ill-health and other causes he was local for a number of years, but at the time of his death was a member of the Mississippi Conference.” (“Methodism in Tennessee.”)

Here were two of the most renowned men of the West, and both of them almost superannuated, thrown together in the same field of labor—Lewis Garrett and James Gwin. Indeed, the little city of Nashville, in 1830, was the stamping-ground of the giants.

James Gwin, among the giants, was truly *dignus honore*—the Marshal Ney of Methodist cavaliers. His sword was better tempered than any of Damascus, for it was the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Grand old captain! in the name of his Master he “rode like a leader in the land.”

Mr. Gwin was an Indian-fighter before he became a preacher. He joined the Western Conference in 1803, and died a member of the Mississippi Conference, August 3, 1841.

We subjoin a very interesting notice of James Gwin by Bishop Paine:

“At the Tennessee Conference held in Huntsville, Ala., November 19, 1829, A. L. P. Green was appointed to Nashville Station, with James Gwin in charge. Mr. Gwin was an old man, large and venerable in appearance. Having been conspicuous in the great revival of 1800–1804, he was a great favorite among all classes of people. General Jackson knew him, and greatly revered him—so much so that he made him a kind of head-chaplain to his army in the war he waged in 1815 with the British at New Orleans. His ardent patriotism, and the faithful performance of his duties as chaplain, had added much to his popularity. Nor was he less popular as a preacher than as a citizen. His person was commanding, his manners graceful, his voice exceedingly musical, and his preaching pathetic. He was a great singer, and thousands were melted into tears and penitence under his sacred songs. Such was the colleague of young Green on his first introduction to a Nashville auditory. Of course the young man was expected to do the greater part of the pastoral work—visiting the members, attending night-meetings, holding prayer and class-meetings—all of which he cheerfully did; but he had also to preach regularly to a large and intelligent audience, and studied hard to fit himself for it.

“He presently observed that his honored colleague was more given to reading newspapers than books, and ventured to ask him how it was that he could preach so often and so well without reading books

and studying. The old gentleman then held in his hand the last issue of his favorite paper. Pausing awhile, and looking the young preacher full in the face, he replied: 'Who makes all the books? and where do they come from?' The reply was: 'Men make them; they come from their heads, I suppose.' 'Well, then,' was the rejoinder, 'I am a man, and have the books in my head.' The young man was bluffed, but not convinced, and continued to read and study. It need not be added that the young preacher, by his piety, fidelity to duty, and steady improvement, became very popular as a minister and a man, and retained the respect and love of the Church and community till his death."

If not to some peculiar end assigned,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim—
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

NASHVILLE STATION—BISHOP MCKENDREE.



IN the third volume of the "History of Methodism in Tennessee" we have a full and thrilling account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nashville. We are informed that when Mr. Green arrived in Nashville, in 1829, the Church was well *manned* by such men as Joseph T. Elliston, the Rev. Matthew H. Quinn, John and Thomas Price, Richard Garrett, Joseph Litton, Harry Hill, Anthony W. Johnson, William Moore, Nicholas Hobson, and S. P. Ament, on the south side of the Cumberland; and on the north side the Weakleys, Vaughns, and Hoopers. Besides, there were, on College Side, the Parishes, Mrs. Groomes, and Mother Hughes. We might also make honorable mention of the Mannings, the Bibbs, the Hobbses, and others, many of whose descendants are still with us; but we are not writing the history of Methodism, and must forbear.

The principal preaching-places were on Church street and College Side, which appointments the two pastors filled on Sunday alternately. The building on Church street was "a little east of the present buildings of the *American* office, about half

way between College and Cherry streets, on the north side. It was a comfortable house of high pitch, and had galleries on both sides and at one end. It was so constructed as to make all the space available; consequently, though the audience-room was small, it accommodated a large number of people. This was the principal Methodist church in the city till 1833." ("Methodism in Tennessee.")

William Moore, who is at present a member of West End Church, was a class-leader in 1830. When he failed to attend, his mother conducted the class. Mr. Moore states that Mother Hughes occupied the famous cedar house in South Nashville, called "College Side." He relates that "on one occasion, while Mr. Gwin was preaching in this house, a man came in with a hatchet, went into the adjoining room, and commenced striking the door. Gwin only raised his voice; the man beat louder; Gwin only preached louder, but made no allusion to the disturbance. At last the man grew weary, or ashamed, and stopped. There was never any more disturbance at that place."

We read in the "Life and Times of Bishop McKendree," by Bishop Paine, that "during the winter of 1829 and 1830, Bishop McKendree passed the greater part of his time in Nashville and its immediate vicinity. The residences of H. R. W. Hill and J. T. Elliston—where he had homes, and every comfort and kindness which, in his debility and sickness, he could need—were his principal places of staying." William Moore relates that "in the autumn or winter of 1829 Bishop McKen-

dree came to Nashville, and stopped with Harry Hill. The Bishop had no acquaintance with the young pastor, and sent his host, with William Moore, to bring the preacher into his presence. The conversation was laconic and novel. After the salutation, the Bishop said: 'I sent a young man to Hopkinsville; the people were slow in making his acquaintance; he went around the town and borrowed tools; he made little things, and introduced himself thus. He did a good work. Go and do thou likewise.' The young preacher retired from the presence of the Bishop; but it was not necessary that he should follow all these instructions to gain favor with the people."

I am not inclined to think that my father and Bishop McKendree fell in love at first sight, but an intimacy sprang up between them and ripened into the tenderest regard. My impressions of Bishop McKendree do not favor the conclusion that their friendship was the result of any natural affinity, for their dispositions were in contrast. They stood thus toward each other: the Bishop admired the calm exterior, the practical sense, and happy humor of the young preacher, which was reciprocated by reverence and esteem for the Bishop's strong mind, great history, and devotion to the Church.

On several occasions my father was chosen by the Bishop as his traveling companion, because of his feeble health; for he needed constant attention. Bishop Paine says:

"To contribute what he could to assist his colleagues, Bishop McKendree resolved to visit the

Societies, and to attend as many Conferences as his health would allow.

“In conformity with this purpose, he resolved to go South during the winter, and embarked on a steam-boat at Nashville.

“Upon this trip to New Orleans he had the company of A. L. P. Green, then associated with James Gwin, in the Nashville Station. The well-known genial temper and social qualities of Brother Green rendered him always a most desirable companion to the Bishop. He had a high esteem and reverential affection for Bishop McKendree, and, to the close of the good man's life, was his attentive, tender, and trusted friend. It was on this trip to New Orleans that the incidents occurred which are narrated in Dr. Green's admirable sketch of the Bishop, in the ‘Biographical Sketches of Itinerant Ministers,’ edited by Dr. Summers, in 1858.” (“Life and Times of Bishop McKendree.”)

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

THE SECOND YEAR IN NASHVILLE.



THE eighteenth session of the Tennessee Annual Conference was held at Franklin, beginning November 3, 1830. There being no Bishop present, Lewis Garrett, sr., was elected President.

So popular had A. L. P. Green become with his congregation, and the Nashville community, that the Presiding Elder was instructed, and Joseph Litton, Joseph T. Elliston, and William H. Moore, were sent to the seat of the Conference, to solicit his return. He makes no allusion to this compliment in his Journal. The brief entry is: "At the close of this year (1830) we attended our Annual Conference, held at Franklin, when John M. Holland and I were appointed to the Nashville Station."

Mr. Garrett was returned to the District, and Mr. Gwin, on account of feeble health, sustained a supernumerary relation.

Dr. McFerrin says ("Methodism in Tennessee," vol. iii.): "Mr. Holland was then in his full strength, and he with Messrs. Green and Gwin made a strong force. Few men combined so many elements necessary to constitute an able preacher as did Mr.

Holland. His person was attractive; his manner in the pulpit was easy and graceful—no affectation, no attempt at display; his style was chaste, and his words well chosen; his sermons were well matured, and delivered with earnestness and power; and they seldom failed to produce conviction in the minds of his hearers.

“In the autumn of 1822, when about nineteen or twenty years of age, he was admitted into the traveling connection on trial. For twenty years he was a fervent, devoted minister of Christ, preaching the gospel within the bounds of the Tennessee, Mississippi, and Memphis Conferences. During the latter part of the summer of 1841, while on a remote portion of the Memphis District, he fell sick, and was conveyed to the town of Bolivar, where, on the 13th of August, he resigned his spirit into the hands of God.”

We read in the Journal, which we will not call a “diary” any more: “The next year opened with rather prosperous appearances, and during the whole time we had much peace, and the work of God prospered, and many were added to the Church. We lost much by removals, but still had a net increase. During this year I preached on about one hundred and fifty new subjects, and was kept pretty busy.”

Here is an item that we were not looking for—“one hundred and fifty new subjects in one year.” He does not state how many times he preached. No doubt his supply of sermons was exhausted the first year; now he is fully out at sea, but not without a compass or a rudder; his energy, faith, and

experience have grown. But one hundred and fifty subjects upon which he had never discoursed, for he calls them "new," and all in one year, was certainly an accomplishment; it would be a wonder even in these days of plethoric variety. No doubt it was then as it is now—the same sermon-gormand was in the pew. An old man might, with some damage to his reputation, repeat a discourse to the same congregation; but if a young man did it, dared to do it, even if it were a *lapsus mensis*, his fair fame suffered a lesion never to be healed in that community. Would it not be well to write in red ink upon the margin of the parchment, "Remember vividly, O young man, the time, and the place, and the subject!" Those one hundred and fifty new sermons were a necessity just as imperative as the making of bricks in Egypt, and he patiently went to work and made them. Verily, a crocodile, after gulping down a fat pig, does not more quietly close his eyes, and throw up his jaw, ready for another, than some of our kind-hearted laymen, who, having devoured a flaming sermon on a hot July morning, return in the evening and calmly and placidly look up for another. All that we have to say is, Let them have it; if they can stand it, we can. But, waiving the facetious, we do really believe that some people have too much preaching, and others not enough; and yet, to insure an audience for all, we must overdose the few. We pass on without making any change in the present plan.

I must relate an incident that occurred during my father's pastorate in Nashville.

Jett and Black were members of the Nashville Station. They were thrifty, reputable merchants, keeping stores on the haberdasher plan. They were intimate friends, though exactly opposites in disposition. Jett was of fair complexion, nervous, quick; while Black was a dark-skinned, bilious, slow man. They were both morbidly devoted to auctions. On one occasion after supper, Jett stopped by and asked his friend to accompany him to an auction. Of course Black went. A box of shoes were put up for sale. Jett bid; then Black; then Jett; then Black; and they were knocked down to Black. Jett went immediately home; Black remained till after the sale. What was his astonishment, on examining his purchase, to find that there was not a single pair of shoes in the box; all of them were odd! He asked the auctioneer, "Who placed these shoes here?" and received the reply, "Your friend Mr. Jett." Black said not a word; paid for his purchase; had the box nailed up and stored away in an upper room of the auction-store, where it remained for ten or twelve months. In the meantime Jett had forgotten the circumstance; Black had kept his own counsels. The same box of shoes was put up for sale; Jett and Black were present. Jett was very much taken with the shoes; asked Black not to bid against him. Jett bid; then Black; then Jett; and they were knocked down to Jett. Black went home immediately; Jett, very much elated with his purchase, remained. Even after examining the shoes, he did not recognize them; asked who placed them there; and when

told that Black did it, expressed his opinion very freely about Black. The next day Jett called on his pastor with a complaint against Black, and concluded by saying that he would not live in the Church with such a man; that Black must be turned out, or he would go out. My father called on Black, who gave him a full statement of the whole affair from the beginning; he then called on Jett, who, after hearing the version of Black, said, "Well, Brother Green, if the Lord will give me grace, I will forgive him."

The man who dares to dress misdeeds,
Or colors them with virtue's name, deserves
A double punishment from gods and men.

HIS MARRIAGE AND HIS HOMES.



HAVE known a few men and women of the proper age whom I would not advise to marry—persons who employ their energies in making others miserable. Selfish people, drunkards, whining women, and persons of ungodly tempers, can negatively bless their race by remaining single. What everybody says everybody is apt to repeat; *c. g.*, it is a common saying that “marriage is a lottery,” which, in the main, is far from being true. There may be, in some cases, a blind, heedless indifference upon the part of lovers as to the true character of each other; but where there is a will to know, the knowledge is attainable. Women—particularly young women—are good judges of men; they see the wise, the foolish, the noble, and the mean, in a man almost at a glance. There may be exceptions; but I am convinced that very few women marry madmen or drunkards because they have not sufficient warning. The surprise after marriage is not that the beast has horns, but that neither love nor forbearance can extract his horns. We will turn round and repeat about men what we have said of women.

The heathens represent Cupid, the god of love, as blind; the heathens were good at blunders, and this is one of them. People who are in love see remarkably. I have known a boy-lover, through the merest crack of a church-door, to mirror a large congregation from one eye. The truth is, love knows more than it speaks. It is a poor palliative, "I was deceived," which we admit with some qualification. Occasionally we are arrested by a marital paradox; *e. g.*, a wise man marries foolishly, and a foolish man marries wisely. There is no deception here; the wise man was attracted by physical charms, the foolish man by the graces of heart and intellect. Now, we approach what I have been driving at. A Methodist itinerant should be well married. His wife, because of his absence, must be the autocrat in the family; she is a woman in power, and should know how to wield it. Not confining ourselves to Methodist ministers, we believe that the wives of preachers, taking them as a body, are the most perfect, patient, and competent of women. Now, be charitable enough to withhold your prejudgment, and instance the cases. I will abide the conclusion. I have never been very enthusiastic about the mode of baptism, but I will defend preachers' wives and preachers' sons against the attacks of any man, provided he is sane and respectable. I believe the world and the devil have brought no "railing accusation" against preachers' daughters.

This marriage-homily was suggested by a laconic entry in my father's Journal, which reads: "During

this year (1831) I married a wife." This language is both profane and sacred. He is brief, for the reason that he did not know what to say, that he could say, about himself. He was married, October 19, 1831, by the Rev. John M. Holland, to Miss Mary Ann Elliston, a girl in her fifteenth year. I might relate some interesting incidents connected with this marriage; but my mother has placed an embargo on my pen. What am I to do? Who would read a biography by a disobedient son? "The ravens of the valley *would tear it up*, and the young eagles would eat it." Miss Mary Ann was young, but a mature, sensible woman. She was a graduate of the old Nashville Female Academy, during the administration of the Rev. William Hume. She was the only daughter of a widow (Mrs. Ann T. Elliston) who had seen a great deal of trouble. The sorrows of her mother gave her a practical knowledge of the dark side of human experience. She was a good wife and mother, and she was a Christian from a child.

I will take the liberty of relating the following incident, which may be of interest to some romantic reader:

The young pastor was making his home for a few months at Mr. Gwin's. At the same time Mrs. Mullen, the aunt of Miss Elliston, was boarding there. The niece very naturally called around to see her aunt, who was anxious to hear the young lady perform on the piano. Mr. Gwin owned no instrument, but there was one in the next house, to which the whole party, the preacher among the

rest, repaired, and Miss Mary Ann played and sang "I won't be a nun." This was what the poets emphasize—"the first meeting."

I might mention, if my mother would allow, a number of entertainments in honor of this marriage, got up in the old style, without stint as to quantity or expense, at Col. Anthony Johnson's, Col. Turner's, Joseph T. Elliston's, H. R. W. Hill's, James R. McCombs's, and other places; but a reference to these things may not comport with the dignity of a preacher's biography.

Dr. R. A. Young says: "He (Mr. Green) married a lady who always appreciated his talents and vocation—just such a wife as every preacher of the gospel should have. His friends were her friends."

I cannot close this paper without making mention of a few, at least, of those happy homes that my father found in Nashville during his first two years' pastorate. Being a young man, he "staid around." He spent most of his time with the hospitable family of James Gwin; but he found comfortable homes at Anthony Johnson's, William Moore's, Enoch Wellborne's, and James McCombs's. I have some pleasant recollections of that great-hearted, Christian woman, Mrs. McCombs. She died when I was a child, but I still retain every feature of her face. I remember what a joy it was just to go on an errand to her house. She exerted herself to make a neighbor's child happy. The reader might laugh contemptuously if I were to tell of the many little pleasant things she did. No matter—I have them all locked up in the "round tower of my heart,"

where the spoiler cannot come; and it will be I who, in the presence of the Father and the holy angels, will add them to her crown of rejoicing at that day. She made a friend, and the friend was a child—that is all.

FRANKLIN STATION—MEDICINE AND GENERAL
CONFERENCE.



THE twentieth session of the Tennessee Conference was held in Paris, beginning Thursday, November 10, 1831. Bishop Roberts was present and presided. This was the first session of an Annual Conference held in that part of the State west of the Tennessee River. The Conference was in session nine days, including the Sabbath." ("Methodism in Tennessee.")

The Journal is not exhausted. We open and read: "At the Conference held in Paris I received my appointment to the Franklin Station. About two weeks after Conference I was in my pulpit. My plan at present for filling this work is to attend on Sundays, and stay with my family in Nashville during the week, which I think best, though it is somewhat disagreeable, for the winter is, and has been, very cold; but this can be endured when we have prospects of doing good, though religion is at a low ebb."

It must not be regarded as a reflection on the itinerant system when we affirm that A. L. P. Green,

by not removing his family, was enabled to accomplish more good for the Church. In forty-three years of itinerating, as a married man, he never changed his residence, and hence, which may seem paradoxical, was enabled to give more of his time to the ministry. While this may encourage those who cannot move, it should not discourage those who can and do move. The family of A. L. P. Green was not itinerant; he was, in the most comprehensive sense, for he was two-thirds of his time away from home.

We now copy from the Journal what may seem an erratic notion. However, the end was good, and "all's well that ends well." He says: "For the last five years I have had it in contemplation to study medicine, but have again and again been dissuaded from it by my friends. I have at length determined to pursue the study, and, therefore, under the direction of Dr. John Waters, have set in for a regular course of reading. How I will succeed time must determine, but such is the state of feeling with me that I can make it a subject of prayer, and with a good conscience go into the practice after I shall have mastered the science. My design is good." I shall not attempt to explain until he has fully delivered himself on the subject of physic. He writes: "For the first three months I attended my appointments in Franklin regularly, though the weather was extremely cold, and the roads very bad. But few persons seemed inclined to attend the Church, but I felt bound to meet with them.

"Our first quarterly-meeting was not attended

with any extraordinary work of conviction or conversion, but no doubt good was done. The weather was unusually cold, and the Elder, Brother Lewis Garrett, did not attend. I had to hold the meeting without a preacher or even an exhorter, but the Lord was with us, and during the sacrament on Sunday one soul was happily converted.

“*Oct. 5, 1832.* As I had at the previous Annual Conference been elected a delegate to the General Conference, I and my companions set out for Philadelphia—the seat of the Conference—April 2, 1832. We were gone three months. On my return I found my work in Franklin just as I had left it. One of the preachers on the Nashville Circuit—the Rev. Greenbury Garrett—had been so kind as to take my appointment under his charge, and had preached a number of times. I resumed my work, and, after a month or so, some religious interest became apparent; a number were added to the Church. We at length agitated the propriety of getting up a camp-meeting for the station, and the idea seemed to take finely. Ten or eleven fine tents were soon built. The last week in August we held our camp-meeting; forty-five souls were happily converted, and as many added to the Church. Since that time a continuous religious excitement has been kept up, and I hope that many are now serious who will eventually be brought to God. Our last quarterly-meeting will be held on the thirteenth and fourteenth of this month, at the close of which I shall leave them. The Church will have when I leave one-third more members

than when I came. What will be done with me another year I know not.

“In my medical studies I am still slowly progressing, and, if I meet with no hinderance, shall go through with it.

“My mind, in a spiritual point of view, has been clear and composed; and I feel at present as fully bound to be a Christian minister as I ever did. Lord, help me to hold out faithful in all that’s good, and to avoid all that’s evil!”

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem; but although we sneer
 In health, when sick, we call them to attend us,
 Without the least propensity to jeer.

REVIEW OF THE LAST CHAPTER—NASHVILLE
STATION.



WE have copied the last entry from the old Journal—we have solemnly laid it away to rest; and now, before we pass on, will take a hurried glimpse of the last paper.

The pastorate of Mr. Green in Franklin was made very pleasant by the presence and association of such sterling men and Methodists as Messrs. Johnson, Eelbeck, Park, and Ewing. The latter—Alexander Ewing—joined the Church at the camp-meeting; he was one of the campers, and brother of a life-long and devoted friend of my father—the late William B. Ewing, of Nashville vicinity.

That my father ever had the remotest idea of abandoning the calling of a minister, to engage in the practice of medicine, I cannot believe for a moment; he had in view what he thought would be a valuable adjunct. A knowledge of medicine is an essential in the education of a missionary to foreign lands—why not an essential in the education of all ministers? Mr. Wesley placed a high estimate on his medical knowledge. No doubt our young itinerant, in the sparsely-settled regions of North Ala-

bama, had frequent use for medical knowledge. Called suddenly to the bedside of one taken with some acute distemper—a regular practitioner not to be reached in four or five miles—a knowledge of some simple palliatives might be put to charitable use without invading the rights of the profession. Indeed, a minister can bring into valuable requisition in preaching a knowledge of human anatomy and pathology, in an endless chain of strong, natural illustrations. Theology, in its broad sense, is a *curriculum* of the sciences. Other men are confined to certain branches, and move in certain circles, but the theologian is the heir to all the possessions of his Father, which is the universal empire of mind and matter. A university, in the outfit of a minister, must furnish him with all that it has, and then he is poorly prepared if he has no more.

A. L. P. Green was a fine judge of disease. His diagnosis was regarded by his intimate friends as almost final. Whether this was genius or acquired by the study of medicine we know not; but we may venture that his study and knowledge of medicine served him many a valuable purpose. We can discover no harm that came out of his physic. We have but one demurrer to advance: he speaks of “going into the practice,” but evidently with no intention of ceasing to travel. This was just a mistake, that became patent in a short time; for the Scriptures taught him that he could not “serve two masters.” I never heard my father speak of his medical studies. I remember there was in his library one medical book—a work on anatomy, by some old

author, perhaps Bell. There were some other more professional remains. My brother and I, as boys will do, went a *rummaging* one day. We grabbed out from the dark corner of an old closet two human leg-bones and a skull. Boys are practical. We could make no use of the leg-bones, but the skull, which was nicely macerated, served as a holder for bullets, corks, and fishing-hooks. In a few months the skull was spirited away. We did not believe that the original owner had come for it; but we had strong suspicions of our grandmother, who questioned the propriety of using so sacred a casket in such a way.

Mr. Green was elected a delegate to the General Conference that met in Philadelphia in 1832. He was at this time nearly twenty-six years old. He states that "three months were consumed in the trip." It was a tedious journey, by steam-boat and stage. While in Philadelphia he was hospitably entertained by James McClintock, M.D., brother of the renowned encyclopedist.

At the Annual Conference held in Nashville October 31, 1832, A. L. P. Green was appointed to the Nashville Station, with Pleasant B. Robinson junior preacher. This appointment is called in the Minutes "Nashville City." William McMahan is Presiding Elder. "Bishop Andrew was present at this Conference, and presided. He was ordained Bishop this year, and this was his first Conference as a presiding officer." ("Methodism in Tennessee.")

The Rev. Pleasant B. Robinson, M.D., the colleague of A. L. P. Green on the Nashville Station,

“entered the traveling connection in the Tennessee Conference in 1827. His preaching was distinguished by good sense, a rich flow of thought, fervent zeal, deep piety, and pure pathos. His success as a preacher was very extensive. He was always acceptable, popular, and useful, wherever he labored. In the altar he had few superiors, and his willing mind entered largely and successfully into this department of the work. His last illness and death were caused by exposure and overwork during a revival in West Huntsville, where he was stationed at the time.” (Official Record.) He died at his post, October 2, 1861.

The two churches of the Nashville Station were filled, as before, alternately by the two preachers. The Nashville camp-meeting was a good feeder for the station; also, New Hope, on the east side of the Cumberland, about a mile and one-half out, had become an appointment of some prominence.

A young man of twenty-six, who had filled the Nashville Station two years—the limit of the pastorate—and then returned at the end of one year—this was a matter of congratulation, and by no means an ordinary ministerial experience in those days.

We quote from “Methodism in Tennessee,” vol. iii.: “In the autumn of 1831 Lorenzo D. Overall and John B. McFerrin were appointed to the Nashville Station. Many of the most substantial citizens were brought into the Church. The year following Alexander L. P. Green and Pleasant B. Robinson were appointed to the station, and James Gwin to

the African Mission, in Nashville and vicinity. The glorious work went on, and abundant success crowned the labors of His servants; seven hundred and eighty white members were returned, and eight hundred and ten colored. Mr. Robinson, the co-laborer of Mr. Green, was an indefatigable worker, and was a true yoke-fellow of his colleague.

“In the autumn of 1832 a new church-edifice was projected, while Messrs. Overall and McFerrin were in the station. During the next year the building was completed, under the pastoral supervision of Messrs. Green and Robinson. It was determined to call the church McKendree, in honor of Bishop McKendree, which name it bears till this day; and from its pulpit the Bishop delivered his last public discourse.

“About the time the McKendree Church was opened the Rev. John Newland Maffitt visited Nashville, and preached a series of revival-sermons; the result was many were added to the Church.”

And now, the generation that built McKendree and the great men who first preached there are nearly all gathered to their fathers. The old church, like an old man, totters when her metal voice, upon the Sabbath-day, calls her children and her children's children to prayer. The history of an empire may be written—not the history of old McKendree. Who can repeat the sermons of wondrous power? who has noted the shining faces and happy hearts? who has numbered the tears shed there in forty-four years? But McKendree has served her day; she has buried her dead, and now the living will bury

her. Under the administration of the present pastor, Dr. D. C. Kelley, a new building, elegant and beautiful, has been projected and is in process of erection.

Piety first laid

A strong foundation, but she wanted aid;
To wealth unwieldy was her prayer addressed,
Who largely gave.

CUMBERLAND DISTRICT—BISHOP MCKENDREE.



THE twenty-second session of the Tennessee Conference was held in Pulaski, beginning November 6, 1833. Bishop McKendree was present, but so feeble in body that he had to call Thomas L. Douglass to assist him in the duties of the chair.

A. L. P. Green was appointed, by this Conference, to the Cumberland District, which work he filled four years in succession. During the session of this Conference the memorable meteoric shower occurred, about which many amusing stories are told. We have a graphic account of it in the "Life and Times of Bishop McKendree."

It was required in those days that a Presiding Elder should be more than a medium man. The office was large, and the man must correspond to the office. No refuse or worn-out man was selected; he must be social, able-bodied, religious, a good judge of men, and a good preacher. His coming was an occasion. A quarterly-meeting was looked for and prepared for. The Elder was a great man, preached great sermons, was treated with much deference, ruled over a large territory.

A. L. P. Green was in all points “thoroughly furnished” unto the work of a Presiding Elder. He was a good preacher, religious, prudent, healthy, and social; he knew men, and could adapt himself to all classes. Another qualification (which may be placed on the extra list) he possessed to an eminent degree: his knowledge of wood-craft was remarkable. This was more a requisite then than now. He was never lost, and yet he frequently inquired the way of negroes, just to amuse himself with their ridiculous directions.

The Cumberland was an immense District, embracing the circuits and stations in Wilson and Sumner counties, and extending to Dover, below Clarksville. Over new and almost impassable roads he had to ride hundreds of miles, being absent from home six to eight weeks at a time. He makes favorable mention of his horse Pilgrim, who carried him many a mile during these four years of itinerating. Poor Pilgrim died in the work. We know but little as to the details of his ministerial labors on the Cumberland District. Referring to a revival-notice of A. L. P. Green, the Rev. Thomas Stringfield, editor of the *South-western Christian Advocate*, says: “Look at the following as a sample of writing a great many good things in a few words: ‘Gallatin, August 24, 1837.—Brother Stringfield: We have glorious times at our Cairo camp-meeting; one hundred and sixty-nine converts, and large additions to the Church; the work is still going on. I never saw such a display of divine power before. Our Douglass camp-meeting will commence this evening,

and we expect much there also. We have very few preachers in attendance. A. L. P. Green.”

We also insert this account, by Mr. Green, from the *Western Methodist*:

“The camp-meeting at Saunders’s Chapel, Fountain Head Circuit, commenced on Friday, September 5. Bishop McKendree was present, and preached once. The audience was large and respectable, although the weather was stormy and inclement. The excitement was not great until near the close of the meeting, when the power of God came, and the glory of the Lord passed before the people. Between twenty and thirty embraced religion.

“The camp-meeting at Dixon’s Springs, for Goose Creek Circuit, commenced on Friday, September 12. It was well attended by both preachers and people, notwithstanding there was much sickness in the neighborhood. Great peace and harmony prevailed throughout the congregation, and especially among the members of the Quarterly-meeting Conference, enabling them to dispatch their official business with signal celerity and perfect unanimity. Christians had great religious enjoyment, and although the number of converts was not so great as could have been wished, yet more than twenty owned their Saviour before men, and tasted the joys of his salvation. The Rev. E. J. Allen, the preacher in charge of this circuit, after traveling and laboring the whole year, and looking up to this camp-meeting with deep interest, a few days before its commencement had been attacked with the bilious fever. He had, however, strength enough to sustain him in reaching

the ground, where he soon became worse, and on Saturday evening was carried from the encampment in a carriage. On taking his leave he implored the blessings of Heaven to rest on the campers, and on the meeting at large, and departed under the possibility that he would not see their faces any more, yet so joyful in the Lord that he shouted his praises in his bed as he was borne away. He has since happily recovered.

“The Cairo camp-meeting commenced on Friday, September 19. The congregations were large, and respectable, and orderly—not a single thing having been observed that merited reproof during the whole meeting. There was deep attention to the preached word; Christians had sweet enjoyment, and fourteen persons professed to find the pardon of their sins.

“New Salem camp-meeting, for Fountain Head Circuit, commenced on Friday, September 26. Here there were unusual displays of divine power. The good Spirit was with preachers and people from the commencement of the meeting; all ages and sizes were under its influence. Here Bishop McKendree preached with unusual unction and power. His text was, ‘For to me to live is Christ; to die is gain.’ After showing how the cause of Christ is promoted by the efforts and labors of his ministers, he came to speak of the gain it would be to the laborious minister and Christian to die. The question was, *And what shall they gain?* The first answer was that *they should gain a sight of the Lord Jesus Christ, their best Friend*; at which answer his aged cheeks overflowed with tears of holy joy, and the deep-

stirred emotions of his soul choked his utterance. A corresponding emotion rolled its power over the audience, to the most distant listener.

“One circumstance is worthy of notice. On Tuesday afternoon, near the close of the sermon, while the preacher was describing the joys of heaven, after calling to his congregation in the following language, ‘O come and let us go,’ a gentleman of no ordinary influence and standing in society, sitting in the congregation, rose to his feet, rushed into the pulpit, took the minister by the hand, and cried out, ‘*I will go with you, sir; I’ll go with you!*’ He was then asked by the minister if he would not take his friends with him; he said, ‘*Yes, sir, they shall go!*’ An invitation was then given to his friends and all others who had no religion to come to the altar; and such a rushing to an altar was never witnessed before; the inclosure was filled to overflowing; groans and shouts filled the air. Between forty and fifty persons were happily converted at this meeting, and the work is yet gloriously going on in the neighborhood.

“The fourth quarterly-meeting for White’s Creek Circuit was attended at Haysboro, on the 4th and 5th of October. On Saturday, by reason of a constant fall of rain in the morning, but few persons attended. The preacher took for his text, ‘Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’ After preaching about forty minutes, the Lord came into the midst, sure enough, filled the hearts of Christians with joy, and at the end of the service the singular fact

was ascertained that there was not a single soul present but what was rejoicing in God. On Sunday the congregation was large; there was deep attention; many tears and shouts; and nine persons were added to the Church.

“The camp-meeting at Suttle’s, for Red River Circuit, commenced on Friday, October 10. This was a meeting long to be remembered by many. There were indeed but few preachers, but the best of all was that God was with the people, and between forty and fifty were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

“The White Bluff camp-meeting, for Clarksville Station and Montgomery Circuit, commenced Friday, October 17. Here Christians had not only to contend with the powers of darkness, but with the cold weather, the frost, and the ice; yet the whole process of the meeting was not unlike the heating of a furnace. On Monday evening the furnace was in full blast, and a soul was converted about every ten minutes for hours together, and upward of thirty were born to God. Upon the whole, this was a glorious meeting.

“The number of additions to the Church in all these meetings was about equal to the number who professed conversion.”

Dr. Redford says: “At the age of twenty-seven Dr. Green is the Presiding Elder of an important District; a position to which, at that time, only the best and ablest ministers were appointed, and one requiring not only skill and superior administrative ability, but intellectual endowments of a high order.”

While on this District we find him, in company with F. E. Pitts and John W. Hanner, on a missionary tour through the towns and villages of Middle Tennessee, beginning at Nashville. He is also very much concerned about La Grange College, which was one of his literary pets. His devoted friend, Dr. (Bishop) Paine, was president at this time; Richard H. Rivers and Collins D. Elliott were professors. To this institution he contributed his money and his influence.

In 1834 Mr. Green becomes enlisted in a very pleasant and entertaining newspaper discussion with Dr. (Bishop) Paine, which was continued weekly for ten or twelve months. Dr. Paine did not know for some months who was his opponent. The subject of discussion was, "Are the American Indians the Lost Tribes of Israel?"—Mr. Green, under the *nom de plume* of "Powhatan," affirming, and Dr. Paine, under the *nom de plume* of "Southron," denying. This discussion displayed a deal of study and research. We opine that the two antiquaries tumbled the cyclopedias *right smartly*. We are impressed that the discussion was far superior to the subject. Like the alchemists, they did not find the stone, but they found many wonderful things more valuable than the stone. This controversy, on account of its length, will not be published with Mr. Green's papers.

The Tennessee Conference beginning November 5, 1834, was held in Lebanon. Bishops McKendree and Andrew were both present.

In reading Dr. McFerrin's account of this Conference I cannot repress a smile when this dignified

body of preachers resolves itself into a temperance society, and resolves each member into a temperance agent, empowered to go forth and organize societies, and elects that staid, sober old worthy, Joshua Boucher, as president, and Thomas L. Douglass, Robert Paine, and A. L. P. Green, as vice-presidents of the Conference society. We understand it: at this time the war against King Alcohol was *young*, and the crusaders were warm in the fight.

In the latter part of the year 1834 Bishop McKendree preached his last sermon, in McKendree Church, Nashville. A. L. P. Green, his great admirer and traveling companion, was present. We will hear his impressions in an extract from his elaborate "Biographical Sketch"* of the Bishop, edited by Dr. Summers:

"I can, in my imagination, see him this moment, as he stood on the walls of Zion, with his sickle in his hand: the gray hairs thinly covering his forehead, his pale and withered face, his benignant countenance, his speaking eye—while a deep undercurrent of thought, scarcely veiled by the external lineaments, took form in words, and fell from his trembling lips, as by the eye of faith he transcended the boundaries of time, and entered upon the eternal world. But he is drawing to the close of his sermon. Now, for the last time, he bends himself, and reaches his sickle forth, to reap the fields ripe for the harvest. How balmy the name of Christ as he breathes it forth, standing, as it were, midway between heaven and earth, and pointing to the home of the faithful

* This sketch is not among Mr. Green's papers in this book.

in the sky! I look again: the sickle sways in his hand, his strength is measured out, and he closes up his ministerial labors on earth with the words, 'I add no more,' while imagination hears the response from the invisible glory, 'It is enough!'"

I am glad of the opportunity of inserting at this place a parenthesis, which is suggested, in part, *con amore*:

H. R. W. Hill had employed Mr. John Grimes to paint the portrait of Bishop McKendree. Mr. Grimes was present with the implements of his art during the delivery of this last discourse. He succeeded in outlining the form during the sermon, and with one short sitting, afterward, produced a small but very good likeness.

My father procured the services of Mr. Washington B. Cooper, an artist of whom Nashville is justly proud, who, from the picture of Mr. Grimes, painted another portrait of the Bishop, much larger, and rich in imagery. This picture has been much admired by the personal friends of the Bishop, as a likeness, and for its artistic finish; it is now in the keeping of my brother at the country home. I remember, when a child, going into the parlor in a spell of ill-temper, and being run out by the reproachful eyes of this same portrait.

I must mention, in this connection, a brace of large-hearted charities: On the walls of the Bishops' Room in the Southern Methodist Publishing House hang the portraits of Bishops McKendree, Wightman, Soule, McTyeire, Kavanaugh, Paine, Doggett, Keener, Pierce, and Marvin—all the pro-

duction of the genius of Washington B. Cooper, and contributed by his liberality. They are as perfect as human skill can make them; and it becomes the Methodist Church everywhere to honor the noble donor who has contributed so much to the *ocular* history of Methodism.

Mr. Green visited Bishop McKendree during his last illness, at the home of his brother, Dr. McKendree, in Sumner county. We have his own account of this visit in the "Biographical Sketches." He says: "It was the high privilege of the writer to spend a night with him just before his death. O how rich were the words that fell from his lips! Among other things, I at one time said to him, 'Bishop, I may live when you have passed away, and wherever I go your friends will want to hear from you; what shall I say to them?' To which he answered: 'Tell them for me that, whether for time or eternity, *all's well!*' This was a favorite saying with the Bishop, and was the last connected sentence that ever fell from his lips."

Bishop McKendree died in the spring of 1835, and by his own request Thomas L. Douglass preached his funeral-sermon; but the members of McKendree, desiring a special memorial service in their own church, and wanting to know more about the good man, requested A. L. P. Green to deliver a funeral discourse, which he did, to a vast congregation, June 21, 1835. This memorial was published by the official members of McKendree, and is preserved in a book of "Conference Sermons."

Now a digression. A traveler stops by the way to

slake his thirst from a spring and to "rest under the shade of the trees." May we not pause occasionally, and allow our poor, enslaved pen a recess, and let our thoughts at random go?

Forty-one years after the interment of Bishop McKendree, his remains were exhumed (in 1876), and deposited in the grounds of Vanderbilt University. At the same time, his brother in Christ—Bishop Soule—was placed by his side. Through the courtesy of Mr. Groomes, the undertaker, I saw all that was left of the human body of the renowned McKendree—only a little dust, and in the midst the merest shells of the thigh-bone and the skull; this was all. And this, thought I, is the great man whom my father loved, and talked so much about, and whose voice was heard from the northern lakes to the gulf! My faith—not my reason—came to the rescue: This is not McKendree; it is his mortal house, all gone to ruins, and in mourning, because of the absent spirit. Thank God that the "mouth of the Lord hath spoken it:" "This corruptible shall put on incorruption!"

Mr. Green delivered an address to the young ladies of the Nashville Female Academy, December 11, 1834, on the occasion of the semi-annual examination. This institution was another of his literary wards. He was trustee during the administration of Messrs. Elliott and Lapsley. He was very fond of the "Old Academy," and supplied it with very substantial pabulum.

The Tennessee Conference beginning October 28, 1835, was held in Florence, Alabama. Bishop Soule

was present, and presided. By this Conference Mr. Green was elected a second time a delegate to the General Conference, which convened in Cincinnati, May 2, 1836. During the sitting of this General Conference, tradition says, A. L. P. Green was hospitably entertained by Mr. Spencer, whose son was afterward mayor of the city.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

NASHVILLE AGAIN—HIS PREACHER
ASSOCIATES.



IN the autumn of 1837 A. L. P. Green was appointed again to the Nashville Station, with Alexander Winbourne assistant preacher, and Fountain E. Pitts Presiding Elder. Besides McKendree, there were College Side, New Hope, and some irregular preaching-places, under the care of the two pastors.

Dr. McFerrin says ("Methodism in Tennessee," vol. iii., p. 123): "This year was more prosperous than the past, taking the numbers as evidence. The reports were: whites, four hundred and twenty-three; colored, four hundred and seventy-five. There was no missionary to the colored people, but the pastors of the white congregations had charge of the Africans. There was a missionary appointed to the Cumberland African Mission—the Rev. John Rains—who reported four hundred and twenty-five members.

"Mr. Winbourne was a noble young man, whose race was short. At the end of the Conference-year he was transferred to the Alabama Conference, and stationed at Greensboro. His health failed, and he

returned to Nashville, and closed his useful life at the residence of his brother, eight miles from the city. He sleeps in the Nashville cemetery, having died in the faith. A neat stone marks the place of his repose, erected by the Tennessee and Alabama Conferences, as a token of their appreciation of this servant of God."

As far back as my memory goes I remember Fountain E. Pitts. He received me into the Church when he was in the zenith of his fame. I was about nine or ten years old; heard the great preacher tower on one of his tremendous themes; concluded it would be best for me to join the Church, and so stated to my father; he thought so, too; led me up to the altar; I joined, believing that there was a God, a heaven, a hell, and a plan of salvation—that was all, and that was enough.

Fountain E. Pitts blazed over the land like a meteor. "Great man! the *people* gazed and wondered much, and praised."

The last contribution to the press from my father's pen was the obituary of Mr. Pitts. It is just and true, and we insert it in full:

"Fountain Elliott Pitts was born, in Georgetown, Kentucky, July 4, 1808. His grandfathers Pitts and Craig were both distinguished Baptist preachers. His parents died while he was quite young; but, being well connected in life, his relatives took charge of the young orphan, and he was favored with a good education for his day, and at an early age gave signs of more than ordinary promise. He was a subject of converting grace, and connected himself

with the Church in his twelfth year. When about sixteen years old he was licensed to preach, and admitted on trial into the Kentucky Conference in the autumn of 1824. He was ordained at Russellville, by Bishop Roberts, in 1826, and ordained elder, at Shelbyville, by Bishop Soule, in 1828, and that autumn became a member of the Tennessee Conference. In 1835 he went as a missionary to South America. It is not necessary in this notice to follow him through his various appointments. He was missionary, circuit-preacher, stationed preacher, and Presiding Elder. He married while young, and, with a growing family on his hands, had to contend with the difficulties common to preachers like situated in those times—namely, heavy work and light pay. His life of labor and privation was incident to the heroic age of the Church. Brother Pitts was by nature richly endowed. He was a little below medium size, fair skin, light hair, and blue eyes, and when young was regarded rather handsome. His temperament was sanguine, always hopeful. His head was large, and his intellectual powers, in many respects, were of the highest order, and he was highly gifted as a speaker. His voice was full, clear, and musical; his enunciation distinct; his manner was deliberate, grave, solemn, and persuasive; his language was always well-suited to his subject. He knew the way not only to the heads but to the hearts of his hearers, which gave him extraordinary power to control and, at will, to move the multitude. He preached generally without a manuscript, or even a note; but by long practice,

retentive memory, and well-balanced mind, he was seldom at fault in his style. He understood the doctrines of the Church, and faithfully did he defend them. Although his mind was of a poetical cast, with a rich fancy and brilliant imagination, yet he was never carried off into extreme views or doubtful theories, but was always sound in doctrine. He was, at one period of his life, one of the most powerful field-preachers that I ever listened to. A camp-meeting, especially, seemed to inspire him; there he showed the full measure of his strength. He preached generally for immediate effect, and was wonderfully successful in securing the fruits of his labor. He sang well; when in his prime he preferred a solo, and sang to effect, consulting his own ear and taste rather than science in singing. He was powerful in prayer and exhortation, and labored with great success in the altar. He loved his work—all parts of it—and was never idle. A dull, dry meeting rendered him unhappy, and sometimes seemingly impatient; but when the ark moved forward he was happy. He was a man of large heart, and full of sympathy, entering into the joys and sorrows of all about him. He was devoted to his friends, and decidedly a man of peace. So strong were his sympathies, so large his hopes, so confiding his nature, that caution seemed to be overwhelmed, making him in business matters too sanguine for a safe trader. But as he grew older his thoughts turned almost entirely to spiritual things, and he became more and more devoted to the interest of the Church. His conversation was almost entirely

of the Church, the things of God, and the salvation of his soul. All his powers were employed in serving the Church, frequently preaching two or three times in a day. He preached twice the last Sabbath he spent on earth. His last sermon was preached in Shelbyville, Kentucky, at night. On the next morning he returned to Louisville, and took his place in the General Conference, of which he was a member. In the evening he went to Mr. E. D. Hobbs's, a relative of his, some twelve miles out, and for two or three days was complaining of a slight indisposition. At length he suddenly grew worse, and on the 12th of May, 1874, he fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour. Dr. McFerrin sang a few verses of the old song, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord;' at the close of the second verse he said, 'That's true!' He then said, 'He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ hath eternal life,' and, repeating the words 'eternal life' several times, died with the words 'eternal life' on his lips.

"His body was brought to Louisville, and taken to Walnut-street Church. The members of the Conference, in a body, came together to pay respect to his memory. Bishop Paine and Dr. McFerrin made appropriate and touching remarks, and widespread and general was the feeling produced. His body was then transferred to McKendree Church, Nashville, where all the preachers of the city and neighborhood, with a vast multitude of his old friends and acquaintances, came together, and, with suitable service, consigned him to his last resting-place. His life was a success. He won many souls

for Christ, finished his work in triumph, and has gone to his reward. May God bless those who are left behind!"

The tongues of dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony;

Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

NASHVILLE STATION—CANADA QUESTION.



IN the autumn of 1838 A. L. P. Green was returned to the Nashville Station, with W. D. F. Sawrie junior preacher, and, on account of the increase in the work, one to be supplied. This was Mr. Green's fifth appointment to the Nashville Station, and indeed his last year as a station-preacher.

“There was a good work this year (in Nashville), but, strange to say, no statistical reports from the Conference were furnished the editor of the General Minutes.” (“Methodism in Tennessee.”)

Mr. Sawrie, the colleague of my father this year, was emphatically “a son of thunder.” In a revival-meeting he was, and is now, a host. More of a hortative than a didactic preacher, he rushes, like an unbridled cyclone, to a conclusion. My father, when he went forth to his *big meetings*, was delighted to have Mr. Sawrie with him.

A long residence in Nashville, and the influence of secular matters, has somewhat dampened and subdued his ardor, but at times, when the sound of the camp-meeting horn falls on his ear, the old fire re-kindles, and he is again Sawrie of 1840. We are ex-

pecting, when a few years are gone, and the setting sun has mellowed his heart, that he will perform more deeds of valor than in the past.

He was admitted into the Tennessee Conference on trial in the autumn of 1831—Dr. Richard H. Rivers was a member of his class. He has filled the most conspicuous appointments in the Conference, and at this time is Presiding Elder of the Murfreesboro District.

A. L. P. Green was not elected by the Tennessee Conference of 1839 a delegate to the General Conference in 1840. The cause of his *non-election* is not conjectural. I am reminded of a clause in the marriage-service: "Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." We arise to explain.

A man may ask no questions—it is better that he should not—if he has never been taken up; but to be taken up and set down demands an explanation. If a man becomes displeased with me, I am not satisfied *in full* for him to become pleased until he states why he was displeased. No respectable man, at the caprice of his neighbor, is morally required to be "a vessel unto honor and unto dishonor." Mr. Green was a member of every General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, up to the time of his death. In the Methodist Episcopal Church he was a member of the General Conference in 1832, 1836, and 1844, but not in 1840. He was a growing man, and was not less, but more, a leader in 1839 than in 1831 and 1835. The reader inquires, "What was the matter?" The answer is found in the proceedings of the Tennessee

Conference on the "Canada Question." We will hear the testimony of the Rev. William E. Doty, now of the Louisiana, but formerly of the Tennessee, Conference.

Mr. Doty says: "When the Canada Conference thought it best to disconnect itself from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, it asked for its proportion of the funds of the Book Concern and Chartered Fund. Dr. Green took the position that it was just and right. When the vote was put, I alone stood up with him. Years afterward, when he was prosecuting the suit for the interest of the South, the attorney for the North made a strong point, asserting that 'the vote in the Tennessee Conference was unanimous against the claim of the Canadians,' and pointed at and derided Dr. Green for prosecuting a suit in his own name against the Methodist Episcopal Church, when the principle was the same in the Canada case. The Southern lawyer said, 'Dr. Green, that is hard on us;' 'but,' said the Doctor, 'there is not a word of truth in it.' 'Thank God for that!' said the attorney. Dr. Green told me that 'he (his lawyer) *withered* the Northern attorney for his want of information, as he had been paid to inform himself, and the record of the Tennessee Conference was before him.' He turned to the page, and there stood two votes for the Canadians—A. L. P. Green and W. E. Doty."

We add the testimony of Dr. J. W. Hanner: "One quadrennial Dr. Green was not elected; his vote defeated him. It was the Canada Question, or something of that sort; whether a certain body of

Methodists set off from the Church should have their share of the Book Concern and other property. He voted right; there was the man, and that was heroism!

Majorities are no proof that you will right be found;
Few were saved in the ark for many millions drowned."

So we conclude that he was *snubbed* in 1839 that the Church might be honored in 1850. This is a clear case of loss and gain. His great heart would not have had it otherwise, for there are times when "the post of honor is the private station."

I have been closely following my father through a chain of appointments from 1824 to 1839. The chapters that follow will not be shaped by any chronological or Conference guage; they will be, in a very sporadic sense, miscellaneous, without any great violence to the unities and proprieties. To avoid repetition, I will make no reference to a deal of matter contained in my father's papers. Dr. Green, after 1840, becomes the servant of the whole Church; so with a willing heart, if not a capable mind, we put out to sea, hoping that a propitious spirit will direct us at what ports to touch and how long to stay. However, before setting out, we will take a general reckoning, or bird's-eye view.

A. L. P. Green was a preacher of the gospel for fifty years. He was on circuits five years, on stations six years, on Districts thirty-four years, Financial Secretary of the Vanderbilt two years. He was a Presiding Elder continuously—omitting the war interregnum of 1862, 1863, and 1864—until his

health failed, in 1872. He filled the following appointments: Jackson Circuit two years, Limestone Circuit two years, Madison Circuit one year, Nashville Station five years, Franklin Station one year, Cumberland District four years, Lebanon District five years, Nashville District twelve years, Gallatin District one year, Clarksville District four years, Edgefield District one year, Murfreesboro District four years, Columbia District three years.

INCIDENTALS ON THE DISTRICTS.



IN the autumn of 1839 A. L. P. Green was appointed to the Lebanon District, and in 1840 to the Nashville District, on which he continued four years.

Dr. Robert A. Young says: "I remember well the day, in September, 1842, when fame first reported to my ears the name of A. L. P. Green. I had been converted at one camp-meeting, and had journeyed straightway to another, at Middleton Settlements, in East Tennessee. There I met a well-dressed countryman, who informed me that we were not far from the neighborhood where Dr. Green was born. And who is Dr. Green? thought I; and is he a greater man than Thomas Stringfield? The gentleman admitted that in controversial theology Brother Stringfield was a match for the strongest—even for Dr. F. A. Ross—but Dr. Green was a poet, an orator, a revivalist, a financier, an ecclesiastical statesman, who lived in Nashville. And I remember all this."

For four years, beginning in the autumn of 1844, my father served as Presiding Elder on the Clarksville District. I have now in my memory a host of camp-meetings on this District: great, glorious

meetings they were, and hundreds were added to the Church. I attended one of them, and, notwithstanding my youth, was very much *impressed*. I hope the reader's dignity will not be offended. I am about to relate history that has to do with two of God's creatures. Lions are not the smallest biting things in the world, and I have known the profoundest men to forget their gravity during an attack on the cuticle and upper *fascia* of the spinal column. It is singular that a good thing and a great thing should suggest a very small thing. I never hear the word *camp-meeting*, however indistinctly articulated, that my mind does not revert to fleas. I remember how they tormented me, attacked me on the flanks, and surrounded me. I have a vivid recollection of retiring for the night in a division of the camp assigned to the sisters. There were between twenty-five and fifty of the sisters, and between twenty-five and fifty thousand *others, male and female*. I remember, after suffering extreme torture, sinking into a disturbed sleep, and awaking with a start, almost suffocated; and then such a scene of carnage as presented itself! Not a *female eye* had been closed—the order of the night was a grand campaign against the fleas, under the *black flag*; the morning dawned, but there was no cessation of hostilities. I cannot recall the name of a single person who was converted at this meeting. With the exception of my father and the Rev. William Burr, I do not remember who preached; and yet I pronounce it a *feeling occasion*, and the *impression* lingers with me still. Fleas still go to

camp-meeting, and are still fond of little boys and women—fond of the former because of their freedom from the flavor of tobacco, and of the latter, especially the young ones, because of their tenderness.

We copy an extract from a letter of the Rev. Golman Green, “the old man eloquent,” whom my father respected and loved. Mr. Green, at this writing, is an old man, buoyant in spirit and vigorous in health. He is both *semper felix* and *semper fidelis*. He is not a circuit-rider, but a *camp-meeting rider*, and during the meeting-season, in the summer and autumn, “renews his youth.” When the camp-meeting horn shall be heard no more, the days of the old man will be numbered. Mr. Green says:

“I furnish you a narrative of events that occurred in Robertson county, Tennessee, while your father was on the Clarksville District.

“We reached the camp-ground on Friday evening. Ministerial help was very scarce. Dr. Green got up in the pulpit, in his usual calm way, and said: ‘I know you are all very much out of heart; you have built a very fine shelter. Now, if you will keep up the altar exercises, Uncle Golman and I will do the preaching until Wednesday or Thursday evening.’ I tell you he did preach like an angel from heaven. Tuesday night he preached on Procrastination, which was the most powerful appeal that I ever heard on that subject. At its close about forty persons came forward for prayer; but inky darkness seemed to overspread the whole assembly. Dr. Green was so tired that he lay down in the

camp to rest. You know how he loved Brother Carr. Said he, 'Carr, go into the altar, and sing.' Carr went hopping in, and commenced singing, 'Fare you well, I am going home,' and the clouds broke. Thirty or forty persons were powerfully converted in ten minutes. I went into the preachers' tent, and found your father sitting on the side of the bed, with tears as large as beads rolling down his face. He said, 'Carr's singing was as straight as any finger; there, it must have been the power of God!'"

Dr. Young says: "I rode into Nashville in 1846, with the intention of joining the Tennessee Conference, if I should be found worthy. It was when we used to have opening sermons. The old McKendree Church was crowded, galleries and all. Dr. Green was the preacher, and one *young* hero-worshiper was delighted. A year to prepare a sermon, and no manuscript—not even that notably dull contrivance called 'notes.' The Doctor just held forth at his own sweet will."

When he spoke, what tender words he used!
So softly that, like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell.

HISTORIA SACRA.



IN the autumn of 1848 Dr. Green was appointed to the Lebanon District, and in the autumn of 1852 to the Nashville District, serving four years on each.

Between 1843 and 1852 there were "matters of great pith and moment." It was one of the destiny periods of Methodism. There was the General Conference of 1844 in New York, with its great speeches on the cases of Harding and Bishop Andrew; and the "Plan of Separation," a very sensible, honest document, which was *mummified* and laid away in the joint museum of the Churches; and then followed the Convention of the Southern wing, in 1845, in the city of Louisville, and that very exhaustive, lucid, and historical paper, called the "Report," which is an admirable *exposé* of the Southern Methodists on the slavery question and other matters. Then follows the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Petersburg, Virginia, in 1846; and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1848, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; and the second General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, South, in 1850, held in St. Louis, Missouri. And the Church suits began in 1850.

Now, gentle reader, will you have a digest of all these Conferences, with a detailed account of the "Convention" and the "Church suits?" I do not think that you are able to bear it. Indeed, we are standing in the presence of a *triumvirate*, who have invested all the field—Dr. Myers and Dr. Redford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Dr. Elliott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The end of this great controversy is not yet, and, we opine, will not be until the champions who fought in the arena of 1844 have been gathered to their fathers. There is now too much of the *ecclesiasticum odium* to allow a fair discussion. Indeed, judging from the proceedings of certain Northern Conferences, the Methodist Episcopal Church has not fully realized that African slavery in the South is *non est*. Prejudice will not take its flight until the *bone of contention* is disintegrated and scattered to the winds—not even the fossil must remain. We will perpetrate a mathematical antithesis, by taking a few specimen bricks from the pyramids, and leaving behind just as many as there were at first.

Dr. Green was a member of the General Conference of 1844. There are many things that we should like to know, that the dignified journalist, or secretary of a General Conference, will not condescend to chronicle. We have the tradition that, with an end in view, he was incessantly and persistently at work during this session. He was only thirty-eight years of age, and therefore did not take an active

part in all the deliberations on the Conference-floor; for there were many silver-haired men there, whose memories were teeming with the history of the Church. Whatever were the outward phases of discussion, "African Slavery" was the absorbing nucleus, about which all hearts and minds gathered, dreading the result, and yet satisfied that it would be for the best that the discussion which had been disturbing and agitating the Church for nearly fifty years should come to an end. In the cases of Harding and Andrew the question had assumed shape, and could be waived no longer.

Dr. A. H. Redford says: "The discussion was continued till the 30th of May, during which time, in addition to the speeches already referred to, Messrs. Hamline, of Ohio, Cartwright, of Illinois, and Dr. Durbin, of Philadelphia, addressed the Conference in favor of the *substitute*, and Messrs. Green, of Tennessee, Smith, of Virginia, Stamper, of Illinois, Sehon, of Ohio, Dunwoody, and Dr. Capers, of South Carolina, against it. The speeches delivered on this occasion have seldom been equaled and never surpassed in the Senate Chamber of the United States." ("Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.")

For the benefit of the reader who may not have a History convenient, I subjoin the radical and notorious "Substitute:"

"WHEREAS, The Discipline of our Church forbids the doing of any thing calculated to destroy our itinerant general superintendency; and whereas, Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery

by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances which, in the estimation of the General Conference, will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant General Superintendent, if not in some places entirely prevent it; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as the impediment remains.

“J. B. FINLEY,

“J. M. TRIMBLE.”

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four;
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.



ON the first day of October, 1845, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred by the University of Nashville on Messrs. A. L. P. Green, Robert A. Lapsley, and John T. Wheat. Mr. Lapsley was a Presbyterian minister, and Mr. Wheat a Protestant Episcopal clergyman. This degree may be esteemed more an honor as Mr. Green was intimately acquainted with every member of the Faculty.

I am indebted for information to Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley, ex-chancellor of the University of Nashville, and son of Dr. Philip Lindsley, deceased, who is at present connected with the Nashville Board of Health, and I believe at this date is the most prominent man in the State in the department of archæology. He has the second-sight and *fossiliferous ararice* of an antiquary, and carefully stores away that which is strange and that which is old. He is at present preparing a *work of memories*, which will be of great interest to all our citizens who love to read about those great men who brought religion and civilization to the valleys of Tennessee, and whose dust is still with us.

Dr. Lindsley says: "At the Commencement of the University of Nashville, held October 1, 1845, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon A. L. P. Green. Dr. Philip Lindsley, then head of the University, was remarkably chary in conferring such honors, as the University catalogue during his long administration fully shows. Dr. Green at that time was comparatively a young man, and the honor came entirely unsought. President Lindsley knew him well, and esteemed him highly as a man of solid native parts, of indomitable energy, and of high promise for usefulness in the Church and to the public at large. Until President Lindsley's removal from Nashville in 1850, a very cordial and friendly intercourse was kept up between the two Doctors; the President viewing with marked satisfaction his friend's growing reputation as an orator and a writer."

In running my eye over the honorary list of the University of Nashville, I find the names of a number of my father's nearest and best friends, all of whom, but one, have been honored by their Heavenly Father with crowns of righteousness. Upon Bishop Paine was conferred the degree of Master of Arts, in 1826; and the same degree upon Robert B. C. Howell, in 1839. Bishop Soule was elected Doctor of Divinity in 1827, John T. Edgar in 1834, and A. R. Erwin in 1856.

We yield to the temptation of inserting a paragraph at this point.

The conferring of honorary degrees by the universities has, in a private way, been severely criti-

cised by seemingly neglected or disappointed parties. The allegation is not that the universities reach too high, but sometimes stoop too low—even bartering their honors for influence. We have never heard this matter fully discussed, and question whether in most instances the assumptions can be sustained. There is a wide divergence between the degrees of A.M. and D.D. I suppose an education, however complete, would not entitle *just any man* to either of these degrees. It would require the most skillful diplomacy and disgusting favoritism to steer an *educated fool* through a respectable Faculty into the Doctorate of Divinity. This honor is conferred not so much upon classically educated men as upon wise men. It may be assumed that a Doctor of Divinity, whether a preacher or a layman, is learned in biblical knowledge. When the eyes of a university are turned upon a preacher with *honorable intentions*, the question is naturally sprung, Has he succeeded in the central idea? in other words, Can he preach effectively? A good chair-maker is not simply one who has an abundance of good material, but one who can make a strong, good chair. I have very much admired the honors of some men, done up in gilt frames and hung up on the wall; I have struggled through the Latin sentences, and then, like a child, have turned to the men themselves and wondered, “Is it possible?” We conclude that he is not a wise preacher who cannot put to a practical account what he knows, for *wisdom* is wiser than learning. A. L. P. Green was selected as a suitable person upon whom to confer the degree of Doctor

of Divinity for the reason that he was a *wise man*, was learned in practical theology, knew men, and knew how to preach to them.

The reader will pardon another short paragraph, as this is my first and will be my last opportunity to instruct the universities. As a class, the men who become candidates for collegiate preferment are not solely influenced by the greed for honor; there is a matter of utility that comes in. Like a sailor who puts his vessel under a full spread of canvas, with an eye to the practical as well as the beautiful, so the candidate for university favors, while he is pleased with the anticipated honor, contemplates filling his sails with wind and gliding with more celerity through some literary enterprise.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart!

THE CHURCH SUITS.



THE first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, convened in Petersburg, Virginia, on the first day of May, 1846. This Conference adopted the following report:

“Resolved, by the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in General Conference assembled, That three commissioners be appointed, in accordance with the Plan of Separation adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, to act in concert with the commissioners appointed by the said Methodist Episcopal Church to estimate the amount due to the South according to the aforesaid Plan of Separation, with full power to carry into effect the whole arrangement with regard to said division.

“Resolved, That John Early be, and he is hereby, authorized to act as the agent or appointee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in conformity to the Plan of Separation.”

There were four resolutions in connection with the above that we think not necessary to insert.

“Immediately after the adoption of this report, the Conference proceeded to the election of commissioners by ballot, and on the first balloting H. B. Bascom, A. L. P. Green, and S. A. Latta were elected. Nathan Bangs, George Peck, and James B. Finley had been appointed commissioners on the part of the Church (North) to act in concert with the same number of commissioners appointed by the Southern organization.

“On the 25th of August, 1846, Messrs. Bascom, Green, and Latta met in Cincinnati, and addressed a communication to the commissioners appointed by the Methodist Episcopal Church.” For the correspondence between these commissioners I must refer the reader to the “Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,” as it is too long for insertion. However, I must state that the Northern commissioners concluded that they (themselves) had no authority, and therefore respectfully declined to act in the premises, as their action would (to use their own language) “be null and void.”

“From this period until the subsequent meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, no further steps were taken by the Southern commissioners.

“The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1848, and on the 12th the commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, submitted to that body a communication, to which no reply was made, nor was it referred to a committee.”

Dr. L. Pierce knocked at the door of this Confer-

ence as a fraternal messenger from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with what success I should be mortified to relate.

“As H. B. Bascom did not reach Pittsburg until the 13th of May, Dr. Pierce was in due form substituted in his place *ad interim*. Dr. Latta being prevented by extreme illness from attending, the Rev. C. B. Parsons was duly appointed *ad interim* in his place.”

The Southern commissioners, despairing at last of a fraternal settlement, drafted this resolution:

“*Resolved*, That it is expedient and necessary, in view of the interests and rights in controversy, that the necessary suits be instituted, as soon as practicable, for the recovery of the funds and property falling due to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the contract of the Plan of Separation adopted by the General Conference of 1844.”

The history of the Church suits, is it not recorded by Dr. Redford and others?

“The first suit was brought in the city of New York, against George Lane and others, for a division of the Book Concern in that city. D. Lord, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and Mr. Johnson, jr., appeared as counsel for the plaintiffs, and the Hon. Rufus Choate, George Wood, and E. L. Fancher for the defendants. The case was tried before the Honorable Judges Nelson and Betts. It was decided in favor of the plaintiffs.

“The suit for the division of the Book Concern in Cincinnati was brought in the city of Columbus, in the United States Circuit Court for the District

of Ohio. The Hon. Mr. Stanberry was employed by the plaintiffs, and Messrs. Badger and Ewing by the defendants. The court was presided over by the Honorable Judge Leavitt, who rendered a decision in favor of the defendants. The Southern commissioners appealed from the decision to the Supreme Court of the United States. This court was composed of Chief-justice Taney, and Associate-justices Wayne, Catron, Daniel, Nelson, Greer, Curtis, and Campbell. The cause was heard in Washington City, in April, 1854, and was decided in favor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, without dissent from any of the Justices. The opinion of the court was delivered by Judge Nelson, April 25, 1854." ("Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.") Judge McLean did not sit on this case because his sympathies and convictions were with the South, while he was a member, and a devoted one, too, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

To say that Dr. Green was mainly instrumental in the success of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in these suits; that he was absent from home three and four months at a time; that he labored almost incessantly during the prosecution, and even months before; that he adopted every feasible plan, and availed himself of every resource, is not saying too much. In view of the services he performed, a grateful Church is willing to render "honor to whom honor is due;" and, we believe, as the years roll on this appreciation will increase.

"The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, also

claimed an interest in the Chartered Fund, located in Philadelphia, which was paid over to the agents without recourse to the law. From these several sources the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, received over three hundred thousand dollars." ("Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.") About one hundred thousand dollars of this was canceled by debts owed to the Northern House.

I must make mention of Colonel Alexander Cummings, editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, and a warm personal friend of my father. Although a member of the Methodist Church (North), Colonel Cummings, without compensation, rendered valuable service to the (Southern) Church in obtaining its part of the Chartered Fund, for which the friends of Southern Methodism will hold him in grateful remembrance. The house and board of this great-hearted man were open and free to my father and his traveling companions during their stay in Philadelphia. Colonel Cummings, with his family, visited Columbus, Georgia, during the session there of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1854, where many a warm grip testified the gratitude of those whom he had favored. The Rev. Elisha Carr, who was present in Columbus at this time, made the acquaintance of Colonel Cummings and his family, and, hearing of their liberality, was so inspired with love and admiration for them that he said, "On my way to heaven I am going to stop by Philadelphia and see them," which he did.

Bishop McTyeire, with reference to Dr. Green's services as a commissioner in conducting the Church suits, says: "As subsidizing excellences and accessories to his characteristic quality, it may be mentioned that he was a man of affairs. The volume of his brain and his commanding person made it so that in whatsoever direction he turned himself he had force.

"When reluctantly the Church South brought her claim against the Church North, for an equitable adjustment of common property, after the Separation of 1844, Dr. Green, with two others, was charged with the conduct of the business before the Supreme Court of the United States; and in all its stages more than property was at stake. His colleagues on the commission died, and though their places were filled, it is beyond question that he did a service for the Church and country in that matter that has never been appreciated, because never understood. His mind took in all the subject, and directed and inspired the great lawyers who pleaded the cause."

Considering Dr. Green as "a man of affairs," Dr. Summers says: "Thousands will echo the language of David, and with tenfold more pertinency than he said it in regard to Abner: 'KNOW YE NOT THAT THERE IS A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN FALLEN THIS DAY IN ISRAEL?'"* When he fell it was as when 'a standard-bearer fainteth.' Who are there among us 'who can bend his bow?' Where is the Nestor that shall

* Bishop McTyeire's text on the occasion of Dr. Green's funeral.

stand up like him, a head and shoulders higher than others in our councils? He was eminently the statesman of the Church. He had a massive brain, level head, well-balanced faculties, and many-sided powers. He was calm, deliberate, cautious; yet decided, outspoken, and firm. His long and intimate association with Bishop McKendree, having been for some time his traveling companion, and subsequently with Bishop Soule, had a happy influence on Dr. Green. He had a high appreciation of those princes in Israel, imbibed their views, and formed his character largely upon their model. In many respects he was the superior of both. In the memorable session of the General Conference of 1844, in New York, he was looked up to as a wise counselor; leading Northern ministers sought his advice, and begged him to overcome his reluctance to the Plan of Separation and sanction that measure, so essential to the welfare, not to say the existence, of the Church, knowing the influence of his character and opinions North and South.

“As a commissioner on the part of the Church South to settle the property question, he evinced a wise diplomacy and conciliatory spirit which greatly enhanced his reputation in both Connections. During the entire vexatious controversy no man was more acceptable in the Methodist pulpits of New York, Philadelphia, and other Northern cities, than Dr. Green.”

The reference of Dr. Summers to Bishop Soule reminds me, there existed between the Bishop and my father the closest intimacy, which antedated

1844. They were thrown together much during the pendency of the Church suit in New York. There was mutual admiration and a *oneness* of opinion and feeling between them. I extract from a letter of the Rev. William E. Doty, which is to the point: "I write to give you the estimate in which Dr. Green was held by Bishop Soule in 1845. I carried the Bishop and his wife from my house to Marshall, the seat of the Texas Conference. As the General Conference was to convene in Petersburg the following year, I asked him who would probably be made Bishop. He promptly answered, 'Dr. Green.'"

I remember going into my father's room at night, at an Annual Conference in Clarksville. His roommate, Bishop Soule, had retired. The cabinet meeting was not over, and the Bishop was alone, for he was not presiding at that Conference. Rising up in the bed, he pointed to a box near by, and asked me to open it and help myself to a bunch of grapes, but not disturb the bunch lying on the table. The next day I inquired about that bunch on the table, and was informed that a friend had presented the Bishop a box of grapes, and that it was his habit to eat a bunch in the morning and at night, and that he never failed to leave a bunch for Dr. Green at night.

SLAVERY AND DR. GREEN.

TE presume that slavery had somewhat to do with the division of the Church. The same leaven ultimated in the late war. As some of the wise men put it, "It was the *occasion*, but not the *cause*, of the separation." There is certainly some logical acumen in this, which we are not inclined to either probe or analyze. To our blunt mind the *cause* was about equal to the *occasion*, and the *occasion* was a very good excuse for the *cause*. Verily, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had the right, under its biblical charter, to disclaim any political character. If it was *proslavery* or *antislavery*, it was a politico-religious Church. (I speak of the Church prospectively, as nominally it had no existence before the Convention in Louisville.) While a Church may not be *proslavery* or *antislavery*, its ministers may. Men, not Churches, are politicians. Every man in the General Conference of 1844 was either *proslavery* or *antislavery*, and their votes and speeches were influenced accordingly. In many instances the *pro* and the *anti* were the accidents of education and location. Antislavery men from the North, after a residence of a few

years in the South, became proslavery, and the same might be said *vice versa* of the effects of a Northern residence upon proslavery men. As it is not my purpose to accuse or excuse, or to revive an old story, I will take a hurried glimpse of the Southern attitude on the slavery question in 1844.

African slavery was an *institution* in the Southern States in 1844. The members of the Southern wing of the Methodist Episcopal Church were, many of them, slave-holders; they had no conscientious scruples on the subject; they held that the ownership in slaves was a right, *jure divino*. No Annual or General Conference action could have disturbed the institution of slavery in the South in the slightest degree. It was a fixity in law and in conviction. Any Church legislation against it would have been like Don Quixote's battle with the windmills—somebody would have been hurt, but not the windmills. If the Southern delegation in the General Conference of 1844 had favored by their votes the silencing or suspension of Harding and Andrew, either the delegation would have been cut off or the Southern wing of the Church destroyed forever. Years of labor and of prayer established Methodism in the South, and there was too much comeliness and grace to be sacrificed for naught.

I have had a grudge against slavery for the trouble it gave the Church, and because of the noble and honest blood that was shed in its defense. When the dark shadow passed out and on, I was tempted to slam the door on its back. I speak only for myself.

Dr. Green was a *proslavery* man, but was never a radical in his love for, or in his defense of, the institution. He was associated with, and knew intimately, many of the old antislavery preachers, and was just as intimate with a multitude of the modern proslavery preachers. He imbibed some of the sympathy of the former, and embraced the convictions of the latter. He was not proslavery just in order to be "subject to the powers that be;" there was principle that lay far beneath this. He even went so far in his newspaper articles as to administer a little ridicule for the benefit of his antislavery friends. He favored the institution when it was properly controlled and a blessing to the slave. He believed the negro incompetent and unfitted for self-government, and hence a wise, good master was a necessity. Mr. Webster's definition of slavery—"a human being held as goods and chattels" by another—he never indorsed, neither did any other Southern Christian. The grosser form of slavery was revolting to him. On one occasion he found his sympathies so wrought upon by the cruelty of a master to an old slave that he sprang to his feet, and gathered hold of a chair to strike down the tormentor, but was restrained by the reflection that he was his guest.

Dr. Green never inflicted corporal punishment upon a slave, not because he did not think physical punishment sometimes necessary to the welfare and government of the slave, but for the same reason that he never corporally punished his children. He never used the severer when the milder means

availed. He never purchased but two slaves, and these he bought under his own protest, at the urgent solicitation of the negroes themselves. His reason for this was not any scruple about the evil of ownership, but because he had the good sense to know that slave property was not the most remunerative. As far as any principle was involved, to own one slave was the same as to own a hundred.

A family of negroes was presented to him, which he sent, at his own expense, into a free State; they continued to write to him for years, begging to be received back into their former condition.

My mother and grandmother owned three negro families, not one of whom ever called my father "master"—why I know not.

The only practical use that Dr. Green had for a negro was to listen, with the greatest interest, to his ridiculous gabble; for many of his side-splitting anecdotes were negro speeches and religious experiences abounding in big words.

In concluding this paper, I must whisper to my friends on *both sides*, For the sake of truth and charity, do not extract, but take with you the whole of this chapter.

CAMP-MEETING INCIDENTS.



WE have a communication from the Rev. William Doss, a member of the Tennessee Conference, and the successor of my father on the Columbia District. Mr. Doss belongs to the *old guard*. He writes:

“Dr. Green was a man of extraordinary faith, which the following incident will illustrate:

“At the first camp-meeting held at Hurricane Switch—a camp-meeting which owes its existence to Dr. Green more than to any one else—I was called upon to preach the opening sermon, which I did, on the subject of Faith. As an illustration I stated the incident referred to. Some time after the service Dr. Green arrived, and I spent the night with him. In conversation I mentioned the incident, and related it as I had used it in the sermon, and asked him if I had stated it correctly. He replied, ‘Yes, only you did not make it strong enough,’ and then proceeded to state the case, as near as I can recollect, in the following language:

“I once held a camp-meeting in a very wealthy, aristocratic community. I made my best efforts, but they seemed to make little or no impression

upon the people. After I had done all I could do, as I thought, I left the stand and walked toward the preachers' tent, under the influence of this kind of feeling: You have just as much right to go to hell as any people in the world; so just go! But before I reached the tent a strange impression, or impulse, came upon me, which brought me suddenly to a *stand-still*, while the thought rushed into my mind, You have been depending too much on the strength of your own efforts; you have not trusted sufficiently in God! I turned around and walked back to the stand, took my position in the altar, and commenced talking in a conversational tone of voice, and stood there talking on, with scarcely any physical effort, until I talked sixty-two sinners into the altar.' ”

We have also an interesting letter from Dr. J. G. Wilson, which may be inserted in this connection. Dr. Wilson is a native of Nashville; was formerly a member of the Tennessee, but now of the St. Louis, Conference. He says:

“From the hands of Dr. Green I received my license to preach, at Walton's Camp-ground, in the summer of 1849. I was brought up in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; was converted at Pope's Camp-ground, and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Nashville. Before receiving license to preach, and while looking into matters with that view, I became dissatisfied with Cumberland Presbyterian doctrines on certain points, and remember a conversation with Dr. Green on that subject, at the close of which he said, ‘Well, John, if you fall

through the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Methodist is next to it, and I reckon it will catch you.' I am proud to say that this is as near to proselyting as any Methodist came in my case.

"My first sermon was preached under Dr. Green's direction. I shall never forget. We had dined at the same tent, and after dinner we sat talking together for some time in the rear of the tent. Starting afterward to walk together toward the church, in which several of the preachers lodged, he said, 'Well, Brother John, I reckon you must preach for us at the next hour.' 'You are joking, Doctor,' said I; 'I am not licensed to preach yet.' (This was on Saturday; my application for license was to come before the Quarterly-meeting Conference on Monday.) 'We'll see,' he replied, in his own peculiar way. Presently, at the church, one of the preachers asked, 'Doctor, who preaches the next hour?' 'We'll have to try Brother John,' was his reply. 'The Doctor wants to see if you will do to license to preach,' said one of the preachers. 'No, no,' said the Doctor; 'we'll not judge him by this effort. If he preaches a poor sermon, we'll think he was scared, and will do better next time; and if he preaches a good sermon, we will think he got it out of some one's book.' Just then the horn sounded, and I had to get to the stand, find my text, and *blaze away, off-hand*.

"One gift Dr. Green possessed in greater measure than any preacher I ever knew—I mean that of reaching and moving a man by a remark thrown in at an odd moment and in an unexpected manner.

Two instances which occurred at the above meeting may serve to illustrate this.

“While we were sitting in the rear of the tent, talking, as above-said, there was seated not far from us one of those men, often seen, who are good lobby-members of the Church—that is to say, they are friends to religion in a patronizing sort of way, glad to see it moving on, ready to help a meeting in any way, but who seem to feel that they themselves have no personal interest in it. Several members of the Church had for some time been talking with this man about religion, and he was parrying what they had to say, when presently, to the surprise of all, Dr. Green broke in, as if angry: ‘Go away, and let that man alone! there have been counsel and prayers enough wasted on him to have converted twenty better men. It is his privilege to go to the devil if he is determined to do it.’ The idea that Dr. Green seemed disposed to give him up to be damned, and that he should be vexed with those who tried to prevent it, appeared to strike the man as with a galvanic shock. ‘O no, Doctor!’ said he, with evident emotion; ‘it would not do to give me up in that way.’ The next time mourners were called he was one of the first to come forward.

“At another time Dr. Green, looking earnestly and fixedly into the face of another man of the same sort, without a word at first, at last said, gravely, ‘W., I am concerned for you. You have passed through meeting after meeting at this place, and I have been watching you during the meetings. You stand up by the altar when the fire is burning

hottest, and the sparks fall all over you, and'—suing the action to the words—'you have only to shake yourself, and they all fall off. I am afraid you are gone.' The words and manner evidently made a deep impression, and at the next call for penitents this man was one of them."

DR. GREEN AND CHILDREN.



DR. GREEN was very fond of children—not this one or the other, or some particular child, but all children—and the children (all children are observing) knew it, and were fond of him. He came to the Saviour when a child and “as a child,” and he retained through youth and manhood the simplicity of a child. He appreciated the unsuspecting, unenvying character of a child. Children are not misers, nor backbiters, nor skeptics, nor infidels; therefore, he loved them—loved to have them near him, to sit on his knee, to comb his hair, to hear them talk. He was interested in their incongruous stories; he remembered and repeated what they said, and there seemed to be a kind of *freemasonry* between them; for he knew them, and they knew him, at once. Just anybody’s child looked up into Dr. Green’s face, was inspired with confidence, and never forgot him. He was proud of the love of a child. He had scores of juvenile correspondents; many of them wrote to him their “maiden” letters, which were never “laid upon the table,” but answered at once. He never let slip an opportunity to defend the irrepressible boy.

Writing to the Rev. S. W. Moore, during the session of the General Conference at New Orleans, he says, "Do not let the children forget me."

One of his child-friends (Miss Annie Ransom), now grown up to womanhood, writes: "I have been intimately associated with Uncle Green since quite a child, and in my earliest childhood sought every opportunity to be with him, and never ceased to be interested in all he would say. He was truly the children's friend. I never knew a child who did not love him. Knowing that I was an orphan, he counseled me as a father would a child, and, I suppose for this reason, manifested a special interest in my behalf. When the cold hand of death was laid upon him I felt that God had taken one of my best and truest friends."

Bishop Paine says: "He was the children's prince of talkers. He knew just how to address them, and amuse as well as instruct them. Like his great Master, he loved them, and they sought his blessing."

Bishop McTyeire says: "His ministry to children was pleasing, effective, and formed a marked feature of his life. He held that childhood was amenable to the regeneration of the Spirit, but not to all the signs and conscious experiences that mark the conversion of adults."

My father's happiest speeches to children were *impromptu*, and drawn from his own experience. He knew his little auditors so well that it was not necessary for him to cast about but a few moments to gather together what would instruct and amuse.

Bishop McTyeire, referring to this happy mental readiness, says:

“Occasionally Dr. Green had the intuitions of genius, and a whole line of argument flashed into his mind in a moment. Once, in a union prayer-meeting in Alabama, in 1864, he made a talk so unique, and original, and appropriate, I was led to inquire about the *genesis* of it; for we had gone to the house together, and his mind was not running in that direction. ‘That all came to me,’ he replied, ‘between the unexpected call of the prayer-meeting leader and rising to my feet.’

“More remarkable was his Sunday-school speech—the last he ever made. All who have heard it will agree that it was the best of its kind—unequaled for raciness, humor, pious and practical directions. Children listened with unflagging interest for an hour and a quarter, and children of a larger growth were sorry when he ended. The case, as I had it from himself, was this: He was in Baltimore, attending the Foreign Missionary Board, at the same time with the Annual Conference. A mass-meeting of the Sunday-schools was arranged for. Delayed on the way, he got to the hall late. An immense audience had assembled, and the children were in uncommon array. Being second in the programme, he had no speech made up. The first speaker was introduced, and declined. The burden fell on A. L. P. Green; the pressure was sudden and heavy. He began by apologetic remarks. An old gentleman, more moved than the speaker intended, rose up and said, ‘Go on, sir; we’ll hear you with pleasure.’

While these few words of kind interruption were being spoken, the whole plan and outline of that Sunday-school address was conceived, and the delivery proceeded. That address was repeated at Memphis, at St. Louis, and at several places in Middle Tennessee, to large and delighted audiences. At the late General Conference, in Louisville, Dr. Green repeated it in Library Hall, and delegates who had heard it three or four times before went and heard it again with interest."

Dr. Summers never rises so high in sublime ethics, nor descends so deep into profound theology, that his pencil may not be staid by the voice and presence of a child. He says: "Dr. Green took a special interest in the Sunday-school cause. He rarely failed to attend the Sunday-school when he had the opportunity to do so. He was at the McKendree Sunday-school the last Sunday he was at church. He loved to talk to children, to sing with them, to pray with them. He believed in the religion of childhood. He did not trouble himself much about the metaphysico-theological questions which beset the subject. He believed that the Holy Spirit moves upon the heart of tender infancy, and he was disposed to follow up the motions of the Spirit on the young, and he claimed them all for Christ and the Church. And he was right. O how the children loved Dr. Green! He was a perfect child among them; and they were always ready 'to pluck his gown, to share the good man's smile.'"

I might refer to the cases of a number of persons who, when grown to maturity, came to my father

and reminded him of some little notice that he took of them when they were children, and which were the beginnings of their religious lives.

The days will come, and the days will go,
And life hath many a crown,
But none that will press upon manhood's brow
As light as the roses resting now
On the children's foreheads brown.

PHILANTHROPY AND OTHER MATTERS.



SOMETIMES we approach a *particular* with more accuracy and rapidity by advancing through a *general*. When we affirm that Dr. Green was the preacher's friend, we mean something more than mere personal regard or attachment. He loved the Church; the Church was as dear to him as "the apple of his eye." He loved the name, the government, and all the interests of the Church; and out of this general love was evolved much of his love for the preacher. He dealt tenderly and lovingly with the pastor, because the destiny of the pastor is intimately blended with his flock. In this connection, Dr. J. W. Hanner says: "Dr. Green's views of Church-discipline were liberal, manly, and lenient. He never went about hunting up rumors or charges to get a member out of the Church; nor did he expel one for an impropriety or a fault. He did not belong to that class of immaculate churchmen who hold that the Divine Master organized the different Churches, formulated their different creeds, rules, and ceremonies, as so many squads of saints, utterly intolerant of association with any sort of sinners. He believed the

Church to be a hospital for the sick, organized for the purpose of caring for the sick, and helping them to 'flee from the wrath to come.' Like the Master, Dr. Green preferred to 'let the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest,' rather than to root up both. If a member 'be overtaken in a fault,' let those 'who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness,' not try to destroy him by cutting him off in the spirit of *Churchism*.

"It was when the elder members of the Conference wore the *shad-belly*, and the younger, long-skirted frock-coats. Examining character, the Bishop called out: 'A. L. P. Green; is there any thing against him?' A brother rose up slowly, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, locked his hands, with proper dignity, horizontal to the lower button-hole of his *keel-bottom*, in which was much of his piety, and said: 'We must not be conformed to this vain world; we must keep the ministry pure; I object to the cut of his coat; he knows that I love him, but we must take care of the Church.' It was a dress-coat, sometimes called, by the wicked, '*swallow-tail*,' or '*claw-hammer*.' The accused replied by stating that he worshiped one Sunday with the Episcopalians, who have a great deal of kneeling and getting up. That day he wore a frock-coat; somebody went down with his knee on the skirt of it, and being slow to rise, there was a hitch, which tore off the skirt. This suggested the idea of trying a *swallow-tail*, without any thought of wounding a brother's conscience. His character then passed.

"Ah, that was an age of pious groans and *religious*

clothes! Would it not have done your heart good to see a preacher ascend the sacred desk with a yellow watch-chain and sleeve-buttons, to read a scientific sermon?

“He did not wear a cane. My antipathy to canes is unaccountable. One likes to see an old man with a staff, a young man also who is crippled or *mighty* weak in body or mind. But a healthy man under sixty-five carrying a cane! well, whether it is a fop-pish mockery of manhood, or something else, one doesn't know. Give me to choose a manly friend from a dozen men never seen before; let six have canes and six have none; my choice would be a man without a cane.”

I am not inclined to spring a discussion with the Doctor on the subject of canes; indeed, I have a sort of innate prejudice against them myself; but, with all due respect to his opinion, circumstances must alter cases, even as regards young men. My father used a staff sometimes when strolling around his farm, but never anywhere else. I have a sturdy hickory standing in the corner which I use occasionally. There are a number of families, members of my charge and congregation, whom I visit regularly at their homes. Now, be it known, the law does not allow me to carry fire-arms or a *loaded stick*; the law does not require a man to put a sign over his gate, “There are wild beasts here!” Furthermore, if I attempt to visit these families without a heavy stick, my jugular will be in danger. No Christian man keeps a tiger turned loose in his yard—that would not be lawful—but he is permitted

to keep a wild beast, called a *bull-dog*, that is even more ferocious than a tiger. I have fought with one of these beasts three times in the last two years; my good stick has at last subdued him. So there it is! The perils of pastoral visiting are such that a staff must be used sometimes. Young and timid as I am, I have fought with more beasts than Paul did at Ephesus. We propose a compromise with the Doctor. Those switches that are called canes we will unitedly oppose; but a good, healthy hickory, incased in its native bark, that laughs when a beast cometh, we will recognize its presence and utility. I love a good *dog-stick*—smooth it down with my hand, *chuckle* to myself, How a grinning bull-dog would be embarrassed in its presence! I am obliged to the Doctor for opening with his cane my *throttle-valve* against the dog. As a contributor I should have treated him with more deference, but I could not repress my inclination to condemn the presence of wild beasts in the yards of Christian gentlemen. Dr. Kelley says, “I am more afraid of a dog than of the devil.” My comment on this is that I had rather fight the devil than a dog.

In the matter of dress I will add that my father, when I was a child, wore the clerical white necktie, but for thirty years before his death he donned only the black. I can divine his reason for the change: he wanted to approach socially near to a class of men from whom clerical uniform would cut him off to some extent. I express my own taste and feelings when I say that my aversion to a white cravat on a minister is about as strong-as Dr. Han-

ner's antipathy to a cane. For fear of offending some parties, whom I love and respect, I will not ventilate my reasons. Passing the laymen by, and the clergy of other Churches, and the old Methodist preachers, I would not recommend the colorless tie to a young *circuit-rider*, for the reason that they are so very *unhandy*, and then they give a young minister an innocent, soft appearance. I think it better to have more of the man and less of the preacher outside. [The editor will not be held responsible for these observations.]

Dr. Hanner continues: "Take him altogether, he mixed in himself the strong elements of manhood with the gentle sweetness of womanhood. Great and good! I never tried to make him my friend; did not follow him nor fawn upon him; never did any thing for him worth mentioning, nor did he much for me, yet he was my friend; I loved him, and love his memory still. Nothing but his memory can ever fill for me the void which his death has made in the Conference, the Church, and the social circle."

We have a very pleasant communication from the Rev. Felix R. Hill, formerly of the Tennessee, but now of the Alabama, Conference. Mr. Hill, impressed with Dr. Green's love for the preachers, writes:

"I have sometimes heard it said of Dr. Green, as is alleged of most wealthy men, that he was not so liberal with his means as he might have been. I suppose, though, that no one who knew him well ever brought such a charge against him.

While many of his charities are known publicly, he did much in a quiet way that *none* knew but those whom he benefited. In giving he acted upon the principle of not letting the left-hand know what the right-hand doeth. I gratefully remember an incident of this kind connected with myself.

“For two years he was my Presiding Elder. The Church being weak, the pastor’s salary was quite moderate. At the meeting of each Quarterly Conference of both years Dr. Green *insisted* upon being paid the amount due him, but at the close of each year he privately handed me a check for the whole amount that he had received; and though I objected to taking it, he insisted upon my doing so, with the *positive injunction* that I should say nothing about it. I doubt not other members of the Tennessee Conference can give a similar experience.

“Dr. Green not only had a large brain, but a *big* heart, full of generosity and true charity. He was a great, *grand* man, *independent* of the criticisms of others, yet always striving earnestly to do his whole duty to God and his fellow-creatures.”

Here is a letter to the point from the Rev. William Doss, of the Tennessee Conference, from which we extract: “Dr. Green was a philanthropist. He was well known in the Conference cabinet for a large portion of his life. Here he was the guiding-star; and in no department of the Church are his wise counsels more missed. Whenever a brother was likely to be oppressed, he was sure to find a friend in Dr. Green. If an old man was likely to be shoved off, he was the last one to get weary in

hunting him a place. Of this the following incident is strikingly illustrative:

“Once, while representing a District, an old man, who had been in my charge the previous year, although a good man, on account of some peculiarities, had become unacceptable. I informed the Bishop that I could find no work in my District with which the old preacher could be safely intrusted. This announcement aroused Dr. Green, and he at once commenced a diligent search all over the Conference for a place. At every meeting of the cabinet the search was continued; he would inquire of this brother and that. Long before the scene ended I felt reproved that I had not made greater efforts to find my man a place. Finally toward the close of the session, finding a place nowhere else for the old veteran, he took him on a good circuit in his own District. That year the old man fell at his post.”

To the eye of a stranger, during the session of the Conference, my father may have seemed a *log-roller*, or an electioneerer. It was not strange to find him aside, *button-holed* by an ambitious young itinerant, or a feeble, care-worn veteran, relating the same old story, and beseeching his influence with the appointing power.

Dr. D. C. Kelley says: “Dr. Green’s knowledge of men was large, for he had mingled with them in all their phases, and had not only observed widely, but thought deeply. He used his knowledge not deceitfully, but lovingly, to accomplish good, both for them and the Church. His friendships were of

the strongest cast. No man who ever called A. L. P. Green friend had a right to say, afterward, 'I am without a friend.' The most uncultured *preacher-boy*, entering with timid and awkward tread upon the arena of his life-work, found in him not only a wise counselor, but a kind-hearted and sympathetic friend, who when he had once taken hold of him never let him go. Again and again have we seen him on the Conference-floor performing the loving duty of lightening the heart of the old preacher of the sorrow of yielding the burdens of active duty and going to the roll of the superannuated, saying: 'It is not because you are less necessary to us that we thus refuse to send you to the front, where the affray is the hottest, but because of the value of your experience we must keep you where we can preserve your wisdom longest to guide us. We are not turning you out, as the old horse, to graze on the commons, but only giving you the *freedom* of all our *homes*. When you come, the warmest places at our hearth-stones, and the choicest places in our hearts, you will find to be yours.'

"There is an involuntary heart-ache as the questions come up, 'Who is to encourage the young men with a smile? who to divide the sorrows of the old, now that he is gone?'

"Perhaps to the casual observer his most marked excellence was contained in the *beatitude*, 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.' Many a time, in the perturbation of debate in Church-convocations, have we known a few sentences from him to allay excitement, and

bring brethren to see each other in the light of kindness. This did not arise, as in many cases, from a negative or emotionless nature, but from the great size of his heart and width of his brain. While others only saw one side of a question, and were bitter in their denunciations of what was to them utter falsehood, he with unrivaled calmness looked quietly at all its phases and possible developments; saw the truths of both sides, and brought antagonists together in his broader light.

“He possessed, in an eminent degree, that rare power of never losing sight of either principles or men. You have known many men, gifted with the power to win large success, who so adhered to principle that in the determined force of their progress they were likely to trample down friend or foe, crushing the heart-strings of those very friends by the force of their advance. Other strong men you have known whose devotion to friends was such as to make their advance wavering and their achievements doubtful. Dr. Green never lost sight of a principle, nor wavered when he deemed it important to press it to its farthest result; yet in doing so the claims of the hearts of his friends were held in sacred memory.”

Dr. Green was interested in all the little affairs of the young people. There was no unapproachable dignity or grandeur about him. The boys talked to him about just any thing. We find him in 1873, when very much afflicted in body, corresponding with (Rev.) W. R. Peebles, who was then preparing for the ministry, on the momentous (?) question as

to whether he should study Hebrew or not. The good advice was that he should go on and get his diploma, and then study Hebrew.

Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As his daily bread.

THE ANGLER AND ANGLING.



MY father, as I have said before, was associated in early life with the Creek and Cherokee Indians, and, no doubt, while with them imbibed his love for the woods and streams. He was first a hunter, and then a fisherman. He was a *crack shot* with the old Kentucky rifle, but would never recognize any thing in the way of game short of a deer or wild-turkey. So, as the country became settled, and the game of the nobler sort very scarce, the rifle was laid aside for the more *apostolic* and gentle sport of fishing. Indeed, he had very little respect for a shot-gun, and complained of its offensive noise, being in striking contrast with the musical ring of a rifle; to him the former was heavy, sober prose—the latter was exhilarating, euphonious poetry.

Considering his extreme fondness for fishing, he indulged but little—only now and then, when the calls of the Church would permit. No fishing-trip ever contravened a religious or clerical duty. When on his angling excursions he was always ready and eager to catch men on the Sabbath-day. Mr. Irby Morgan, of Edgefield, a devoted friend, occasionally

twitted him with the playful remark, "Dr. Green, you would have been made a Bishop long ago, but you are too rich and too fond of fishing." My opinion may be worth nothing in this matter; but I think my father, by his social influence, as far as it extended, elevated the angler and angling. For the last forty years the *amateur* fishermen of Nashville and vicinity have been the most high-toned, honorable gentlemen.

Dr. Green angled for game-fish only. His tackle was of the very best quality—a trim, lithe rod, a Meek-reel, a clean, silk-plat line, an improved minnow-bucket, and a basket. He was successful, not because he was patient—for patience never catches fish—but because he knew the habits of fish, knew where to find them, knew where to throw his line, and was energetic. He did not set out his poles, and then placidly wait for a bite, refreshing himself with a newspaper and a cigar for four or five hours. He knew that a live minnow, thrown into deep water, is a wily fellow, and takes shelter under the nearest rock or leaf at the bottom; and hence, every fifteen or twenty minutes, Dr. Green was manipulating his reel, or moving his pole just a little, to expose the bait. He knew how to fish; he was attentive, and spared no physical exertion; therefore, he caught fish.

For the last fifteen or twenty years of his life his field-sport was almost confined to an annual excursion of two weeks in November. For a number of years a small, select party went on these trips, which suggested at last the formal organization of the

“Nashville and Edgefield Angling Club,” composed of gentlemen who, in the hazy month when the year is old and the woods are gold, hied away and pitched their tents by the deep-blue stream. Each laid his head on a pillow of leaves that were brown and red, and they awoke to the music a fisherman loves the best—the *click of the reel*.

Mr. C. E. Hillman, of Nashville, the last secretary of the Club, has kindly tendered for my inspection the “Record Book.” There may have been a tear in his eye when he handed me the book, saying, “Mr. Green, it makes me sad to open that book; I prize it very highly; do not let any one read it, and take good care of it.”

The first meeting of the Club was held June 21, 1856. The “Constitution and By-laws,” composed by Mr. Nicholas Hobson, is a neat, elaborate document of its kind. Among other pertinent rules, the use of strong drink and indelicate language is forbidden while on their excursions. The signers of this Constitution are Messrs. N. Hobson, A. L. P. Green, Jesse Thomas, Alexander Fall, John W. Terrass, Jo. G. Brown, C. E. Hillman, R. C. McNairy, John P. Ford, G. P. Smith, and William B. Ewing. Seven of these have laid down the rod and reel, and passed over the river. I find beautiful tributes to the memories of three brother-anglers—Mr. Jo. G. Brown, Dr. John P. Ford, and Mr. Alexander Fall. Since the death of Messrs. Green, Hobson, McNairy, and Ewing, no meeting has been held. A sad answer is returned to the good people on Buffalo when they inquire, “Why does not the

Club come down?" The names of Messrs. Anthony W. Johnson and William Petway appear as honorary members, in 1858. The Club never had but one president during its existence—Nicholas Hobson. R. C. McNairy was the first, Alexander Fall the second, and Charles E. Hillman the last secretary. Dr. John P. Ford was the first, and Dr. G. P. Smith the last surgeon. Mr. Jesse Thomas was the treasurer, and had no successor. So active was he in the discharge of his duties that the Club compliments him with a vote of thanks.

In 1857 the Club presented a memorial to the Legislature of Tennessee, begging the protection of game in the State. This memorial was a pamphlet prepared with a great deal of care and study by Dr. Green.

In 1865 the Club meet, and first kneel in prayer, led by the chaplain, Dr. Green, who returns thanks to God for the preservation of their lives during the eventful and trying years of the war.

Mr. C. E. Hillman has furnished me with the following incident from his memories of the delectable excursions of the Club. Mr. Hillman does not fall down and worship a fine trout; but when the poles and the minnow-bucket are placed in the wagon, there is a wonderful elasticity in his step and a strange fire in his eye. He says:

"We had pitched our tents on Buffalo Creek. There was a full attendance of the Club. Uncle Nick (Mr. Nicholas Hobson) and Mr. McNairy had been drawing the net, some months before, in Turnbull Creek, in quest of bait. Alexander Fall and I

were carrying the buckets. Uncle Nick, spying a large, four-pound trout in a small pocket just ahead, cried, 'Hillman, come take the staff, and help catch him!' Knowing that it was against the rule to take a large fish in a net, I hesitated; but, Uncle Nick being president, I reluctantly obeyed. The fish was caught, and the right of discovery gave him to Uncle Nick.

"Night came; the supper was over; the light of the camp-fire fell on the faces of the Club as they sat in silence on their stools. The secretary, notebook in hand, was ready to receive the reports of the day's sport—the number of fish, the kind of fish, the size, and how taken; also, a general report of excursions during the spring and summer. Uncle Nick came last; his reports condemned him; he had violated the law, and must be tried. Col. Anthony W. Johnson was the judge-advocate; Dr. Green and Dr. Ford were the prosecuting attorneys; McNairy, Terrass, and I were the witnesses. Dr. Green made the opening speech, in which he stated 'the enormity of the offense, aggravated by the offender being the president of the Club.' Dr. Ford, mild and gentle as a woman, followed. He was very 'sad that the president of the Club, and an old man, had set such an example before the younger members.' The sentence of the judge was that Dr. Ford, according to the enormity of the offense, should administer a reprimand. The Doctor advanced, and drew from his pocket a beautiful silver reel, with the date and name engraved upon it, and, in a few well-chosen remarks, *reprimanded* the president with

it in the name of the Club. Uncle Nick received the reel, while the tears streamed down his face; and I am candid in affirming that I never saw as pretty a scene as that in my life.

“We also had a great deal of merriment in the trial of Dr. Green. The charge was that a large channel-cat that belonged to another member of the Club had been found among his fish.

“Dick, the negro servant of Uncle Nick, was tried for fishing on Sunday. The sentence was that he should fish for twenty-four hours in a tub of water, with a cotton line and a pin-hook.” My father states that the punishment in this case did not cure Dick; that he was tried again for the same offense, and the sentence was that he should go to an old mill on the river, said to be haunted, and stay from ten o’clock till daylight. Dick answered, when he heard the sentence, “You may kill me right now; I’m not going to *dat* mill!”

These excursions were not only a pleasure to those who went, but to those who remained at home. Many were the side-splitting jokes that went round, and the fish-stories that gladdened the whole year that followed. I was never on one of these expeditions, for the very best of reasons to a modest boy—I was never invited—but I enjoyed with the keenest zest the fireside memories. Poor Dick! the war carried away his golden age. While a slave every wish was gratified, and he knew nothing but kindness from the hands of his old master. I saw him the last time, ragged and alone, sitting on the bank of the Cumberland, with his rod and line.

The great conflict was going on, but Dick—true to his old love, oblivious of the rush of armies and the crash of fortunes—was placidly waiting for a bite. Dick has gone with the other fishermen; he has passed over the river.

Mr. M. A. McClaugherty, one of my father's most intimate fishing-chums, writes:

“Perhaps no man who has devoted a long life to the Church was so intimately known by all classes of people as Dr. Green; saint and sinner knew him alike.

“Dr. Green's reputation as a fisherman was almost world-wide. His annual fishing-excursion became a part of his life. The year was not complete until the camp-fires had been burned.

“It has been the high privilege of the writer to spend weeks and months with Dr. Green around the camp-fire. There alone could he be known in his native simplicity and greatness—

Alike for courts, and camps, and senates fit.

“Dr. Green, Mr. Seth Green, of New York—now Fish Commissioner of that State—and a few other friends, all expert anglers, were enjoying a social dinner-party on the Eastern coast, when a committee of three was appointed to propose a query—a fine silver fishing-reel to be awarded the party giving the most appropriate answer. The query propounded was, ‘Which is the better side of the stream for fishing?’ Dr. Green answered, ‘That side on which the shadow of the fisherman is cast from the water.’ The prize was awarded to Dr. Green, and the writer is now in possession of the

identical reel, having been the happy recipient of the same as a present from the Doctor, a short time before his death."

I have a letter from my father, written after his return from the fishing-trip of 1868. He writes:

"My annual fishing-trip—well, it is over! The company consisted of W. R. Elliston, John Elliston, Mr. Porter, Mr. McClaugherty, Brother Warren, Mr. Seth Settle, and a negro by the name of Reuben, who went along in the capacity of cook. William and John Elliston carried guns; the rest of us carried fishing-tackle. We went on the cars to Waverly, and then took a wagon twelve miles to what is called the Whirl. We learned that Irby Morgan had been camping at the Lake for some weeks. We found Buffalo as clear as glass, and, as a matter of course, the chance was bad for angling, though we caught a goodly number of fish—mainly caught by Brother Warren and I, as we had more experience in fishing in clear water. We lived in good state, had a fine cook, tent, and appetites, and enjoyed ourselves finely. We had fish, squirrels, birds, ham, coffee, and the like. We brought home some good fish, but not as many as usual."

Dr. E. T. Bainbridge writes: "I have now a fishing-rod—a present from Dr. Green—that I prize more highly than almost any article I possess, not for its intrinsic value, but in memory of the exalted estimation in which I held the generous donor. On one occasion I met Dr. Green on the banks of a stream (Sycamore Creek). A rather dissolute, profligate character conceived a strong desire to possess

an article of his beautiful tackle. On discovering the character of the person, he made an earnest though simple appeal, so admirably adapted to the occasion that the poor, abandoned creature's better feelings were aroused. He gave him the coveted article, asking kindly, in remuneration, that he would 'desist from pursuing farther his disastrous course, and would attend the neighborhood Sabbath-school,' which he did afterward."

We extract from a letter of Dr. J. G. Wilson. He writes: "Not a great while after I received license to preach I went with Dr. Green, in his buggy, to his quarterly-meeting at Neely's Chapel, in Rutherford county, Tennessee. I greatly enjoyed the trip, from the sage, humorous, and trite remarks upon men and things, which were interspersed among more sober counsels about the work of a preacher, which he was always ready, in a quiet, fatherly way, to impart to a younger brother. There was in attendance at this meeting an old lay Brother B., from another circuit, who, while not a miser, was very fond of making money. He was complaining to Dr. Green that he was beginning to feel the infirmities of age creeping upon him. 'I tell you what you ought to do, Brother B.,' said the Doctor, 'and it will help to keep you fresh and young. There are plenty of fine trout in the creek near your home; you ought to get you some tackle, and spend a few hours occasionally along the creek catching them. It would tend to divert your mind and keep you from growing old too fast.' The good brother, who knew the Doctor's fondness for the sport, said,

‘Well, I do think of it sometimes; but if I should be going to the creek with a lot of fishing-poles on my shoulder, and should meet one of my neighbors going about his business, or looking after his farm, I’d feel lazy and mean.’ ‘Yes,’ was the reply, ‘you can’t go down to the creek in search of innocent sport and freshness of feeling; but, *I’ll be bound*, if anybody should tell you that there was at the bottom of one of those deep holes a silver *bit*, you’d be found flat on your belly, on a puncheon, floating down and grabbing for it.’ At night we all three occupied the same room—the Doctor and I in one bed, and Brother B. in the other. A conversation was kept up for some time, in the course of which the brother told how some man who owed him seven hundred dollars had run off down to Mississippi, and how he had followed him up and got the money. The conversation was then turned to the subject of religion, and the brother finally said that as he got older the greatest desire of his heart was to enjoy more of the life and power of religion. ‘Lord help you, Brother B.!’ said the Doctor. ‘Suppose I should tell you that down in Georgia or Alabama there was a man who could put you in the way to get more of the life and power of religion, do you think that you would follow him up as you did that man for the seven hundred dollars?’ That closed the conversation.”

Bishop McTyeire has caught more men and tied them out than he has fishes, but we are glad to hear him, even in this connection. He says: “Dr. Green knew how to work, and also how to rest. He habit-

ually devoted a week or ten days to an annual fishing-excursion, camping out. I dare say he was as well acquainted with the nature and habits of fish, and the best way of catching them, as Simon Peter himself. I was holding a District Conference in the Valley of the Tennessee, near the mouth of Duck River. Said one, 'We have good preaching all the year round in Big Bottom; but once a year we have fine times, when Dr. Green comes a-fishing.' My host said, 'The horse you are on is the one the Doctor rides; for we send into the swamp to fetch him out to meeting. *His boat is on Clear Lake to-day, tied to the shore.*'"

Dr. Summers may have caught a few fish by accident. We know that he is fond of red-snapper. He says: "Dr. Green was fond of fishing; could beat Izaak Walton in the gentle sport; had fished in most of the principal waters east of the Rocky Mountains; has left an unfinished work on fishing, which we hoped to edit for him. His fishing-excursions were made tributary to his benevolent efforts to benefit those with whom he came in contact, and over whom he wielded a weird influence; for he was a fisher of men as well as of fish, and thousands were caught by him in the gospel net."

He finds time during the General Conference to write about fishing. He says: "You and Frank had bad luck fishing, from the account you give of the matter. Well, it has been a long time since I was fishing. I have almost forgotten how it feels. I think I may have another chance some time."

Well, it is time we were *reeling* in the lines and

taking up the poles. We will call the roll of the Club. Jesse Thomas answers "Present!" He fills his pipe with the best tobacco, and grows animated as he relates the charming history of the Club. He goes on a short angling-tour once a year, with his sons James and Litton. Messrs. Hillman, Terrass, and Petway renew their youth occasionally on the banks of some neighboring stream. Col. Anthony W. Johnson is not a haughty, proud-looking man as he walks through the streets of the city; but when he gets into that fishing-wagon, and drives through Edgefield, no grander or more imperious-looking man can be found than he.

My father had some apprentices—Messrs. Furman, Akers, McClaugherty, Settle, and Fite—who are promising anglers. But the lines and poles are in, and the night has come down. God bless the old Club!

Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand.

LITERARY—WHAT THE BRETHERN SAY.



R. GREEN'S education did not entitle him to an honorable place among the *gens de lettres*, and yet it may be lawful to speak of him as a literary man, since he read, wrote, preached, and delivered orations. There were features attaching to his literary character of which his most intimate friends were not aware. Most men have an idea that to study to profit they must have pen, ink, paper, table, and a library, and be alone. Dr. Green could study anywhere, with any surroundings, and indeed was a perpetual student; hence, he was always ready. His sermons, for the most part, were made of what he saw and heard by the way. His published articles were the productions of experience, *natural* wisdom, and genius. He read books, the very best books, but they were subordinated and assimilated. What he learned by observation was first, what he read was second. He admired the landscape painting, but not more than the original. His images were borrowed from the works of the Master, not the imitations of the copyist.

He studied his sermons more than one would sup-

pose. He told me that he generally had a sermon in his mind twenty-four hours before preaching. On the street, in the social circle, on the cars, he could prepare a discourse, without any seeming abstraction of mind. His published articles were rewritten, if time would allow, the second time. He prepared three manuscripts of his "Alpine Hunter."

Bishop Paine writes: "Dr. Green read much during the first fifteen years of his ministry, especially standard works in theology and in biblical and English literature. Indeed, he always kept his mind lubricated with good and useful reading. He traveled a good deal, mingled with the better classes of society, was a shrewd observer of men and things, had a vast amount of common sense, yet combining with the practical the faculty of fancy in a high degree. The two factors which gave individuality and prominence to his intellectual character were thoughtfulness and decisiveness: these elements are essential in forming a wise man and a great leader; and such he was."

Bishop McTyeire says, "He was no mean writer, and contributed much to the Church-press. With the advantage of education on his side he could have produced papers equal to Longstreet or Christopher North, in descriptive power, in humor, in originality and moral raciness. His school and his school-masters were circumstances and contemporary men. He read Clarke's Commentary through, volume by volume, soon after it was republished in this country. I never heard him use an incident or illustration taken out of ancient or modern history.

His food for thought and material for illustration were furnished by observation and taken out of common life. Without losing his identity he absorbed much knowledge from the atmosphere he was in."

Dr. J. W. Hanner says, "I was reading Shakespeare when Dr. Green found me in my Edgefield study. He spoke of the book in a way that astonished me. He did not seem to appreciate it—wonder if he had read it? We agreed that 'Paradise Lost' was overrated by literary folks. According to our thought, Milton is great on angels, devils, rivers, and serpents; but we heard a preacher surpass him on this line of things. But Shakespeare, with his intrinsic knowledge of human nature—not to like Shakespeare! The fact is, Dr. Green seemed to know what ought to be in books before reading them. The more books one reads the more one thinks him half right. He was not bookish in his science, mechanics, or in his grammar."

Dr. Hanner springs the inquiry as to whether Dr. Green ever read Shakespeare. I never heard him say in so many words that he had, and have only circumstantial evidence bearing on the question. I remember an old copy of Shakespeare in my father's library, which had on one of the fly-leaves his autograph. The book was well thumbed, and supple in the back, and bore evidences of familiar treatment. Dr. Green did not admire Shakespeare. Why? Not because of its want of wisdom, but because of its numerous indelicate passages. Perhaps if he had read it more, and at a time of life when his

piety was not so stern, his prejudices would have been overcome by the charming *naturalness* of the book. For the reason that I have stated, a copy of Byron never found its way into my father's library.

Dr. Green read books, but was very careful not to bore kind-hearted people with a synopsis of them. He had not the vanity of some men in this particular. He did not pride himself on the bare reading of any book, and yet, when I was only fifteen years of age, he hired me to read certain books in his library, which I did, but felt compensated without the premium.

The Rev. William Witcher has furnished us the following: "His literary life was like his physical—well-grown. His studies seem to have embraced the whole circle of human knowledge. The most intricate subtleties of philosophy and the deeper mysteries of theological learning were familiar to him. He was a considerable poet, but did not often turn his genius loose in that direction."

Whether Mr. Witcher's estimate be literally true or not does not affect the result. He thought so, and the matter stands thus: If it is just all that a man of great learning can do to impress the multitude with his learning, how much greater is the man who can do this without learning?

Dr. R. A. Young, who has a high regard for literature, says: "Dr. Green was not pedantic. He made no ado about books. It is said he was never known to quote from a book or an author *by name* in his life. I have seen him sit in my office for two hours before preaching, pulling down commentaries

and examining the text. Now, thought I, we shall hear what Wesley, or Coke, or Clarke, or Benson has said; but he only gave the results of study. For this reason some of his brethren thought that he did not have many books, or having them, he did not read them. A few weeks spent at 'Greenland' always corrected this mistake. He was well acquainted with Christian theology as taught by Arminius, Wesley, Fletcher, and Richard Watson. Canon law and Church government were favorite studies. He was fond of metaphysics—read Edwards, Bledsoe, and Whedon. He would employ his rest-days through many weeks studying Commodore Maury's works on Physical Geography, and Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and 'Descent of Man;' but he was not a Darwinian. He read all the best English poets and modern British essayists. He took travels and voyages in the place of novels and romances. Nearly all our Church-periodicals came to his house. I state these facts in justice to the character of Dr. Green, and because I know them to be true. Scarcely any country-home in this land was better supplied with books than 'Greenland.'"

Dr. Summers was my father's literary Mentor. He says: "Dr. Green courted the Muses, though he found them somewhat coy. But his thoughts were wont to run in a rhythmic form, and though he did not concern himself much with the laws of versification, yet we have sometimes read a whole page of his blank verse, which he would bring to us for correction, without detecting a single metrical error.

He wrote much for our periodicals. Some of his papers, especially those on the Aborigines of our country, reminiscences of old times, articles on Church affairs, etc., are worthy of preservation in book form. He was rich in anecdote, and no one could tell a story better than Dr. Green."

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human things.

THE COMMANDER.



R. GREEN was never at any time thrown off his balance. Circumstances of pleasure or pain never brought rhapsodies or despair. His noble spirit, casemated with love and trust, was proof against the invaders, fire, flood, and pestilence. On the subject of self-possession, which was one of my father's prominent traits, a number of friends come to my relief. First, we insert a communication from Dr. J. B. Walker, who writes both in love and in truth. He says:

“One of the most marked of Dr. Green's characteristics was calmness and self-possession. This was by no means the product of stoicism; for he was not only susceptible of profound emotion, but actually in hearty sympathy with all that interested his fellow-men. We have seen him exhibit this self-control in matters great and small, not only when forewarned, and therefore forearmed, but under sudden surprise, showing that it was not an assumed but an habitual discipline of mind. I remember once dining with the Doctor and several ministers, at the house of Mr. C., of Tennessee. There was quite a company, and animated and

cheerful conversation going forward, in which, according to his wont, he was bearing an interesting part. I remember that he was neatly dressed in men's summer black suit. A servant-girl, who was handing around the table a large bowl of milk, through awkwardness or carelessness, stumbled and spilt the contents of the bowl on the shoulder and around the skirts of the Doctor's coat. Most men would have suddenly drawn to one side, sprang up, or said something to express their displeasure; not so the Doctor. He carried up the fork to his mouth, and kept up the smooth stream of his talk without a visible ripple in his words or in his face. This was most polite, and considerate of the poor, frightened servant, and of the embarrassment of the ladies of the family, who were naturally distressed at the awkward occurrence.

“We have heard him, on great occasions, addressing vast audiences, when he deeply felt the dread responsibility of the hour; but he stood as straight and as firm as a shaft of marble, and, without the shiver of a nerve or the tremor of a tone, he would calmly proceed to the profoundest and nicest analysis of human character, and lay down the grand principles on which eternal destiny hinged. At such times he suggested the idea of some great surgeon performing a most difficult operation, cutting within a hair's-breadth of some vital organ, but so perfect a master of his art that he cut with the calmness of self-possession.

“In the supreme congress of the Church, in the greatest emergencies of the times that passed over

him, his self-possession was equal to the occasion, and he was able to combine the most oracular wisdom with the most persuasive affability of manner. This admirable mental trait gave him great power, not only in possessing him of his utmost resources, not only in securing the best expression of his convictions, but in the confidence which it inspired in others in the soundness and accuracy of his positions. If he had been commander of a vessel in a storm, or the general of an army in battle, this element of mental constitution would have come out in conspicuous relief, and would have won him fame."

On this point Dr. Young says: "Nothing seemed to disturb him. His calm courage was equal to his Christian patience. If I were an artist I could paint with equal ease Dr. Green instructing a company of stupid backwoods sinners, or delivering an argument against the opinions of an Irish general assembly. Concerning non-essentials he was as pliant as a willow-wand; on great principles he stood firm as a rock."

We make an easy and natural transfer from the *calm* and the *self-possessed* to Dr. Green as a *commander*, a cabinet-officer, a camp-meeting conductor, and a manager of individuals. We quote from the admirable letter of Dr. Walker again:

"It has been said that some men were born to command. This inherent ruling power in some consists in a power to inspire fear, to awe men into obedience; in others, by a deeper and subtler cunning than average men possess; in others, by hold-

ing out to inferiors the hope of advantage by obedience. These are not the highest elements of the ruling art. The model ruler not only inspires respect for wisdom and integrity—he not only awes by a certain force of will, but, by gentle, affable, and conciliatory manners, he wins affection and secures obedience in response to love. Dr. Green, along with great force and persistence of will, possessed the winning way; and the reins of power in his hands seemed silken, and never chafed nor irritated those over whom they were held.

“It was interesting to see and hear, at a great camp-meting, how softly and successfully he managed the young preachers, placing the most efficient workers in the altar and the prayer-meeting. As the hours of the night would wear away, and some would be fagging with weariness and hoarseness, and inclined to get about the camp-fires or tables to refresh and talk over the incidents of the work at the altar, without telling them to retire, the Doctor would say, ‘Brethren, were you thinking of calling by the altar before you go to bed, to see how things are getting on?’ ‘O yes! certainly they were going.’ He would say he thought it would be well, but not to work too long, as he thought they needed rest. He got the work done; but those who did it thought it purely spontaneous, and on their own motions. How wise was this, and how pleasant to those under authority!—like the great natural processes, where we witness results of tremendous power, without noise or friction.

“Few men of our acquaintance more generally

had their way, carried their points, or were more successful, and none ever did so with less offense. It is a great pleasure when a leader can secure a good-humored acquiescence in his plans; it ends the opposition and secures a permanent victory.”

Perhaps more than any other living man, Dr. J. W. Hanner was associated with my father in the Bishop's cabinet. The Doctor furnishes some interesting memories of the *arcanum ecclesiasticum*. He says:

“My first meeting in the cabinet with Dr. Green was in Huntsville. We went from Nashville in his carriage. Being a new Presiding Elder, representing Nashville District, he asked whom I thought of as a nomination for a certain station difficult to fill—too weak for a married man, and ought not to have a single man. I told him that I did not like to reveal, lest he might forestall me. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I will help you.’ Then I told him, very frankly, all about it. ‘Well, that is first-rate,’ said he; ‘could not be better.’

“Bishop Andrew did not come to Conference, but by letter appointed your father to preside; never knew a Bishop to do that before or since. One or two of the brethren, who desired the place, did not seem to like the Bishop's way of doing this thing, ‘*Il n'importe pas.*’ He was also Presiding Elder—had power to fill his own District according to his wish. Judge of my surprise when he proposed to put my man down on one of his own circuits. He showed the elders how proper it was; no one objected but myself. He dipped his pen into the ink,

and was about to write him down. 'Don't do that, if you please,' said I. 'Why not?' he answered. 'Because there is a special call for him at another place, and no one else will do as well.' 'We can find another man for that place.' 'I think not.' He made as if he would put him down. 'Stop! do you remember our conversation on the way hither?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, put him down, if you wish.' He looked at me, and passed on to another. When my turn came my man went down to the station without a word. [It is evident that the intention of Dr. Green was to hold the man for Dr. Hanner.]

"Many years afterward, in a cabinet meeting at Lebanon, we discussed men and places some while. We both wanted the same man. At length I said, 'Take him; let me have G——.' 'No, you cannot have him.' 'Give me L——.' 'No, I want him myself.' 'Then give me C——.' 'No, he is my man, too.' Said I, 'Bishop, how many preachers belong to Dr. Green in *fee simple*? and who are they?' Said the Bishop, 'He and you can fix the appointments, and one of us must have leave to go, as it is getting late. Come, come John, one might as well be put in a strait-jacket!' There was a good Bishop [Paine]. He was once a member of the Tennessee Conference. Everybody loves him. It was all fun—religious fun. The Doctor crossed the room, and said, 'Hanner, give me a *chaw* of tobacco!' I like human people."

Dr. Green was a commander not only of very large bodies, but when an opportunity offered he used his skill in reconciling very obscure parties.

He not only removed mountains, but searched out small grains of sand that grated and disturbed social action. An incident furnished by Mrs. S. F. Johnson is *apropos*: "Once while attending a camp-meeting where large crowds were fed by the tenters, Dr. Green grew weary at the stand, and wound his way around to a cook-shed to warm his feet. Finding the cook in a rather bad humor, he thought to change her feelings by conversing with her about the good meeting. 'Well, aunty, are we not having a good meeting?' 'Ah, Massa, de white folks is, but 'taint doin' me no good; I don't have no chance to 'joy it; I's here all de time cooking over dis fire!' 'But, aunty,' said the Doctor, 'you are helping to carry on the meeting as much as any of us. Some of us are here to preach, some to sing, some to pray, and some to keep up the tent and feed the multitude. I could not preach and pray much if I did not have something to eat. We all have to eat, and if you did not cook for us the rest of us could not do our part. You see, aunty, the work has to go on in every part, and you are doing your part. You can pray for us while you are cooking, and the Lord is pleased to make all his servants happy while performing their part of the work.' The old aunty saw the point, was in a good humor, and from that time on enjoyed the meeting."

My father was jealous of his commission, and even when sick at the Hot Springs, as a faithful subordinate, was looking after the interests of his great Captain. He writes to me from Hot Springs, April 6, 1874: "I have secured a lot, and on last

Sunday named the matter to the congregation. The church will cost some three thousand dollars, and I think the amount will soon be raised. The preacher in charge here is a young man from Florida, a good business man, who loves his work, and will accomplish good. I have become helping preacher in the Hot Springs Charge, and assistant Presiding Elder, as Dr. Andrew Hunter has written to me that I must hold certain quarterly-meetings. I preach every Sabbath at eleven o'clock, and have preached several times at night in the dining-room of the hotel."

THE GREEN MEMORIAL.



THE "Green Memorial" was technically, or officially, styled the "Tennessee Conference Memorial," for reasons patent to all versed in Methodist usage. When the call was made in the General Conference of 1866 for memorials, this paper was presented by the Tennessee Conference through its delegation. Those acquainted with the *pre-conference* history of this paper know why it was called the "Green Memorial." It might very appropriately have been called the "Green-McTyeire Memorial," borrowing its name from its history, which I propose to furnish in brief.

During the last year of the war between the States, Dr. (Bishop) McTyeire and Dr. Green were thrown together frequently in Montgomery, Alabama, where the former was preacher in charge. The Southern Conferences north of the Tennessee River had been for several years in a state of collapse, owing to the presence of large armies and the general demoralization that attends military rule. Even the Conferences in the Gulf States were very much deranged.

These two wise men in Montgomery were looking ahead, thinking, and praying, and planning. They surmised that the end of the war was not far, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would "come up from the wilderness," not with a shout, "as an army with banners," but depressed in spirits and crippled in finances. "Now," thought they, "is the time to strike, when the old *ruts* are not so visible, when prejudices are not so strong, while the Church is starting out upon a new mission and into a new era of its history." These wise men foresaw, appreciated the opportunity, and prepared to march in. They knew, just what men of brains have known for all time, that a class of men—*innocent men*—humanitarians by virtue of calling and age, are devoted to old land-marks, and *morbidly* oppose any thing that has the strange ring of an innovation; men who would still be using flint knives, but steel has been forced upon them; who glory not in that which is wise and that which is best, but in that which is *old, simply because it is old*. The men at Montgomery anticipated the opposition of this class, and hence they selected this most opportune time to act—the *revolutionary period*. There they stood, with one mind and one heart, looking over the land like St. Nicholas in the picture, purposing to give to the small and great children of the Church some happy and needed reforms. The Memorial was talked *about*, then talked *over*, then taken *to pieces*, then criticised as to word and idea, then put together, until it was at last evolved—the most elaborate Church-paper ever produced. This, in

brief, is the pre-conference history of the Green, *alias* Tennessee Conference, Memorial.

It would require a whole pamphlet to give the speeches for and against this Memorial in the Tennessee Conference and in the General Conference. We will throw a few items together in as condensed a form as possible.

We copy in substance from the official record of the General Conference convened at New Orleans in 1866. Dr. Green was on the Committee on Books and Periodicals, Dr. T. O. Summers was chairman of the Committee on Revisal, and Dr. (Bishop) McTyeire was chairman of the special Committee on Lay Representation. Among the memorials presented was one by Dr. Green to the Tennessee Annual Conference, and referred by that body to the General Conference, and a counter memorial from the Columbia District, which were read and referred to the Committee on Changes of Economy.

The leading propositions of the Memorial were: Lay Representation, the Extension of the Pastorate, a Bishop for each Conference, and the Church Conference. The proposition to elect a Bishop for each Conference failed, and, in casting about for something to supply the vacancy, the District Conference was suggested. This is an item of Church-history that has not before come to light. The District Conference was not exactly an accident, but sprang into life from the ashes of the Conference Bishop.

The inauguration of the District Conference was violently opposed by a number of the old preachers, who, remembering the very unsatisfactory and de-

fective District Conferences held about 1824, supposed that a like body was in contemplation. This was just an honest mistake, which the present useful and happy Conference has proved.

It is but justice to all parties to state that Dr. (Bishop) McTyeire, after mature deliberation, opposed the election of Conference Bishops, and that Dr. Green himself was satisfied that it would not have been for the best.

The Memorial sailed through upon an uncertain and disturbed sea. Even the Delegates from Dr. Green's own Conference (the Tennessee) were divided on the most important proposition—lay representation. Of the eleven Delegates seven voted against it. However, upon second thought, Dr. S. D. Baldwin changed his vote from the negative to the affirmative, making five for and six against lay representation in the Tennessee delegation.

Dr. Green's reforms were a success, not through any occult maneuvering or electioneering, but by virtue of their intrinsic excellence. I never knew Dr. Green to nurse his reputation by caressing the brethren. He did not inquire an unknown brother's name, and storm him the next moment with a cordial recognition and inquiries as to the health of his relatives. He took advantage of no man's simplicity to magnify himself. The *growlers* did not follow him unless they had "an ax to grind."

As he did not nurse his reputation, therefore he was bold to advance any project for the good of the Church, unterrified by any opposition that an innovation might arouse.

Bishop McTyeire was familiar with the Memorial in its germ, stalk, and flower. We copy from his admirable funeral-discourse: "Dr. Green's position in favor of lay delegation, and subsequently in favor of improved facilities for ministerial education, and the manner of his advocacy, were fair expressions of the order of his mind. He was not sensitive about consistency when material circumstances had changed. While a Conference was little more than a meeting of preachers to return statistics and receive appointments, he saw no use in a lay element there; but when the Church had broadened and complicated its operations, as a consequent of success, and had taken hold of the press, and of schools and colleges, and other kindred agencies, then he accepted the developed necessity, and was for calling lay counsel and coöperation."

I submitted this paper to the inspection of Dr. T. O. Summers, knowing that, besides a thorough knowledge of the history of the Memorial, his position as chairman of an important committee gave him large opportunity to favor or oppose. He has kindly furnished me with a chain of memories, which I subjoin as an *illuminator*:

"Dr. Green had much to do with the emendations in the Book of Discipline. His even-balanced mind and practical judgment eminently fitted him for the work of a Church-legislator. He had respect for 'ancient things,' but no superstitious veneration for them '*simply because they were old.*' He was not disposed to ride to mill with the grist in one end of the bag, and stones in the other to bal-

ance it. When the time came for the casting away of stones he knew it, and cast the stones away. A great deal of irrelevant matter, dead-letter laws, and the like, had accumulated in the Discipline during the history of the Church, and it was desirable to have these eliminated. Many thought it sacrilegious to touch an item of it, especially if it bore the *imprimatur* of Wesley or Asbury. They did not reflect that if these venerable fathers of the Church were now living they would unhesitatingly cancel rules that were out of date and inoperative. With the encouragement of Dr. Green, I prepared a paper setting forth such of these matters as we considered out of place in the Discipline, and it was presented to the General Conference which met in Nashville in 1858. Dr. Green was a member of the Committee on Revisal, and advocated the adoption of the suggestions made in that paper. The new rule which I prepared, with the Doctor's approval, for the abolition of the probationary system was, however, laid on the table. We were surprised to find among many members of this Conference a tenacious regard for that inconsistent and unscriptural policy. Wesley never intended the probation to which persons were subjected in order to membership in one of his Societies to apply to membership in the Church. He knew very well that in apostolic days any one who would take the threefold vow of baptism was received at once by that rite into the communion of the Church. Not a day's delay is anywhere intimated in The Acts or Epistles of the Apostles. Dr. Green was very decidedly op-

posed to it, as he had observed its mischievous operations all through his life. But though the rule was not eliminated from the Discipline in 1858, we secured its removal in 1866.

“At that Conference Dr. Green, Bishop McTyeire, and Thomas O. Summers, were appointed a committee to make a thorough revision of the Discipline. We held many conferences for that purpose, and with no small labor prepared a thorough digest of the work; had copies printed to put into the hands of the members of the next General Conference, which met at Memphis in 1870, and had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted with scarcely any change.

“It fell to my lot to prepare the Forms for Receiving Members into the Church, for the Laying of Corner-stones, and for the Dedication of Churches, and to indicate suitable changes in the Burial and Ordination Services; but Dr. Green gave his views on all these subjects, and made numerous and judicious suggestions. I remember that we were embarrassed as to the manner in which we should frame the formula of the Reception and Recognition of Members. Dr. Green urged that there were certain old people in the Church who would not be satisfied unless the candidates expressed a desire to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins. But it seemed incongruous and superfluous to ask a man if he had that desire when he had just assumed the baptismal vows; I was not willing to stultify myself by so framing the formula. But on coming together again I suggested the form as it now stands: ‘Dearly beloved, you profess to have a

desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from your sins; you seek the fellowship of the people of God to assist you in working out your salvation; I therefore demand of you, Do you solemnly, in the presence of God and this congregation, ratify and confirm the promise and vow of repentance, faith, and obedience, contained in the baptismal covenant?'

"The Doctor was delighted with the proposed form, and did much to secure its adoption.

"Dr. Green also did much to secure the incorporation of lay representation into our General and Annual Conferences; the introduction of District and Church Conferences; the extension of the pastoral term; and other beneficial changes in the economy of the Church. He favored the multiplication of Bishops, and other changes, but ceased to press them when he saw that the Connection was not prepared for them. He had the sagacity of a statesman, the boldness of a reformer, and at the same time the caution and prudence of a judicious ruler in the Church of God."

HOME, HUMOR, AND BUSINESS.



R. GREEN was himself at home—satisfied, cheerful, and communicative. From 1831 to 1857 his residence was in Nashville, where he delighted to entertain the hosts that came. He removed to White's Creek, five miles north of the city, where he opened a large house to satisfy the demands of his great heart in entertaining the itinerant preachers and his numerous acquaintances far and near, and that he might at times gather his children and grandchildren about him. He was a host after the old Southern idea—not stiff, and strained, and suspicious of imposition, but natural and cordial. He did not annoy his guests with such excessive attention as to run them away—was not “hospitable with a vengeance.” He recognized the *freedom* of a friend under his own roof. He did not cross-question his guests if they failed to *gorge* themselves at his table; hence, energetic persons, who have wills, ways, and purposes, were anxious to come back. I do not think my father's visitors were anxious to get home *just to rest*.

He was not a continuous conversationist, but was

silent at times; his judgment had to do with the matter and the time for conversation. He never talked *over* people nor *under* them. At home with his family he would not, if he could possibly avoid it, even refer to any thing sad or disagreeable; if he did, it was premised and concluded with suggestions of relief. He did not save his sallies of humor for popular occasions. Just any happy item that he gathered up on a preaching-tour was served up in his best style at the first meeting of the family. In this connection we are pleased to insert from the pen of Mrs. S. R. Johnson, of Cornersville, Tennessee:

“In the social circle Dr. Green often drew largely on the sleeping hours, and could hold the circle spell-bound just as long as he chose to do so.

“One winter night, after the Sabbath exercises had closed, and we were cozily seated in our parlor, a morsel of mischief entered his head. My husband was a plain, matter-of-fact man, and scarce of wood that night; enough at the pile, but not enough cut. We had about enough lying in the corner for the morning fire. Dr. Green discovered that Mr. Johnson was trying to save *that wood*; but he kept talking in one of his most joocular veins, and occasionally would say, ‘Lay on another one of your sticks, Brother Johnson.’ Mr. Johnson, unconscious of what the Doctor was driving at, would look as if counting the sticks, and very reluctantly lay one more stick on the dying fire. That was fun for the Doctor; hence, he kept us and some of the visiting friends present profoundly interested until the last stick of Mr. Johnson’s morning-wood had been cin-

dered, and the old clock on the mantel struck twelve, but Dr. Green was not yet sleepy—however, we all retired. The next morning he told the joke with a zest peculiar to himself. We all enjoyed it, and none more than Mr. Johnson.

“Dr. Green’s table-talk was an intellectual repast. We could not but grow wiser and better by his visits to our house, where he frequently put up. I feel honored in contributing to the comfort of so great and good a man.”

Referring to Dr. Green’s social character, the Rev. William Witcher writes: “Dr. Green’s success in social life was wonderfully happy. He was the charm of the social circle. While anecdotes and witty sayings were always on his tongue, I never knew him to compromise his gentility or Christianity.”

Bishop McTyeire had ample opportunity to measure the social character of Dr. Green. He says: “He had friends, and enjoyed friendship; and here was a marked feature of his character to one who studied it. His wealth of friendship was more than a luxury—he utilized it. He sought to please men for their good unto edification. There was a purpose and a method here. His rare social qualities and quick insight into character gave him a power of making friends that had no limit except opportunity. He made friends of people that they might acquaint themselves with his Master and be his friends. How often have we seen him studying the points of approach, and conciliating and drawing near to one, and establishing confidence, that he might lead that person into the Church and to the

Saviour! A personal attachment once established, there was force in the entreaty, 'Come thou, and go with us!' If this purpose and method took some of the sentiment out of friendship, it put sanctity into it."

My father was a fine natural mechanic, and delighted in making little repairs about home. His jobs were as well finished as the work of any professional carpenter. He held in his *own personal right* a hoe and a pruning-knife, and right energetically and understandingly did he ply them until his strength failed and disease banished him from his home.

Dr. R. A. Young, speaking of his home-life, says: "Dr. Green was exceedingly fond of his family, though he rarely ever spent one whole week with them. He laid out thousands of dollars to build a home, and labored for years to adorn and beautify it; but he never neglected the vineyard of the Lord. As Dr. Green was not a farmer, what did he want with so many acres? and as he had, in his old age, only two in family, why did he construct so large a house? His well-known purpose was that he might have all his children and grandchildren with him every summer. They were able to scatter to the ends of the earth, but he preferred that they should flock to 'Greenland.' Dr. Deems once visited this place and spent a few days. As he was leaving the front gate, it is said he looked back and remarked, in his facetious way, 'Risky business for the old poet to die. Heaven must be a wonderfully happy place if it is better than this.'"

My father's beloved old friend, Dr. Thomas B. Sargent, writes to the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*: "This letter is written from the home of Dr. A. L. P. Green. Here we have blue-grass, corn, sheep (I came in at the end of the shearing), cattle, and other appurtenances of a Tennessee farm of three hundred acres, with a spacious brick house, in a beautiful valley, and more than one 'prophet's chamber;' while the children and grandchildren of 'Parson Green' in summer fill the dwelling, as choice plants surround the table."

Dr. D. C. Kelley was a frequent guest, and knew all the *penetralia* of the home-life. He says: "In the family, Dr. Green never seemed to govern; yet his wishes—imparted in such a way that we who were intimate in his family knew not how—were all-controlling. Dr. Hargrove has said that 'his life had been a sunbeam.' This was exquisitely true of his home-life. There was nothing somber; no repression of childish or youthful joys; his children wanted no sinful, outside pleasures, for all healthful recreations—toys, games, music-books, conversation—were found at home."

My father was a business man—not in the sense of a wily speculator; he was simply a level-headed man—did not originate or entertain any visionary schemes. While he was a successful business man in accumulating property, his *conjectural wealth*, like that of all men reputed rich, was far in *excess of the real*. His liberality was always greater than his means, because he gave not according to what he had, but according to what people thought he had.

I have known him to promise or subscribe amounts of money to charitable objects that his agent (Mr. T. D. Fite) could not cash twelve months after the date of the subscription. His kindness of heart led him to indorse for many personal friends, which resulted in a vast debt that will require more than a *decade* to pay. A few years before his death, apprehensive that his disease would prove fatal, he called his sons and sons-in-law together at the old home on Vine street. He desired to give the remnant of his days to the Church, and, that his mind and heart might not be diverted, transferred the management of his property, reserving the right to indorse only for the Southern Methodist Publishing House, which he did till his death.

Bishop McTyeire, on this head, says: "Dr. Green was a rich man! This exceptional fact among preachers will bear an allusion. Few can be trusted with wealth, though many are willing for the experiment. A little property draws them out and draws them off after more. The care of it distracts the mind, and the possession of it divides the heart too much. It was not so with Dr. Green. You might be with him and work with him through a protracted-meeting season, and never find out that he was wealthy. He never talked money, or houses, or lands, or bonds. If there were losses, no lamentation was made over them. You looked in vain for any evidence of a distracted mind or divided heart in his devotions or his sermons. There was no hurrying home to business, no neglect of the Church's work for his own. His estate grew silently, and by

judicious and quiet investment. I have seen other preachers more flustered with the management of a few hundred dollars and a few acres of land than this man was by a large estate.

“In one respect his reputed fortune was damaging to the Church. To quote his own expression, he ‘worked for nothing, found himself, and paid for the privilege.’ These thirty years he has not received for his ministerial services an annual amount equal to that which an honest day-laborer makes by breaking stones for the street. He might say to the Church of Tennessee, as Paul did to that of Corinth: ‘Forgive me this wrong!’ He did not, however, dry up the sources from which he did not draw. Though refusing ‘to be burdensome’ to the Church, he never waived the right of other ministers to a maintenance. Often the small amount paid to him was turned over to the circuit-preacher who was short of his allowance. Lack of pay did not cause slackness of labor. He acted as though his bread depended on his salary, and his salary on his work. He went far, and was from home much; he started and arrived at midnight hours; he waited on the river-bank for the uncertain steam-boat, or took the cars at the nearest station; he traveled in rough ways, and put up with coarse fare; in heat and in cold he traveled, planned, organized, preached at meetings, and gave heed to special calls and appointments. Nor was it perfunctory. His heart was in it, and he threw his whole strength into it; and this he continued to do until a wasting disease quite prostrated him. This good

comes of it incidentally: he cut off all occasion from them who desire occasion. There are those who believe, or affect to believe, that preaching is professional, and that we seek not to be supported that we may preach, but to preach that we may be supported. Here is one whose circumstances enabled him to furnish a vindication of his brethren."

It much would please him
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.

DR. GREEN AND THE WAR.



O say that any sane man, living in the State of Tennessee, with a knowledge of passing events, was neutral during the late war between the States, is to affirm an absurdity. We do not mean neutrality as to overt acts, but as to sympathy. I neither heard of nor saw that neutral man.

Dr. Green warmly espoused the Southern cause. What was the preponderating influence—the perpetuation of slavery, the independence of the Confederacy, or just the wish to “live and die with his own people”—we know not. All we know is that he was Southern, very Southern, in his feelings and in his views. He delivered a number of lectures on the Crisis. I did not hear any of them, but understood that there was in them nothing inflammatory or abusive; that he administered advice, cool, practical, and honest—just what the people needed at the time. I am not trying to excuse when I say that he delivered these lectures at the earnest solicitation of his friends, and he intended them for the moral as well as the political good of his hearers. At that time (1861) the people were wild with en-

thusiasm; there was no middle ground; the *status* of every man was fixed. Notwithstanding the minds and hearts of the multitude were all absorbed in the vital issues of the day, Dr. Green carried no slavery or Confederate independence into the pulpit. During the brightest and darkest days of the struggle his sermons were clear of the "things of Cesar." He kept his commission as a minister of righteousness unstained.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, which necessitated the evacuation of Nashville by the Confederates, Dr. Green and his wife and youngest daughter, joined the great hegira of fugitives southward—which flight no man has ever described to this day. They who were in Nashville on that memorable Sabbath (February 16) will never see the like again.

At different points in the Confederate lines Dr. Green remained, and hoped, and suffered, until the "surrender." The interest he had manifested in the Southern cause, the active part that he had taken in the division of the Church and the prosecution of the Church suits, had made him odious (so he thought) to the extreme war-men of the North, and would insure him, if he remained in Nashville, a certain residence in a Northern prison. Such were his habits that a few months of confinement would have destroyed his life. While in the Confederacy he was appointed a chaplain, but did not serve because of ill health. While with the troops in Western Virginia, to which division of the army his son Frank belonged, the fare and exposure produced a

fever and camp-itch, from which, combined with chilblain and tetter, he never recovered. To a man who had been so active all his life, just the tedium of the war must have been a great sorrow.

He writes to a young lady friend—Miss Annie Ransom:

“July 2, 1864. We are now within two miles of Robinson Springs, and about ten miles from the city (Montgomery, Alabama), staying with a gentleman by the name of Jackson, who is quite a noble—I use this term in no offensive sense. He is not only well educated and intelligent, but is as liberal as a prince. He is high-toned and honorable, and knows what to do with his wealth. He and his family do all they can to make my wife and daughter comfortable.

“I write some; but paper is scarce, and I have to be sparing with the stock on hand. I have been fishing a few times, with fine success. I spend my time among my books; the variety is pretty good.”

I insert this letter, as much as any thing else, to give a pen-portrait of a class of *ante-bellum* Southern gentlemen who will be scarce in the South after this.

I have also a communication from Mr. L. B. Fite, of Sumner county, Tennessee, who was a fellow-refugee and an intimate associate of my father during his sojourn in the South. We copy *ipsissima verba*:

“Dr. Green never indulged in harsh language or bitter denunciation of the Federals; indeed, it would not have been in keeping with his character. But few men were posted better than he as to who were

the main political wire-pullers. Dr. Green spent most of his time in preaching, and attracted the love and admiration of the people. A day or two after the battle of Murfreesboro we were on a steam-boat bound to Gadsden from Rome. Some distance below Rome, at a landing, was a crowd of plainly-dressed people, mostly women, waiting for news from the battle as to the fate of their friends and kindred. On board was a small man from the front, who was surrounded at once when he stepped on the shore. Questions were rapidly asked and answered; it was a sad scene of deepest interest. Those poor women, with sun-bonnets and home-made dresses—some looked in silent despair; others screamed and sank to the ground. Dr. Green said to me, with deep emotion, ‘This is the saddest scene that I have ever witnessed.’”

Immediately after the “surrender” my father returned, and quietly and peacefully accepted the situation. He expressed no foolish wishes, grumbled out no regrets, had no tears to shed over the *defunct* Confederacy. Without a word he “passed under the rod.”

Governor Brownlow, who in former years had enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Green, gave him a letter of recommendation to the authorities at Washington City, whither he went and obtained a pardon from President Johnson, and the release of his property, which had been held by the Federals during his absence. Thus endeth a short chapter of his *political* history.

SOME OF THE BEATITUDES.



R. GREEN was a peace-man. He could be a man of war when war was necessary; but he preferred peace—peace at home, peace in the Church, peace everywhere. There were chords in his heart that grated harshly when friend was arrayed against friend. He was ready to promote peace anywhere—in the Conference or in the neighborhood. About this trait Dr. Walker says: “The Holy Spirit says, ‘Speak evil of no man.’ Dr. Green was a fine example in this direction. If there was any thing good to be said about a person or matter, he would be sure to see and say it. I remember there were a number of us discussing the attentions of a certain young man of very moderate intellectual claims to a young lady of the highest social position, great beauty, grace, and wit, all heightened by sincere piety. One said, ‘How absurd!’ another, ‘How ridiculous!’ another, ‘She is not fool enough to listen to him!’ So it went round the circle. All said something bordering on the sarcastic and severe. It seemed imperative on the Doctor to say something, which he did in his own wise and charitable way: ‘Well, I think

he shows excellent taste.' This was the truth, and a compliment to both parties. The remark illustrates 'Where there is a will there is a way'—a way to be charitable."

Here is a pen-portrait, by a good artist. Bishop Paine says: "Dr. Green was no ordinary man—such as we meet at every corner of the streets—by no means. He was rotund, not angular; he was substantial, not superficial. His physical corresponded with his mental; and all his mental faculties were so equably adjusted to each other that all was harmonious. He was fully six feet in height, and weighed two hundred pounds; his head was large, and full of brains; his eyes were blue, and indicative of gentleness and thought; his features were regular and handsome. If I were to state Dr. Green's peculiarities, I would mention his sound judgment, self-control, amiability, integrity, unselfishness, and reticence about himself—not to speak of his piety, zeal, and constancy. The result of all these qualities was a great, good, and useful man. Thank God for the gift of such a man to the world and the Church, and for the love and companionship of such a man as friend and brother!"

Dr. Green wrote favors upon the stone. We cite in proof a letter written, during the General Conference of 1866, to the Rev. Smith W. Moore: "As it is a principle with me never to forsake a friend or forget a favor, I feel it to be not only my duty, but also my pleasure, to make a grateful acknowledgment of the kind attentions that I received in your goodly city. I had no claim upon you, and there-

fore felt most deeply the manifestations of brotherly love with which I was greeted. God bless you and yours!"

We have another ideal picture of a number of the beatitudes, by one of the masters. Bishop Mc-Tyeire says: "Dr. Green was singularly free from envy. Often, and freely, and confidently, have we canvassed men and measures, and never did I hear him make a remark that could be traced to this subtle and baneful source. It is a common saying that public men are jealous of each other; and the Christian ministry does not altogether escape the charge. To allow grudgingly the existence of merit, which cannot be denied, in another, and to offset it with the inevitable *but*, is too common. The public will have its favorites, and suggests rivalry where there is only coöperation, and thus provokes the exhibition it condemns. Envy is the vice of weak and ambitious minds, and A. L. P. Green was neither. One possessed of his power and resources must be conscious of them more or less. Then he took the measure of other men with entire self-possession. No greatness of reputation or of title dazed him. His bearing was quiet and modest, but not embarrassed by any presence. He saw where the power lay, and where the weakness. To him the greatest men were not so great, nor the best so good, as they seemed to others; neither were the smallest so small, nor the worst so bad. Why should he be envious who felt assured of his position, and could hold his own with the foremost? This feature of his character may be thus traced to a natural

cause; but I will not exclude a moral one. There was work to be done for the Master. On that his heart was set, and he rejoiced at the skill or power that any workman could bring to bear. He was more concerned to build up one's reputation than to detract from it, since thereby efficiency was increased. He saw the necessity for the various gifts of the Spirit, and took the broad view—"Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

We have also an ideal picture from Dr. Summers on one of the beatitudes. Verily, I know no man more fond of peace, and a greater admirer of the peace-maker, than Dr. Summers. He looks fierce sometimes, and calls you a fool; but he means this as an expression of his love and esteem, and only his dearest friends are honored thus. He called my father a "fool" a thousand times, and he loved no man more. He speaks for himself: "Dr. Green was eminently a peace-maker; he composed hundreds of differences, forestalled difficulties, precluded suits in civil and ecclesiastical courts, and harmonized conflicting elements in social life. We have repeatedly heard the remark that 'Dr. Green never spoke unkindly of any one.' He seemed disposed to say something good of everybody of whom it was possible to say any thing good at all. This was a beautiful feature in his character. His quiet and often indirect manner of bringing men under the influence of religion was truly remarkable."

Dr. Redford says: "I never knew any one so destitute of selfishness as Dr. Green. The good name

of his brethren was as dear to his heart as his own. If at any time he deemed it proper to criticise the actions of another, no word of unkindness fell from his lips; and so affable was he that no matter how warmly he might urge a question, if decided against his views, instead of throwing any obstacle in the way of its success, he would coöperate with those by whom he had been opposed. He took his positions, both as to men and measures, after the most mature thought, and adhered to them with the greatest tenacity. He followed no beaten path; he lived in an atmosphere of his own, and thought for himself, never swerving to the right or to the left."

Bishop McTyeire, in his reference to the "but," reminds me of a certain variety of compliments that partake of the offensive, and border on the cruel. One's compliments should be done up as neatly as his linen. A shirt is not receivable, however immaculate otherwise, if there be a black spot on the bosom. A compliment is not prepared for delivery until it is clean. I prefer my flies without sugar, or my sugar without flies. My father complimented those who were worthy, and his compliments were acceptable because they were clean. Salt is a preserver, and very necessary to the purity of matter; but really I do not think I am in such danger of spoiling that even my ice-cream must be salted. An enthusiast on the subject of hygiene might think it necessary, but a sensible confectioner would hardly place asafetida in a marriage-cake.

DR. GREEN—PUBLISHING INTERESTS.



THE Southern Methodist Publishing House, located in Nashville, has intimately connected with its history the name of A. L. P. Green. Perhaps more than any other man, he was instrumental in securing the funds necessary to its inauguration. He was emphatically its tutelar angel until his death. As he was never afflicted with the *sore-head*, or *hobbled* with any envious *distemper*, he could afford to favor, by his influence and personal attention, any *connectional interest*, no matter who was in charge. If he had any dislikes, they were subordinated to the general good, and he was never found aside looking askance and *pouting* because he was not honored with some berth of emolument and trust.

The Church suit being determined, the next thing was to decide upon the best location south of the Ohio River for the great *publishing interest*. The requisites of centrality, accessibility, and health, were to be combined in the situation. There are many who can recall the discussion in the General Conference of 1854, in Columbus, Georgia, with reference to the location of the Publishing House.

Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Atlanta, Athens (Georgia), Prattville, and Nashville, presented petitions. The claims of these respective places were represented by the first talent of the Church: J. Hamilton, Daniel Pratt, C. B. Parsons, G. W. D. Harris, John Hogan, Trusten Polk, J. E. Evans, A. L. P. Green, Lovick Pierce, E. Stevenson, C. K. Marshall, B. T. Crouch, J. W. McFarland, and J. C. Keener. Earnest, and labored, and wise, were the towering speeches, but Nashville's representative, A. L. P. Green, came off from the field victorious. The sixth ballot resulted in the choice of Nashville, Louisville receiving fifty-seven votes and Nashville sixty.

My father, referring to this discussion, said that he was very much quizzed by a facetious reflection of the Rev. William McMahan on the water supply of the Cumberland. Mr. McMahan represented Memphis, and of course, must disparage every other place in nomination. In his strictures on the river privileges of Nashville, he said that he "admitted the little Cumberland was navigable, but that it could only aspire to *thunder navigation*." I will not offend the perception of the reader by explaining what he meant.

During the administration of every Agent of the Methodist Publishing House Dr. Green has been a counselor in full confidence.

Bishop McTyeire says, "To Dr. Green, more than to any other man, Nashville owes the establishment of the Southern Methodist Publishing House; and more than all other men, since it was established,

has he lent it his credit to promote its business. As a member of the Book Committee and Missionary Board, his counsel and service were valuable, and always cheerfully and patiently given."

Dr. Summers, who has been in and around the Publishing House since its beginning, says: "Dr. Green was one of the leading projectors of the Publishing House. He used his influence to bring it to Nashville. He watched over its interests with sleepless vigilance and judicious care. As chairman of the Publishing Committee, his counsels were invaluable. We looked to him as a tower of strength. He kindly extended to us sympathy and aid. We have frequently argued questions with him, and then, convinced or not convinced, we have trusted his superior judgment and followed his counsels, having so much confidence in his rare wisdom."

Dr. Redford, the present Agent of the Publishing House, says: "In 1866 I was elected by the General Conference to take charge of the publishing interests of the Church. Dr. Green was elected a member of the local Book Committee at Nashville. From this period we were thrown together almost every day, and between us the warmest friendship and most intimate relations existed. However much I had admired him for his genius and commanding talents as a preacher of the gospel, now that I had an opportunity of studying him closely, my admiration at once ripened into reverence and affection. In the trying difficulties and perplexities through which I passed in the incipiency of my agency, growing out of the prostrate condition of

the Publishing House, he firmly stood by and sustained me; and to him the Church in a great measure is indebted for any success with which this institution has been favored.”

Speaking of my father as a business man, he possessed, to an eminent degree, the faculty of concentrating or diverting his mind. While the location of the Publishing House was under discussion, he sat by his table and wrote me a letter. No doubt he was very much interested, but only a few sentences are devoted to the proceedings of the Conference. Among other non-official matters, he makes some humorous allusions to Brother Carr and the ladies, and some good-natured reflections on Dr. Wadsworth and others.

Industrious wisdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable.

OUR MOSAIC.



NATURAL definition of greatness is, To do well and effectively any thing that is worth doing at all. The great man is not a negative but a positive character—not so much a man who *knows* as a man who *does*. When we speak of great preachers the subject is preaching. My father had a reputation for preaching—indeed, was one of the great preachers. They are the best judges of preaching who have preached themselves. I am not willing to sit alone in judgment on this case, but have conceived a mosaic, which shall be the united testimony of his brethren. However, I must reserve the right to cast aside a piece that has a false color or a false angle. Where can we find a purer or a brighter center-piece than the estimate of his old friend, Bishop Paine?

The Bishop says: “An incident occurred, under my administration as a Bishop, which unveiled his true character as an itinerant preacher. After Dr. Green and several other prominent preachers had been retained in Nashville and its vicinity for a number of years, by annual reäppointments, some, from remote and less popular fields of labor, began

to intimate that there was favoritism in it, and this feeling increased until it was likely to work evil toward both the supposed favorite and *those* making the appointment. I heard the complaint so frequently that I resolved, when it came my turn to preside at that Conference, I would remove all ground for it. Accordingly I informed Dr. Green, early in the session, that, as his term of *Presiding Eldership* had expired on that District, and as he had been about Nashville several years, I thought it best to give him a new and more distant work; to which he promptly answered, 'Give me the appointment you think best for the Church, and I will try and fill it. I may not move my family, but that shall not prevent my going to it, and doing the best I can.' I did as I suggested, and he as he promised, and he did a most useful and happy year's labor. Such complaints rarely occur among our traveling ministers, whom I have found by long experience to be the most useful and noble class of men I ever knew. Such was the general conviction that Dr. Green was eminently adapted, by his business qualities as well as by his ministerial and social influence, to be closely connected with the most important interests of the general Church, that long before his decease no breath of murmur was heard. It was evident to all that he was working for the Church, and not for himself. He gave to the Church every year far more than he received; for he was eminently pure and unselfish.

“His voice was clear and musical, his gestures few and natural. His manner as a speaker, whether in

the pulpit or on the rostrum, was peculiarly simple, beginning without a flourish of trumpets. He soon entered upon his theme, and, without any apparent effort, attracted the attention of his hearers. His great common sense gave him an intuitive knowledge of the most direct and effective approaches to the minds and hearts of his fellow-men, and enabled him to wield great power over them. It mattered not how many speakers had gone before him, no one had made his speech or exhausted his subject. He always found something new and attractive to say. He found diamonds by the beaten highway, and surprised his hearers by his magic illustrations. His manner of narrating facts, and his anecdotes, never failed to attract attention; and while he would almost convulse the audience, he alone seemed unmoved. He found no difficulty in controlling men, whether assembled by thousands at the camp-meetings on his District or on other occasions. His ministerial peculiarities were naturalness of manner, clearness, pathos, which made him at once the favorite of children and of all popular assemblies."

Bishop McTyeire, who is *au fait* as a sermon-critic, says: "As a preacher he had no model, and furnished none. When he took a text he made a sermon by what he got out of it, or by what he brought to it. He entertained, he instructed, he impressed, he moved, the multitudes who always and everywhere flocked to hear him. A preacher, he preached. He had faith in preaching the word, and in the word preached. A few years ago the English clergy showing great interest in societies, asylums,

schemes, schools, and convocations, the *London Times* made the critical and perhaps invidious remark that 'our preachers seem to have more confidence in every thing else than in preaching.' Not so Dr. Green; he loved to preach. In the pulpit, on the camp-ground stand, on steam-boats, in the school-house, under the shade of trees, he was ready to preach. There he made his mark; there his great work was done, and there are his reputation and reward. Souls were quickened, converted, and saved. Mourners were comforted, the erring reclaimed, the vacillating established. He lifted up the 'banner of the cross,' and rallied the people to it, in the wilderness and in the city full. In subduing this country to the gospel this man has won a just renown, which few can share with him."

Dr. J. B. Walker, of the Louisiana Conference, furnishes the following: "As a preacher Dr. Green was unique, and almost inimitable. Young preachers are almost sure to be unconscious imitators of the older men whose style they admire. I think Dr. Green had fewer imitators than any eminent and popular preacher I ever knew. The reason of it grew out of the peculiarity of his style, which was the personification and embodiment of calmness and self-possession. Now, these are just the elements most difficult for young preachers to command and exhibit. The Doctor has told me that in his early ministry he was rapid and vehement—so much so that his vocal powers were in danger of being utterly broken down, and he was compelled to a complete revolution of his manner.

“I first saw and heard Dr. Green when he was Presiding Elder on the Cumberland District. His new and improved elocutionary habit was then fully established. He was calm without being cold, detailed without being tedious. His manner was animated, but deliberate; his language was clear, but seldom ornate. Few needed a dictionary to understand him; *none* ran ahead. He kept his thoughts and sympathies well in hand, and never suffered them to run away with him. Speakers sometimes intellectually, and sometimes emotionally, rise far above, and get away beyond, their hearers. In such cases the audiences become mere spectators, without any appreciative sympathy; they stare at his intellectual soarings or emotional glowings, but have no ‘lot nor part’ in the matter. Dr. Green’s audiences never stood aloof from him and his theme, but rose, glowed, and melted with him. He rarely preached what are technically called doctrinal sermons. He seemed to assume that the elementary and essential principles of the gospel were already known to his audiences; that they did not need so much to be instructed as to be moved and persuaded.

“His knowledge of human nature was profound and wide, and, we think, constituted one of the chief elements of his power as a preacher. As a spiritual geologist, he explored human nature to its last and lowest *stratum*. As a spiritual musician, he knew well how to touch the wondrous harp of man—its thousand chords responsive to his will. His sermons were according to Blair’s *beau idéal*, ‘persuasive orations.’

“His next element of power, considered as a man, was his wonderful descriptive power. He painted with artistic completeness and finish. He took time to do exhaustively and well. He never seemed to be in a hurry, as though he feared his audience might become impatient of minute detail—not at all. He saw all the points of a picture, and he clearly portrayed it all to your mental eye. He would not tell you that he simply saw a tree; no, it was a nut-bearing, a hickory tree; it was covered with leaves, beginning to show the marks of age; its nuts were ripening; on a branch sat a squirrel, with his plummy tail aloft, and barking for joy; under the shadow rested a flock of sheep; close by wandered a little stream, into which a traveler had just ridden, and rested a moment until his thirsty horse had sipped from the brook. He made you see it all. In his calm and detailed procedure there seemed to be a consciousness of power, as if he felt he could hold his audience, and, when he wished, bear them forward along his paths and to his destination. His intuitions did not deceive him; he did hold and control his hearers. While so calm and so minute, he was not dry, but tenderly pathetic. His blue eyes often filled and swam with tears as the deep tide of his emotion bore him and his weeping hearers on its ever-deepening volume.

“It was a sight to see, at some of the great camp-meetings, where thousands were gathered to hear. His noble person, his easy dignity of manner, his clear enunciation, from the first commanded attention. As he moved forward in his luminous march,

all moved with him, the interest ever deepening and widening, the people forgetting more and all but the glorious theme. Every eye followed his few and simple gestures; every form bent forward anon, as the preacher kindled and rose with his theme. The people on the outskirts of the mighty throng would press closer up; one and another would unconsciously rise to their feet; scores and hundreds would be standing, hundreds weeping; sobs could be heard, and suppressed shouts, bursting from hearts too full to contain. These were splendid triumphs of consecrated eloquence. The unfolding mysteries of eternity alone will be able to reveal the multitudes he wooed and won to Christ, and lured to fairer worlds on high."

Dr. D. C. Kelley, from his childhood up, was acquainted with Dr. Green and his preaching. He says: "On one occasion, at a camp-meeting in my native county of Wilson, while describing the escape of the man-slayer to the city of refuge, pursued by the avenger of blood, the audience had drawn in from all quarters, and stood a compact mass, with ear and eye intent upon the speaker. So interested had they become that finally, when the last stage of the struggle came, and the speaker, pausing, exclaimed, as the fugitive arrived at the gate, with the hoarse breathing of the pursuer in his ears, 'Who will open the gate?' an acquaintance of mine sprang forward, answering, as the tears streamed down his face, 'I'll open it! I'll open it!'

"Again, at a camp-ground near Lebanon, he had preached in the morning; but the pressure to hear

him was so great that he was forced to preach again at night. In his peroration he had been describing heaven, as he loved so much to do, and as the people loved so much to hear. After the description, which, to our inartistic eye, seemed as complete as human limner could make it, he turned to the theme of the angelic inhabitants and their after-communion with the blood-washed saints. Intense silence had sat on the audience for some minutes; the great painter threw another heart-touch on the canvas, moving to the work with delicate calmness, but with such power that a single female voice unconsciously and softly uttered the word 'glory.' The spell was broken, and from lip to lip the echo rang, until the whole congregation, from altar to outskirts, swelled in shout after shout. Generally he produced silent weeping, and quietly fastened on the memory great truths and heart-pictures in colors indelible. His sermons are remembered everywhere. The children listened to him with joy."

Dr. J. B. McFerrin furnishes our *mosaic* the following: "Dr. Green as a preacher was unique, and was formed after no model. He never studied, in his younger days, the rules of pulpit oratory, and yet he was not devoid of the artistic, nor did he ignore the power of art. In his artistic skill he had the power of making every thing appear natural. He was ambitious—that is, he courted earnestly the best gifts. He always desired to excel as a preacher; to preach well was the highest object of his life. No accomplishment, no attainment, no reputation, was equal, in his estimation, to the character of an

able preacher of the gospel. He was wise in counsel and prudent in demeanor; but his great *forte* was in the pulpit. He looked for immediate fruit; all his pulpit efforts were aimed at immediate results. He seldom preached on doctrinal questions or controverted subjects. He aimed at the heart, and that often through the imagination. He moved his audiences, and when he failed in that he regarded his sermon as worth but little."

Dr. J. W. Hanner, who has stood shoulder to shoulder with my father through many a revival-season, says: "Dr. Green seemed to me a great preacher; but his sermons were not perfect. A faultless sermon in the pulpit is an abomination, standing where it ought not. So eloquent and quiet was he that one knew not that the preacher was eloquent till he felt a tear on his cheek, and looked out on a weeping crowd. A great Bishop preached to the same congregation; it was a very proper sermon. Many handkerchiefs were moistened, but not by tears; it was a warm day in August.

"His general habit of description was by detail, having in it more fancy than imagination. Fancy deals with externals; imagination cuts right into the heart of things. Now and then his descriptions wearied some people; but they made an impression, and left their image on the mind. Sometimes his imagination *rose* above fancy, and struck out in words, few, sharp, terse, and curt.

"At a camp-meeting he described a conflict between a strong, square-built Dutch merchantman and a pirate-ship. The brig was becalmed and be-

fogged. When the fog lifted there was seen in the distance a black line lying on the sea, like a snake. A stiff breeze has sprung up, and the chase begun. A shot came skipping across just before the brig. The captain put every man at his post. All ready; ten knots an hour; the pirate bore down quartering. When near enough, our captain cried, 'Square the yards!' When he looked back he saw nothing but floating barrels. Now, your small critic would make the captain say, 'Square away there!' Who cares? The order drove the merchantman *plumb* through the pirate.

"At Gallatin, Tennessee, he delivered a funeral-discourse on the Rev. T. L. Douglass, in which he stated that 'if the earth went round the sun according to the laws of nature it would describe an *olypse*, but as God carried it round it made a perfect circle.' When taken to task about this blunder astronomical, he wanted to know 'what was the matter.' In the first place, I stated, there is no such word as *olypse*; next, the learned tell us that the earth's orbit is not a perfect circle. 'Well,' said he, 'when we preach philosophy and astronomy, we speak to a few men who know more about such things than we do; let us preach the gospel.'

"One has heard sermons—scientific sermons, very proper sermons—by *bookish* men, who could fix to a *dot the foci of parabolical curves*, that were worth about fifteen cents per cart-load. There is more food for a hungry man in a hearty, human, blundering sermon than in the exceedingly proper, ivory-headed, Sunday essays, which make the

hearer inwardly sigh, 'Tell me, my soul, can this be joy?'"

The Rev. William Witcher, a member of the Tennessee Conference, and a young man comparatively, assists in composing the *mosaic*. He says: "Dr. Green's opinion was sought, from the Sunday-school class to the Bishop's cabinet. It became common about the Southern Methodist Publishing House and in the Annual Conference to quote him as authority. I have heard Dr. Green preach, when he reminded me of Samson taking hold of the pillars of the temple, that he might move the house and all who were in and on it. His sermons were as long as they were powerful and profound, and yet the uneducated could understand all he said. He might be called 'the dramatic preacher of the South.' He made no attempt at profound scholarship, and yet one or two strokes of his imagination would exhaust all the adverse criticism in the house."

DR. GREEN AND THE SCHOOLS.



R. GREEN, while not a school-man, was very much in favor of schools. While he never expressed a regret that he was not classically educated, he never decried the education of others. Just any thing that was worth learning, he was anxious that everybody should learn. Upon no occasion in all his life did he let slip a boast that he was a *self-made man*. His opinion was that, as a general rule, self-made men might have been made much better. He never courted the applause of the vulgar by *slip-shod flings* at learning; hence, he was immensely popular with men of letters. His strong, practical views furnished the school-man a substantial fabric for his dreams.

Next to the preaching of the word, came the education of the young—both male and female. La Grange and Florence Universities were literary children for whom he talked and prayed, and for whom he always had a word of encouragement. In 1849 he was chosen by the young men of the Dialectical and La Fayette Societies of La Grange College to deliver an address, which was published by their

request. The female institutions under the auspices of the Church found him a willing and sympathetic counselor.

In 1872 the Central University had become a living idea, with its Board of Trust and Charter. How long it had been upon the stocks, from the first conception until it became a fully-developed project, we know not. We do know that Dr. Green had been thinking and talking for years upon this consummation; we know that the plan was not in favor from every side; we know that Dr. Green and other strong men stood shoulder to shoulder, and went *towering* their tremendous plan through the Conferences. Have we said too much? Let us hear from Bishop McTyeire. He says:

“Though Dr. Green owed nothing to colleges, he came in time to make them, and they owed much to him. La Grange, the first in the Church, was initiated the same year he was ordained elder; and to his forecast, and zeal, and eloquent pleading, we owe, more than to any other man, the consent and combination of influences pledged to the larger scheme now rising in the western suburbs of Nashville. He might have hesitated to urge on others the value of an education which he himself had not obtained; he might have pleaded his own case in proof that it was not necessary to success, but he was too wise to make a rule of exceptional cases. He had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do. I never knew him, in such matters, to be feeling about for the strong or the popular side.”

Dr. T. O. Summers (the Vice-chancellor and Dean of the Vanderbilt Faculty) says: "Though Dr. Green did not enjoy in his youth the advantages of a liberal education, he prized those advantages very highly; made up, as far as circumstances would allow, for their lack by strenuous efforts in after life; and did a great deal to secure such advantages to the rising ministry. He was one of the projectors of the Central (now Vanderbilt) University, the treasurer of its funds, and looked forward with the liveliest interest to the development of that institution, on which he had bestowed so much thought and labor. He wanted to see—and we trust he will see from the ramparts of the other world—hundreds of the sons of the prophets flocking to its halls, and going forth from them divinely qualified for the work of the ministry."

The last work my father did was for the Vanderbilt. He traveled in the interest of the institution when he should have been at home in his room under the care of a nurse and a physician. Those who understand the nature of his disease comprehend when I say that *he shed his blood* for the Vanderbilt, and suffered as he went.

Dr. Young (Secretary of the Vanderbilt University) says: "Dr. Green and I had our desks in the same office. One morning in June, 1874, he seemed more feeble than usual. I handed him some money. He took it to the bank and left it on deposit, came back, handed me the book and the key to his drawer, saying, '*Here, Young, I have quit.*' That was the last interview but one."

I have a number of letters written to his young lady correspondent, Miss Annie Ransom, which reflect his deep interest in the Central and Vanderbilt. He writes in 1871: "I am sorry to say that my quarterly-meeting at Culleoka will have to be postponed. I am compelled to attend the North Mississippi Conference, which will meet next Wednesday, at Columbus. I have just returned from the Memphis Conference. I go in the interest of the great Connectional University which we are trying to establish; and it is thought there will be difficulties in the way, and the old men of the Church think I must go."

He writes from Hot Springs, April 4, 1874: "I expect to leave here April 23, for home. I want to be present at the *corner-stone laying* and the meeting of the Board of Trust, and then on to Louisville, to the General Conference. My health has improved somewhat. My feet have greatly improved. I rest better at night than I did some time ago, and my spirits are better, which is no small matter with me. I will not be able to return before the meeting of the Board of Trust, and by that time I fear that I shall have lost all that I gained."

While at Hurricane Springs he becomes quite a diplomate in the interest of the *great connectional enterprise*. He writes to Dr. McFerrin, August 6, 1872: "I am now at these springs, trying the effect of the water on my tetter. What will be the result I do not know. In other respects my health is good.

"I have been anxious for some time to have a full conversation with you on the subject of the contem-

plated Central University. I should like to see you, but I may not have the chance, as the Conferences will be calling you off.

“I shall take it for granted that the institution, as understood by the Bishops and Board of Trustees, meets your approbation, and, consequently, I will not allow that now to be an open question. The main point to which I wish to direct your attention is this: The subject will again be submitted to the Annual Conferences, and the Tennessee will be the first to take action on the subject. If it should go smoothly through our Conference, I think there will be no trouble in the other Conferences. My object in this note is to get you to conduct the matter before the Tennessee Conference. I am so fully committed that it might be supposed I was in favor of an independent theological institute, and might not be able to unite all the members of the Conference in favor of the University. It is known that you have not favored a theological institute *per se*, and were you to go forward and conduct the subject through the Tennessee Conference, it would have the effect of uniting all the parts. I have no interest to serve, as you know. I am now growing old, and must soon pass away; but I feel a strong desire to see the institution established. We have no endowment anywhere in the Church, South, that can be made available in giving aid to young preachers, and you know how our colleges are now crowded with *dead-heads*, and that something must be done.

“Should the endowment fund be obtained (and I

think it can), the Bishops will locate the institution in Nashville; but I am for the institution, locate it where they may. Now, I want you to take charge of the question before the Tennessee Conference, and let me be seen only as a voter, and the brethren who may have had some doubts in their minds will, I think, be fully satisfied. Take charge of this subject; you can reconcile all discordant elements; and let us put this great charity through. I think we shall have about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a *bonus*—that is, that amount is offered without any agent being put into the field.”

He writes from Louisville, May 7, 1874: “I cannot write this morning, my nerves are so unsteady. I cannot think of any thing new that would interest you. *I recollect that Commodore Vanderbilt has given one hundred thousand dollars more, which makes six hundred thousand that he has given. So we are moving on with the University. The Medical School of Nashville University has come over, and we have accepted it as our school; and we have organized the Law School.*”

So, through sickness and feebleness extreme, when other men would have lost interest, when he knew that his feet were on the margin of the river, when he felt like one “laid upon the shelf,” he tenaciously clung to the Vanderbilt, for it was the fruition of a hope that he had cherished for years.

Upon my first meeting with Dr. L. C. Garland (Chancellor of the Vanderbilt University), he remarked: “One of the principal inducements that brought me here was that I might enjoy the society

of your father." The association was but a few days, but it may be renewed in

That sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow and unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame.

The able and venerable Chancellor has generously thrown in his contribution of memories, which we draw out as pure gold from the furnace:

"I met with Dr. Green only on a few public occasions, but these were sufficient to impress me with a sense of his unusually high order of talents. The first of the occasions was the commencement of the Memphis Conference Female Institute, at Jackson, in 1869. Your father had accepted an invitation to preach the commencement-sermon on Sunday, and to deliver an address before the Institute on Monday, I to deliver an address to the graduating-class on Wednesday. During the four days of our presence we occupied the same room and ate at the same board. I soon discovered the uncommon colloquial powers of Dr. Green, and his kind and gentle disposition. He was the life of every circle into which he entered. His fund of anecdote and of apt illustration was inexhaustible, and his powers of narration unsurpassed. His attraction for children was magnetic. The younger pupils of the Institute were ever hanging about him, and playing with him as if he were a pet. He entered sweetly into all their innocent humors and whims.

"A little incident that occurred seemed to draw me more closely to him in friendly sympathy than could

have been expected from a first intercourse of so short duration. The theme of the Doctor's address on Monday was, 'The proper sphere of woman.' Some of the sentiments he advanced were unpopular with a lady of Memphis who had been selected as essayist before the Society of *Alumnæ*. This essay was read on Tuesday, and the writer had added to it quite a severe animadversion upon the positions taken by Dr. Green. The Doctor was a man of too much politeness and gallantry to take up the gauntlet thrown down by a lady, yet it was evident that he was annoyed by the asperity of the assault. My address, which followed on the next day, had for its theme, 'Woman and her proper culture,' and the Doctor was extremely gratified to find in it a full vindication of every position of his which had been assailed. So precisely did my line of remark traverse that of the essayist's that it was hard to convince one that it had not been pursued with special reference to hers.

"I again met with Dr. Green at the General Conference of 1870, held at Memphis, of which we were both members. He was then in his proper sphere, and no one exerted a greater influence upon the deliberations of the Conference than he. I was associated with him on two very important committees, and to him were due, in a great measure, the satisfactory conclusions to which they arrived. He was very clear in his cognitions, and precise in his statements. His argumentation in debate was logical, and his bearing toward his antagonists perfectly respectful.

“But to me the most interesting association I had with Dr. Green was in the inception and establishment of the Vanderbilt University. It was remarkable that so deep an interest was taken in an institution of high grade by one who had not in early life enjoyed the advantages of scholastic training. On one occasion, in a public address to the North Mississippi Conference, he feelingly alluded to the difficulties and embarrassments with which he had to contend in his early ministry, growing out of a want of mental culture, and expressed his determination to spend the rest of his life in a struggle to procure for the young ministers of the Church the advantages of which he had so sorely felt the need.

“I went to the first convention held in relation to the establishment of a university, as a delegate from the North Mississippi Conference, with no expectation of being able to carry forward the enterprise in the depressed condition of the country; and when, at the opening of the convention, an interchange of opinion was generally had, it was obvious that a great majority of the members shared in this despondency.

“But Dr. Green took a more hopeful view of the matter, and expressed very decidedly his opinion in favor of the practicability of the scheme, and of setting about the execution of it at once. He thought the money could be raised; and this opinion, held by so experienced and successful a financier, and by one so extensively and thoroughly acquainted with the people, inspired the whole body with confidence, and resulted in the adoption

of resolutions to go forward with the work. The whole effort to raise funds was devolved upon Dr. Green as treasurer, together with his chosen assistants. In this work he was ardently engaged when, in the providence of God, Mr. Vanderbilt became the patron and founder of the University, and placed its operations upon a safe pecuniary basis. No one rejoiced at this event more heartily than Dr. Green; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to see the University started upon its career of usefulness. Certain it is that he mainly kept the enterprise alive until it was taken up by Mr. Vanderbilt. So that the Church and the country owe to the former a debt of gratitude second only to that due to the latter."

LAST CONFERENCES—SUFFERINGS.

DR. GREEN attended his last General Conference held in Louisville, Kentucky, May, 1874. This was his tenth General Conference—three of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and seven of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The quadrennial of 1862 was not held, on account of the war. On his return from the Hot Springs, just a few weeks before the opening of the Conference, he was evidently better, and so expressed himself. I believe that death nearly always allows a partial armistice before the requisition is fully served. The clouds for the time break; the sun comes out, and the birds sing their sweetest songs; the victim looks up and takes hope, but it is only a few *olive-branches* scattered in the way—the setting sun of human life, donning his robes of purple hues and crimson-and-gold. My father felt better—even felt able to go by himself to the Conference, that my mother might have an interval of rest and recuperation before their return to the Hot Springs. He thought it not at all necessary that any member of his family should accompany him—rejoiced to think that he was able to take care of

himself. He was deceived: his health rapidly failed. He attended, but with great pain, the sessions of the Conference, until he could go no more. He was entertained by a true and noble friend, Mr. Kean, of the Louisville Hotel, who has since sat down with his glorified guest in the kingdom of heaven. There were ready hands and willing hearts that loved him, and he wanted nothing that this world could furnish. His afflictions did not destroy his interest in the Church, as his speeches on music and Sunday-schools testify. We will leave to Dr. Redford, who, with Mrs. Redford, so tenderly watched over him, to relate the story of his sufferings. The Doctor says: "I had the pleasure of being with him the most of the time during the General Conference immediately preceding his death. We were quartered together at the Louisville Hotel, and our rooms were on the same floor, and close to each other. We also occupied in the Conference-room the same table, and conferred freely on all questions before the body.

"He was confined to his room the greater portion of the time, exceedingly feeble, and a great sufferer. I was with him constantly, and contributed to his relief by every means within my power. His last appearance in the General Conference was on Monday, May the 18th. He had been appointed to preach on the Sabbath at Chestnut Street (Methodist) Church, but was not able to leave his room. Mrs. Redford watched by his bedside all day. His suffering was so severe that he felt apprehensive of lock-jaw. I was with him until midnight, and on

Monday morning reported him to the Conference as very ill. A few minutes after I announced his illness he entered the Conference. His countenance bore the marks of great pain.

“The question before the Conference was as to whether or not the Episcopacy should be strengthened by the election of one or more Bishops. Dr. Green, in an able speech, advocated the election of one Bishop. This was his last speech, and although the Conference did not concur with him, he was listened to with breathless silence. At the close of this speech he left the room. A few minutes later I followed him to the hotel, and found him in his room, very ill. Painful as was the duty, I communicated by telegram the fact of his illness to his family, and informed him of what I had done. His reply was, ‘I am glad you have done so.’ That night Mrs. Green and his eldest son, Captain Frank W. Green, met him at the depot and accompanied him home.”

We continue the story of his sufferings by quoting from the memorial by Dr. Summers: “Dr. Green staid with us at the Louisville Hotel, and every thing that friends could do for him was done; but before the General Conference adjourned he had to return to Nashville. Here he took part in the obsequies of the Rev. F. E. Pitts, who preceded him to the spirit-land; and was in the programme for the obsequies of his friend, the venerable Dr. Maddin, which took place June the 21st, but he was not able to be present. He had assisted us at the communion in McKendree Church the first Sunday in June,

and closed the service after our sermon at night in the same church. He expressed himself as greatly interested in the discourse—it was on the last judgment—and in his prayer gave a *résumé* of the sermon, with remarkable accuracy and great fervor of devotion. He also closed the service after Dr. Hargrove on the next Sunday, June the 14th, and this, we believe, terminated his public labors. A *metastasis* of the disease (tetter) to the bowels took place, and nothing short of a miracle could stay the hand of death. Drs. J. W. and T. L. Maddin, Eve, Menees, and other physicians—the most eminent of the profession—did all that medical skill could do; his friends were unceasing in their efforts to afford relief, but ‘the Lord’s appointment is the servant’s hour,’ and that hour had come.”

Besides the home-correspondence, which he never neglected, my father while in Louisville remembers his young lady correspondent, Miss Annie Ransom. He writes (May 2, 1874): “I am now in the Conference-room. The business is going on. We have something over two hundred members present, and more will no doubt arrive to-day. The Bishops are all here, and seemingly in good health. Dr. Pierce is here, though he seems to be feeble. I am located in good quarters at the Louisville Hotel. Mrs. Redford had me assigned to a room near the Doctor’s, so that if I should be sick she could take care of me. My wife will not be able to be here. Our table consists of Dr. Redford and wife, Dr. Summers, wife, and son, which makes us feel very much like a family.”

My father attended the last session of his own Conference (the Tennessee) in Franklin, in the autumn of 1873. He, the Rev. Golman Green, and I, roomed together at Dr. Parks's. He seemed to improve during the Conference, and preached with his old energy. He was full of life and hope, and entertained us with many an anecdote.

Again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow.

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.



I CANNOT to this day take the word "death" between my lips, and bracket it to the *name* of my father. To do this might be in accord with the "unities and proprieties," but would be a violation of the moral affinities and Christian realities. There was so much of the *bright* and so little of the *dark*, so much of *hope* and so little of *fear*, in his life of perfect peace that I find, as I think of him, no place for death. Every niche in the temple of his life was occupied by the *dii majores*, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Stealthily the destroyer did his work, and we were stunned when it was accomplished. Why did we not know what was so evident to others? Because our thoughts of him were not mixed with dust. We saw the heralds, but knew them not until the dark plumes waved over us, and we stood in the presence of the terrible king.

After his return from the General Conference there was some improvement for about ten days; then the fatal *metastasis* set in. We did not believe, because we did not want to believe. By no member of his family was the subject of death mentioned, because

the mention of it would make such an event probable, and the bare surmise we fought against. We prayed—prayed together and in private—but not with him. He asked the visiting brethren to read the Scriptures and to pray with him, and talked to them freely about the future state, but said nothing to his family about death or dying, except incidentally on one occasion. My brother Frank and I were standing by his bed; he had just rallied from an attack of *syncope*, and said, “I want you to carry me out on a carry-all to ‘Greenland;’ I want to die there.” After my brother stated to him that we were at the old home, where we had spent so many happy days together, he seemed satisfied, and said no more. No doubt the death of his old friends in rapid succession—Messrs. Brown, Maddin, and Pitts—had depressed him very much.

There was a marked resemblance between his death and that of the Rev. Elisha Carr, who died in 1866. Brother Carr, after he realized the fact that he must die, had but little to say on the subject of religion, and called on no one to pray with him. Like my father, he felt that there was nothing more to do but to die. His house was in order, and the angels stood at the door.

My father never admitted, during his last illness, that he was any better; but his kind heart would not allow him to afflict his family with his convictions as to the result.

That sad afternoon, when he called for writing-materials, no explanations were given, *before* or *after*. He sat up in bed without help, and, in a steady

hand, wrote his last will and testament, closing with the illuminated lines, "MY CHILDREN, LIVE IN PEACE, AND MEET ME IN HEAVEN!"

He bore his afflictions with a fortitude that was strange to his friends.

The first intimation I had that he was in imminent danger was the day before his death. I remarked to him that I would go to my appointment and attend to some matters, which would require about a half of a day, and return. He looked at me steadily, and said not a word. I did not hear, but saw, his thoughts. I did not go, and the next day, at two o'clock P.M., I saw him die.

His son-in-law, Capt. Robert P. Hunter, died just a week before, at the country-place, which my father did not know until he met him in heaven.

We shall hold in everlasting remembrance the brethren who visited and prayed with him; also, the attending physicians, Drs. T. L. and J. W. Maddin, who were so assiduous in their attentions; also, Dr. Paul F. Eve, his old neighbor, and his relatives, Dr. Thomas Menees and Dr. Samuel Jamison.

We have a precious letter from the now sainted Bishop E. S. Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was written by the Bishop before the sad news reached him, two days after my father's death. Every syllable is a pearl. The memory of Bishop Janes is a benison to every Methodist, North and South. It may be a small item to insert here; but the angels will not object to it. I remember, in 1846, that Bishop Janes stopped at my father's door, and left a package of beautiful red Testaments for

the children. Why should you think it strange that in my mind the name of Bishop Janes and those Testaments go together? The Bishop writes:

"ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING,
"Saratoga County, New York, July 17, 1874. }

"REV. A. L. P. GREEN, D.D.—*Dear Brother:* I am pained to learn of your severe illness. It occurred to me that possibly you might be able to hear a few lines read to you without injury. I very much desire to send you my affectionate greetings. My heart most warmly salutes you in the Lord. I remember our former intercourse with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have never been alienated from my brethren in the South.

"Our fraternal meeting here is very pleasant, and, I think, useful. Bishop Kavanaugh is here, and Bishop Doggett is on his way hither. Dr. McFerrin has been here, and preached to us lovingly. I am quite sure that he and Brother Plummer enjoyed their visit, and I know we enjoyed it. They will report to you on their return. Dr. Sargent and Dr. Poisal are here; they have both preached with much acceptance.

"The Methodist Protestant Church, the Methodist Church, the Free Methodist, the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, and both branches of the Methodist Church in Canada, are represented at the meeting. God is with us in very deed; his salvation in abundance flows.

"O how I wish you were here! Well, we shall

meet in the general assembly and Church of the first-born in heaven. I feel that I am nearing the eternal home of God's great, and holy, and happy family. There will be but one Methodism in heaven; soon there will be but one on earth. Love will conquer. The constraining love of Christ is mighty to compel; it will triumph.

"I fear that I have already wearied you. I pray God to give you all needed grace in this suffering world, and all the beatitudes of the spirit-world.

"With Christian regards to your family, I remain your loving brother in Jesus, E. S. JANES.

"P.S.—Bishop Foster is with me, and wishes me to express to you his affectionate regards.

"E. S. J."

Dr. Summers furnishes the account which follows of my father's burial:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!

"But he is dead!

"According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect and rite of burial.

"And it was so. Dr. Kelley was sent for to the country, and arrived in time for the funeral. Drs. McFerrin, Sawrie, Haygood, Hanner, and other ministers, personal and intimate friends of the deceased, were absent, and could not be reached. But the ministers of the city and neighborhood, including some of other Churches, preceded the *cortege* from the house of mourning to the house of prayer

in which he was the first pastor — McKendree Church,—which he loved so dearly. Devout men, official members from the different stations, bore him to his burial. The service at the church was conducted by Bishop McTyeire, Drs. Kelley, Hargrove, Brown, Young, Redford, Warren, and Summers—a large congregation being in attendance, notwithstanding the rain, as the death of Dr. Green had created an almost unprecedented sensation in the city. The discourses of Bishop McTyeire and Dr. Kelley were beautiful and appropriate; they were listened to with profound interest. The service at the grave was impressively read by the Rev. F. R. Hill and Dr. R. K. Hargrove. It was the sweet sunset hour; and as the dulcet sounds of a song—one of the Doctor's favorites—were given forth by the choir, one could almost imagine that his spirit was present, joining in the refrain about 'the sweet fields of Eden,' where he is now roaming with unspeakable joy. We laid him down in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, side by side with his son-in-law, Capt. R. P. Hunter, who was interred the Sunday previous. There, too, lie the remains of other kindred. There is room there for all the family."

May they be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!

TESTIMONY OF THE BRETHREN.



WE cannot close this record without appending the "Testimony of the Brethren." It is their right and privilege to speak. All the lights in the temple of humanity will go out when they who love are not permitted to speak their loves. I have been taught from a child to respect, never to speak evil of, and to give place to the brethren. I rejoice that they have sat down with me, and assisted so fluently and fully in the estimate of my father's life. I am now a child again, respectful and obedient, and waiting to hear what the brethren shall say. Bishop McTyeire comes first: "And now to speak of his death. This I should not characterize as triumphant; it is enough to say it was peaceful. There is a difference according to sovereign grace; and it is not always according to eminence in usefulness, or even in piety. Some do triumph—they rejoice and are exceeding glad in the prospects of the grave; they have ecstasies and transports in dying. Our brother had not these. The end of this man was peace. The psalmist thought that was enough even for the perfect and the upright. I sympathize with the

sentiment of the Rev. Dr. Few, of Georgia, when he lay a-dying. A brother sang for him that hymn which has this refrain:

I hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide!

Said he, 'I don't ask to die that way, but peacefully, as the sun goes down.' So died Dr. Green. We had the privilege of more than one prayerful intercourse with him. He believed that he was nearing the end when others had hope.

"'Doctor, you have done a great deal of preaching; how does it appear now as you look back on it?' There was no remark of self-depreciation, as that he might have done it better, or more of it, but this was the deliberate reply: 'I am impressed with its truth! What I have been preaching is true!'

"At another time, on leaving to be gone a few days in West Tennessee, he intimated a desire that I should not go where a message could not reach me, as something might happen. All the while he expected to die, saying—the visit before my last—'My course is run!' And yet there was no trepidation, no fear. He was as serene in the contemplation of death, and all the realities which death was about to unfold, as though the signal had been given at the camp-meeting and he was leaving the preachers'-tent to fill his appointment. Already the singing had begun at the stand, and the people had gathered, and he was ready.

"About two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, July 15, 1874, he asked his son Frank to turn him on his side; and without gasping for breath, or

death-rattle, or any struggle, he was dead. While we lament his taking away, let us be thankful that he was ever given."

Dr. D. C. Kelley speaks: "A week before his death, as I was about leaving the city, I asked—contrary to the general directions of physicians—that I might see him. I felt that I must hear one more utterance from him. To a question, 'Are you suffering much?' he replied, 'Only physically; there is no mental or moral trouble!' 'What is the outlook, Doctor?' Answer: 'All beautiful! Not only heaven, Christ, and faith are beautiful, but I have been thinking to-day of death, and the grave, and the grave-yard where a whole family sleep grouped together, and this, too, has grown beautiful to me!' After a pause, he added: 'The gospel we preach is true—salvation is for all;' a pause, and then, with emphasis: 'But it is all the grace of God!'

"To those of us who have heard him more than a score of times—even in his happiest moments in the pulpit—say, 'I love life; I joy to think of eternal life; I love light and the day-time, but I hate night; I do not love death; I hate the grave,' to hear him now calmly saying that the sheen of light which his faith had shed over his active life was, in the hour of need, casting its brightness over the grave, was a note of the profoundest triumph; not the mere triumph of emotion, but the deeper triumph of a victorious faith."

Dr. T. O. Summers speaks: "Dr. Green is dead!

The tidings strike a doleful sound
On our poor heart-strings!

We can hardly believe it—we ‘cannot make him dead.’ Yet he is dead. He died on Wednesday afternoon, July 15, 1874, at two o’clock. Dr. Eve came to our office in the morning and told us that he considered him *in extremis*. In company with Bishop McTyeire and Doctors Redford and Young, we instantly repaired to the home of Mr. Thomas D. Fite, son-in-law of the Doctor’s—where he had so long lived, and where he was about to die; but we could not then have an interview with him. A few hours later Brother W. H. Evans came after us—*the Doctor was dead!* We hastened to the house of mourning, where we found Dr. Hargrove, Dr. Eve (who, with Dr. John W. Maddin, was present at his death), and other friends, with the family. We mingled our sorrows, and tears, and prayers. The scene was inexpressibly impressive.

“A few days before his death we had a pleasant interview with him. On remarking to him, ‘The doctors say you are better—are you better?’ he replied in his usual tone, like Bishop Soule, ‘No, sir!’ ‘Your mind is kept in perfect peace?’ ‘Yes, sir!’ He was very feeble, but he conversed with considerable ease, and gave us the cheering assurance that all was well. He asked us to unite with him in prayer, and he responded very heartily to our petitions, except such as referred to his recovery. The call seems to have been whispered to his heart, and he was preparing to remove,

And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

“He was himself all through the final scene. *

During his years of extreme suffering no one ever heard him complain or repine. He would converse, write, preach, and make speeches—do every thing the occasion required—and none but his intimate friends would suspect there was any thing the matter with him, except as there would be an uncontrollable effort to relieve himself of the tormenting pain which he endured.”

Dr. J. B. McFerrin says: “My last interview with him—not long before I left home—was very pleasant. He was calm, peaceful, resigned, and full of hope in view of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. When I said, ‘This mortal must put on immortality’ (pointing to his emaciated frame), he said, ‘That is beautiful!’ and spoke of the resurrection of the body with rapture. By faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the faith vouchsafed to him, he felt that Christ had blessed the graves of all his saints, and that he was going to rest with his dying Head.”

I remember that in this last interview Dr. McFerrin put a question to my father, as to the future state, which he answered by saying, “All is as clear as glass!” I mention this because it was one of his favorite sayings when in health.

Dr. Young says: “The day before he died, learning that I was to leave the city, he sent for me to come in. Giving me his hand, he said, ‘I wanted to say to you that all is right!’ These were his last words to me.”

In the autumn of 1874 a memorial service was held in Gallatin, in memory of Messrs. Maddin,

Pitts, and Green, by the Tennessee Annual Conference. We know that on that occasion even the "stranger's eye wept." We extract the last paragraph of the charming official tribute by the Rev. James R. Plummer:

"Dr. Green has gone up from among us! And yet it seems we cannot help straining our ears for that voice, which has been familiar to us as a Conference so long. Time and again have we looked eagerly around us for that stately form that sat among us in such perfect equipoise, commanding always our respect; and for that benevolent face that always inspired our love. Having understanding of the times, he will no more tell us what Israel ought to do; and yet we feel as if he were listening to the words we speak."

The fire has gone out on the hearth; the voices of the brethren are hushed; the circle is broken; I am alone, and the *story of my father's life* is ended.

Are there spirits more blest than the planets of even
That mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?

DR. GREEN'S PAPERS.

THE PAPERS.

ALL that follows is not even the *moicety* of Dr. Green's literary productions. If the ground-plan should allow such a superstructure, yet we do not think it best to insert all of his papers. He was a preacher, and yet we exclude his published sermons; those who wish to read them (and they may be read with profit) will find them in durable form, preserved in leather.

With a few exceptions, his "memorials"—a great host—are left out; they are good; and yet, who would be *sufficient* to read them? We have consulted only the taste of the general reader, who is fond of that which is quaint, humorous, and practical.

In half a score of letters our attention has been directed to published articles, which we have been unable to find; so there is no intentional neglect.

Waiving the "Papers"—for it would be sacrilege to *spoil* them—we cannot see how any one but a Methodist preacher could afford to criticise the "Life," as it would be a great labor and poor pay. However, we will have this understanding with the critic, aside: If he be a man, to examine himself, and be sure that he does not make the poor author feel like the hunter whose foot was bitten off by a wild jack—not the loss of the foot, or death, but the thing that bit it off, was the trouble. If the critic be a woman, we shall sit down and be sad or glad, according to the nature of the case.

DR. GREEN'S PAPERS.

STORIES.

DONOR AND THE DITCHER.

IT was night, when the orphan Marks was returning from his labor, with his spade on his shoulder, while dark, thick clouds hung upon the sky. Alone, and bending his weary steps to his humble hut, he had been taking a dreamy review of the past, and throwing his thoughts into the sunless future. He had nearly reached a point where the road crosses a deep ravine, on rather a high fill, some two miles from the city of N., when he heard just before him hurried voices—soon after, the rattling of wheels, and struggling like that of horses entangled in harness. A few steps brought him to a point where, from the light of his lantern, he saw, down the bank, what seemed to be some sort of a carriage, which had been upset, while the horses were struggling to free themselves. He descended hastily to the spot, and found two ruffians dragging a man, who seemed to be rather advanced in years, from under the carriage, while the old man was calling upon them for God's sake to spare his life. Marks saw at once that the old man had fallen into the hands of robbers;

but by the free use of his spade he soon dispersed the robbers, and saved the old man, whom he assisted in restoring his carriage to a traveling condition again. After the old gentleman had expressed many thanks for the services that were rendered him, and inquired of Marks his name and place of abode, the two strangers bade each other good-night, the traveler to pursue his way, and Marks going to his obscure abode. This circumstance soon passed away from the mind of Marks, and his thoughts returned again to those subjects that pertained more particularly to his helpless condition.

Three nights after this event, at about eleven o'clock, when the fire had well-nigh disappeared from the humble hearth of Marks, and he was about to drag his weary limbs to his scanty pallet, to seek that refreshment in sleep which was necessary to prepare him for the labors of the next day, suddenly his door opened, and there stood before him a tall figure, in the costume of a common citizen, but wearing a youthful mask, who stood for some moments contemplating Marks with a most searching look. At length the stranger broke silence by saying, "Mr. Marks, your sorrows, your poverty, and your very secret thoughts, are known to me; for I have been your unknown hearer, and that God who hears the young ravens when they cry has directed me to come to you this night. When I was approaching your door I heard what seemed to me to be conversation within; and as I wished to have an interview with you alone, I thought I would remain without, unnoticed, until your visitor might depart; but I soon discovered that there was but one voice, and that which I took at first to be a conversation was but an unconscious expression in words of the thoughts which were struggling through your mind; and to show you that I was

an attentive hearer, I will repeat what you said, or at least so far as I am able to recollect it. The first thing that I distinctly heard was, '*How hard is my lot!*' and then you proceeded as follows: 'Mine has been a doomed family. My father was a ditcher before me. Yes, I can see his bent form this moment, leaning over his spade, with the perspiration standing on his pale brow, and his thin and whitened locks matted with sweat and clay, and his old, seared hands trembling, while he would rest for a moment upon his spade. I also hear his moan now, when his aged limbs would complain at night of having been too heavily taxed by the labors of the day. But he was honest, and the little bread that he did eat was obtained truly by the sweat of his brow; yet, kind father, I never heard you complain of your lot. And my good old mother—how anxious you were ever to have something to refresh him when he would return from the toils of the day! and I do not know but you were *happy*. And when Sunday came, I remember your efforts to appear decent at church, and how cheerfully you accepted those seats prepared for the accommodation of the unoffending poor; and I never heard you complain, only when age had impaired the hearing of my father, he said he would like to be able to have a seat nearer to the minister, so as to enable him to hear the sermon. Neither did you express fears on my account, farther than that it was to be feared that my physical strength would not be sufficient to enable me to succeed as a ditcher. But, kind parents, your labor is over, and you are at rest; and though your coffins are without pall or varnish, and no proud monument marks the place of your slumbers, yet your bed is as soft, and your slumbers as sweet, as those of any who repose under the finest

marble; and though there are none on earth to guard the spot where you rest in hope, except myself, yet the angel of the resurrection shall watch over your dust till that day. The last words of my father were, "Be honest, my boy; I have no legacy to leave you but my spade." And this is the same room in which you lived.' Then your thoughts seemed to turn upon your own case, and you said, 'If by my labor I could only procure a support, food and raiment, that would be all that I could wish or ask for; but the number of laborers has increased, and prices have fallen, and labor fails to bring me a support; and when affliction or old age shall come upon me, *who will care for me then?*' A sigh followed; you ceased to speak; and finding that you were just about to lay yourself down to rest, I entered your door."

"Well," said Marks, "you have heard all; and if you are poor, you will know how to appreciate it; and should you be rich, think not of it again; for what you have heard, kind stranger, is but the expression of those feelings common to the poor."

The stranger replied by saying, "Marks, I came not to spy out your poverty or mock your distress; but I came on an important errand. I have one question to ask you, and I wish you to be careful in your answer. Should you answer me correctly, it shall be well; but if falsely, then all is lost. I want to know what is needful for you in the way of support. You said awhile ago that if by your labor you could procure food and raiment, that would be all that you wanted. Now, tell me your real wants, and they shall be supplied; but should you ask for more, then you will forfeit my protection. The name by which you shall know me is *Donor*."

To this Marks replied, "I can obtain by my daily

labor two shillings per day, which will amount to twelve shillings per week. Of this two shillings are required for rents, two for fuel, and two for clothing, which leaves me six shillings; this amount furnishes me with one full meal per day, during the working days, and I only have some refreshments upon the Sabbath, when during the week I partake, once or oftener, of but a piece of a meal. Had I seven shillings over and above my wages, then I would have two meals a day for each laboring day, and one on the Sabbath. But I would not ask for too much. It may not be that the meal on the Sabbath-day is absolutely necessary for me. You will judge of that yourself, dear Donor."

Donor replied that the demands were reasonable, and that he should have the seven shillings, which he forthwith paid over to Marks, and took his leave, saying, "I will see you again, one week from this night. See that you are here at that time, and alone."

After the departure of this mysterious stranger, Marks felt for some moments that he was a happy man. "Now there is before me," he said, "an assurance of competency—two meals per day, also one on the Sabbath." This good fortune so overpowered him with joy that he found it difficult to get to sleep; but before the week passed by Marks thought he ought to have said something to Donor about fuel, as he only had about half a supply; "and then ought not I to have a bit of candle to give me light to see how to take my evening meal, for which one candle would be a week's supply?" and he began to wish the hour to roll round for Donor's return.

At the appointed minute Donor appeared again, and inquired of Marks if he had all that he needed.

Marks replied by saying, "My dear Donor, I thought

that it was needful for me to have an increase of fuel, as I am often shivering with cold, and have not enough even to prepare my food; and a bit of candle to give me light while taking my evening meal."

"Marks, these things are needful, and you shall have them. How much will be necessary?"

"Three shillings more," said Marks.

"Here is ten shillings," said Donor; "is that all you need?"

"That is all," said Marks.

"Seven days hence, at this hour, I will see you again. Remember that I am to give you all you need, and no more. Take care always what you ask for."

After the departure of Donor, Marks felt for some hours that he was supplied with a competency. "I have two meals for the laboring days, and one for the Sabbath, enough fuel for a fire every night, and a candle to eat my evening meal by." But Donor had not been long gone before Marks, when about to retire, thought it was a pity that he had failed to mention to him something about his scanty bed; for in order that a laboring man should be comfortable, it is important that he should have a bed to rest upon, and his was so scant a pallet that it deserved not the name of a bed. So, on the return of Donor, he told him the nature of his wretched bed, and said that it was absolutely necessary that he should have a bed to rest upon, which Donor readily agreed to, and told him to fix his price, which Marks estimated at twenty shillings. This Donor gave him, together with the ten shillings which was his weekly supply, and asked him if there was any thing more necessary, reminding him at the same time of the danger of asking for that which he did not need. Marks declared that was all.

He soon procured his bed, and having food, and fuel, and light, felt for several hours that he was well off. But at length he remembered that all the while he had forgotten his clothes; that he had none at all save such as were common to ditchers, and not at all suitable to go to church or take a walk on a Sabbath evening; and that the Sabbath-day might be made a blessing to him, it was necessary that he should have a Sunday suit, which Donor granted, and gave him three pounds for that purpose. In a short time Marks appeared in his suit of fine clothes, which created in him a new class of feelings. He at once felt inclined to be seen, which he never before desired, and soon began to make the acquaintance of young gentlemen whose society he had never before enjoyed, having always previously been confined to the society of day-laborers. Mingling of evenings with young men of pleasure, he heard them talk of the theater, opera, ball, and other places of amusement, and at once felt a desire to know something of these to him unknown fountains of pleasure; and he sighed, and said within himself that man needed that which would make him happy, and that happiness must be a stranger unless he could be able to spend an evening or two in the week with young people, at some places of amusement; for a man has eyes and ears as well as an appetite for food; and that every one should see and hear a little of what is going on in the great world around us; and though he had food enough for himself, he ought to have something to set before a friend who might call to see him—and he anxiously awaited the return of Donor.

At the appointed time Donor was there, and, seeing that Marks did not look so happy as he would have liked to see him, inquired into the cause of his apparent

gloom, and wished to know if there was any thing which he needed; to which Marks replied by saying, "My dear Donor, in order to be happy it is necessary that I should have society; and as I have to receive those on whom I call, it will be necessary, first, that I should have a few shillings to spend of evenings, and also something to improve my stores, in order that I may be able to set something before my friends, should any chance to call on me."

"These things are necessary, Marks, or at least you think so, and you shall have them; but tell me the amount."

"Two shillings of an evening, twice a week, for places of amusement, and four per week in addition to my stores." This amount, together with the previous appropriations, were counted down to Marks, and Donor, reminding him of the conditions upon which he was to bestow his favors, took his leave.

This week was a comparatively happy one with Marks. He spent one evening at the exchange, another at the restaurant, and it turned out that two of Marks's new acquaintances visited him, which made him feel sensibly that there was no sort of agreement between his Sunday suit and his furniture. He had no chairs, no table, no comforts; and unless he could get some furniture for his house, it was vain to put on fine clothes.

So, on Donor's next visit, Marks laid these things before him, saying, "My dear Donor, you see the empty condition of this house. I must have chairs, a table, and some table-furniture; and then my cooking utensils are so scant, and this earthen floor so cold; and, moreover, there is no place about the house to keep my Sunday suit from dust and dirt, and unless one can

have his house comfortable, every thing else goes for nothing."

"Truly," said Donor, "these things are necessary; *make out your bill.*" Fifty pounds was found to be sufficient. and the amount was paid over.

Marks was for several days very much interested in procuring furniture for his house. He bought a table, some chairs, an *armoire*, and such other things as were found necessary. But before the week was past he discovered that his house was not in keeping with his furniture, and, as his landlord would not repair it, that it was absolutely necessary he should have an appropriation for the purpose of making certain improvements. It must have a new roof, the doors and windows must be repaired, and considerable paint would be required to bring it up to any thing like a decent appearance.

So when Donor returned, he found Marks quite unhappy on account of the uncomfortable condition of his house. He went into a long detail of the ruin which would of necessity follow, of his furniture, and, in fact, of every thing in the house, unless he could have it repaired. Donor did not object to making the improvements, and at once estimated the amount which would be required for the purpose at one hundred pounds, which sum was put into the hands of Marks, who soon called in the mechanics, and had his house thoroughly repaired.

During the time that the improvements were going on Marks seemed to be greatly delighted, and his demands upon Donor were not much increased for several weeks. At length the repairs were completed, and Marks, when he looked upon his *armoire*, chairs, table, and the improved and comfortable condition of his

house, thought he was now prepared to live. He could spend an evening now and then at places of amusement; and as his house was, to say the least of it, respectable, and he had such additions to his stores as to enable him to entertain a friend occasionally, he supposed himself happy. But the contentment of Marks did not last long. Having arisen above the condition of the common ditcher in his circumstances, and having occasionally mingled with young men of pleasure, of evenings, at places of amusement, he soon felt the loneliness of his situation when his house was clear of visitors, and concluded, after all, the only way to be happy was to have a companion. On the return of Donor, with some degree of embarrassment he made known to him his desires, saying that he had thought much on the subject, and that it was a matter of judgment with him, as well as feeling, asserting at the same time that we are social beings, and that if we cannot get that kind of society which is suitable to us, we are too apt to fall into bad company; that home had become dull and irksome to him; and, worse than all, that he was contracting the habit of going out too often of an evening in search of society, and that it would be much better for him to have such attractions at home as to make it preferable to all other places; and then he would no longer feel lonely and restless, but would make his house a little paradise. Donor agreed with him, and said that it was not good for man to be alone, and that he should look out for some person suitable to his years, education, and temporal condition, to make him a wife. "And there are many plain, industrious, virtuous young ladies who would readily connect their interest with yours."

"My dear Donor," said Marks, "forgive me if I am

wrong; but I must say to you that those plain, industrious girls of whom you speak, although they might be able to keep house for me, and cook, and wash, and be true to me, yet a man who has seen a little of the world, and has had a little taste of fashion and what the world calls style, would never be satisfied with such a one as you speak of. She would not be able to preside at my table when my friends might call to see me; for you must know that since I have gotten my new furniture, and the repairs done upon my house, with my suit of clothes, I am no longer visited by ditchers, but by young gentlemen of taste and pleasure; and you must know, my dear sir, that it would be a source of mortification to me for my wife not to know what my guests might mean when they should speak of *soirée*, or opera, or other subjects that might come up in conversation. So you see, Donor, that such as you recommend would not suit me at all."

"Well," said Donor, "make your selection, and then I will judge of the propriety of the connection."

"Forgive me," said Marks, "when I tell you I have already made my choice. Miss Rue Chaftan, of all the ladies in the world—in my judgment there is none equal to her. There is so much grace in her motion, such a smile always playing on her beautiful face; and she dresses so neatly, and converses so freely and fluently. I am told she understands French, and can dance the polka to perfection, and to see her waltzing would make your heart ache; and then she is acquainted with all the young gentlemen, far and near. Ah, if I could only call her my own, I should be the happiest man in the world! and while I think it necessary that I should marry, I think at the same time that it is equally necessary that Miss Rue should be the lady."

“What evidence, Marks,” said Donor, “have you that you can gain her hand?”

“Pardon me when I tell you that she is fairly in market, and has been for some time; and it is pretty well understood by the knowing ones that her father has outlived his income, and is at this time greatly pressed in his business, and is ambitious to keep up appearances; and Miss Rue is a check which five thousand pounds would honor. If I had that amount at present to loan to Mr. Chaftan, then it would be an easy matter to negotiate for his daughter. For though he loves his daughter, yet his pride is equal to his love; and it is my opinion, if a young man of decent appearance could loan the father five thousand, the contract for the daughter would not be hard to make.”

Donor greatly doubted the propriety of the measure, and said that if it was left to him to select a lady he would choose quite a different one, and that five thousand pounds was a large sum. “But,” said he, “as I have promised to supply your wants, Marks, and as you want a wife, and as Miss Rue is the person, and no one else, you must have the amount.”

Soon after, this sum was offered by Marks to Mr. Chaftan, on very liberal terms. Mr. Chaftan gladly accepted the offer, and appeared very anxious to reward young Marks for his kindness. But Marks refused to acknowledge any obligation farther than that it would afford him great pleasure to become a little better acquainted with Mr. Chaftan’s very interesting family, and especially Miss Rue. The thought at once burst upon the mind of Mr. Chaftan that it might be possible, through Rue, to form such a connection with Mr. Marks as to make the five thousand a common family fund. Though Mr. Marks is deficient in education, and want-

ing to some extent in manners and refinement, yet what is a little education or manners when one has need of five thousand pounds? That amount of money is not picked up at corners of the streets every day; and Rue would soon become accustomed to him, at any rate. So reasoned Mr. Chaftan with himself, and, bowing and smiling, he said to Mr. Marks that he would take great pleasure in seeing him at his house at any time. A special invitation soon followed, and young Mr. Marks was a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Chaftan.

Many were the conjectures of the acquaintances of Mr. Chaftan, with respect to the signs of the times. Marks did not fill the eye of Rue; but she soon learned from her sage father that the silly notions of women were not to be regarded, and the objections that she found to Marks were not worth notice. Though he has not trained his *goatee* with taste, nor understands the graceful method of placing his cigar between his teeth, and cannot talk with the fluency of some young men, yet the five thousand pounds—there is reality. Matters moved on for some time rather mysteriously, so far as the knowledge of the neighbors was concerned; yet it so turned out that it was not long before Miss Rue Chaftan and Mr. Marks were united in the holy estate of matrimony, and Marks considered himself the happiest man in the world. The husband of so pure, so lovely, and so beautiful a creature—these were his waking thoughts; but when asleep he would dream that she was an angel, and that he had been translated to some sunny clime, where the birds always sing, and the glory of spring lasted all the year. But the time came at last when Marks and his beloved Rue were to go home and make themselves acquainted with the more stern realities of life, Rue knowing nothing more

of Marks's condition, all the while, than that she had heard hints from her father of five thousand pounds. When they were approaching the small habitation of Marks, Rue asked, with more than ordinary interest, "*Is this your house?*" "Yes," was the laconic reply of Marks. "*What! that little hut?*" Marks was silent. By this time the door-way was passed, and Marks and his fair bride were in his own habitation. Rue cast a hasty glance around the room, and, with rather a wondering look, exclaimed again, "*And is this the place where you expect me to live?*" Marks, with a low and subdued tone, said, "*Yes, my love, this is our house.*"

"Don't call *me* love!" said Rue; "better call me your slave. Where are your servants, your drawing-room, your chambers, your store-room, your garden? And I must live in this hut, with its door and windows as contracted as a prison, the floor as cold as a cellar, the ceiling crowded down on one's head, no carpet on the floor, while the furniture is meager and out of date, and poor at that! *And have I come to this?*" and bursting into a flood of tears, she fell into a seat, and seemed almost overcome with grief and anger.

Poor Marks was at his wits' end. A crisis had come up for which he was wholly unprepared. His house, though humble, had been made quite comfortable by various repairs, in his estimation; and what to say or do he did not know. Hour after hour passed away, and still Rue continued to weep, and when she could be provoked to speak, it was only some such expressions as, "I have come to a pretty pass—housekeeper, cook, washer-woman, slave! Rue Chaftan!—yes, Rue Chaftan! What could my father have been thinking about?" Her indignation here seemed to claim the ascendant, and turning her head toward her confounded

husband, she said, "Marks, or whatever your name may be, will you be so good as to tell me where we are to lodge a friend? Where is the bed, the chamber? and where is your kitchen, I should like to know? And what arrangement is made for an evening ride? My parents ought to have waited till I was dead before they buried me."

Marks tried to comfort her by telling her that he would take upon himself the laborious part of the work about the house; and as there were but two of them, it would not require much to support them, and they could live in hope of better days. With this he began to prepare something for his beloved and heart-broken Rue to eat. He made a little tea and prepared some toast; yet with all his persuasion he could not prevail on her to take a particle; but, continuing to weep until she was overcome, she fell into a troubled sleep. Now Marks had time to think, and while he sat near her, and looked upon her troubled face, and heard the sigh that broke away from her heart, and contemplated her flowing robes, her delicate white hand set with rings, and her light and fairy form, he was forced to the conviction that whatever might have been the designs of nature with regard to her, she certainly was not suited to the kind of life which she would have to live to be his wife; and though he loved her, yet it was evident that he had made a capital blunder, and the advice of Donor came upon his mind with great force. "I ought to have thought of something else besides presiding at the head of my table while guests were at my house, and the trifling affair of light conversation. What a fool I was that I did not think of sweeping, scouring, washing, cooking! and farther, that I had no means of procuring fine robes and carriages. But

this was all overlooked. I could have found among those in humbler life a pretty face, a pure heart, and a sound mind—one who would have loved me and thought this house a comfortable home; and while I would have borne my portion of the cares and trials of life, she would cheerfully have borne hers, and we would have mutually labored for and loved each other. But it is too late to think of these things now; I shall try to learn of her, when she awakes from her slumbers, what would satisfy her for the present, and when I see my friend Donor I shall lay the case before him; because my own wants, which he has promised to supply, are now the wants of my wife; for unless a wife loves her husband, she is a curse instead of a blessing.”

Rue at last awoke, and looking around her with the vacant stare of a maniac for a moment, sighed, and said, with a conquered tone of voice, “Well, it is done, and I cannot help it.” This state of despair seemed to give him more pain than did her words of contempt; for he feared the effect of a settled melancholy. He spoke to her in the tenderest tones, and, thinking he had gained upon her feelings, aimed to take her by the hand; but she recoiled at his touch, as though it had been that of a serpent’s, and withdrew her hand. He told her that he had a friend who, without fee or reward, would help him when he had absolute need, and as his wants were hereafter to be the wants of his wife, if she would but tell him what she at present most desired, he would try and get that desire gratified. To this she replied by saying, “If I have to live with *you*, I want some place to live in, and not in this dungeon.”

On that night, at eleven o’clock, Donor paid him a

visit. He wished him the happiness common to those who have recently connected themselves in marriage. Rue had by this time sunk into a deep sleep, and Marks had gently raised her from the chair and laid her upon the bed without awakening her. He pointed to her, and said to Donor, "Speak low; I do not wish her to be aroused from her slumber, at least until our conversation shall close."

"What ails you?" said Donor; "your appearance is that of one in deep distress. I thought to have found all joy and gladness."

"I have erred, Donor," said Marks, "in not taking your advice. I ought to have married a woman suited to the kind of life which the wife of Marks would have to live, but I married one brought up to a life of ease and pleasure, who in every thing that relates to the realities of life is a perfect child. Her parents taught her neither to know nor to do any thing save that which belongs to fashion and amusement, and she finds herself wholly unprepared for her present position."

"Fatal error," said Donor, "with but too many silly parents in this world, who train up their children like a shade plant. Where the parents have fortunes for their children, and the absolute necessity does not exist on the part of the child to attend to the rougher ends of labor, it is an easy matter to leave off such things; but when the child is reared in idleness and extravagance, and there is no fortune to sustain them in such a course of life, they are soon or late thrown upon the world utterly helpless."

"I would not care," said Marks, "for the helplessness of my wife," pointing to the bed, "if she were only satisfied with her condition. I know how to toil; these hands have wielded the spade too long for me to

dread labor. Willingly would I take upon myself, besides my own portion of labor, all the rougher service about the house, if she would only be happy, *and love me*. But the error in her education is double: first, she does not seem to think that love can exist anywhere but in a fine house; and in the next place, that labor is degrading. Now, Donor, you see my condition: I have a wife, and she does not love me; without her love I am a miserable man. Her last intimation before falling asleep was that if she was to live with me she must have a house to live in. Now, is it not necessary for me to have a fine house?"

"It would seem so," said Donor; "but I am not willing that you should spend any more on this rented room; you had better purchase one already built. So here are three thousand pounds; and you will find in the city of N., street L, No. 102, a very lovely building for sale. Go, on to-morrow, you and your wife; let her taste be consulted, and if she like the house, purchase it. Here is also one pound more, which will procure a conveyance."

At this Donor took leave. Marks sat by her bedside till morning. When she awoke she seemed a little better composed, though her sleep had been greatly troubled by feverish dreams. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes languishing. He told her that he had a present for her, and showed her the check for three thousand pounds, which his good angel had furnished him during the night, to buy her a fine house; and that the fine new building, No. 102 L street, was for sale, and that if she should be pleased with it, it would be theirs before sunset. She said it was one of the most beautiful residences in the city, of the latest style, and that she admired it when in course of erection.

“And that is going to be ours, *is it, dear?*” she said, and *smiled*, and *kissed him*. The sun was about rising, and truly it was sunrise to his poor heart; for, though he pitied, he tenderly loved her. Some breakfast was prepared by himself, which he thought no hardship; and Rue now partook with him, which refreshed her very much, and she complimented him considerably for being a good cook. He soon procured a cab, and a ride of two miles brought them to the contemplated residence, which being just completed, and built with an eye to taste and convenience, looked beautiful. Rue ran up and down the stair-way and through the rooms with a joyous heart and buoyancy of spirits, which would have led one to suppose that she had never tasted of grief, and did not know what tears meant. The house was purchased, and arrangements made forthwith to move to it, and having but little to remove, it was soon accomplished; and the pound handed him by Donor was sufficient to pay the expense of removing. But just so soon as they were settled in their new home, other and new difficulties presented themselves. Rue wished to know where the furniture was to come from for their new house; that she could not see what use there could be in a fine house unless it was furnished, and Marks had to acknowledge that his little bed, second-rate *armoire*, and common chairs, made but a poor show in the new house; and he longed for Donor to return, that he might lay this matter before him; and, in despite of all that he could do, Rue became quite unhappy again, in looking at the naked walls and empty rooms. But at length Donor came, and Marks hastened to lay the subject before him, telling him the happy effect it had on the spirits of Rue when they got to their new house, until she discovered that he had

nothing to furnish it with; "for though I thought my furniture was sufficient for the room I occupied," said Marks, "yet it makes worse than no impression on this fine house. Indeed, Rue says that she does not know that she can make any use of such stuff."

Donor readily agreed that there should always be a fitness in things, and that the furniture should be in keeping with the house; "and by the time I shall come again," said he, "you will make out a bill of the articles necessary, and then I will furnish you the means to pay for them." And Donor took his leave.

Marks was not long in laying the matter before Rue, but reminded her of the conditions upon which he received favors from Donor, and cautioned her to take care that she did not require more than was absolutely necessary. With these conditions apparently fairly understood, she commenced making out the bill. "Well, in the first place, this house must be carpeted down stairs and up."

"What is the use," said Marks, "of carpeting the whole house, when there are but two of us?"

"But two of us, *indeed!* People who live in as fine a house as this will be sure to have company. And if some of *my* friends were to call on *me*, I should die with mortification to have to put them in an uncarpeted room. The rooms have to be carpeted, and it is useless to spend any more words on that point; and as to the quality, we will make three-ply answer for the chambers, but the parlors must be Brussels. The chambers must be furnished all alike. Let us make out the furniture for one room, then it will be easy to compute the amount. Well, first, a mahogany bedstead, with furniture suitable to winter and summer, wash-stand, press, dressing-bureau, *armoire*, and six

chairs, together with a carpet. Other smaller matters we will attend to after awhile. Now, there are five of them, and you can easily estimate what they will cost. Now for the parlors. Well, these blocks between the windows were intended for mirrors; and unless you get them of sufficient size to fill the blocks, the rooms will always look unfinished. Then, near the sliding-doors there must be a center-table and lamp. On the mantels there must be gondolas, and in the hall there must be a chandelier. Then, there will have to be four sofas, eight ottomans, two divans, four easy-chairs, one reception-chair, with two sets of the regular size. The sofas, ottomans, divans, and chairs, should all be of plush or cut velvet, and I think royal purple would be a beautiful color. O! I had like to have forgotten the door-bell and plate, with the necessary engraving, which is very important. Now, what shall we have in the hall? let me see—a hat-rack, settees, and suitable mats. Now, none of these can be dispensed with.”

On the return of Donor the bill was laid before him, and though he seemed to think that it was rather a large one, yet he gave a draft for the amount; and while they were visiting the warerooms and stores, and having the various articles carried home, and each put in its place, Rue seemed to be perfectly happy; and every thing considered, this was a happy week, though Marks had to act the part of housekeeper and cook. But the furniture was not more than stored away by the upholsterer, when Rue discovered that there were many things overlooked. There was no suitable cooking apparatus, no table nor table-furniture suitable to such a house. “And even if we had these things,” said Rue, “I should like to know who is to cook, and

keep this house in order. I hope, Mr. Marks, that you do not think that your wife is to attend to these things. Who is to entertain your company, I should like to know? You see that we must have servants and those other things that I have mentioned."

As a new class of wants presented themselves, Marks, in his turn, became thoughtful; for he had drawn so heavily on Donor that he feared the consequences of a new demand. But something had to be done. His weekly supply also was only contemplated for one; and as from the time he commenced visiting the house of Mr. Chaftan he had ceased to spend evenings elsewhere, and as his visits there did not cost him anything, the little saving in that way had enabled him to keep up. But now his weekly stores were out, and, as he had not had a spade in his hand from the date of his marriage, something must be done; and what to do he did not know, but concluded he would bring the whole affair before Donor, on his next visit. So Donor, on his return, instead of finding Marks happy, as he expected, with his new house finely furnished, saw that he was in great trouble. Donor inquired after the cause of this distress. Marks said to him, "My dear Donor, permit me now to explain to you my condition. Notwithstanding we have a fine house, well furnished to the eye, yet the means of support are wanting. We have no stores, nothing to cook, and no person to cook any thing if we had provision—no suitable table or table-furniture; and you remember that the appropriation made to me was but for one, and even then a part of my weekly supply was the reward of my labor; and since I was married I have not had a spade in my hand, *and what am I to do about ditching now?*" Here Marks seemed to be embarrassed, and turned away his head.

"Can you not find employment in ditching any longer?" said Donor.

"That is not the difficulty," said Marks. "I could find employment, but—but Mrs. Marks——"

"What about Mrs. Marks?" said Donor.

"Mrs. Marks does not even know that I ever was a ditcher, and has more than once asked me what so many spades were doing about the house, and I was afraid to tell her. I went so far as to ask her, at one time, how she would like to be the wife of a ditcher, and her answer was that ditcher's daughters ought to be ditcher's wives; and I have no doubt but that it would break her heart to think that she was the wife of a ditcher. What to do, I cannot tell. I know no other business but that of ditching, and yet, there is a vast disagreement between that business and the taste of Mrs. Marks; and farther, dear Donor, the appearance of this house, and the style in which it would seem we ought to live, would not agree with the business of ditching."

"Here," said Donor, "is another evidence of the unhappy effect of one leading error; but the deed is done. But are you sure, Marks, that your wife would oppose your continuance in your honest vocation?"

"O I am quite sure she would! It would kill her with shame! For, more than once, when we have been speaking of the society that we should associate with after we should become fairly settled, she has given me clearly to understand that it would not do for us to be even known to mechanics, or the laboring classes; and I am certain that she could not be induced to regard them as visitors. You have heard, Donor, of the match between Miss Brittle and Baff, the shoemaker. He had made considerable money by his trade, but his

wife would not hear of his following it any longer after their marriage, and he turned merchant. But, poor fellow! not understanding the business, I am told, he has spent all that he had made by his trade, and that they are in a fair way to come to poverty. But they had no Donor to look to, and you know that women will have their little notions, and it is useless to oppose them."

"Well, Marks, you will have to make the best you can of your condition. You can become an undertaker, and that will give you employment; and the ladies do not know generally what it means. So you can give your wife such an understanding of the matter as will best suit you. I will give you such an appropriation as your circumstances require—four servants, besides the cook, with such things pertaining to your kitchen and table as are necessary, and triple your weekly allowance, and something for your servants."

The servants were obtained, the fixtures were all in their place, and Marks for a time thought that his wants were supplied, and a few quiet days passed over his head. But it was not long before they were invited out to spend an evening with one of the fashionables of the city. After they had determined on going to the party, Mrs. Marks told her husband that if he expected her to go with him, there were two or three things that had to be done: "You are to get clear of those low-heeled, flat-bottomed shoes of yours," said she; "and I am heartily tired of that bell-crowned hat; and you will either have to get you a new pair of trousers, or put straps to those that you have, for how would your wife feel to see her husband in company with his trousers flying up half way to his knees every step? And then that coat of yours is, by about one

foot, too short in the waist; it makes your body look so short, and your legs so long, that when you are walking about I am all the time reminded of a pair of tongs; and unless you will make these changes, I cannot be recognized among the fashionables as your wife—though, indeed, there will be no necessity of any recognition of each other there. In fact, a man is not expected to attend to his own wife at such a place; and I will no doubt have attention enough from other gentlemen on the occasion. Yet, lest I should be called on to introduce you to some of my acquaintances, it will be important that these changes be made. And permit me, while I am on the subject of dress, to say to you that your wife would be the better of a few articles. I had an abundant supply when we were married; but one should keep up with the times, and as the season is changing, I shall have need of a muff and *visite*, with several other articles.”

Marks saw that he was mistaken in supposing that his wants were supplied, and he again wished for the return of Donor. Donor, at the appointed time, made his appearance, and, after duly considering the demands of Marks, granted the requests; and Marks soon appeared in a new suit—made with an eye to the latest fashions—and at the appointed time Mr. Marks and lady were seen at the party. Marks could not so well understand why it should be thought wrong that a man should be seen even in the same room with his wife; but he resolved it all into this, that there is no accounting for fashion.

So matters moved on till spring; then various wants presented themselves: extra appropriations to the provision stores, as parties had to be given; a carriage, horses, etc. These, too, were all granted by Donor.

But when summer came, and the fashionables were leaving the city, going to their country-seats and watering-places, Rue became dissatisfied, and talked continually of the dullness of the city, and the oppressive nature of the heat; and that any man who did not want his wife to die ought to procure a country-seat for summer; and she became desponding and unhappy. Marks found life a burden to him, and he concluded to lay this matter before Donor also, which he did on Donor's return. After long consultation, Donor concluded to furnish Marks with a summer residence, whereupon the establishment was procured, with all the fixtures necessary to make it both beautiful and comfortable, and Marks and lady moved to it, and for some weeks their wants seemed to be supplied.

But there was, in the neighborhood of this fine country-seat, the humble habitation of a poor peasant, whose unpretending building obstructed the view a little in one direction from the residence of Mr. Marks, which became an eye-sore to Rue. She insisted that the peasant should be removed; "for," she said, "my dear husband, who knows but some person may take that poor old man and his wife to be our relatives; such a thing you know would be very afflicting; and I cannot enjoy any thing until that old house and the old man and his wife are removed." And Marks himself thought it was a pity that a place as beautiful as his should be marred by such an old hut being in its neighborhood, for the house of the peasant was really in sight of Mr. Marks's; and he promised himself that just as soon as he should see Donor he would submit the subject to him. Donor was pained, on his return, to find Marks still dissatisfied; and after inquiring the cause, Marks told him that the country-seat was lovely

in the extreme, with this exception, "that there lives in the neighborhood," said Marks, "a poor old peasant. The house is mean-looking, and the old man and his wife are very odd in their appearance; and Mrs. Marks has taken it into her head that strangers might take it into their heads that they are relatives of ours, and that, you know, would be unfortunate; and in order that happiness and contentment may exist at our house, it is absolutely necessary to remove the peasant. The old man says he lives there through the kindness of a friend, and has the privilege of cultivating a few acres of ground, and the use of the house, as long as he lives, and seems to be quite contented; but I think the old man ought to be made to go away."

"I shall give you no answer now; but you will go to the city to-morrow, at four o'clock P.M., and call at the banker's exchange, and inquire for Levi, the banker." At the appointed time Marks was at the exchange, and on inquiry for Mr. Levi, the banker, was ushered into what seemed a private reading-room, and into the presence of a tall old gentleman, near threescore and ten, and though his locks were white, yet when he arose to meet Marks, he was as straight as a youth, and his step seemed still to be as elastic as a boy's. He was wearing a plain black suit, with a pair of spectacles pushed up on his brow, and a pen run through his white locks and resting on the top of his ear.

"Be seated, Mr. Marks," said Mr. Levi.

Marks took his seat, but could not conceive how Mr. Levi came in possession of his name; neither could he imagine why Donor should have sent him to Mr. Levi, unless it was that this banker was to have something to do in raising the funds necessary to remove the peasant, as he recollected to have seen his name once

in some way connected with a check given him by Donor. Levi soon brought him right in his reckonings, by relating as follows: "Do you remember, Mr. Marks, some time since, of having rescued an individual from the robbers who had turned his carriage down a bank, and were dragging him from it to murder and rob him?"

"I remember it," said Marks.

"I am the individual," said Levi, "and I am also Donor; and believing as I did, and do now believe, that you were the means of saving my life, and at the same time, from possession by the robbers, a large sum of money which was then upon my person, I determined at once to reward you handsomely, and for that purpose asked your name and place of residence. I have ever since traveled at night disguised by the mask of a young man. I have now bestowed upon you much more than a competency, notwithstanding you have long since violated the contract which we first made. But if I had found you worthy, I still should have remained unknown to you, and should have continued to honor your drafts; but I find you unworthy, and I shall bestow no more favors upon you. I bore with your extravagances and weaknesses until I saw that you were capable of oppression. The old peasant of whom you complain is a friend of God, and of his country, and of mine. I am also his Donor, and his apparent condition would have been much better long ago if he had accepted my proffered assistance; but his humble cottage, a few acres of land, a horse, and a cow, are all that he would ever consent to receive from me. He takes a manly pride, old as he is, in supporting himself and old lady by his own labor, and withal he is truly a happy man. I have often heard

him say that between his garden and Bible he finds both employment and pleasure. I visit him often, but not with the expectation of bestowing any thing upon him, but to receive, for he never fails to bestow upon me his blessing; and I have spent the happiest moments of my life with the old people, while attending to their evening devotions; and a thousand times and one have they paid me in prayers and blessings for the little that I have bestowed upon them; and as to my part, I should be proud to claim the kind old man and his wife as my relatives. And yet you desire that they should now, in their helpless old age, be driven from their quiet little home, and be houseless, possibly, the remnant of their days, just because their humble dwelling can be seen from your proud mansion, or lest some stranger should mistake them for your relatives.

“Now, Mr. Marks, believing as I do that you have already more than you can be safely trusted with, I shall divide what is in your possession between you and the peasant, having yet full powers over the deeds and transfers; and though the peasant of whom you speak (blessed old man of God!) does not wish it, yet he has a poor widowed daughter, with several children, of whom I have often heard him speak with great tenderness; so that what I bestow upon him will, after awhile, reach the helpless lot of the widowed daughter; and I will farther say to you that I shall no longer honor your drafts, so that you will have to adopt means for your support. But before we part to meet no more, let me mention a few of your faults, or at least errors: First, when your circumstances became a little improved, you forsook your old friends; next, you became ashamed of your honest calling; farther, you sought the gratification of your passions and appetites, instead

of improving the condition of your heart and head; next, you erred in the selection of a wife, in doing which, instead of being directed by sound judgment and common sense, you followed the dictates of a diseased imagination and false pride, and took a wife from a circle of society of which you knew nothing; the consequence has been that your wife was every way unsuitable, and the connection an unhappy one; for Mrs. Marks has been miserable herself, and any thing but a blessing to you. Her faults are justly chargeable, to a great extent, upon her weak, vain, misguided parents, from whom she received her defective education; though I do not like to speak of her sex unless I can speak in their praise. Another mark of improper principles on your part is this, that notwithstanding your demands have been numerous, and sometimes heavy, yet you have never felt that you were able, or even in need of any thing, to give to the starving poor. And finding that my efforts to bless you have all failed, seeing that desire is the parent of your opinions and wants, and that your desires are not directed by wisdom, but by morbid passions, I shall bestow no more favors upon you; I am your Donor no longer. But all the rest of your faults might have been borne by me, if it had not been that I found you capable, by means of your resources, and ready, to oppress the virtuous poor. Power should never be given to those who will employ it in oppression. So here, Marks, we part." And as the good Donor reached forth his hand to him for the last time, and the word "farewell" was trembling on his lips, Marks saw a tear swim around his eye, while his last words were, "May you yet see happier days!"

The weekly meetings of Donor and Marks were now at an end. Marks, with deep sorrow, and a wiser if

not a better man, now returned to his Rue, and at once determined to tell her all about their condition, and that they would have to adopt some measure within themselves for their weekly supplies, and that their estate would have to be equally divided between themselves and the old peasant. From this hour the spirits of Rue were broken. She went no more into society, and bitterly reproached herself for ever having married at all. Her loss of spirits soon destroyed her health, and it was not long till she sank into the grave. Marks ever after lamented the blunders of his life. He became a restless wanderer upon the earth. When last seen, his locks were white, and sorrows and cares had plowed deep furrows upon his brow; and though conscious of the many errors of his past life, yet, as he said, it was too late to repair them, while his motto was, "No matter what changes may come up in the life of the ditcher, he will never be ashamed of his spade."

1848.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

WHY it is that the religious world has almost with general consent agreed that those things connected with *love* and *marriage* should be excluded from religious periodicals, is to me a matter of surprise. We are allowed to write and publish as much as we please on the subjects of commerce, agriculture, mechanics, the fine arts, literature, and politics; and, in fact, almost every thing is found in religious journals except the subjects referred to; when there is no act in the life of an irreligious person which is more praiseworthy and Christian-like than to unite, in a suitable manner, in

the holy estate of matrimony; and why it should be looked upon as unsuitable to religious journals I am unable to tell. There is no act of human life, save the preparation of the soul for death and the judgment, of so much interest as that of marriage. The sacred historian thought it of sufficient importance to justify him in giving a full account of the manner by which Isaac was enabled to call the lovely Rebecca his bride. I am disposed to think that all subjects of interest to mankind should be admitted into public journals. I shall send out this story with but two objects—first, to gratify the curious, as the history of the hunter is an eventful one; secondly, to show the faithfulness of the female heart. Let no one say that it is untrue, or without its moral.

Among the many daring acts of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was one of this world's wonders, and the scourge of nations—who may be compared to the fearful tornado which rends the forest, laying bare the beds of lakes and rivers, overturning towns and cities, causing man and beast to tremble, and the earth to groan beneath its tread—I say, that among the daring acts of this great man, that of crossing the Alps, with an immense army, with artillery and heavy baggage, was one of the most wonderful.

After he had conceived the plan, he sent forth an expedition, consisting of one man, to make a survey, if possible, across those rocky heights. The engineer, after availing himself of all the information which he could obtain, and spending considerable time in the mountains, returned to Napoleon with a very brief report, which was, that to cross the Alps as he wished was impossible. The answer of Napoleon was as brief as the report—that “impossible” was not good French,

and that he might stand aside, as he had no farther use for him.

He still kept his army in motion, advancing daily toward the Alps, which were already beginning to frown upon him. His method of obtaining information was to acquire it from hunters, who were supposed to have a more correct knowledge of the mountains than other persons. Already quite a number of them had been called upon, and each and all gave discouraging accounts. Again and again had mention been made, in the hearing of Napoleon, of the Alpine Hunter. While there were many who were hunters, there was one who was familiarly known as *the* Alpine Hunter, which distinction he had gained by his superior knowledge of the mountains and his extraordinary ability to possess himself of the antelope, ibex, and other game, which inhabited those regions. Napoleon ordered a detachment to go and bring the Alpine Hunter. At length the habitation of this notorious hunter was pointed out to the detachment, high up the Alps, like an eagle's nest, among the crags, which seemed to be beyond the reach of all creation, except that portion blessed with wings; and after much labor and toil they were enabled to find the narrow and intricate passes which led to this lonely abode, built as it were among the clouds, having as neighbors the frowning brows of ancient rocks, the eagle, the ibex, the wild goat, and the mountain storm. The detachment came suddenly upon him, and surprised him in his bed. The hunter laid his hand upon his rifle, and was about to defend himself; but the soldiers said they were peaceable, and that they were sent by Napoleon, who wished to be favored with his presence. In a few moments bolts and bars were turned and fastened, and the hunter's habitation was

left as lonely as the rock on which it stood. When in the presence of Napoleon, the latter informed him that the object for which he had been brought was that he desired to pass the Alps with his army, with artillery and heavy baggage, and wished to obtain any information which he might be able to give, with respect to a passage through those heights. The hunter stated that there were but two persons on earth who would be able to conduct the army through the Alps; one was an Arab, who was likely to be at that moment somewhere on the deserts of Arabia, and the other was himself. Napoleon at once employed him as a guide. When once the Alps had been crossed, and the army safely encamped in the plains beyond, Napoleon had the hunter called into his presence, to reward him for his services, and to permit him to return to his home and his country. When an offer of a rich reward was made for his services, he declined receiving it, and manifested considerable mortification that he could no longer be serviceable. The general, much pleased with his prowess, intelligence, and noble bearing, offered him a place in the army, and requested that he would share with him the fortunes of war; which invitation he immediately accepted, and was at last promoted to be major of artillery. His conduct had excited considerable interest among the officers of Napoleon. To one of them the hunter gave the following account of his past history, which, together with some facts connected with his subsequent career, I shall give to the public as nearly in his very language as I can recollect:

“My father and mother were Swiss. I was the only child of my mother, and she was for many years a widow. My father died when I was about ten years of age, leaving nothing behind him to support his helpless

family save the proceeds of a few successful hunts. My father, having been unsuccessful in business, had settled in one of the gorges of the mountains, in order that he might support his family by his gun; but not having been accustomed to the chase in early life, he was never able to do more than to gain for his family a bare support. It was not long after my father's death until *want* began to present itself; and I very soon came to the determination, young as I was, to take my father's gun and go into the mountains, and see if Providence would not throw something in my way, so that I might save my mother and myself from starvation. Suffice it to say that I succeeded beyond my expectations, and the day never came that found our humble habitation without meat; and by the sale of the proceeds of my hunting I was enabled to obtain other articles of necessity, and in a few years some of the comforts, and at times even the luxuries of life; and I am proud to say that the last days of my mother were her brightest, so far as the good things of this world were concerned, and would have been her happiest but that she ever felt sorely her loss in the death of my father. I did all I could to bless and comfort her; and for ten years and more after the death of my father I never spent a single night anywhere else but under our lowly roof, unless I was cut off from home by the darkness of the night, by being belated in the mountain, or had descended into the vale to make sale of the proceeds of the chase; for it was some time after my father's death before I was enabled to hire a servant, to aid my mother in household affairs, and to keep her company in my absence. Her health at last gave way, and it was but too evident that she would soon sleep beside my father. Never shall I for-

get the evening when she pointed out to me the spot where she wished her dust to rest in hope till the resurrection of the just. I had returned from my wanderings in the mountains; the sun had sunk low in the west, and withdrawn his direct rays from the vales and gorges, but was shining with increased splendor upon the tops of the mountains, as an affectionate father parting from his daughter and imprinting on her brow burning kisses. We walked from our humble dwelling (my mother leaning on my arm) to the grave of my father. My mother, worn with years, feeble from disease, pale and trembling, traced with her own hand upon the ground, on the left side of my father's grave, saying, 'Lay me here; this is the side on which I always slept, and rested my head in the hollow of his left shoulder.' Death had no terrors to her; her soul was fitted for its passage to a better world than this; and the grave had no gloom, since her dust was to mingle with the dust of him who was the companion of her youth. I could only weep while I saw her thus composedly marking the spot where I was to make her bed in death; and our poor Louise, our only servant, who had followed us to the spot, wept as though her heart would break; for she was not only the servant of my mother, but her daily friend and companion. After this she declined rapidly, and nine days later I closed her eyes in death. When my mother died I dismissed our servant; then I built the little cell in which you found me, and determined to pass my days in the mountains.

“Those who have never lived the life of the hunter know nothing of its excitement, its freedom, and I may say, its independence. Nature was my flower-garden; the stormy wind, in the dark and gloomy gorges and

rocky passes, was the organ that made me music, and, as variations, I had the pleasure of listening to the avalanches of snow and ice, when, in masses like mountains, they would break away from some lofty steep, and seek a resting-place far in the vales below, with a roar that would seem to fill all space with sound, and shake the tops of the mountains, accompanied with a peculiar kind of crash, as though they had driven in the ribs of nature and riven the earth asunder. At other times, for the sake of variety, I would topple a large mass of time-worn rock from some giddy height, and see it kindle its wrath to fury, while every shrub and tree, and even rocks that were ill at ease in their beds, were carried downward in the wake, while each and all would gather speed as they went, like evil spirits on errands of vengeance. I have studied Nature in her first edition, drank of the mountain brook at its source, plucked flowers from stalks which had never been transplanted, and breathed an atmosphere that was as pure as nectar; I have stood upon the mountain's most lofty summit, with an unclouded sky above me, and the sun shining in his strength, while the tornado raged far below, and spread itself out like a level lake to a distance; I have seen the lightning sporting through the storm, while the loud thunder rolled along the vale, or bounded against the mighty cliffs, and then, like some giant warrior overmatched and beaten back, would sound a retreat, uttering loud complaints as though it had received a death-wound, and die away far in the distance with a melancholy moan. Thus, in bold relief against the sky, I have stood, and knew no rival save the strong-winged eagle on his way to the sun, or a lost, bewildered flock of some wrecked and rainless cloud, and looked above the top of the thoughts of the men

of the world. I have also studied the habits of the game which I pursued, and learned their hours for feeding and repose, so that search for them was seldom unsuccessful; and though I lived alone, yet I had society when I wished it. With the hunters I was always on the best of terms; and in our intercourse there was an ease, a freshness—yea, a zest—of which the dwellers in the vale knew nothing, while we would relate to each other any interesting occurrence in the chase; and he alone knows how to talk and to listen who has possessed himself of the light-footed antelope, or bounded from rock to rock, or pursued from cliff to cliff the ibex in his lofty rambles.

“Yet there are moments in the life of a hunter when he may be said to be alone. To move softly for hours through an unbroken wood, where no human tracks are seen, stopping oft and looking and listening for game, you become at last so perfectly quiet that nature seems to hold her breath, and you can hear the beating of your pulse throughout your entire frame. Yet you are not entirely alone: at length an ibex, antelope, or some other animal, shows itself from behind a rock or tree; in a moment your bead is drawn, your finger is on the trigger, the sharp crack of the rifle echoes away along the vale or up the cliffs, bringing suddenly to mind home, friends, and all that is connected with them. In another moment the sound has died away; then it is that loneliness returns, like the darkness that succeeds the flash of lightning at midnight; and, to make your loneliness complete, your gun is empty; for a hunter is never alone while there is a load in his gun.

“But notwithstanding his enjoyment of the excitement of the chase, and of the wild scenes of the mount-

ain, man is a social animal. Adam would not have been perfectly happy, even in the Garden of Eden, if God had not made Eve to share life with him. So I began, a few years after the death of my mother, to frequent the vale, and that, too, when I did not go altogether to dispose of the proceeds of the chase. At length I contracted a fondness for society, and especially that of worthy and virtuous females, and eventually made the acquaintance of the daughter of a worthy citizen.

“Lasaphene De La Omo was an only child, and her parents possessed much of this world’s goods. I soon found that her society had become essential to my happiness, and was pleased to think that my presence contributed to her enjoyment; but it was a considerable length of time before I could venture to make a declaration of my passion. I was without relations, or a name, beyond that of an expert hunter. Although I had gained some gold, yet I did not attempt to make a crutch of that, by which to support or prop my hopes. I at length made an offer of myself, just as I was, buoyant almost as the deer upon the mountain—my affections pure, and my heart unadulterated. I was not repulsed, but all was suspended upon the decision of De La Omo, her father. I sought his approbation, but failed to obtain it. My soul withered within me; for I knew she was an obedient and dutiful child, and would not be guilty of an act which would mix sorrow in her father’s cup. Then I made known to her my want of success, and that I was of opinion that it was, at least in part, owing to an expectation with her father that she was to be the link by which it was supposed that a more influential individual than myself was to be connected with the family. At the close of these remarks

Lasaphene grew deadly pale, tears fell from her large black eyes, and she seemed for a moment to be struggling for breath, but soon gained her self-possession. Laying her hand upon my arm—which liberty she had never before taken—and lifting her eyes, yet wet with tears, to mine, she said, ‘My Ultimo—I say *mine*, yet it is possible you will never be mine—there are some things which I can promise you. The first is, I will *never* marry the man of whom you speak. He has a name, a title, wealth, and power; but the rank weeds of crime and folly have grown up and choked the affections of his nature. He is vain, he is proud, he is a man of policy; he has mixed with a hypocritical and deceitful world, until the handwriting of confidence is obliterated, and distrust is written upon every thing. I shall ever prefer remaining with my parent to sharing life with him. I have no idea that my father will ever require me to marry a man whom I cannot love; for though he has refused your request, yet I have a good and kind father, who loves me most tenderly; in fact, I am his idol. To afflict him would be a sore affliction; for when once the heart of the aged is bruised, it never heals again. With his consent, I should be happy with you; but to go without it, the curse of disobedience would follow us through life, which would be enough to embitter every stream of pleasure; and while I say, under the circumstances, that I cannot marry you, yet I can say—yes, I will say—should you remain true, I will never marry another.’ I could not say to her, Fly with me. I knew not what to say; I vowed; I pledged undying faithfulness, and laid hold on the last ray of hope. I soon after learned that De La Omo had changed his will, and cut off Lasaphene from all interest in his estate if she should ever marry

me. This I looked upon as the death-knell of all my hopes; and it was while I was writhing under my blighted prospects that Napoleon's detachment came upon me. I was at that moment fully prepared to turn my back on home and country, travel no matter where, and encounter dangers however great; so that the privations, fatigues, and perils of war were a relief to me.

"After the campaign in Italy was terminated, and Napoleon, with what remained of his army, had returned to Paris, during the truce of six months, I concluded to go back to my native country, to visit the graves of my parents, to unlock the rusty bolts of my mountain cell, and to see if any change had taken place with respect to my *flame* in the vale; for the labors and hardships of the camp had done nothing in the way of obliterating the memory of my almost adored Lasaphene. The grace and beauty of her person, her dark and flowing tresses, the smoothness of her brow and cheeks, her rosy lips, breathing eloquence, were ever before my fancy; but her large dark eyes, shaded with long and silky lashes, wet with tears as pure as the dissolving flake of mountain snow when last I saw them, appeared to be ever turned toward me, like a picture drawn with its eyes upon the artist, which always seems to be looking upon the beholder, no matter what part of the room he may occupy. This impression, more than every thing else, held my affections fixed; and if at any time my thoughts roamed too far or staid too long from the object of their attraction, when they returned again those ever-watchful eyes seemed to gather about them a shade of melancholy, which revived afresh in my heart my promise of faithfulness to Lasaphene.

"As I approached the neighborhood of that spot

where I first breathed the vital air, and looked upon the light of this sinful world, varied were the thoughts which struggled through my mind. Before me rose the dark and frowning Alps, and with my eye I could trace the valleys, gorges, passes, and rugged heights along which I tripped in my boyhood days, with my trusty rifle on my shoulder, a heart buoyant as air; and there, in lonely widowhood, stood the Alpine Hunter's hut, where I had passed so many happy nights, whistling and singing, oiling and dressing the lock and barrel of my good rifle, and molding balls for my next day's hunt; but there was no smoke curling out of its chimney, no faithful dog guarding its door; no signs of life were there; and when my eyes were turned to the mountain gorge in which slept the dust of my fond parents, the dreams of other days—of childhood and youth—returned with all the clearness of noonday reality. My father's manly form was before me; I sat again on my little chair beside my mother, and rested my head upon her knees, and felt again my mother's fingers straying through my locks, and turning aside my clustering curls, as she sang me to my evening slumbers; and then I thought of my Lasaphene, while I seemed afraid to learn any thing of her fate. These thoughts so overpowered me for a time that the soldier gave way, despondency and fear took hold upon me, and tears like rain fell from my eyes, softening my rough and war-worn cheeks. But again I saw in my imagination the ever-watchful eyes of my Lasaphene turned upon me, which seemed to say, Fear not! there is a God who guards the interest of the faithful and good—*trust him*. This was like oil on my troubled heart; and I, in part at least, dismissed my griefs, wiped away my tears, and again breathed comparatively easy.

“I was at this time approaching a small village, on the border of which lived De La Omo. It was a most lovely spot; the building itself was an ancient pile, which had long been in the family; but the chief interest of the place consisted in the groves, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, which at one time had been in a high state of improvement, but at present were a little out of repair, though yet lovely in the extreme. As I approached the village church, I saw a funeral procession moving away from it; and seeing it would cross my way, I halted. The procession was large, and among those who were slowly following the corpse, and close behind the minister of God, was one who, though deeply shaded with the weeds of mourning, in her form and gentle bearing so reminded me of my Lasaphene that I lost sight of all others present. She gave me but one short glance as she passed; and though her eyes were swollen with weeping and half closed, and seen through the dark shade of her veil, yet so powerful was the impression that my heart struggled within me and my whole frame shook. But all was yet in doubt and uncertainty. It was but a glance—I might be mistaken. In a few moments more I was at the inn, and though knowing many, was recognized by none. I was not slow in making inquiry with respect to the death which had lately taken place in the village, and learned that Sr. De La Omo had departed this life but three days before, and that the citizens were just bearing his body away to its last resting-place. I also pushed my inquiries far enough to learn that the wife and daughter yet lived, and that the daughter was still unmarried; and my informant went on to tell me that the young lady had determined never to marry; that she had at one time contracted a

passion for a young hunter, and being opposed by her father, she had discarded her lover, and that the young man became desperate, and soon after disappeared in the mountains, and had never been heard of since, and was no doubt dead; this so affected the young lady that she gave up society, and never mingled with the multitude, unless it was in divine worship; but what she might be disposed to do, now that her father was dead, he could not tell; she had had many good offers, but would not accept any of them, still preferring to remain with her parents.

“Thinking that it would be indelicate in me to call on Lasaphene until the sharp edge of her grief had worn away, I determined to avail myself of the present opportunity to visit my mountain home, and also the graves of my parents. This I took care to do alone and unattended. I first bent my steps toward my little habitation far up the cliffs. As I ascended, every rock and tree seemed to be as familiar to me as the face of an old friend. At length I laid my hand on my own key; it had lain for years in the crevice of the rock where I had deposited it the night I took my departure with the detachment of Napoleon’s soldiers. I grasped it convulsively in my hand; it was the outdoor sentinel of my humble hut, which I slowly and softly approached. I thrust the key once more into its kindred lock; the rusty bolt gratingly moved under the pressure of my hand, the door opened, a breath as cold and chill as the grave met me; I was again in my mountain home. There was my bed, just as though I had arisen from it an hour before; the cover was still tangled and thrown back as I left it when surprised by the detachment; unconsumed brands of my last fire lay upon the hearth; in fact,

every thing was found in place, except my scanty store of provisions, which had been seized upon by the mountain rats that had insinuated themselves into the room. Two objects were missing—my trusty rifle and faithful dog. My rifle, I knew not its fate, having disposed of it when I connected myself with the army; and my dog, poor fellow! followed me beyond the Alps, witnessed much of my affliction, but at last perished beside my tent in a foreign land. Poor Tabbo! I should be unkind to forget thee.

“My next visit was to the grave of my parents. I knelt at their feet and thought of by-gone days. Their repose seemed to be sweet and quiet, and my depression of spirit was not so great as I had anticipated. I wept, but my tears were not bitter; and the angel of the resurrection no doubt keeps guard over the spot. After committing myself in prayer to the God of my fathers, I bade the dust of my beloved parents adieu.

“When a reasonable length of time had elapsed after the death of De La Omo, I sought and obtained an introduction to Lasaphene, under a fictitious name, dressed in the style of a French officer; I was also wearing a large mustache, with my face much marred by the hardships of war. These things, together with the fact that I spoke to her in the French language, so completely disguised me that I was wholly unknown to her. Some changes had passed over her, but they were not so marked as I should have supposed. She wore the traces of thoughtfulness and a shade of melancholy, which made her countenance somewhat less animated than when I last saw her; but such were her grace and dignity that I could not for some moments avoid embarrassment. I spoke with her of things in general,

and indulged in easy conversation until all restraint subsided. I at length asked her if she was ever acquainted with an individual familiarly known as the Alpine Hunter. This question evidently startled her, but after a moment she collected herself, gave me a searching look, and replied that she was. I asked her what had become of him; she said she did not know. I asked if he were dead; she said the people generally supposed he was. In what manner do they suppose he came to his last end? She said that the opinions of the people were various on that subject: some supposed that he had been destroyed by an avalanche; others believed that he had missed his way in the fastnesses of the Alps, and had perished with cold or hunger; others suggested that he had fallen a prey to wild beasts; while many of the hunters are of the opinion that he is converted into some kind of apparition, and is a general patrol of the mountains, and has been seen by them, as they suppose, in various forms; sometimes he is an antelope, at other times he is an ibex; and in these forms he has been repeatedly shot at, as they say, though without the least danger of doing him any harm; others pretend to have conversed with him when he had taken on the form of a night-bird, and at eve would swoop down some mighty cliff, as the precursor of the midnight storm, giving the hunters timely notice to seek some place of shelter; and it is generally supposed by the hunters that he still occupies his mountain *cell*, as he used to call it; and though the door is always locked, they pretend to have seen him enter without unlocking it; and so general is this supposition that notwithstanding he has been gone for years, yet no one has ever attempted to force his door, or in any way to interrupt his dwelling; 'but my opin-

ion is that he left with Napoleon's army when it crossed the Alps.' This last declaration of Lasaphene astonished me, for I had neither seen nor spoken to any of my acquaintances after I was taken by the detachment, and had been so circumstanced that I could not communicate with her either by friend or letter. I at last told her that she was correct in her suspicions, that he did leave with the army, that I was well acquainted with him, and that he yet lived, and remembered her with more than the affection of a friend; at which she turned deadly pale—her whole frame seemed to be convulsed, her bosom heaved as though slumbering fires which had long been pent up within had suddenly been ignited; but soon the paleness gave way to a glow almost like that of flame, which covered her face, tears streamed from her eyes, and a rapturous smile spread over her countenance. She at last exclaimed, 'Am I awake? Is this reality, or is it a dream? shall I after awhile wake up and find this is all the mockery of a nightly vision? Am I deceived?' she said. 'O say the words to me again! *He lives; my Ultimo lives!* and thinks of me! *O tell me all; tell me now!*' I should have betrayed myself had not the agitation of Lasaphene prevented her from observing mine. I told her that it was no dream, *but reality*; and assured her that Ultimo *but waited to learn his fate from her*. She now became more collected, and related as follows: 'The Alpine Hunter I loved with all the strength of woman's love. He was noble, generous, brave, and won my love without trying to deceive; but my now sainted father interposed a barrier, and I could not disobey him. We could only vow faithfulness to each other, and leave our fortune to God and the future. My father soon after made a condition in his will

that I should be disinherited if I married without his consent; and though the property itself was not a matter of much moment, yet this act of my father showed the depth of his feeling on the subject. When this fact came to the ears of the hunter, he became desperate, and disappeared; but I never believed that he had either forgotten or abandoned me. My father seeing my faithfulness to himself, and the undying nature of my attachment before his death, relented, sent for an attorney, changed his will, making me his sole heir (save a comfortable support for my mother), introduced a new clause into his will approving of my marriage with the hunter, should he ever return, and even expressed a wish that I should recall him, if I should ever ascertain the place of his abode.' I then told her that she must not expect to find the hunter in appearance what he once was—young, fresh, buoyant, and full of life and poetry. I then described the appearance of the common soldier after the return from the campaign in Italy—worn, wasted with fatigue and hunger, and dispirited—and asked her how she would fancy such an object. 'But show me my own Ultimo,' said she, 'and any suffering through which he may have passed will but endear him to my heart.' I then promised to present her Alpine Hunter the next morning. Scarcely able to prevent detection, I tore myself away. I cut off my mustache, obtained the usual dress of the Alpine Hunter, returned the next morning alone, spoke to her in my native tongue. I was then at once recognized as her Ultimo, and also as the French officer who visited her the previous evening. I shall never attempt to describe this meeting. Our nuptials were not long delayed. I am now the thrice-happy husband of the

pure, the gentle, the faithful Lasaphene De La Omo. True to her parents, her God, and her husband, there is no withering curse of an injured father upon us. Happy in each other, blessing others, while being blest ourselves with the promise of long life before us; for those who honor their father and mother have assurance that their days shall be long in the land which the Lord God giveth them.”

1847.

BURNING OF THE YALLABUSHA.

ON the night of the 18th of January, 1848, at eleven o'clock, the steamboat Yallabusha was baring her breast to the waters of the Mississippi, on her downward trip, bound for New Orleans. She was heavily freighted with cotton, and in her cabin and on her deck carried a medium number of passengers. Her cargo was so vast that the privileges of the voyagers were greatly curtailed; they were confined to the cabin or such narrow passages as those who were engaged in putting on freight saw proper to leave for them.

The night was dark, and the cane fires which had been burning on the sugar plantations that lined the shores had expired, and no lights were to be seen save here and there the dim flickering of the wood-yard lanterns.

The passengers had ceased to promenade the cabin, the cheery song of the deckers had died away, and the merry romp and playful gambols of the children were all suspended for the night; and father, mother, and child had all turned in, as a sailor would say, to take refreshment in sleep—all retiring with the expectation that early on the next morning the apparently weary

boat would be brought to rest in her berth at the wharf in New Orleans, some of them to see for the first time, and others to look again upon, the busy mart of the Crescent City.

All on board was hushed and still, as if that life which filled the boat a few hours before had been suddenly quenched by the darkness of the tomb. The pilot stood at the wheel, with his spray-cap upon his head, and his pilot-coat drawn close about him, his practiced eye peering ahead, while he was swaying his massy charge to the right and left as the current would indicate; while the officer on watch stood alone, like a neglected stranger, upon the boiler-deck beside one of the chimneys, looking out in order that he might descry in time any weaker craft, so that they should not impose upon any fellow-traveler, as well as to keep themselves out of harm's way; while the weary engineer sat beside his faithful engine in sullen silence, with his half slumbering ear still open toward the pilot's bell, so as to attend at a moment's warning to the wishes of the man at the wheel; and the night-watch, with his leaded lantern, had just made his round, extinguishing any spark that had fallen upon the decks or elsewhere, which seemed to be too full of life, and possibly was just pronouncing to himself, "All's well," when suddenly the flames burst through the cabin-floor in and about the clerk's office, the fire having been occasioned, no doubt, by the great heat of the boilers extending to the cotton-bags in their immediate vicinity, these probably being ignited by some wandering spark. The flames shot forth almost as suddenly as if from gunpowder. Instantly the cry "Fire! fire!"—the most terrific of all cries to those aboard of any kind of floating craft—rang throughout the boat. One

minute more, and all hope of extinguishing the flames was at an end; for the already heated thin pine boards, dry as tinder, burned like so many broom-straws fanned by a breeze, while all that kind of alarm and confusion which always exists where a number of persons—men, women, and children—are thrown together in the midst of deadly peril, now filled the boat.

Let me say to the reader that while all the circumstances which follow occurred in a few short minutes, yet we shall have to take them up and notice them one at a time.

As soon as the fire was discovered, the man at the wheel turned the boat to the shore, and I believe never left his post until his wheel-ropes burned in two; but this did not occur until the bow of the boat struck the bottom near the bank. The passengers who occupied the gentlemen's cabin were able to roll themselves from their berths in time to pass the flames, which were already raging in the social hall—and gain the boiler-deck, and then the fore-castle, so that as soon as the boat struck, they threw themselves over the bow into the water, where a few steps brought them upon dry land.

One fact worthy of particular notice occurs here. Colonel S., one of the cabin passengers, laid hold on one of the large cables which lay on the fore-castle, and with its end upon his shoulder plunged into the water, and by an extraordinary exertion was enabled to reach the land; then being assisted by others who had made the shore by this time, they carried the cable up the bank, and made it fast to a tree; but from the alarm and confusion among the boat-hands they failed to make the cable fast to the boat, which fact was not discovered until it was too late.

We will now conduct the reader to the ladies' cabin, where every eye is sure to turn on such an occasion. There were Judge M., wife, and two children; the Rev. Mr. P., wife, and two children; Mr. R. (merchant), wife, and child; with several others, and servants. As soon as the alarm of fire was given all seemed to regard the bow of the boat, or fore-castle, as the safest point, which was no doubt a correct view. Judge M., the Rev. Mr. P., and families, were in a minute together in the ladies' cabin; Judge M. went forward, leaving his wife and children, to see if there was any chance for them to reach the bow of the boat. The Rev. Mr. P., with a child at each hand, and, as he supposed, his wife, followed Judge M. to the boiler-deck; but it was with considerable difficulty that they were enabled to pass the raging flames in the social hall. When they had reached the boiler-deck, Judge M. said, "I must return after my family." At this moment the Rev. Mr. P. discovered that his wife had failed to follow him, and he, too, with his children, undertook to return and join the wife and mother, and all be saved or perish together. Judge M. was a little in advance of Mr. P. and his children. When he reached the social hall such was the increase of the flames that to pass them seemed next to impossible; but he rushed forward, and would have fallen and perished in the suffocating flames, but for the fact that he caught upon a table which was sitting in the cabin, by which he sustained himself until he passed the most difficult point, and was enabled to join his family in the ladies' cabin. The last account from the Rev. Mr. P. and his children is given by Judge M., who states that when passing the flames in the social hall, he heard close behind him the complainings of the children, and the thick, heavy

breathings of Mr. P. There the father and children no doubt perished.

After Judge M. had rejoined his family, as it was now impossible for them to reach the bow of the boat, and as the flames were searching the cabins fore and aft, they fled first to the guards, but were very soon driven from that point to the top of the wheel-house. The engine had to be kept in motion until the boat could be brought to, by which time the flames became so furious in the engine-room that the engineer was driven from his post, and it was now impossible for him to stop the motion of the machinery; and as the cable had not been made fast to the boat, as soon as the current drifted the stern around, the bow rounded out, and the boat, like some fearful monster maddened by the flames, drove with dreadful fury for the middle of the stream. This, as said by one on board, was an awful moment. One-half of the passengers were yet on the boat, being driven from place to place by the pursuing flames. In a few moments more, should they escape the flames, they would be so far from shore that they must perish by the flood. At this dreadful crisis a wail rang out from those on board, which, could you have heard, would for the time have stopped the blood in your veins. This was answered by a wild shout from those on the bank, "*Jump in! jump overboard!*" The raging fire had now turned the darkness of midnight into the brightness of noonday. Judge M., his delicate and feeble wife, and two little sons, were still standing on the top of the wheel-house, some twelve or fifteen feet from the water—the flames scorching them, and the boat madly tearing away from the shore. At this moment Colonel S., who stood in the water near the shore, cried out to

Mrs. M. to throw herself into the water and she should not perish. The Judge, who stood by her side with a child at each hand, said to her with the voice of authority, "Jump, jump this moment!" As the words passed his lips she leaped, and the Judge followed with his two children. Just as they reached the water, a heavy trunk fell from above upon Judge M.'s left arm, wounding it considerably. The blow loosened the child at his left-hand from his grasp, and it was never after recovered. He made for the shore as best he could with one crippled arm, and a child at the hand of the other. When he had gotten within some eight or ten feet of the shore he gave his child a shove on the waves toward the bank, leaving it to be caught and made safe by others, and returned to the rescue of his wife. Colonel S., as soon as he saw Mrs. M. leap from the boat, plunged in to her aid, and they were struggling together in the water, the Colonel gaining slowly upon the shore, and would likely have made it with his charge unaided, for he was a man of brave and daring spirit, and perfectly at himself; but they were soon joined by Judge M., who gave them his aid, and in a few moments more they were at the river bank.

Mrs. P., in the meantime, had been crowded off the boat; and as Mr. N. was swimming toward the shore he saw something rise in the water near him, which he laid hold upon and carried to the bank. It proved to be the now lonely, disconsolate, miserable Mrs. P., her husband and children being lost.

But the reader is ready to ask, What has become of Mr. R., wife, and child? We will now point them out to you. Mr. R. is young, generous, brave; his wife a mere blooming girl; their child, little Willie, the life

of the boat, two years old, with his bright face and large, laughing blue eyes. See them yonder at the stern of the boat, aft of the ladies' cabin. As the boat rounded out Mr. R. saw that all hope of safety was at an end if they remained longer on board; so he took his young wife with one hand, and little Willie with the other, climbed to the top of the guards aft, and they threw themselves overboard. Here let Mr. R. himself relate: "We all sank together; having both my hands encumbered I was unable to keep to the top while we were whirling and struggling through the water. I saw at once that one of my charges must be abandoned, or in a few moments all would be in eternity together. A single thought, and my selection was made—I let my sweet, laughing Willie go, or rather, unloosed his grasp upon me. Then by the use of my feet and one hand, I was enabled to rise to the top, and the fearful waves, which one might suppose would greatly increase the danger of drowning of those who had dropped overboard, were a God-send, for they carried us toward the shore."

About the time that Mr. R., wife, and child, went overboard, one of the officers of the ill-fated steamer—if I mistake not, an engineer—who had for a time taken shelter in the steps of the boat, finding that he could not render relief to any one by remaining longer on board, and that every moment increased his own danger, threw himself into the river, and was making for the shore a little below where Mr. R. and his wife had reached it. As he swam through the water he saw something rise to the surface, which he laid hold of and bore to the shore. It proved to be a child, but whose he did not know. He carried it up the bank. The child soon discharged the water it had swallowed,

and recovered from its strangling; when the engineer gave it in charge of some persons who had by this time reached the bank, and for a time thought no more about it, but went to see if there was any other person to whom he could give assistance. Mr. R. and wife were yet near the water's edge, and the young mother in the deepest anguish about her lost Willie; while her husband would tell her that she ought to thank God that any of them were saved, and that Willie was better prepared to die than they were. This she would acknowledge, but still she would call her Willie with the most imploring and despairing tones, as though she would arouse him from the deep, where she now supposed him buried; and again she would shriek, as though a dagger was piercing her heart, and cry out, "O Willie! Willie! how can I give you up? how can I leave you here?"

At length it was stated by some one that there was a child on the bank, and that they did not know whose it was. At this Mr. R. and wife, aided by some friends, climbed up the bank, when, meeting the child, who should it be but Willie? who made himself known by saying, "Ma, you're wet; and I'm wet, too, ma!" To have seen that mother, as she held him in her arms, ran her fingers through his wet locks, and pressed him to her grateful heart, would have brought tears to the eyes of a savage.

There were twenty-seven or twenty-eight who never reached the shore, but perished either by the flames or the flood.

The boat drove wildly through the water until the machinery gave way and stood still, then the flaming mass drifted with the current, till it was lashed to a passing boat, towed to the shore, and made fast; but

as though destruction claimed her own to the last, the flames continued to rage, and the boat burned to the water's edge, and at last filled and sank to the common grave of western steamers, the bed of the Mississippi River.

1848.

AN ARKANSAS STORY.

WHILE the world concedes to literature, civilization, and morals their just claims, it has withheld from the Bible and the religion of Christ their dues. The Bible is neglected, while the works of a day are introduced as the parlor book, and true piety is not thought to be a becoming subject of conversation for genteel persons in a polite circle. But, notwithstanding all this, once in awhile a full and frank acknowledgment of the superiority of the claims of Christianity is met with, fresh from the lips of men of the world. I am sorry to say, however, that it too often requires the hand of affliction, the prospect of danger, or the near approach of death, to induce them to make this honest confession. Some of these acknowledgments I have heard and treasured up; and the story I am about to relate is, at least in part, connected with such an acknowledgment.

About eighteen years ago, we descended the Mississippi in one of the largest steamers of that day, and while the hold, guards, and decks were crowded with cotton bales, the cabin was filled with passengers; and though the company was a mixed one, yet it differed widely from the multitudes one meets with on a steamboat at the present day. Among all the passengers on board, I do not think there was one who had shipped

merely on a trip of pleasure; all were on business. The cost of traveling was then too great to make pleasure-trips; from Louisville or Nashville to New Orleans the fare was forty dollars, and fifty dollars back. We had on board cotton and sugar planters, on their way to their plantations, land speculators, professional men, each on business in his line, while others were looking for a new home; and among the rest was an aged and venerable minister of the gospel (Bishop McKendree), on his way to visit the Churches in the South, and to escape from the severity of a more northern climate. As our passage was a protracted one, the subjects of conversation were various and interesting; for there were on board men of more than ordinary talents, from almost every station in life. Yet religion did not become a subject of general conversation until Sabbath-day came, to pass which as agreeably as possible (as all games and amusements had to be suspended) it was determined by the cabin passengers that the aged minister should be called on to give them a sermon; which he readily consented to do. The captain had every thing put in order, and all the unemployed persons about the boat summoned to the cabin, who, with the passengers, made quite a respectable congregation.

I shall long remember the appearance of this venerable man of God at the moment he arose from his chair to commence the service, and the first sentence that fell from his lips. Though his locks were whitened with the frost of years, and he stood trembling under the weight of age and infirmity, yet there was about him the cheerfulness of youth, and a benignant smile—the result of conscious innocence—played upon his countenance. He took a slight survey of his audience, and commenced by saying, “My time has come now;”

and well did he improve it. He read a psalm, made a short but comprehensive prayer, and then took for his text Eccles. xii. 13, 14: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

He proceeded to show man's accountability to God, and that his whole duty could never be considered attended to until God was loved supremely, and all his commandments kept; and that an immortal being, launched upon the wide ocean of eternal existence, could expect nothing better than wreck and ruin, unless he had laid in stores, and made his reckonings for the harbor of eternal rest at God's right-hand; and that we cannot come to safe moorings there without first passing the straits of the bar of Almighty God; that abundance of grace would be found necessary as our ship-stores, and the word of God as our chart and compass. As he proceeded with his discourse, every one present seemed to feel the force and eloquence of truth.

When the service was concluded, the hour of dining past, and the preacher had retired to his state-room, as the weather was cool, we were driven in close community around the stove, and a general conversation ensued on the subject of religion, in which the writer acted the *important* part of listener. All agreed that the sermon we had just heard was an able one, and that the minister was a man of fine sense and taste, and great sweetness of spirit. At length the question was raised whether religion consisted in education, a rigid course of moral training, or a divine principle. The ground was soon taken that it was nothing more than good morals, reduced to a system and acted out in the

affairs of life. While this view was gaining a more general assent within the circle than one would have supposed, considering the character of the sermon to which we had just been listening, it was at last objected to by one who was to a considerable extent the master-spirit of the party—an old and able lawyer, a man of general information.

He began by saying, "Gentlemen, you may rest assured of the fact that there is something more in religion than good morals. I am no professor; but you may depend upon it, there is a reality, a supernatural something in religion, and at times we are compelled, all of us, to acknowledge it. Let me give you," said he, "one single instance in my experience. Some time ago I was traveling through the Territory of Arkansas, and one day, after I had got beyond the settlements, I journeyed on the entire after part of the day without seeing any human habitation, or living being of whom to inquire with respect to whether I was in the right path or the wrong one, until my loneliness became oppressive. As evening drew near, I became anxious about what was to become of me during the night. I thought I was drawing near the great swamp bordering the Mississippi, but did not know whether I should find any house before I reached it or not. As I was alone and a stranger, I felt my situation to be more helpless and dependent than usual; but it so happened that between sunset and dark I came up to a small but rather comfortable-looking new cabin, by the way-side, set down in the midst of an unbroken forest, which looked almost like the work of magic. I rode up to it, and called; a lady soon presented herself at the door; I claimed the hospitalities generally extended to travelers in the frontier settlements. She

told me that I was welcome to stay, if I could put up with such fare as they were able to give me. I thanked her, and at once dismounted from my tired horse. She then went on to tell me that her husband had *just walked out*, but would be in directly; that I could let my horse stand till his return, or put him up myself, just as I liked—telling me, at the same time, where I would find a little corn, which I could give him. I put up my horse, fed him, returned to the house, and called for something to eat. She invited me to be seated, while she proceeded to prepare supper. The house consisted of two pens, with a partition-wall between; in one of these I took my seat, while the lady of the house was busy in the other, preparing supper. There I sat, alone, by a small fire, which was kindled mainly to drive away the mosquitoes, as the weather was warm. At length night—dark, heavy night—came on; and night means something in the swamps of the Mississippi.

“I thought of my home—from which I had been absent for months—of wife and children, and knew not what strange work disease and death might have done in my absence. My thoughts then turned upon my own situation. I was in the wildest spot of the waste portions of Arkansas; and, though weary with travel, there was still a considerable journey before me. At length the darkness of the night, like a sable curtain, closed in around me, as black as ink, while the owls commenced a hobgoblin-like serenade; and, of all sounds in the world, their hooting is to me the most hateful and lonely. Having learned, when a boy, that the Indians, when at war with the whites, were in the habit of using the complaining cry of the owl as their signal when about to make an attack upon the habita-

tion of the white man from different directions, I never hear its cry but it seems to me that it is the precursor of some secret enemy.

“Suddenly the thought came to my mind, Where can the man of the house be? *‘Just walked out!’*—so said his wife. He could not have gone to visit a neighbor; for there was no neighbor to visit. He could not be hunting; the darkness of the night forbids that. What can he be after? This question I turned over in my mind again and again. At length the impression got hold upon me that his absence was, in some way or other, ominous of evil to me; and it was so strong that, in despite of me, I became alarmed. Then I remembered that I was in the very region of country supposed to be infested with robbers, murderers, and runaways, and could not avoid running over in my mind the many horrid accounts which I had heard of murder and violence, the scenes of which had been laid in this country—all of which was calculated to increase my alarm, until my fears were fully and fairly upon me. I thought of defense; but that was out of the question, for I had no weapons, as I had never carried any thing in the shape of arms larger than a pocket-knife; so that my head did not feel so safe upon my shoulders as it did an hour before; and I could not avoid asking myself the question, What object could any man have in settling in such a place as this?—on one side, a swamp thirty miles wide, and on the other nothing but an unbroken forest for about the same distance, surrounded by wild beasts and poisonous serpents, and nearly devoured by mosquitoes. There is no farm here—no garden. How does the man live? What is his occupation? In answer to these questions, with the views and feelings which I then had, I came to the judgment that he was a robber,

and that I was in a robber's den; and the only way in which I could account for his absence was, that I had been discovered by him during the evening as I journeyed alone, and that he was out somewhere, probably not far distant, in conclave with his clan, perfecting their plan of operation for my destruction. I expected, on the return of this man to his house, to find in him the personification of bloodshed and murder. At length the sound of heavy footsteps fell on my ear; a moment more, a tall, fierce-looking man presented himself at the door, and, with a gruff, coarse voice, that seemed almost to chill me, said, 'Good-evening, sir.' He was dressed in Kentucky jeans coat and pantaloons, without vest or cravat. His hair was black, and inclined to curl, with a rather heavy pair of whiskers. As he entered the door he dropped upon his arm an immensely long rifle, and I noticed a tremendous knife attached to the strap which sustained his shot-pouch. He placed his gun upon its rack, hung up his pouch, took his seat, and sat for some minutes perfectly silent, during which time I observed him attentively, and judged him to be a man of prodigious strength; and while I viewed his large, bony, sunburnt hands, with his long nails, I could but think of the talons of some ancient bird of prey, and imagined that I could almost see the remains of the stains of blood upon them. 'And you are a robber,' thought I, 'and look just as I should suppose a robber would look.' At this moment another member of the family, whom I had not before seen, presented herself—a little girl about ten years of age, who proved to be the only child. She was evidently doted on by her father, and came in for his caresses; and I am not mistaken when I say that she was beautiful and neatly dressed. And when I saw her leaning on her father's

shoulders, and running her fingers through his hair, and heard him speak to her in a subdued tone of voice, and with a smile upon his countenance, the thought came up, Can a robber love? and then I pitied the child, that she should be known as the daughter of a robber. Soon after, we were invited into the other room to supper. I had approached the table and just taken my seat; but seeing the little girl opposite to me hesitate before she would sit down, and directing her eye toward her father at the foot of the table, I turned my attention that way, when, to my utter astonishment, there was the man, whom up to that moment I had looked upon as a highway robber, with his eyes closed and his hands uplifted, just in the act of commencing to ask God to bless us, and the provision before us to our good! For a moment I could scarcely believe my own senses; I looked again, and either my optics or the man himself had undergone a most astonishing change. His countenance was open, honest, frank; his eyes were calm and benignant; and when he spoke to me and said, 'Now, do help yourself to any thing which you see before you,' his voice seemed as the voice of a friend, and its tones were those of confidence and kindness, and my appetite, which had given way under my apprehensions of evil, was instantly restored, and I partook bountifully of the provisions of the table, which, every thing considered, were remarkably good. The Lord knows that was the greatest blessing I ever heard.

"After supper we joined in familiar conversation, and I found him to be a man of good natural mind and general information. He told me that he had but a short time previous emigrated from the State of Kentucky, where he was a member of the Methodist

Church, and I think he said he was a class-leader; that he had settled at the place where he then lived in order to superintend the opening of a road through the swamp, which work was soon to commence. He in turn learned from me that I had a wife and children at home, from whom I had been separated for months. In fact, I told him all about myself, for he really felt to me almost like a brother.

“At length he observed that he supposed I was weary, and wished to retire to rest, but went on to say that it was his custom to pray night and morning in his little family, but that I could retire at once, or remain till after prayer. I had gained too much by a *blessing* to deny myself the benefit of a *prayer*. He read a portion of Scripture, and we all bowed down together, and I at least, for once in my life, got upon my knees with a right good grace.

“And while he prayed to Almighty God to bless the weary traveler who was under his roof, to preserve his life and health, and bring him in safety to the bosom of his family, and that his wife and little ones might be kept in peace against his coming—if I were to say, gentlemen, that my eyes grew more moist than usual, I should tell no lie; in fact, I wept freely, and larger, purer tears never fell from my eyes. Gentlemen, there is a reality in religion, and it is useless to deny it; for, after all the fear and dreadful apprehensions of evil with which I had been troubled during the evening, Napoleon’s army in its glory could not have made me feel so safe and secure during the night as did the blessing and prayer of that man; and there are moments that come up in the history of every man, in which the claims of Christianity are felt, whether acknowledged or not.”

From the conclusion to which he came—that there is a reality in the Christian religion, and that it was useless to deny it—I was pleased to find that there was not one present disposed to dissent.

1848.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THERE is no small difficulty in obtaining correct information as to those things that make up the true character of Indians. They are secretive, distrustful, and, in the presence of strangers, generally silent; so that, by traveling through a tribe, very little information can be obtained. Those only are prepared to gain a correct knowledge of Indian character who have become identified with them, and lived a sufficient length of time with a tribe to enable them to observe their peculiar customs and habits at different seasons of the year.

The legend to which I shall direct the attention of the reader is intimately connected with a pastime which used to be more common among the aborigines of this country than at present. It was the only kind of gambling that I observed in the tribes with which I have been acquainted—"the ball-play." It is not only a game of hazard, but a sport of the most manly character. The play is not of frequent occurrence, but when it does come off, it always produces considerable excitement, sometimes being the occasion of the assemblage of thousands of persons. I will attempt a description of these plays, numbers of which I have witnessed.

The contending parties always consist of twelve on a side—twenty-four in all; chosen men, selected from

among the most athletic in the nation. Each side is headed by one who is captain, or principal man. The ball used on such occasions is generally made of the common spunk obtained from the knots of trees, or some soft, dry root, rounded; and in either case it is always covered with dressed buckskin, and about the size of a walnut with the hull on. The ball is never to be touched with the hands, but is caught, held, and thrown with a set of sticks made expressly for the purpose. The ball-stick is made in the following manner: A piece of tough wood about six feet long and near the size of a walking-stick is selected; midway of the stick it is reduced to about one-half the size of the ends, then bent until these ends are brought together, forming a bowl, or something in shape like the bowl of a spoon. The two ends are wrapped together from the bowl with a leather string, so as to form a handle; the bowl being made by fastening buckskin strings to the wood, and crossing each other, forming small meshes, and left loose so as to bag a little. The ball-stick when finished, may be compared to a spoon, with a handle nearly three feet long and a bowl about the size of a man's hand. Each man has two sticks—one in each hand.

When the surface of the land is suitable, the playground is generally laid off from east to west, and four poles are placed from a quarter to half a mile from each other. The two poles at each end of the playground are set up about twenty paces apart, and the ball has to pass between them for each count of one in the game. Across the center of the ground a line is drawn; the players who wish to drive the ball between the western poles taking their position about twenty yards east of this line, while their contestants occupy

a like stand on the opposite side. When the two captains take their position at the division line the ball is placed upon the ground on this center line. It is then taken up by one of these captains, with his sticks, and thrown up thirty or forty feet; which is the signal for the opening of the game. As the ball descends these two leaders contend for it, each bounding as high as he can to catch it in its descent; their sticks rattling and cracking together in the contest. When these captains are about equally matched in strength and expertness in the game, the struggle may be long and fierce, and is continued until both become exhausted, before getting the ball started toward either of the poles. At other times the ball is caught in its descent, and hurled with great rapidity toward the poles; but no matter what direction it takes, it is to meet the opposition of eleven players who have taken their stand in that direction, by one of whom it is sure to be caught and hurled back; and I have seen it pass back and forth in this way for minutes together. At other times I have seen the whole twenty-four contending pell-mell together for several seconds, while a spectator could not tell where the ball was. Again, I have seen the whole party take a right-angular direction to the poles, in consequence of the hand being interrupted at the moment of throwing the ball, and thus work away until they were entirely without the limits of the playground and had to be recalled by the judges.

There is no time for resting from the moment the ball is thrown up at the center line until it passes between the poles at one or the other end of the grounds, unless the judges call them off for recess; and never have I seen human beings so much fatigued as at the end of one of these strains.

One thing extremely objectionable in these plays is this: Any one of the party is allowed to "double up" his antagonist, notwithstanding they are not permitted to strike, scratch, or bruise each other in any way; yet the practice they have of doubling each other is very injurious, and is done in the following manner: One will catch his antagonist, throw him upon his back, take him by the feet, elevate them, and press his head and shoulders upon the ground until the poor fellow is disabled in the back. This practice results sometimes in rendering the player so utterly helpless that he has to be carried off the grounds.

The only clothing worn in a ball-play is the belt, with a piece of some kind of goods about eighteen inches square appended in front; but they generally come out of these games, so far as clothing is concerned, about as they came into the world.

There are always in reserve the same number that are engaged in the play, so that when one is disabled another may take his place, and thus the full number of twenty-four be kept up. There are two sets of judges—six for and six against, who take their positions at the poles at each end of the ground. The ball has to pass twelve times between the same poles before the game is finished.

The following is the legend to which I wish to direct the attention of the reader: Long ago the Shawnees and Osages were neighbors, and were decidedly two of the most powerful tribes in all the West, both as warriors and hunters. The line dividing these two nations, according to tradition, was somewhere about the Platte River. These two tribes agreed to meet in a national ball-play. The stakes were a strip of country bordering on the line, the whole length of the line,

and a day's journey in width, which is about twelve miles. The reader may think it strange that a day's journey among the Indians is so short a distance, when it is known that an Indian can travel from forty to fifty miles in a day. An ordinary day's journey is the distance that a hunting-party will travel in a day with their wives, children, and luggage, which will range from ten to fifteen miles. They seldom make more than one *stage* in the day, and being naturally indolent, they are certain to stop as soon as they become tired; and wherever an Indian pitches his tent he will spend at least one night.

This national ball-play was an occasion of no common interest; no doubt a great proportion of both nations was present, and possibly thousands from neighboring tribes were also in attendance. The poles were the distance of four arrow-shots apart. An arrow-shot is about four hundred yards, if the hunting-bow is meant, and about two hundred with the war-bow. The war-bow is sprung by the hand alone, consequently it has not more than half the force of the hunting-bow, which requires the strength of the hands and the feet; the Indian, sitting upon the ground, placing his feet against the bow, takes hold of the string with both hands at the point where the arrow is applied, so that the strength of the whole body is employed in springing the bow. The genuine Indian hunting-bow is, therefore, an instrument of prodigious power, with which they are able to shoot an arrow entirely through a buffalo at the distance of a hundred yards. As it is most likely that the hunting-bow is meant, the distance must have been about one mile. The game is said to have lasted a moon and a day, and the prize to have been won by the Osages.

In the portion of country won by the Osages there was buried the mother of the chief of the Shawnee nation, and with her much of her wealth, such as embroidered leather and wampum, the latter being nothing more nor less than beads—no matter what they are composed of—and such pearl as they were able to obtain from shells. The Shawnee chief no doubt often thought that if the Osages knew of the valuables which were buried with his mother they would disinter her for the purpose of obtaining them.

This chief awoke one morning and sat upon his mat and wept. All knew that he was in deep sorrow, for tears are not often shed by an Indian chief; yet no one spoke to him or asked any question in regard to his distress, for it is the custom among Indians not to annoy any one with questions at such a time. He continued fasting and weeping until about sunset, when he issued an order for the assembling of the men of the lodges in his immediate neighborhood, to whom he distributed the wampum of war, which is a string of beads stained with blood.

When a chief puts the wampum of war into the hands of a warrior for distribution, there is no time to be lost. If he should be found closing the eyes of his dying father, or taking a bride, no matter, he must go, and go instantly. Mountains and rivers may be in his way, still the dispatch has to go, and the message put into his hands always states the names and the numbers of the chiefs to be visited.

In three days there was a sufficient number of chiefs assembled to hold a council of war. They came and took their seats around the afflicted chief, and sat in profound silence like the comforters of old who came to condole with Job. After sitting thus for one day

looking upon each other, the disconsolate chief at last made signs for his pipe, which was lighted and handed him. He took a few whiffs, started it around the circle, and then broke the long silence by saying:

“Five nights ago, when deep sleep was upon me, my mother came to me wet with the dews of the night, and told me that the Osages had driven her from her resting-place and robbed her of her treasures, and that she would never rest again until she was avenged upon her enemies. I tried to awake, but could not! My mother seemed grieved that I did not arouse, and upbraided me for sleeping, while she had no place to rest her head, but, like a wild beast, had to roam about the woods without a shelter; and she then asked me if I had forgotten the paps that gave me suck, the arms in which I was so often embraced, and the hands which directed my steps in early childhood. Again I tried to awake, but could not; my sleep seemed heavy—like the sleep of a stone. Then my mother came nearer and leaned over me, and, looking down upon me with tears in her old eyes, laid her cold, damp hand upon my arm—the touch was like that of frost; and the tears from her eyes which fell upon me were freezing cold. The blood in my veins all got chilly and ran back upon my heart, and, thinking I was dying, I made a mighty struggle and sprang from my bed. Taking me by the hand, my mother led me to see what the enemy had done to her. It was winter—there was much snow on the ground. We went over mountains and wide prairies; the wind roared around me so that I could scarcely hear any thing; while she carried me so fast I could not see any thing clearly until I got to her grave. I found it uncovered, and all the treasures gone. My heart got sick, and I began to weep.

My mother said to me, 'Are you not a man, a warrior? why should you weep? yonder is the enemy; go and punish him!' I looked, and saw the Osages dancing and singing, wearing the jewels of my mother. In a moment the coldness passed off, I grew hot, my spirit beat high within my whole body, I became strong, and, bounding forward to rush upon the enemy, awoke."

At this one of the chiefs sprang to his feet and said he felt the pulses beating in his bow; and that it was getting so strong that unless he shot an arrow it would break the string; another declared that his war-club was struggling so beneath his belt that he had to hold it by both hands to keep it from jumping out; while a third stated that his arrow-head was burning at such a rate with thirst for blood that it was red-hot. This was followed by a general war-whoop; and in seven days they were down upon the Osages like a thunder-clap, and a war commenced which lasted a hundred years.

This legend, if true, shows what small matters may give rise to a long and bloody war; and I doubt not that there was some original fact which gave rise to it, from the uniform manner in which the story is told by Indians of different tribes. It is very evident that the Shawnees have long been accustomed to the art of war, from the fact that the very first thing a Shawnee mother teaches her infant son is, that he is to be a warrior and a chief; so that the Shawnees are a nation of chiefs; and it is a singular fact that for the last hundred years or more, whenever two Indian tribes have been at war, Shawnee chiefs have led their warriors to battle on both sides. War seems to be their trade, and they work wherever they can get a job; and at one time no kind of death was considered honorable by a

Shawnee but that of being killed in battle. What a poor creature is man when left to the dictates of nature! and behold "how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

1847.

A WESTERN STORY.

GEORGIA is one of the warm, cotton-producing States, the white population of which fill the offices in Church and State, and transact the mercantile business of the country.

Mr. Henry Lossley was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was reared among Southern planters, and received a fair education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months at the house of N., in the town of A. In the nineteenth year of his age he became attached to Miss Mary Lansing—a lady of some accomplishments and great personal beauty, but whose patrimony was small. Mr. Lossley and Miss Lansing were frequently in each other's company, and every time they met their mutual fondness increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify a connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, until at length, finding it impossible for them to be happy unless in each other's society, they determined to cast their lot together; and if they should not be able to move through life in the style they would wish, at all events they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most sacred and endearing that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not feel

sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by actual labor; and it was also certain that in that country they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence and be without a permanent home; and these conditions of life they were not willing to endure. It was thought best that Mr. Lossley should travel into a new country, purchase a piece of land, make some improvements on it, and then return to conduct his companion to their new home. Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their minds. The husband had his fears lest he should fail to obtain a pleasant home for the beloved one whom he was about to leave behind; and the wife already began to count the months, the weeks, and even the days, she should be left, as it were, alone in the world; while, on the other hand, they both looked forward to the time when, in a new country, growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength, they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr. Lossley, after embracing his best of all earthly friends, gave the parting hand, and commenced his journey, not knowing certainly whither he was going. He went to the State of Kentucky, and was about contracting for a piece of land, in the neighborhood of where the town of H. now stands, when he availed himself of an opportunity of writing a few lines to his wife, to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the hands of the beloved object for whom it was intended, but fell into the hands of one whose name will be "revealed in that day." Suffice it to say, there was one with whom Mr. Lossley had been a competitor. An answer came, not from Mrs.

Lossley, but apparently from her father, with whom she remained during her husband's absence. O horrid letter! never shall its language be forgotten:

"Dear Son: Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation called every person who was in attendance upon her and came to visit her, 'Henry!' A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one desire to live, which was to see you; and her last sentence was, 'O my dear Henry! and shall I see him no more in this life?' and breathed her last."

On the reception of this letter Mr. Lossley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on so painful a subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—and had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to bear his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the fair face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not endure; and having left but little behind save his companion that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to locate himself; and finding that he could better sustain his grief by traveling than in any other way, he wandered off, without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the Lead Mines in Missouri; but he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest. So he joined himself to a

company of fur-traders, and shaped his course for the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night—a duty which was performed by each man in his turn—and for some time Lossley volunteered his services every night; so that while his companions were asleep he would look on the moon and stars that once shone on him and his fair one leaning on his arm, when they used to take their evening excursions. The scream of the panther did not disturb him, while for the lamentations of the owl he had a particular fondness; and for months rarely did he depart from a camping-place without leaving the letters “M. L.” on one of the previously unscarred trees of the forest.

He remained nearly two years among the Northwestern Indians. The hardships he endured, and the dangers through which he passed, had a tendency to divert his mind from former sorrows, and the females that he sometimes looked upon were so unlike his Mary that by the time he returned to Missouri he had in some degree regained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the settlements, where he again beheld fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed glory returned. The roll of years, however, wore away his grief; and at last finding an object upon whom he could place his affections, he again entered into a married connection. From the time that he left his companion in Georgia until he married his second wife was about five years.

But what shall we say of Mrs. Lossley? for, strange to tell, she yet lived. Weeks, months, and years had rolled by, but had brought no tidings of her absent husband. Post-offices were examined, but no letter came; his name was looked for in the public prints, but

could not be found; travelers were inquired of, but to no avail—not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways. At one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream in which he had been drowned while attempting to cross; again she could see him in some lonely spot, murdered by robbers or destroyed by Indian violence; and at other times she saw him languish on some foreign bed, and after a lingering illness fall into an obscure grave among strangers. A thousand times she looked out the way she saw him depart, and mourned him dead till time had dried away her tears.

After the lapse of more than seven years from the departure of Mr. Lossley, Mr. Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs. Lossley; and as it was firmly believed by herself and friends that Mr. Lossley was dead, and Mr. Starks being a gentleman worthy of her, she accepted the offer, and they were married.

At this time Mr. Lossley was living with his second wife in the State of Missouri, where he continued to live for nearly eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage his second wife died, and he was left with two children—a son and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest, and took charge of her father's house; but in little more than three years after the death of her mother she married, and removed to North Alabama, and her father and little brother went with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Starks had lost her husband and father, and having but one child—a little daughter—she also removed to North Alabama, to live with an aged uncle, who resided in that part of the country; so that Mr. Lossley and Mrs. Starks became neighbors,

and they again became acquainted with each other as Col. Lossley (this title he had obtained while among the fur-traders) and Mrs. Starks. They soon formed a friendship for each other, and Col. Lossley eventually offered her his hand in marriage, which she accepted. It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they both took great care never to mention any circumstance connected with their first marriage, and both passed for having been married but once. They had been so very cautious on this subject that not the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized.

Perhaps the sacred font of their former sorrows was too deeply sealed to be readily broken up again by either of them.

The night before marriage, as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be a little frightened on the next evening, adding, "With me, the older the worse; for when I was married the first time I was not so much embarrassed as when I was married last." To which Mrs. Starks replied, "You have been married *twice*, it seems." The Colonel tried at first to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do; and knowing it would have to come out, soon or late, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage, giving names and dates. This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. He said that his long-lost Mary was never out of his mind for one hour at a time, and cited the fact that he often spoke of her to those who had never heard of her, and could not enter into the conversation with him. He went on to state that she was his Rachel—his first choice—the

companion of his youth; having taken hold upon his affections at such an early age, the impression was indelible, and the memory of her name never could be erased from his mind. "And though," said he, "I have passed through the town, the country, the wilderness, through winter, through summer, amid friends and foes, through health and afflictions, through smiles and frowns, yet I have ever borne painted upon my imagination the image of my beloved Mary." Here the tears began to gather in the eyes of the Colonel, and for a few moments a death-like stillness prevailed. At length, looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the story he had been relating. He then broke the silence by saying, "You must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth." While he was uttering this sentence, Mrs. Starks swooned away, and would have fallen from her seat had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this death-like state many were the reflections which passed through the mind of Col. Lossley, especially the thought that as he had for a time kept this secret from her, and had at last divulged it without intending to do so, it might have a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or cause her to fear that his affections were so much placed upon the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to love her as he ought. This and many other thoughts rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the return of the power of utterance to Mrs. Starks to hear her renounce him forever. But, O how groundless were his fears! No sooner was she aroused from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck, and, resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child, crying out, "O my hus-

band! my husband!" The Colonel, much astonished, rather hastily inquired what she meant. With her hands still resting on his shoulders, with a countenance beaming with joy and suffused with tears, and with a half-choked utterance, she exclaimed, "I am your Mary, your long-lost Mary! and you are my Henry, whom I have mourned as dead these twenty years!"

The joy then became mutual. That night and the next day were spent in relating the events which had occurred to them during their separation, and in admiring the Providence that had reunited them. On the next evening those bidden to the marriage assembled; the parson came—but there was no ceremony to be performed. The transported couple informed the guests that they had been lawfully married upward of twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history, and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them both; and I will close by saying they are now doing well for time and for eternity.

1835.

A STRANGER'S GRAVE.

A FEW evenings ago I took a walk in the town of C—. In my ramble I passed the solemn place where the dead are buried, which is not where it should be. Although in the early improvement of the place it was some distance from any residence, its solitude and solemnity are now interrupted by the beauties of art and the mansions of the living, which surround it. As I turned to gaze for a few moments upon the monuments which speak of departed worth, I beheld two servants in silence preparing a new grave, and, upon

inquiring who was to be buried there, was informed that it was a Mr. B., a stranger, who had neither family, relation, nor friend, except those friends he had made during a short sojourn in a strange land. I pursued my walk, spent a social hour with a friend, and then passed on to an humble cottage, the inhabitants of which were deeply afflicted, but breathing the spirit of submission, devotion, and happiness—treasures often deposited with the poor beneath dark clouds of affliction. After participating in the joys of this family, who were “rich in faith,” and feeling that it was good to “go to the house of mourning,” I returned to my room, forgetful of the departed stranger, until the tolling of the bell the next morning announced the approach of the hearse, followed by a few gentlemen in slow procession. I accompanied the *cortege* until we came to the place of interment, when the remains were lowered into the grave. All was as still as the hush of death; no expressions of sorrow were heard; no tears were seen to fall and bedew the memory of the dead; deep solemnity hung upon every countenance, but was only put on for the moment, to pay a small tribute of respect to the departed stranger. Near the grave stood a venerable man of God, who broke the silence by making a few appropriate remarks. He spoke not of the virtues or piety of the deceased—for his sun went down behind a cloud; in reference to his follies he said, “We will throw the mantle of charity around these, and bury them in oblivion.” Of his future state he ventured not a word. But to the living he spoke of earth’s poverty, the uncertainty of life, and the importance of a preparation for the great and solemn change to which all are hastening; he pointed them to the bar of God, spoke of

the dread realities of eternity; and then addressed the throne of grace in our behalf; after which the grave was filled, and we all silently withdrew and left the stranger to his repose.

Being myself a stranger in the town, far from the place of my nativity, the home of my friends, my feelings were of rather a pensive character, and my mind was directed to the following lines from Greenwood, as being in harmony with my spirit at the time:

“It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant home that the atmosphere around him is soft, that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth; he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native home; that more grateful than all the gales of the South would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own house, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only the more forcibly reminds him how far he is from the one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside.”

When fond memory lingers around the place of my early joys, calls up the associations of past life, and leads me to the homes of my dear relations and numerous friends whom I have left far away, and when I reflect upon the discouraging circumstances with which I am often surrounded, the heavy tide of sorrow passes over my soul, and the burning tear falls from my weeping eyes. But when I reflect that our Saviour was a stranger—an itinerant preacher; that the Lord of glory had not where to lay his head; that the apostles labored and suffered to spread the unsearchable riches

of Christ; and when I turn my attention to our fathers, who have gone as a flame of fire in the front of the battle through the great South-west, where I behold the fields white unto harvest, and hear the constant cry, "Come over and help us!" I forget my privations and sorrows, and rejoice that I am counted worthy to stand in the front ranks of Israel's army, where I fear not even a stranger's grave.

1835.

A TORNADO.

AS MANY descriptions of storms have been written, I shall not at present attempt any thing more than a brief account of one of those terrible tornadoes which sometimes visit our part of the country. These storms generally occur about the time the sun is passing the equinox.

On Saturday, March 22, I spent the day some eight or ten miles west of or below Clarksville, Montgomery county. During the morning the weather was quite calm, and warm for the season; toward noon the clouds began to fly swiftly, and there were occasional showers of rain, very similar to those with which we are blessed during the months of April and May. At about three o'clock P.M. the rain ceased, the wind subsided, and until nearly sunset there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

There was an appointment made for preaching at Col. H. H. Bryan's for the night, which I attended. About the going down of the sun I discovered, in a westwardly direction, an unusual accumulation of clouds, through which the sun had been struggling for hours, and which, after sunset, was fitfully illuminated

by brilliant flashes of lightning; and the moan of distant thunder fell upon the ear. The congregation was soon gathered; divine service commenced, and for more than an hour afterward I knew nothing of the progress of the storm, except that the lightning flashed more frequently and the thunder rolled heavier. The meeting was hastened to a close, that the congregation might get home before the rain came on; some departed in haste, and others, from fear of being overtaken by the storm, remained. By this time the wind began to blow violently, and seemed to be increasing in fury every minute. At length an unusual moan, which seemed to come from the earth beneath my feet, attracted my attention. I went to the door in order to see, if I could, the appearance of the tumult without; and for about ten minutes the most awfully grand sight that I had ever beheld passed before my eyes. The very earth seemed to groan at the approach of the tempest; the lightning-flashes were of such an intensity and duration that at times the darkness of the night was turned into more than the brightness of the day. There was a continuous roll of thunder, broken every five or ten seconds by tremendous peals, like signal-guns of an army shouting in battle. A strange-looking object—I scarcely know what to call it, for it would not convey the idea to call it a cloud—came moving on slowly from west to east, like some great giant with his scythe, cutting a broad swath through the forest-trees, as a reaper mows the grain in a harvest-field. I soon saw that the house which sheltered me would be visited by only the outer edge of the storm. By the incessant glare of the lightning I was enabled to see the work of the hurricane probably better than I could have seen it in the day. During the greater part of the time it had the

appearance, possibly, of a city on fire. The clouds were heaving and tossing in every direction, like billows of smoke issuing from burning buildings; and from the earth to the very heavens the air was filled with the branches of trees and other objects gathered by the tornado in its march. In its front ranks the most wonderful operations were to be seen going on; the large oaks, poplars, and beeches were obedient to the first touch; there was no rocking of the trees from side to side; but in the direction in which they first began to lean, that way they fell without any kind of hesitation.

The tornado crossed the Cumberland River about twelve miles below Clarksville, traveled up the river in an easterly direction, and crossed again about four miles above Clarksville, laying waste every thing in its course. The trees were uprooted, except some which dipped their roots so deep into the earth as to resist the storm; but the trunks of even these had to yield, and they were twisted in two, without any kind of ceremony, as though He who rides upon the storm designed them as riding-switches to drive the steeds that bear onward the thundering car of destruction. Houses, framed, log, and brick, were alike demolished, when in the pathway of this destructive engine. Fathers, mothers, and children were roused from the slumbers of night by the approach of the storm, as by the tread of an earthquake, and before any attempt could be made to fly to a place of safety, they found themselves buried in the ruins of their buildings.

After crossing the river the second time, I have heard, the tornado traveled for some distance along the road leading from Clarksville to Port Royal, carrying ruin and destruction in its course. Brick buildings

were razed to their very foundations, and log houses drifted about as though they were heaps of corn-stalks, while framed buildings were scattered to the winds in almost every direction. The amount of damage done by this tempest I know not; for I have not been informed from whence it came or whither it has gone. The citizens of Clarksville were employed all day on Sabbath last, following the track of the storm, and relieving those injured by it, in every way they could—gathering up the scattered furniture, bearing off the wounded to neighboring houses, where they could receive the attention which their condition required, and in making provision for the burial of the dead. I have been informed that some remained buried in the ruins of their buildings from ten o'clock P.M. till eight or nine the next morning, and others found themselves lying upon the ground, at some distance from their houses, without knowing how they were borne there.

I think it due to the inhabitants of Clarksville to say here that they deserve great credit for their prompt and untiring attention to the distressed and wounded.

Since my boyhood I have desired to see a storm of this kind; but he who sees it once will desire to see it no more, or even to hear the sound thereof. At one time the darkness was as black as ink, and then sheets of flame were thrown around the clouds and over the earth, which seemed to scathe the eye that looked upon them. The falling, dashing rain, the descending hail-stones, the terrible flappings of the wings of the wind, the constant rumble of the thunder, like the rolling of wheels of the car upon which the tempest triumphantly rode, and the convulsive trembling of the affrighted earth, made a spectacle most awful to contemplate and unequalled in its sublime grandeur. Great God! what

is the power of man when thy wrath is kindled but a little?

The storm is past; but its footprints shall be seen by a generation yet unborn. Almighty God, prepare us for that storm which shall make creation a wreck, and drift us before thy bar for trial!

1835.

THE TWINS AND THEIR ANGELS.

[This paper accompanied an engraving in the *Home Circle*, representing two angels watching over twin-children asleep.]

THE subject of this engraving is so full of the delicate, the beautiful, and the mild, that to enable one to write about it appropriately many things are necessary; it seems to me that it would require a peculiar season of the year. When the year is growing old, and the trees have thrown off their summer robes, and every leaf, and bud, and flower is withered and dry, would not be an auspicious time to write of youth, beauty, and innocence.

Then, there is something in the *place*. To be surrounded by the busy world, where multitudes are struggling together for gain—where nothing wins but cunning, daring, and strength; where falsehood and crime of every kind offend the eye and ear, and you are allowed to think only of taking care of yourself—who could write of angels and children in such a place?

But give me the mildest eve that summer ever gave, with not a breathless calm, but a gentle, soft-moaning air. Let not the spot be wild and lonely, nor yet too much disturbed and spoiled by art; still, there must be a human habitation; children must have a home. I want fields, also—not wide and sunburnt, though wide

enough to insure competence, well laid off, and thickly set with growing grass and yellow grain, and stocked with flocks and herds sufficient to fill the bill of nature's draft. I must have groves, also—not tall, and dense, and gloomy, but young and growing trees, full of life and foliage, with flowers, and clustering vines, and sweet-scented shrubs, and winding walks, neatly made and cleanly swept, yet without much show of cost; for I do not wish to think of wealth and poverty. I want neither a palace nor a hut. Give me music, also—not the sound of brass nor the deep tones of an organ, but the songs of birds and the fall of a neighboring stream. I ask not for the scream of the eagle in search of prey, but for the soft notes of timid birds; not the roar of Niagara, but the murmur of some small, gentle stream, that comes to slake my thirst, cool the air, and beautify the land.

And now let me forget all unkind feelings, all enemies, all wrong, anger, hate, envy, all the unholy brood of kindred feelings—keep them far from me. And now to my delightful task; let me dwell awhile with angels and children.

An angel is a spiritual, intelligent substance, supposed by many to be the first in rank and dignity among created beings. The word *angel* is not properly a denomination of *nature*, but of *office*, denoting a messenger, a person employed to carry orders. St. Paul calls angels ministering spirits; yet the word is now everywhere regarded as the denomination of a particular order of spiritual beings, of great understanding and power.

With regard to the existence of angels, there is not a doubt among those who believe in the truth of divine revelation. As to the relation they sustain to each

other, we are not particularly advised. Divines have divided them into nine different orders, and reduced these orders into three hierarchies; to the first belong Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; to the second, Dominions, Virtues, and Powers; to the third, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. The Jews divided them into four orders: first, Michael; second, Gabriel; third, Uriel; fourth, Raphael; and contend that all take rank under some one of these leaders. Though these are matters about which we know but little, still we are satisfied that there is something by which they are distinguished from each other. The very thought that they are all perfectly alike—all of the same rank and order—is any thing but pleasant to the mind, which is always seeking after variety.

We learn from the Scriptures that they dwell in the immediate presence of God; that they excel in strength; that they are immortal; and that they are the agents by which God accomplishes his special purposes of judgment and mercy. Few things are more frequently mentioned in the Scriptures than the missions of angels, employed by the Almighty to disclose his will, to correct, teach, reprove, and comfort fallen man.

There are various opinions with regard to the time when angels were created. Some think it was when our heaven and earth were made; but for this opinion there is no foundation in the word of God, as I understand it.

Speaking to Job, God said, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" This shows clearly that angels are an order of beings who were in existence before our world was made. But those who believe that angels preside over the affairs of nations, countries, and

individuals, and therefore worship or pray unto them, are nothing more nor less than idolaters. Angels do God's will, not their own; yet it is no doubt their greatest pleasure to do so. St. Paul says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?" No matter how high in rank or order they may be, they are yet nothing more than ministering spirits, sent to do such service as God may require of them. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the artist should conceive of them as attendants on children. Here it is worthy of remark that, while it would be wicked to pray to angels, or seek their interference directly in matters pertaining to our salvation, yet there is much more propriety in doing so than there can be in praying to saints, who are nowhere represented as ministering spirits.

But in looking at the engraving, we are ready to ask, Why are these angels here? why stand they and look so intently upon these little ones while taking their noontide nap? Are they merely visitors? Who are they? and from whence came they? We have already told you, reader, that they are a peculiar denomination of God's creatures, of ancient birth, who are said to excel in strength. Their home is in heaven; they are a part and parcel of the immediate family of the Great Eternal, and have been oftentimes on parade, to see how worlds were made, before our planet received its birth. Still, we are not to suppose that the angels of God have nothing to do but to put on their crowns, adjust their robes, walk about the throne to ask the news, and talk about the signs of the times. Such would be an idle, useless, unprofitable life, which could not be either pleasant to them or pleasing to God.

A lazy angel, that would spend one-half of the time

in bed, and a large portion of the other half in dressing itself to receive a call from some other angel, and then talk the remainder of the time about the latest style of robes, as some of our earthly (would-be) angels do, would soon be turned out of heaven, on the charge of being a celestial loafer.

Angels do not labor. Labor is peculiar to fallen creatures, and is one of the effects of sin. But angels are employed, which is no doubt their pleasure. How rational beings can be happy without feeling that they are useful in some way, I cannot conceive. There are no idlers in heaven—none living on the interest of their estates. It was probably the intention of the Almighty that all his intelligent creatures should be employed. Adam, in the garden of Eden, before the fall, was required to dress and keep it; and we doubt not that one part of the employment of angels is to watch over and take care of the weak and feeble inhabitants of earth.

As to the amount of service rendered by angels, we know nothing more than what is revealed to us in the word of God; but we learn from the accounts given us there that there was, for at least four thousand years, a constant communication kept up between heaven and earth, through and by angelic visitations. But when the great plan of salvation was completed, and man was no longer under a theocracy, their visible appearance ceased; and while we admit that they are still ministering spirits for those who shall be heirs of salvation, yet we do not think nor believe that in these days angel-visits are to be expected, as in those days when the plan of salvation was being made known to man; yet, as we approach the eternal world, in life's last hours, that impression which often seems to take

possession of the mind of the dying Christian, that angels are in the room and around his bed, I think deserves respect.

With regard to the disposition of angels, we find from various accounts that they take a deep and lively interest in the welfare of the inhabitants of this world. They always manifested a strong desire to look into the plan of redemption, to study and understand it; and they did learn enough about it to cause them to rejoice exceedingly at the nativity of our Saviour; for they shouted, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will toward men!" They have ever been found prompt and ready, under the sanction of Almighty God, to bestow benefits on man.

As to their number, this is nowhere laid down in the word of God; but it is everywhere admitted to be very great. The prophet says: "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him." Two millions ministered directly unto him, and one hundred millions stood before him; so that one hundred and two millions of these ministering spirits were under the eye of the prophet at one time; and we are also informed that seventy thousand were in attendance as a mere body-guard to our Saviour at the crucifixion.

The reader will bear in mind that there is a marked difference between the angels of heaven and the "Angel of the Lord," which we hear of so frequently in the Old Testament. *The Angel of the Lord* is the title given to Christ before his advent into the world. This Angel appeared to Moses at Mount Sinai, and led the children of Israel through the wilderness. He also appeared to

Abraham, Lot, Manoah, and others. But the "angels of heaven" came to conduct the Prophet Elijah and Lazarus to heaven, and were in crowds at the nativity and ascension of our Saviour, as well as at other times; and they are to be the reapers in the harvest-field of this world's ruin; for when God shall come to judge the world, the angels will be with him. Those who, in these days, attempt to have interviews with spirits, should try to invoke angels; they have long been in the habit of visiting our earth, and conferring with mortals, though always, we think, at the instance and by the authority of God himself; and if an angel were to come to me, without the authority of that God whom angels are bound to obey, I should not feel under any obligation to believe such a messenger; so that I have no hope of getting an angel to come and instruct me in heavenly or earthly things, unless I could prevail on God to send him.

But the spirits of departed men and women do not belong to this ministering class or denomination of beings at all. The souls of bad men God knows how to reserve to the day of judgment, to be punished, while the souls of good men are with Christ, day and night, in the temple of God. They are "ever with the Lord;" they go in to "go out *no more*." The poet sang correctly when he said, in reference to the saints,

Millions of forms all clothed in light,
 In garments of beauty clean and white—
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
 Mid countless hues of fadeless flowers,
 That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

I think, dear reader, if you are not satisfied with the account that God has furnished you in his word of the future state, and you cannot get an angel to come to

your aid, your case is a desperate one; you will never be able to invoke the spirits of your departed friends. Your next interview with them will, no doubt, be in the land of spirits. Man was at first placed here to be a denizen of this world, not to wander back and forth from earth to heaven at will. By reason of sin our earth has become cursed, and God in his mercy is going to remove the good of earth to heaven, as an abiding home. After that man fell, angels became *media* of intercourse between heaven and earth. Their ministry continued for thousands of years, in connection with the patriarchs and prophets. Then Christ became the medium; and when he was about to take his seat in the heavens, he promised to keep up the connection, not by angels, prophets, or the spirits of good men, but by the Holy Ghost. The *Holy Ghost* is the medium now; yet I doubt not that the angels still visit our world, and take an interest in the affairs of mortals, but not for the purpose of revealing the secrets of the future.

That the artist should have selected the hour of sleep as a suitable time for the angels to make a near approach to the objects of their charge is, we think, perfectly correct. It is at least possible that the greatest difficulty that angels may have, in their intercourse with mortals, grows out of the present organization of humanity. Man being in part terrestrial, and the soul having to act through bodily organs, or sense, is doubtless embarrassing enough to those who enjoy perfect freedom of action, such as belongs to a pure spiritual existence. When we are in a waking state we are prepared to associate with mortals only; but when the body is asleep, and the action of the soul no longer depends upon the bodily organs, but acts

freely and independently of them, such is a befitting season for angelic intercourse.

We find in the case of Jacob, when in the wilderness of Beersheba, being overtaken by the approach of night, he laid himself down upon the earth, resting his head upon a cold stone, and no doubt considered himself cut off from intercourse with all created beings; and there, amid the stillness of night, and surrounded by an unbroken wilderness, he fell into a deep sleep, and during the hours of slumber the angels of heaven, in great numbers, called upon him. What the character of the conference between the angels and the spirit of Jacob was we know only in part; for, no doubt, the greater part of the scenes that happen at such a time are veiled from memory by the simple act of waking; and the private interviews are, we suppose, generally kept a profound secret. Jacob, though, in this case, was permitted to recollect that while he slept the angels of heaven constructed a celestial stair-way from his humble pillow to the throne of God, and he was blessed with gifted sight long enough to see the angels descending and ascending, in crowds, from heaven to earth, and back to heaven again; and it may be that while he slumbered thousands upon thousands came down and looked steadfastly upon the face of this noble man, and held communion with his spirit.

What a grand and glorious privilege it was to be able to see this far-reaching ladder connecting heaven and earth, with those heavenly ones in shining rank, with rapid but easy haste, coming and returning and passing each other in living streams! No wonder Jacob said, "God is in this place."

You have seen a slumbering babe, before it was able to recognize its earthly parents, or receive thoughts or

impressions from mortal beings in any way, with a rapturous smile upon its face—sure evidence that its soul was transported with joy—and did you not think that an angel had whispered some pretty thing in its ear? It cannot be an earthly sight or sound that produces such pleasant emotion. What can be more delicate, sweet, or glorious than to talk with a young immortal, and tell it of heavenly things, and show it beautiful sights? Were I an angel, I think I should be delighted to be the first to unfold the secrets of the heavenly world to one who had just entered on the borders of God's creation. How familiar with sacred things that child must have been, of whom we heard of late, who, when lifted up to see the corpse of a little playmate, and after looking for a moment on the pale features of its little friend, kissed it fondly, and then softly whispered in its ear, "Give my love to God!" Who does not love a child?

With respect to the engraving as a work of art we have nothing to say, not being able to judge of true merit in that department; but, with respect to the design, we think there is a display of the purest taste. Nothing could be more chaste and lovely. No one, it seems to me, can look upon it and not have the kinder feelings of his nature to move within him.

I suppose the two sleeping children are twin-sisters, and that they have been placed in their crib to take a midday nap. From their wardrobe I should judge that they belong to a medium condition in life. They have, evidently, a living mother, who has for them a mother's care. Their skin is clean, their hair without tangle, and their garments neat and comfortable. They do not appear remarkably handsome, but healthy and fine-looking.

The angel on the right, I should judge, has charge of the child nearest to you, and the angel on the left is the guardian of the other; and now, while mother and nurse are away, and the children are sleeping sweetly, they have made a near approach to the objects of their care, and are enjoying very much their intercourse with them. And now, reader, if you wish to know which character in the picture I prefer, I frankly confess I like the children best. Angels are mighty; they excel in strength; the children are feeble and helpless; angels are pure—that is, those you look upon are; the children are fallen and impure; the angels are from heaven; the children are of this earth; yet, notwithstanding all this, I like the children best.

The marks of nobility and of the ultimate distinction of humanity are much greater, we think, than the glory of angels. Angels, I grant, excel in strength; but when we compare the various points and traits of character in angels and men, and mark the difference between them, we think man must ultimately rise far above an angel's caste.

There is among angels no such thing as parent and child, father and mother, sister and brother; each one is a character, individual and distinct. Man is representative and progressive. An angel is a simple nature; man has a complex nature; he is an immortal terrestrial—a compound of heaven and earth. Angels were created good, and so was every thing that God made; but man alone was created in the image and likeness of God himself.

Christ took on him man's nature, but did not take on him the nature of angels. Man is the child of God and brother of Christ, and a joint-heir with Christ to the vast possession of the Great Eternal I AM. Angels are

God's servants and ministering spirits to man. Men and angels both fell. Man was redeemed at heavy cost, a great price; angels were not redeemed at all; and we are assured that our final exaltation, through Christ, is to that of kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever and ever. Some who were once here on earth, weeping, helpless children in the arms of their parents, and who tasted of sorrow's cup, and encountered the rough storms of earth and the temptations of the evil one, are distinguished in heaven. Abraham's bosom and paradise are now convertible terms, while one of the songs which are sung in heaven is "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb;" and those who go from earth to heaven through Christ are ultimately to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at God's right-hand. O that man would but claim through Christ his birthright and noble destiny! How transcendently glorious is our future position and inheritance, if we but pursue in this life the course which God approves! May all who shall look upon this engraving and read this sketch feel that they have been made better by so doing.

1855.

LOLLA'S LAUGH.

I AM happy to say that, sin-cursed and bad as this world is, once in awhile we meet with scenes which greatly relieve the dark picture, reminding us that this earth was once a paradise—the residence of one made in the image of God.

Not long since I saw a countenance and heard a laugh which one might make a pilgrimage to enjoy; and since I have been blessed with the sight of that

face and heard the music of that laugh I have sought in vain among the recollections of the past for something equally sweet and heavenly.

I have lain down full-length at midnight in desert wilds, listened to the winds whispering through the pines, heard the low murmur of the waterfall, and the chant of the bird over his sleeping brood; I have gazed upon the stars that had come out to watch in the silent sky, some hurrying along as bearers of dispatches which their neighbors did not understand, others taking it more leisurely, while here and there were those who seemed cast off from the community of worlds—solitary, sweeping across the lofty dome, crowded together in glittering ranks, as though they had assembled in obedience to an order for a grand review of worlds; and as I gazed, the meteor was shaken loose, set on fire, and went madly rushing through the heavens, leaving in its track a train of flame. I have stood upon the mountain peak, with the nations beneath me, and looked above the thoughts of mere men of the world, while wrecked and rainless clouds floated by, like drift-wood on the stream, and others sallied forth from their mountain harbors, like men-of-war menacing, while reënforcements hurried into rank from every direction, till at length the flash of arms and the sound of heavy ordnance—the roll of the “thunder-drum of heaven”—broke on eye and ear, and the unbridled winds kept up the martial music. I looked again, and all was calm; the clouds had drifted away, the sun was shining in his strength, and in the distant vale below the locomotive with its train dashed headlong through hill and dale, and over running streams; and I have followed them with my eye till in the distance they seemed as a chain of insects borne on by a fire-fly.

Far as the eye could reach there lay before me the varied scenes of mountains and valleys, streams, towns, villages, farms, and solitary habitations, like a map spread out at my feet—as though Nature had thrown back her veil that she might display at once all her beauty. Here I have lingered until the day grew old, and the burning sun that flamed along the sky grew weary, and sank to rest among the clouds that canopied the West; and still I gazed in rapture upon the varying glory of the setting sun, the shifting forms and fantastic shapes of the evening clouds, all gorgeously painted by his lingering rays—at one moment it seemed a vast fleet, vessel after vessel in full sail; at another a mighty giant with the club of Hercules in his hand; at one time I saw two children away in the distance, one leading the other by the hand, and at once recognized them as the “babes in the wood;” the next moment a ponderous elephant appeared with his unwieldy trunk, and an African chieftain, spear in hand, mounted on his back; then rose a mighty city, with battlements and towers—part had fallen into ruin, the rest was all on fire; at length, far in the distance, which the straining eye could scarcely reach, was a frail aerial bark, with an angel's hand upon the helm. Such scenes have held me spell-bound, until old Night, the emblem of death, threw her dark veil around me, and the winds among the rocky heights and ancient cliffs sang the mountain's lament for the loss of day. But in all this I saw not Lolla's eyes, I heard not Lolla's laugh.

An object often partakes of the circumstances by which it is surrounded; yet the surroundings of Lolla are unpretentious. She is not an inhabitant of a proud city with pebbled streets and granite pavements;

neither is her dwelling a costly marble pile; she lives in a country village, not even within hearing of the roar of the rail-car or the shout of the steam-whistle; her home is a neat, retired cottage. The time and circumstance in which she made her appearance were not such as you might suppose. It was not a May-day occasion, neither was she introduced as the queen of flowers. The time was a Sabbath afternoon, the place a sick-room. The afflicted one was a venerable man who had passed his threescore years, thirty of which he had spent in the village and neighborhood as a physician, and, being a man of sound head, pure heart, and large benevolence, had won the affections of the whole community; and now that he was passing away, all were vying with each other in kind attentions and tokens of regard. Such was Dr. Edwards.

He occupied a room in the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. C., the honored father of Lolla. The writer, together with a number of the Doctor's old friends, had met there by his request, as he wished once more to partake of the broken body and shed blood of the blessed Saviour before he should go home. The Rev. Mr. G., a weeping prophet; Mr. M., his pastor; Mr. N., his class-leader; and Aunt Casy, the guardian-angel of the village, with several others, were present. The service was conducted according to the impressive form laid down in the "Book of Discipline;" an infant sister of Lolla was dedicated to God in holy baptism, and the Rev. Mr. G. offered up the closing prayer. The Doctor's wife, and their daughter, Mrs. C., were invited to partake of the holy eucharist with him. When the last prayer was closed, Mr. N., the class-leader, commenced singing the familiar hymn,

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
with the chorus,

Heaven, sweet heaven, home of the blest,
How I long to be there, in its glories to share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast!

During the singing of this hymn those present, already greatly excited, seemed to be almost overwhelmed with floods of glory.

Here I introduce Lolla, a child of seven years, perfect in form, exquisitely beautiful, with fair skin, blue eyes, light hair gently thrown back, graceful in manner, and in step almost as light and timid as a bird. She was neatly dressed and scrupulously clean. Her mind was naturally good, and well improved for one of her years. She had also enjoyed the advantages of Sunday-school instruction, and knew the ministers so well and loved them so much that she called each of them Uncle.

While the hymn referred to was being sung, Lolla's mother threw herself upon the bosom of her father and talked of the meeting of friends in heaven. Tears fell like rain from every eye, and several shouted for joy. This was the time when, and the place where, Lolla appeared. Shouting for joy, she had moved up to where I sat near her grandpa's bed, and, leaning against me, arrested my attention by gently shaking my elbow; and when I looked around, there she stood, not trembling with fear, but perfectly self-possessed. She was weeping, yet not with feelings of mingled awe and dread, but as the angels do—if angels weep at all; and now, when an extraordinary burst of holy joy came up, she shook my arm again, and looking up into my face, her whole countenance beaming with delight, her eyes sparkling with supernatural joy, she laughed

the most musical, heavenly laugh that ever fell upon my ear. It was perfectly electrical, and thrilled along my nerves as though by accident a hand had struck an angel's harp. She seemed anxious that my attention should be continually directed to where the greatest signs of joy were apparent; and every time I caught her eye she favored me with that transcendently glorious laugh. O had I then only been blessed with gifted sight, I should probably have seen her angel showering light and kisses upon her cheek!

The service closed, and the friends slowly retired. After all were gone save the family, with little Lolla sitting on my knee, I asked her:

"Lolla, how did you feel during the service awhile ago?"

"Uncle," she answered, "I was very, very happy."

"Were you ever happy in that way before, Lolla?"

"O yes," she replied, "many a time."

"How long," said I, "since you were first happy? and how did you happen to get so the first time?"

"It was more than a year ago. I went with papa to class-meeting one day, and Uncle G. told them all how they might get happy. I thought I would try it, and did so, and got happy directly."

"And what did Uncle G. tell you to do?" said I.

"He told all who wanted to get happy just to go by themselves, and get on their knees, and pray to God to make them happy, and God would do it; and when I came home I just went by myself and got on my knees and prayed to God to make me happy, and I got so happy directly that I hardly knew what to do; and I have prayed to God and got happy the same way a great many times since."

I then asked her if she had been praying to God to

make her happy that day. She said she prayed every day, but did not expect to get happy that day; that the Lord had made her so that time without her looking for it.

A few moments before the close of this conversation her father came into the room, and, after Lolla had retired, gave me much the same account of her conversion, remarking that it was characterized by every sign of genuine regeneration, and that he had no doubt that she was truly pious; that she attended to all her Christian duties with great regularity and spirit.

O that all parents would take the same care to impress the minds of their children with heavenly things! Then there would be more Lollas in the world.

It was truly interesting to converse with this child. She regarded our blessed Saviour as the best friend of the family, and talked of going to heaven as the dearest wish of her life. I think I never before saw so pure a human being as Lolla. The seeds of sin were never permitted to grow, but were crushed out by grace before they sprouted. At present she seems almost unearthly; and I trust I shall never forget the countenance and laugh of Lolla.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

A LIVE TENNESSEAN ABROAD.

NOW for a trip. The weather is warm, times are dull; and we have just as good right to take a jaunt as anybody. Do like the Yankee: take your carpet-bag—something that you can carry yourself—and then when the hackmen and porters are gathering around you, waving their whips, and shouting in your ears, like so many crazy persons, you can just lift your baggage and strike a bee-line for your hotel, and so get clear of these land-sharks.

Just look! what large trunks people travel with these days! In nothing have times changed more these last fifty years than in the baggage of a traveler. The baggage-privilege of our fathers was a pair of saddle-bags; and there goes a trunk this moment that would hold fifty pairs—loaded, at that.

Just take a look at your vender of books. He has not sold many to-day—his basket is yet full. Let us see what he has on hand: yellow-backs mostly; mere literary shavings, worse than nothing; there is one readable book—words that shook the world—a short account of the Reformation, or “Life of Martin Luther.” How anxious he talks! he seems to recommend all the books in his basket with the same measured tone and manner. I suppose he has never read any of them.

And here are the orange, apple, and candy dealers, consisting mainly of boys, who are the traveler's *rats*, picking up all the loose dimes; for there are many men who will purchase fruits, cakes, and candy when traveling who would never think of such a thing at home.

But where are all the people going to? is the question. I suppose each individual has an object in view: one is going home, another leaving home; some are on business, others seeking pleasure. Here is one who is evidently alone; there sits a group of five or six who seem to have a common interest—out on a pleasure-trip; they must sit together, with the seats turned to suit. Bags, baskets, umbrellas, all find their way to the hooks or racks. Now they are seated, but not satisfied: the ladies must not be on the sunny side; now all are settled, and a pell-mell conflict of words ensues.

“All aboard!” shouts the conductor. Do you not think that he takes great pleasure in being able to command a multitude in the way he does? He has no desire to leave any one; I would not charge him with such a thing; but I do think that he takes pleasure in seeing them *almost* left.

The locomotive gave a deep moan, and then his heavy tread was felt upon the iron track, and we were off. Each one seems to turn, for a moment, to his own affairs. Let me see—have I got my checks all right? and have I not, in the bustle, lost my ticket? Here comes the conductor; what a dignified and business-looking man he is! “Show your tickets!” is the order; no *if you please* about it. I have mine, thank Providence! but what's the matter there? That man has no ticket, and the conductor says he must pay more than those who have, and the man says it's all wrong;

that he had not time to get one; the ticket-agent did not come till about fifteen minutes before starting, and there was quite a crowd about the little window; that just at this time the baggage-man commenced checking, when he had to go to him, and as soon as his baggage was checked the conductor shouted "All aboard!" that he was willing to pay what other passengers did, but no more. Up goes the conductor's hand for the bell-rope, to stop the cars and put him out, and out comes that extra twenty-five cents. See how angry the fellow seems; but it is of no use to resist men in authority.

Have you ever been impressed with the fact that when a railroad is made through a section of country where no such thing had ever been seen before, you will at once find men suited to all the different kinds of employment—president, agents, conductors, brakemen, baggage-masters, and all? and after a few weeks they appear to adapt themselves to their situations in such a manner that one would think none of them would be able to do any thing else if they were turned out of office. You can find men everywhere that will do for every thing.

Lay aside that book! the car is no place to read in. I am half inclined to believe that the greater part of those who read so much in the cars do not read much anywhere else. I know it is not the case with you; but here are rocks and trees, hills and vales, and running streams, which you never saw before, nor any like them; no two trees in the woods are alike. And then, here are a hundred new faces, and all these people have more or less brains, and some of them have thoughts which are their own. Open your eyes, unstop your ears. A book is a mere copy, and sometimes

a poor copy at that; but here is the original—read the first edition.

After all, I am not sure but we are generally more pleased with the copy than with the original; a mere imitation is often preferred to the reality. Suppose, for instance, that a pig were to get fast in the fence and begin to squeal, would we not have it loosed at once, and stop the dreadful noise? And yet, if some vagabond were to come to town and stick up bills to the effect that he would squeal the next night at the hall so much like a pig that you could not tell the difference, are there not many who would go and give their money to hear him, and consider it quite an entertainment? But you are getting a little sleepy. After you have taken a nap, we shall have something more to say.

There are two or three things connected with the eating arrangements, that affect me uncomfortably while traveling on the cars. First, I cannot keep the fact out of my mind that I shall have to pay the man at the door fifty cents whether I eat much or little. The other is, that in spite of myself there is a feeling of haste, so that I eat too fast. Is it not too bad that all the lost time of the train has to be made up by shortening the time for eating? Do you really believe there is an understanding between conductors and eating-house keepers? I do not charge them with such a thing, but will tell you what I saw to-day. Knowing that we were ten minutes behind time, I was on the lookout, and it happened that the conductor sat directly opposite to me at the table, and while I was trying to get some one to attend to me, I saw that he had already been waited on. He had bacon and beans, and soon after a slice of beef, next came a blackberry pie

and a glass of milk, then a glass of water; so that he did not lose one moment—did nothing but chew and swallow, and was soon done and gone; did not stop at the door to make any change; and in a few seconds more the old locomotive fetched such a scream that we all supposed it could not be held any longer. Here we all went as hard as we could tear, lest the whole business should cut out and leave us. Do you not think that there ought to be a law passed to the effect that all travelers on public conveyances should be allowed half an hour for each meal? The dinner was good enough, but we had not time to eat it. But was not that an awful breakfast we had this morning? After all, I am a little sorry that I said what I did to the landlord. If he had plucked up and quarreled with me all would have been right enough; but when I told him that it was the meanest breakfast that I ever saw in a Christian country, he just looked distressed, and said he was sorry for it. I told him that we were all sorry, that it was a sorry business. I suspect that he was taken by surprise, that he did not look for so many passengers. If you noticed, on the first little tables we came to there was some show of eatables, and you did well to stop among those ladies; but up where I went it looked like starvation. I looked all around and saw nothing in reach but one solitary salt herring, and it lay off at a respectful distance from me on its side, with its back toward me, and looked so lonely and defenseless that I could not find it in my heart to trouble it. I waited awhile with an air of gentlemanly dignity, but found that would not do; I looked to the right and left—no person came to my relief; I struck the handle of my knife against the table, all to no avail; then rattled my cup in the saucer, but

without success. About this time the large, red-faced man you see yonder cried out, "Is nobody going to bring us something to eat up this way?" I felt that I had the advantage of him, for I was still in a good humor, while he, as the boys say, was ashy. At length I saw a large, good-looking man with rather a benignant face, carrying coffee to one and another of the ladies, and took him to be the landlord, but thought it strange that such a clever-looking man should keep so poor a house. I commenced winking and blinking, nodding and beckoning at him every chance I got. At length he concluded that he had better attend to me, so he brought me on a plate in one hand a little bit of the saltiest ham I ever tasted, and a piece of bread; and in the other hand a cup of coffee, and I went to work. A few moments after, I saw my friend that I took to be the landlord come to a vacant seat with a plate in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other; on his plate was a bit of chicken, a piece of bread, a little butter, and an egg. I began to look about for the eggs, but they never came in sight. He took his seat and began to eat, when I discovered that he was one of the passengers; seeing there was nothing to eat in reach of him, and not being able to get a servant to look up something for him, he went himself. Yonder he sits now. The ham was so hard and salt I could do nothing with it; the bread had been sliced up until it had become so dry that the flies could not reach the moisture with their bills, for I saw several that looked very thirsty trying—they would stand up almost right on their heads, but it would not do. And the coffee had blue stripes in it! I can stand any other kind better than this. In general, by pouring off the top, and stopping a little before you get to the bottom, I would escape all

the bad things, from the fact, as the old woman said about her bluing, it will either sink or swim; but these blue stripes run all through in such a way that there is no getting around them. I would give the name of this hotel if I did not think that the landlord will do better next time. I have a thing or two to tell you, but here we are at B——.

WE are under way once more, and the little troubles which one has to pass through ought to be borne with, though an honest man feels a little annoyed at being all the while treated as one who is under suspicion. I had to show that baggage-master my tickets before he would check my baggage, lest I should smuggle a trunk into the cars without its corresponding traveler. Well, I think the women are up to them, for some of them have trunks as large as two good-sized trunks used to be; and I think it would be better if they allowed them two trunks each, if they would agree not to have such large ones.

There is one thing which always strikes me on going into another car at these points of change, and that is, to find so many persons asleep. That is the time for all hands to be asleep. Just look around you at the number of sleeping subjects. They will all wake up just as soon as these new-comers all get seated. Wherever you find two in a seat you will find them wide awake; but those who have whole seats to themselves are sure to be asleep. Look at that man over there—he is sound asleep, but too uncomfortable to hold out long; he will move now in two minutes, and that without waking—that is, without opening his eyes. There! I told you so! that fellow is wide awake, and has been all the time. Well, I would not act the hyp-

oerite in that style to get a feather bed to lie on, tired as I am! Do you not see how they are waking up already, all over the car? How shamefully selfish we are! But these ladies take up a whole bench, and no mistake. You need not say to them, as the boy said to the hen he was trying to set, "Spread yourself!" for they are doing it in style.

I wish I could see this country; but railway traveling is the poorest of all modes of travel, so far as seeing the country is concerned. Nearly half our time we are the same as under the ground—at least, we cannot see out—and when that is not the case, if you look out you are liable to get a cinder in your eyes, which will put an end to your seeing altogether for awhile. I wish the water-screen ventilation were introduced everywhere; but in that case you can only breathe with comfort when in motion, so that there is a continual putting up and pulling down of windows; and, farther, I should like for some person to make a catch which all will approve. In almost every new car I get into there is some new fashion of fastening up and letting down the windows.

You remember the trouble I had with that lady, awhile ago. I am glad that she is able to sleep, poor thing! You did not see the beginning of the matter. Well, it was just this way: I saw her try two or three times to let down her window; why she wanted it down I could not tell, unless it was because it was up. Did you ever see a lady who found a piece of furniture where she wanted it? A chair never stands in the right place. Bless them! they are always "housekeeping," no matter where they are. The ladies of my party carried this matter so far the other night that they took one of the beds out of the room, so that they

might set their trunks around the room to their notion. But I am off the subject. As I was saying, she tried and tried, two or three times, to get her sash down, but could not, and when, at each failure, she looked about to see if some one would not come to her relief, I at last became a little nervous, and determined to help her; and there is where I made a mistake. I did not know any more about putting down the window than she did. Now, let me give you a piece of advice: never attempt to aid a lady in doing any thing, unless you understand it; for there are two sins a woman never forgives, to wit, ignorance and a want of courage. My error was in trying to assist the lady without knowing how. We both got to work together at the old window. She was trying to pull up a blind that was below, and I was trying to let down the sash, and I tried every thing that appeared to hold it, till at last I touched something, I am sure I do not know what, and the window fell as quick as lightning, and caught the lady's finger under it; and she certainly would have fainted if there had been a good place to fall in. What to do with her bruised finger she did not seem to know. She would shake it with all her might, and then stick it into her mouth, and I all the while saying, "Are you much hurt, madam? are you hurt badly? I am sorry; I did not intend to do it." She turned her back upon me, and would not say one word; but I think she had some very rugged thoughts. I took a seat not far from her, and looked as much distressed as I could, waiting for her to pardon me. At length she became quiet, and I ventured to ask, "Does it give you much pain, madam?" Then she spoke for the first time, and said that it was very sore, but that when she got somewhere (I could not tell where), and got something (I could not hear

what) to put on it, it would ease the pain. But I think it is easy now, from the way she sleeps; though I have no idea that she has forgiven me, or that she would on any account let me help her again. What a tale she will tell her husband about me!

I have often thought that noisy children are great bores; but I tell you now, the best thing that you can take into a railroad-car, to keep the people off and secure plenty of room, is a cross, dirty child. That lady there, with her two children, has kept those two whole seats—room enough for four grown persons—for a hundred miles; and notwithstanding that several times in the last two hours we have been so crowded that persons have had to stand, yet I have not seen any one manifest the slightest disposition to take a seat with her. So cross children are good for something, after all.

I have just had a long talk with that old gentleman yonder. He wanted to know my name, to begin with, and I told him; but I do not think I would have answered civilly all the questions he asked if he had been a young man. Old people will ask questions in that way. He did not know but he might know some of my kin, and thinks he does; says he knows a man of my name, and asked his old lady if she did not think I resembled him. He also wanted to know where I lived. I told him that, also; and after a little surprise that any one should wander off so far from home, he wished to know whether people in my parts sowed oats, and whether or not they had the rust, telling me that they had rusted *powerful bad* in his neighborhood, and that Mr. Clark, his nearest neighbor, had turned the stock on his. I asked what he thought was the cause of the rust. He said he *reckoned* the ground had just *give*

out producing that kind of growth, and then wanted to know my opinion. I told him the weather was too wet at one time, and too hot and dry at another, and made the sap in the oat sour, and it swelled and burst, and bled to death. He said it *mout be that, for all he knowed*.

WELL, here is the city of R., and we shall have to run the gauntlet again with the hack-drivers and porters. I do wonder if there could not be some plan adopted to save a poor, tired traveler from such an ordeal. Now, just think of it—two nights out; your eyes full of cinders; the sides of your head and elbows all bruised by the sharp corners of the cars. And that is not all; you have had no time to wash, shave, and change your linen; and you feel as if you wanted nothing in the world so much as to be let alone, and for everybody to get out of your way and let you pass. But instead of that, before you can get off the car, they poke their whips in at the windows, meet you at the platform, take hold of you as you go down the steps, come up before, behind, and on both sides, three deep, all hallooing at the top of their voices, “Want hack? want carriage? Good carriage! good carriage! Take you to any place. Got checks? give me your checks; take you cheap!” Then one will say to another, “He’s going with me.” This is kept up, in spite of you, till you get quite away from the depot, no matter how often you say, “No, no; don’t want you; don’t want any thing to do with you.” If you are silent, they only think you are hard of hearing, and halloo still louder; so that all I can do is to endure, and wait for deliverance. A friend of mine tried the plan of utter silence; did not notice any who called to him, not so

much as to turn his eyes toward them. One fellow, who was determined to get him into his hack, followed him closely, and shouted in his ear that he would take him to this, that, and the other hotel, or to the depot on the other side of the town, but could get no answer until at length, in despair, he said, "I will take you to the deaf-and-dumb asylum!"

Those hackmen want nothing but money; they do not care where you are going, or what may become of you. While the greatest number of them were within hearing, I said, "You do not charge any thing for riding, do you? If there is any thing to pay, I prefer to walk." In a moment their whips went down, like soldiers trailing arms, and there was no more contention among them about who should have the pleasure of carrying the gentleman; and the whole pack that was dogging me turned to teasing somebody else, and I got clear.

Did you notice that old gentleman who got into such a difficulty about his baggage? He has given up his checks, and does not know who has them; and his old lady is in a peck of trouble about it. He has forgotten the name of the hotel which he told the check-man he was going to. When old people travel by public conveyance, they ought to have with them some young person, who could take care of the baggage and obtain seats. When that old gentleman left home, he thought that he would either be the only man on the cars or the principal one at any rate, and that everybody he should meet would be glad to see him, and anxious to know where he was going, and ready to render him aid and comfort. If he was in a buggy, with his trunk tied on behind with a plow-line, and old Nell, or some other quiet beast, to draw him, and his old lady by his side,

he would know what he was doing; but these conductors, checks, porters, hotel-drummers, and hackmen have so confused him that he does not know what he is doing. I thought, when he gave up his checks, that he did not know what he was about. Not one among the hurrying crowd around him cares a copper for him, nor has any one time to make an effort to relieve him of his embarrassment. I do not believe that he intended to stop in this town at all; for I heard the old lady say, "Why can't we go on, just like the rest of the people?" while the old gentleman does not seem to know whether they are going on or not. Had I not been so hurried, I would have assisted him out of his difficulty. The last I saw of him he was trying to describe the man who had taken his checks, and turning round and round, looking after baggage that was flying in every direction—some on express-wagons, some on the tops of omnibuses, some attached to hacks, some on hand-barrows, some on the shoulders of negroes, and some in the hands of gentlemen. But little did the hack-driver care what sort of looking man he was who had taken the checks; all he wanted was for the old people to get into his hack, pay twenty-five cents each, and then get out again. And, to make the matter worse, the old lady was scolding at him for not having managed it better; but I cannot blame her, for her new maroon dress and finest cap are in that trunk, and just to think that she may never lay her eyes upon them again—it is too bad! Bless the good old people! I trust they will soon get all together again.

We have now left the mountains behind us. What a vast number of Southerners are hid away among these hills from the burning heat of summer! The mountains of Tennessee and Virginia are destined to be the

summer home of the cotton, sugar, and rice planter. Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, as the site is called, where we were yesterday, will at no distant day rival Saratoga. Its accessibility, its beauty of location, and variety of waters, must make it a place of great resort. At present it lacks shade; but its growing groves will soon supply that. I was much pleased with the character of the visitors. Among the eight hundred or one thousand persons here, there was no gambling, and, I think, very little drinking. I did not hear an oath sworn, even by a servant; and I believe that out of the whole number of persons present they could not find eight who were willing to dance. They have more rational amusements.

But, to change the subject, I have one sad thing to tell you. You, too, are going to lose your name; from this time forward, during your tour through the Eastern cities, your name will be No. 26, or some other number. Travelers are known here only by numbers, checks, tickets, and coppers. No. 26 sits in a certain chair at the table; No. 26 wants a hack; when your bell rings, the servant is sent to wait on 26; the merchants send your bundles to 26; and if you were to die, No. 26 would be buried. Porters care nothing for the name you have had printed in large letters on both ends of your trunk, if you have one, so that people may know whose trunk it is; but with a piece of chalk they put upon it "26," in large figures. No. 26 at last pays his bill and goes away, and at the next hotel is given another number, and again has his name suppressed; but when you are traveling, who cares where you are from, or where you are going, or what your name is? Show your ticket—that's the thing. So in the cars you are a ticket, in a hotel you are a number, in a hack you are

twenty-five cents, and in an omnibus you are six cents. You are not to hear your name called again until you recross the mountains.

WELL, here we are, in this city of the nation, and the day is before us. But you will no doubt divide your time between your book and the lions of the place, and be able to tell all about the improvements of the Capitol, the additional painting and sculpture, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institute, the Washington and Jackson Monuments, and the departments of Government generally. The ground which you are going to travel over has been so worn by others that I do not think I could make a track in that direction if I were to try.

I am not a lion-hunter; the fact is, lions are better understood at present than smaller game; and besides, it is rather dangerous sport. A young gentleman once said to an old African traveler, "Colonel, is it not magnificent sport to hunt lions?" "Yes," said the Colonel, "you would no doubt enjoy hunting lions very much, but it would be a very different thing if the lions were to take it into their heads to hunt you." So take care that you do not provoke the lions to hunt you. All the big men and great institutions of the nation have already sat for their likenesses; my place is among the masses, and my specimens from the rank and file; so that when I get a good likeness it is a type for the million. But our work of discovery will be greatly lessened by the fact that the Rev. E. Carr, of Tennessee, is in the city, and is putting things to rights. He has done up Petersburg and Richmond; has not been here long, but such is his industry that he will make a short job of this city. He has set

Smithson right with respect to his great General Conference picture; found one of the reverend doctors whose face had been overlooked; caused a prayer-meeting to be introduced into one of the principal hotels; visited the President—but unfortunately he was not at home, having gone to Bedford Springs, so he could not see him; but Brother Carr dropped him a note to the effect that he (the President) should give his heart to God and pray for rain; and if the President's heart is as far from God as the earth seems to be from rain, it was timely advice. Now for a tramp.

Well, here we are; another day spent, and night is upon us. It has been very hot. Do you not think if the sun were taken down that the Yankees would find out some plan to illuminate the world with gas and give us light enough without so much heat? For my part, I am glad the sun is out of reach, or the people up this way would be for trying it; for there is a general dissatisfaction with the location of the hills, hollows, and streams, and as far as they are able, they are changing the whole of them.

Some person has well said of this place that it is a city of magnificent distances; to take a hack I can see nothing, and to go on foot wears me out.

I never go into a large city but the question naturally suggests itself to my mind, Where do all these people get a support? I suppose, however, that each and all of them could give an answer if called on to do so; at any rate, the inhabitants of this city have one comfort—the grounds around the Capitol, than which none more beautiful are to be found anywhere. The citizens, in self-defense during the dull season, have established a plan for recreation which I think is a good one. For a gentleman and lady to dress them-

selves up and go out to look and be looked at, while all the rest of the inhabitants are either in their houses or else at work, is any thing but pleasant, and one soon feels like a loafer; but these people have reduced to a system this thing of going out to show themselves. On Saturday afternoon the city band repairs to the grounds of the Capitol to make music, and the people (all the people) dress themselves up in their best, go to these grounds, and pass the time in promenading and listening to the music. And now, lest I forget it, let me say, I wonder that the thousands who visit here do not take items in the fitting up of grounds. Three things, and three only, are necessary for the purpose: trees, grass, and gravel. Bushes, vines, and shrubs, are beautiful things, but they belong together, and whenever the attempt is made to mix them up with forest trees and grass, the whole effect is lost—it is neither a flower-garden nor beautiful grounds. The offense given to the eye is not all that is objectionable: the shrubs obstruct the wind, and, as a matter of course, increase the heat, besides forming a protection for flies, and coverts for worms, bugs, insects, and weeds. I had rather go from such a place than to it; but give me smooth trees, green grass, and well-graveled walks, and nothing can come nearer to enchantment. Fountains soften and cool the air, and rustic seats are convenient to visitors, but neither are essential to the construction of grounds.

Well, as I was going to say, I made my way to these grounds, and walked around until, finding myself in pretty much the same company all the time, I took my stand by a tree, and watched the multitude as it passed. You cannot see any thing like it anywhere else that I know of—Broadway, New York, is not like it; there

men prevail, and women are generally young or middle-aged, not many children; but here there were old and young, men and women, servants and babies, all in their best outfit; some came by slowly and quietly, others seemed to be in a great hurry, some looking at others, some at themselves; some in groups, others alone; those so old and feeble they could scarcely walk, and these so light and puffed up that they could scarcely keep down to the ground. One man came by puffing and blowing—his dimensions were immense, and reminded me of a retreating army, which always carries its baggage in front. He leaned back at such an angle—to balance, I suppose—that the lowest tip of his coat-tail was seen following on several feet behind him. The next person that arrested my attention I think was from the hills of Vermont, and I am of the opinion that he is in some way interested in a patent churn; is about six feet four inches in height, and exceedingly lean; with pantaloons braced up as high as his arms would permit, which made them too short at the bottom; his coat was blue, with metallic buttons, long in the waist, short in the breast, and its tail like that of a martin's; his vest was short and buttoned very tightly; around his neck was a white handkerchief spotted with blue, tied remarkably tight; his hat was a real bell-crown, and being too large, was tied extra tight at the band, which gave the rim peculiar and unmanageable twists. His motion was exceedingly elastic, and he moved about with a kind of convulsive start, but keeping constantly in motion, except when stopping to read the signs that were stuck up on the trees throughout the grounds warning persons to "keep off the grass." I never saw him pass one of these little boards without first stopping to read

it. But his main object, from first to last, seemed to be to keep out of everybody's way, and at the same time to keep off the grass. Look at him when you might, he was dodging. I tried twice to overtake this live Yankee, and would gladly have given a dollar to talk with him five minutes; but his habit of dodging prevailed, so that I could not get near him. In one instance I saw him fairly routed. A gentleman, two large ladies, and a child, came meeting him, and completely filled up the walk. He looked to the right and to the left, but they did not give way, and "Keep off the grass" was ringing in his ears; so seeing no way around, over, or under, he suddenly whirled and took the back track, walking with great rapidity; and as that path led out one of the gates, the last I saw of him he was dodging the hacks and hackmen about the entrance, and is probably dodging somewhere at this moment. I will venture just here to assure his wife, children, and all concerned, that he will never be run over. You may tangle him up among horses, mules, ox-wagons, drays, stages, carts, omnibuses, carriages, and railroad-cars, but he will never be run over. I suspect that when he left home for the great Federal city, his friends warned him against this danger; but they may all feel perfectly easy on that subject. After all, it is a useful part of an education to learn to keep out of the way. Those who cross Broadway find use for it. I hope to overtake this dodger somewhere yet.

THESE Falls have something real about them. No man ever came here and went away disappointed, saying they were all a humbug. Travelers in the New World will come here, no matter where else they may wish to go. What changes have taken place since I

was first on these banks! There was no town here then, nor was there a regular conveyance to the place from any direction. A stage ran from Albany to Buffalo, but it did not come by the Falls; and as to railroads—there were none of them in the country at that time. I remember leaving the stage at Syracuse, being told that it was the only place where I could procure a private conveyance to the Falls; and all that I could find there was a little one-horse wagon, a seat across the center, with a buffalo-robe on it for a cushion. In this I made my way to the Falls through a very sparsely-populated country; and when I told people on the route that my only object was to see the Falls, some of them looked at me in a manner which seemed to say, “Well, young man, if that’s all you are after, you are poorly employed.” Some who lived within hearing of the roar of the waters had never been to look at them. About the only man I met with on the way who gave me any encouragement was an Indian preacher named Peter Jones, who told me I would be fully paid for my trouble. It was about the 20th of June, and there was not a visitor from the States, that I can remember. There were two English families there, and they pretty well filled up the only house of entertainment, which was rather a small establishment. Railroads, hotels, omnibuses, hacks, suspension bridges, and Maids of the Mist, had not been thought of in connection with this place. The way we reached Goat Island was by a narrow trestle-walk with a rail on one side, across the main branch of the American chute, and a very imperfect little bridge across the smaller chute; both intended for footmen only; horses and wheels had as yet never found their way to the island. I descended the bank somewhere

on Goat Island by a ladder, and crossed over to the Canada shore in a canoe.

I have been here often since, but think the Falls have never appeared so interesting to me as they did in their unadorned grandeur on my first visit; there was more of the terrible about them then; the bridges, roads, ferries, and tower, have a taming influence. How different the elements when bridled and held in subjection from what they are when they have great mass-meetings, and get up mobs, and run riot! How harmless that lucifer-match when just ignited! it will not even fire your cigar; but see the burning mountain breathe sulphurous smoke and flame, at one time darkening the heavens, and again, under the influence of a mighty throe, pouring out liquid fire, as though Tophet itself had exploded, inundating town and country. Or, look at the prairie on fire, burning with a madness which seems to be accumulative, and spreading with the haste of an evil spirit on an errand of vengeance. The wind—at one time so calm that it would not move the festoons of a spider's web, but when called out on parade or gotten into a rage, the mighty oak is taken up as a very little thing, and cities are scattered before it as a bundle of straws. See that little, gentle, softly-gliding brook, meandering slowly through field and grove; but now stand on this bridge and look at the water—every drop seems to be brimful of wrath; and, look any way you will, it appears to be hunting around, like some enraged monster, for something to destroy; the very rocks are torn to pieces, the earth seems trembling with fear; and the thought of my own fate, were I in its power, fills me with dread; and when you follow the water to where it makes that dreadful plunge, and go below, each troubled and angry

drop seems to be looking around as though anxious to see what ruin it had wrought; so that in contemplating this greatest of all natural curiosities, I experience a mingled feeling of fear, awe, and delight, and do not know which of these sensations predominates; I think, however, that the improvements around here have had the effect to somewhat dispel the first of them; still, it is a fearful place, and holds me awe-struck for the greater part of my time; and fond as I am of a plunge-bath, I shall never get into these waters, unless it be by accident.

Do you intend to see the man walk a rope across the river this evening? There is no use in asking that question, for I know you would sit here all day working into a bit of table-rock with your pen-knife, just to see what it is made of, rather than go a mile to witness one of the greatest feats ever performed. Yet, I think I could get you with me sight-seeing this time if it were not for the fact that you saw a man hanged when you were a boy, and afterward had so many bad dreams about it, you promised yourself never again to look upon any frightful scene.

Well, my way of getting on with such a case is this: If the fellow falls, it will be his nerves that suffer, not mine. It is thought by many that the man who was to ride over on the back of this daring rope-walker is about to back out, and although that was to form a chief portion of the excitement of the day, yet I could not blame him if he did; I should prefer, in such a case—if it were not for the name of riding—to make the trip on foot. Well, work away among these strata of rocks, and on my return I will tell you all about what I saw, for you will want to know what happened, notwithstanding you won't go yourself.

Back again! "Well, did you see the man walk the rope?" "I did that!" "But did he carry the other man on his back?" "Yes, he carried the man on his back, and no mistake! When I went down there my first thought was to take a position on the bank two hundred yards above the rope, so as to be out of the crowd and run no risk of being pushed off the bluff; but I soon found that the crowd would extend for a quarter of a mile above and below where the rope was anchored; so concluded, if I had to be in a crowd, to get as close as possible, and went down toward the rope, but discovered that several acres there were inclosed by a high fence, inside of which one could only enter by paying twenty-five cents. I paid it, and was let in, but met with another difficulty: all along on the bluff above and below the rope and inside of the fence seats were erected in amphitheater form, and only those who occupied them could see any thing, as their height in the rear obstructed the view of all who were standing on the ground behind them. Here I was told that by paying another quarter I could secure a seat; I paid the money, and took one within twenty yards of the anchor on the American shore; so that the entire rope, man, and all, were in full view, and could not be obscured. My only fear was that the multitude behind us might press until seats and all would go over the bluff, which was about one hundred feet perpendicular; but I soon forgot the possibility of danger in that direction. The place where the rope was thrown across was about five hundred yards above the wire bridge. The length of the rope from anchor to anchor was eleven hundred and forty feet; it was about one inch and a quarter in diameter, and its lowest dip in the center about one hundred and fifty feet

above the water; the slack, or swag, in the center was, from the best measurement I could make with my eye, about twenty-five or thirty feet below the level of the anchors. These depressions seemed to be mainly near each shore, so that I should judge that the descent on each side for fifty yards was at an angle of at least twenty degrees, which I supposed would be extremely difficult for Monsieur Blondin to overcome with a man on his back. The guy-ropes were small—not more than half or three-quarter inch in diameter, and extended about one-third the distance across from each shore, so as to leave about one hundred and thirty yards in the center without any side support—nothing but the single rope. Such is the construction of the web that this two-legged spider has spread across this fearful stream, this dreadful gulf.

“The crowd was immense—never did I see so many human beings together before; it was estimated at from thirty-five to forty thousand. At about four o’clock Blondin and some of his friends made their appearance at the end of the rope, near where I sat. Ten or fifteen minutes were spent in little preparations and conversation before Monsieur made his start, which gave me an opportunity of examining his person fully. He is apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age, looks as though he would weigh one hundred and forty pounds, though I have been told he does not weigh over one hundred and thirty; his features are rather smooth and handsome, while his countenance is effeminate; light hair and blue eyes; his form and proportions were just and symmetrical, and, to judge from his appearance, his habits must be perfectly temperate, while the whole expression of the man was gentle and amiable; there was no semblance of recklessness in

him. His head was bare; his shirt and pantaloons, which seemed to constitute his wardrobe, except fancy-colored straps that passed over his shoulders, I took to be of thick, heavy, elastic silk goods. His feet were covered with close-fitting moccasins, made of heavy, dressed buckskin; his hands were bare, and seemed rather large for a man of his size. His balancing-rod, I think, was about fifteen feet long, one and a half inch in diameter in the center, tapering a little to the ends, and a gentleman near me said it weighed thirty-two pounds; if so, it must be made of very heavy timber. He is now hanging to his side a bundle of papers, and putting some strings into his pockets, for what purpose I know not. At this moment a brass band, which I had not noticed before, commenced performing a piece of music in quick time. Blondin's rod is in his hand, and, with a graceful bow to the multitude, he glides forth upon his pilgrimage on this almost invisible thread across this boiling gulf. He set out in a fast trot, almost a run, which thrilled ten thousand nerves; now and then a short grunt could be heard in various parts of the crowd, as though some one was suddenly shocked with pain. But Blondin went forward, sometimes walking slowly and with caution, then suddenly turning his head down on the rope and his heels high in the air; first on one foot then on the other, performing all kinds of antics, till at length he passed over to where the guy-ropes extending from the Canada shore connected; here he stopped, took the strings from his pocket, tied his balancing-rod to the main rope and a guy, and came back over the main rope, sometimes walking on his feet, then on his hands, at times stopping to stand first on his feet, then on his head; now he is below the rope, traveling hand over

hand, the next moment he is 'skinning the cat,' as the boys call it; now he has dropped below the rope and is hanging by one foot; now he is lying directly across the rope, and moving his arms and legs as if swimming; he is on his feet again, turned a somersault forward, then backward. 'Well, he will never fall after that,' said one. He now returned to his rod, untied it, and walked on, performing various feats, until he was received with wild acclamation by the host on the other shore and the music of the band—for there was a band on each side of the river. After a delay of twenty minutes the band on the farther shore began with a thundering chorus, and Blondin again appeared on the rope, with a man upon his back, whom he brought safely across to the American side in about twenty minutes; he walked slowly, though, and with great caution, and five times set the man down on the rope to rest, which consumed at each time a little more than a minute. In ascending the heavy grade of the rope on the American shore I thought he had about as much as he could do, and on reaching the land he looked flushed and exhausted, while the man he carried was rather pale—though he may look that way all the time. There was long and loud cheering, then the multitude dispersed, many no doubt greatly disappointed, for thousands came to see him kill himself; and as soon as it is understood there is no danger, they will cease to come."

I have often heard it said that it takes a great many different kinds of people to make a world; and whether it is necessary to have so many kinds or not, there is quite a variety in human character. While we are told by St. Paul that of one blood God made all the nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, yet, from some

cause or other, unknown to us, there are a great many phases and castes to be met with. After all, the character of places differ about as much as the character of men.

After you went to sleep last night, I was thinking about this place, and it is truly remarkable. The whole city is sustained by travelers, or nearly so. There is a little show of machinery moved by the rapids; a few dozen Indians are employed on bead-work; and a few persons are engaged in making ornaments out of the spar taken from fragments of the Table Rock. The sales of bead-work and spar ornaments are almost exclusively to travelers; so that if the travel were cut off, this city would be dried up in short order. The various plans practiced to get money from visitors are really worth studying; let us look at them for a few minutes. Hotels are necessary, and here they are. The omnibus men must be provided for; so the trains stop at so great a distance from the hotels as to make walking almost impossible. The great number of persons interested in omnibuses thus find a support; for the depot might as well have been in the middle of the town as anywhere else. There was one mistake made in the location of the town—it is too near the Falls for the general interest of hackmen; but it is curious to see how this difficulty has been overcome. If you stop on the American side, they will tell you that if you wish to have a good view, you should go over to the Canada side; should you stop on the Canada side, then Goat Island is the great place; so that a hack must be brought into service, and you must go down and cross on the great suspension bridge. That is not all. They will ask you if you are not going to see the Burning Spring, and Lundy's Lane, and the Whirlpool, and the

Devil's Den, and Bloody Run—"everybody goes to see these places."

Well, now for a trade with a hackman, and there are probably five or six present, all interested in the same company; and if there is one of them who has his hack engaged, and cannot take you at any price, he will be the first to offer his services. He asks a price that perfectly astounds you, and which he knows you will not give. You complain that his price is too high, upon which he turns away, with superb independence, and says that he will not take you for one cent less. At this moment up comes another, and speaks in a low tone, as though he were afraid the first would hear him, "I will take you for so much." But the first hears him, and pretends to become angry that this second man should work so cheap, and break down prices. Now, you think, is your time to close in; and you agree to go with the second; and, after all, you pay two or three prices. So if you go sight-seeing, you will pay five dollars for about two hours' service. When you get to the bridge, you must pay one dollar and fifty cents more to get your hack across. The man that drives is not the man with whom you made the contract; says he knows nothing about it; has no money; and the passengers always pay it. No use; you are in for it, and must pay it. One-half mile farther you come to a toll-gate; here you fuss and grumble, but you have to pay again. Next you are at the Burning Spring. "Will this spring burn, Mister?" asks one of your party. "Yes," says the man, "if you put fire to it." "Let us see it." "Just record your names yonder, and give me a quarter apiece, and I will." Well, you are at the Burning Spring, and not to see it burn would be too bad. You pay again.

Next, Lundy's Lane. On reaching the place you find a wooden structure, of suspicious appearance in point of safety, some hundred feet high. "Do you want to go up?" inquires the keeper. "Just record your names, and pay twenty-five cents each." Down goes your money, and up you go, thinking, perhaps, that when you reach the top you will have nothing to do but to look. When you get there you see the country around; but what of that? You do not know where the battle was fought, after all. You will find an old Englishman on hand, who was in the battle, and if you will give him another quarter, he will tell you all about it. Out comes another quarter.

The Devil's Hole is next to be visited. On the edge of the precipice, at the top of the stair-way leading downward, you come to a little shanty, and the keeper asks, "Wish to go down, gentlemen? wish to go down? Record your names. Twenty-five cents, gentlemen, twenty-five cents." You pay it, and down you go, for one hundred and fifty feet; and then you come up again, tired enough, and never say one word to anybody.

Now, you wish to know what is to be seen at these places; you will have to go and see for yourself.

It will not do to omit a visit to Goat Island. By this time your patience with hackmen and charges is exhausted, and you decide that you will walk. Before you get to the island a man at a little house between the two spans tells you that you must pay fifty cents, but that it is for the season. "For what season?" "For the whole season." You say, "I shall leave this evening, never to return." But you must buy a season ticket. Out comes your purse again. Another man came up to me, and asked me to give him money to

show me the Falls. "Can I not see the Falls myself?" "O yes; but I would point out interesting points to you." Then you go down the spiral stair-way; everybody goes down, and so must you. Down you go, and under the bluff you find a little shanty, clinging to the rocks like an eagle's nest. Out comes a very polite gentleman, and says, "Want to go through the Cave of the Winds? Put on this suit." Off go your clothes, and on goes the suit, and through the Cave of the Winds you go. Only fifty cents. If you wish to know what there is in that cave, go and see for yourself.

But the great sight is yet to be seen; we have to go under the sheet of water. Fifty cents, another suit of clothes, and a guide. Do you want to know if the sight is worth all this labor and cost? Go and see for yourself.

Well, you would now suppose you had seen every thing about the Falls; not so. Do you not hear the Maid of the Mist blowing her whistle, and see people crowding on her deck, and putting on such funny suits of clothes? Here goes fifty cents more, and when you return a dime to the railroad to bring you up the bluff.

But I will tell a little more about the hackmen. Notwithstanding that I paid twice the value of the service rendered, it was only half the sum the first man asked. As a class, they seem to be wholly destitute of principle.

THIS Atlantic city is an interesting spot, on many accounts. You have not only the sea-breeze, but the sea itself, with all that can make the sea-shore attractive. A more lovely beach cannot be imagined than we have here at low tide—smooth, and unobstructed for twelve miles by either stream or inlet; so that those who like a drive on the sea-shore can be accommodated

here to their heart's content. The vegetation near the sea has a singular appearance. The ocean wind trims the tops of the black-gums, maples, and hollies as completely as any gardener trims the tops of his hedges with his shears. If you wish to know the height of the trees, you have only to find the elevation of the sand-bank along the shore; not one inch higher will the wind permit the trees to grow. The trees are high from the ground in proportion to the depression of the earth landward from the sand-bank. Thus they grow according to an agrarian plan; if one tree is larger than another, it makes all its gain at the bottom. To grow tall, they must commence in a low place. The increase in the size of a tree is generally in latitude, and not in altitude. This is probably the reason why the branches are thrown about in such wild confusion. I have just returned from seeing the twin-trees, as they are called. They are quite a curiosity. They stand about ten feet apart, correspond very well in size, and appear to be about thirty years old. Some twelve feet from the ground they are united by a limb about as large as your arm, and it is impossible to tell which of the two trees it originally belonged to. Its junction with both trees is natural and perfect; it is nearly straight, with a slight upward flexure at the center.

The surf-bathing, after all, is the greatest attraction here. But you will not go in; and I wish you would tell me whether it is the fear of sharks or dread of the water that keeps you out. If it is a fear of being drowned, you should do as my old New Hampshire friend did. I wish you would find out his name for me. I have tried every plan I can think of but to ask him, and that I can never do. He has discovered mine by hearing you and the ladies call me; but none

of the people here know his name, or if they do, they have not mentioned it in my hearing. I looked into his hat, but found nothing there but one glove. I understand that he is employed in the boot and shoe-making business, and makes them altogether with pegs; he does nothing else; and you could not find out in one month how I came by this information. Well, as an Irishman would say, it was after this wise: On yesterday evening, as Col. S. and myself were laying our plans for a good ocean swim, instead of a bath, he was listening very attentively; and this morning, when the Colonel and I, with some young gentlemen of our party, set out for the sea-shore, all as free from worldly incumbrance as people ever are—having laid aside and left behind all but our dusters—and were getting along as well as we could, bare-footed, there was old Mr. New Hampshire (I shall henceforth call him Mr. By Degrees) also making his way to the ocean waves. We were soon on the beach, and buffeting away with the most delightful surf. I happened to look toward the shore, and saw my old friend By Degrees in the briny deep, up to where the calves of his legs ought to have been, if they had not seemed to have been left off, for some reason or other. He was dipping up water with his hand, and wetting the top of his head. I asked him what he was doing that for. He said it was to keep the blood from rushing to the head, and went on to say that it was always better to wet the head first. I then asked him if he was afraid of apoplexy. He said he did not think there was much danger of that; but it might be that he would take something like congestion. From the top of his head to the ground he is, I think, about six feet long—that is, when he is straight. He appears to be about fifty-five years old, is nearly bald,

and has a remarkably long face; his eyes are very near the top of his head, and the lower part of his face is so heavy that it seems to have drawn down the center until the inner corners of his eyes are much lower than the outer corners, causing his face to resemble that of an old sow at the time she is weaning her pigs. His shirt-collar is pointed, and extends up to his ears; in fact, his entire body seems to be suspended by the ears from the edges of his collar. From one point of view he has the appearance of a horse with a blind-bridle on. He wears a glossy black bombazine coat and pantaloons, without a vest, though he says he has one with him, and intends to wear it as soon as the weather is a little cooler. He says he is a man that always dresses according to the weather, neither smokes, drinks, nor chews tobacco, and is a Church-member—he did not say what Church. I do not remember whether he has any thing round his neck or not. On his feet he wears a pair of very heavy shoes. He will not talk to you five minutes before he will tell you that his health has not been good for some time, and that he came here for the benefit of the bathing, and that if it will help him it is quite as cheap, or cheaper than to have staid at home and taken medicine from the doctors—though he is afraid the hotel-fare here will not be good for him; but he thinks they have what he needs, if he could get it. You need not be surprised if old Mr. By Degrees and myself should get up an anti-eating-by-the-bill-of-fare society; for we do not know the various dishes by their names, and are afraid to send for any thing except roast beef and Irish potatoes, lest we might not like it when it comes; and as it is sometimes difficult to induce a servant to wait on you, we do not like to waste time in trying experiments.

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But I have digressed far away from the bathing. I told you that he had waded into the water until it reached to where the calves of his legs ought to have been, and was wetting the top of his head to prevent congestion. I urged him to come in deeper, but for awhile he would not—saying that he would take it by degrees; that his health had been bad, and he thought it dangerous to do any thing too suddenly; that he was a man who always took things by degrees. I asked him what kind of sickness he had. He replied that some of the doctors said it was his stomach, and others were sure it was his liver; but his opinion was that it was not much else than weakness; that it came on him by degrees, and he expected that it would go off by degrees. A young friend, Mr. A., became interested in his movements, and tried to induce him to venture into deeper water, and did succeed in getting him in to the depth of his knees; but when he saw the surf coming, he ran for the shore as briskly as a young colt. He told me a short while ago that Mr. A. encouraged him very much, and that he thinks he will go in deeper next time; that he has had ill health, and must take the water by degrees. He wished to know how much the barber charges for shaving, and if there was not danger of catching the tetter-worm by shaving with the barber.

But I have not told you how I found out that he was a shoe-maker, and made only pegged shoes. Well, I will come to it in a short while. Mr. By Degrees, when in his native buff, was the oddest-looking animal you ever saw. His skin was not a good fit for him, and his joints were the largest parts of him; the knee-joint, especially, was so very large in proportion to the remainder of the leg that I thought it was swollen, and

that he had rheumatism; and I asked him what was the matter with his knees. He said, "Nothing, unless it is hammering on them so much, making boots and shoes." That was the way I discovered his trade. If you avoid alluding to his illness, he will talk incessantly about his business; but if he can find a listener, he will talk on the subject of his maladies until the candles burn out, if it is night. He will give you a number of instances in which he and his old lady differed in opinion; but, to his credit be it said, he generally admits that she was right. I take that to be a good sign. You will never fully understand him, however, until you get up before the ladies are awake, and go bathing with him, and see him dip up the water in his hand, and wet the top of his head, to prevent taking congestion.

WE have been out sailing! Col. S. labored energetically yesterday to organize the party. There were ten or twelve in the company—seven ladies, and five or six gentlemen. The Colonel and I wished to make the young ladies seasick, which we supposed would be an easy matter, as none except one of them had ever been out of sight of land. So, immediately after breakfast, we went by rail to the inlet, where we found a number of small boats, or yachts, kept for hire to pleasure-parties. One of them was considerably larger than the others; but in appearance it was as old as Noah's Ark—the paint rubbed off its sides, the rigging all patched, and tied up with strings, like an Indian's gun. Mr. F. (one of the party) was for taking the large one, fearing that the small ones were not sufficiently capacious; yet the smallest was, I should think, at least fifteen tons burden. We selected a most beautiful little

craft—new, fresh, and neat—which, with her clean deck, white paint, and swan-like canvas, looked like a bride, and seemed to be as innocent and docile as a Sunday-school scholar. We were soon on board; the anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and the vessel stood out before the wind, like an uncaged bird. The Colonel intimated to the master of the craft what was wanted—the roughest possible passage, consistent with safety. The day was as fine for the purpose as if it had been made to order—clear and balmy, with a stiff breeze and a pretty heavy sea. We glided down the inlet, and were soon fairly out at sea. The roughest water that could be found was on the inlet bar, and toward this the master bore down, and laid his vessel across the sea. The lamb-like thing plunged and bounded with might and main; and all the while we watched the effect upon the ladies; but they were enjoying it rapturously; they seemed to be wild with joy and merriment; nor was there any apparent sign of seasickness. It was evident that *that motion* had failed. We then laid her quarter to the sea, which gave her a kind of rolling, chopping motion; this was not very pleasant to any of us, as it interfered with our going about on deck. The effect of this motion was simply a slight reduction of the mirth. We thought for awhile that it promised more; but at length it proved a failure. We then ran the yacht as much between the seas as it was safe to attempt, taking in nearly all the canvas, which caused her to roll with a heavy, sluggish motion, but to no avail. We then held a council of war, and the next expedient was tried. A rough piece of water was selected, and we came to anchor, depriving the yacht of her stiffness and steadiness by taking in all the sails. She now plunged forward and backward,

and rolled from side to side most beautifully; and at last this motion was found to take effect, but, I am sorry to say, in the wrong direction. A particular friend of the Colonel's, from "York State," as it is called here—a tall, genteel, delicate-looking gentleman, who had received a hint from the Colonel, and came on the excursion mainly to have some sport at the expense of the seasick young ladies—became a victim to the motion. I happened to be looking at him when he felt the first premonitory symptom. He stood perfectly still—that is, as still as the vessel's motion would allow; there was an anxious expression about his face, and he seemed to be looking back, like a horse when he feels the first *grab* of the bots, and appeared like a man listening intently for something. I was greatly in hope the young ladies would not observe him; but it was only a few minutes before I saw one of them looking at him attentively for a moment or so; she then gave the young lady next to her the hint, and she, too, looked, and soon all were watching him. The young gentleman, however, did not appear to realize the existence of outward things, till at last one of them sang out, "You're sick! you're sick!" And then followed that unkind, unaccountable laugh which well persons always enjoy over those who are seasick. My York friend soon took a seat on a coil of rope that lay on the deck, and, leaning against the mast, gave unmistakable evidence of increased distress. He first leaned one way, then another, and at last stretched himself out at full length on the deck. He turned pale round the mouth, his eyes closed, and while thus conquered and prostrate, the cruel laugh was kept up. I am not sure that the Colonel himself did not now begin to feel a little unpleasant. The master of the craft said

it was of no use—that we could not make the ladies sick. At length I said to one of them, just for spite, “You are getting sick!” at which she sprang up, and, bounding across the deck with a merry laugh, replied, “Not a bit of it!” So we weighed anchor and stood in for the shore.

Did you ever study character at the dinner-table? There are a great variety of characters here in the dining-room at the dinner-hour. For instance, here comes an old gentleman and lady, dressed in good style, who take their seats as if they were used to it; the gentleman takes the bill-of-fare, puts his gold-framed glasses to his eyes and looks wondrous wise, exchanges a word with his wife, and then says, “Mock-turtle.” Next comes a young married couple, no doubt a little embarrassed, but to prove to everybody that they are not, like a boy who whistles as he passes a grave-yard at night, they must converse all the way through the dining-room, and the young wife must laugh a little at what her husband is saying, as evidence that they are regardless of the presence of others. They consult the bill-of-fare together, and say something to the servant, who starts off, goes a few steps, is called back, and another order is given; the gentleman then looks at his bride with a knowing glance, and she laughs. Yonder is quite a party. A parley is held with the principal steward, he runs ahead of them and turns down half a dozen chairs that had been propped against the table. A general conversation is set up among them, jokes are played off, unfinished *confabs* are introduced; but all the while the ladies of the party are looking in every direction to see who is here and who is there, while the young gentlemen seem to be perfectly satisfied with their company. Over there

two gentlemen, who are talking together with seeming earnestness, do not seem to care much about the bill-of-fare. A card is sent off to the chief butler, and a bottle of wine, or something stronger, is now between them. Stocks, exchange, and commerce generally, are handled as small matters, while the quality of the contents of the bottle is discussed with a great show of familiarity with good liquors. Here comes a man alone, who walks straight to his seat, speaks to the servant as he sits down, goes to work in earnest, hurries through, and is soon away. A gentleman has just taken his seat over there who seems to know no one. He wears gold-framed spectacles, and sports a *goatee*, and a thin mustache which he is trying to tease into the shape of a ram's horn, while he occasionally pulls down his refractory *goatee*. He unfolds his napkin with great care, and adjusts himself to his work; he will be at the table when you leave, and long after, for he is going to eat "according to the book." He has got on now to the lobster, and is preparing to dress it himself, for which purpose an extra dish is brought; he intends to show everybody that he is not from the country, but the city, and a large city at that. He has taken the fleshy portion of the lobster from the shell, and is cutting it up as though he were going to make hash of it. Watch him! That is sweet-oil he is pouring on it, next he adds a little salt, now some vinegar, next different kinds of sauces, then comes the pepper, followed with the mustard, after which all is mixed and chopped together. Half a dozen times has the servant ran off to get some condiment for him, until he is surrounded by casters. Now he tastes it, holding it in his mouth with a knowing air, but suddenly, and with great haste, adds a little more of two

or three ingredients, and then tastes again. Now it will do! He calls a servant and sends his compliments to a lean, narrow-faced, sharp-nosed woman with curls straying all about her face, to inquire if she will not have some lobster dressed after the style in which it is done in Paris or Boston, and she accepts. But look at that gentleman sitting alone. He is not engaged, as all the rest are, in eating. What is the matter? He is ashy-pale and red by turns; leans back in his chair, and tries to look dignified and composed. What a conflict is going on between his wounded pride and his appetite! Let us analyze his thoughts: "Here am I, dressed in style, my hair dyed, my whiskers curled, a diamond ring on my finger and a diamond pin in my bosom, a man of *some* talent, to be neglected in this way! If they don't do better I will leave this house! But never mind, they will come running directly." Poor fellow! his appetite will conquer yet. But here comes the big steward, with a larger apron than the waiters have, and wearing a coat to distinguish him from the common herd of servants, who wear only jackets. Bowing politely, the steward says, "Anything wanting, sir? Ordered your dinner, sir?" "Yes, about one hour ago!" He is about to say something more, but the steward is gone. He now fairly swells with rage; but it will not do to be noisy, because that would make public the fact that he has been neglected. The servant who took his original order has been so much occupied in serving the party (who bribed him) that he has forgotten all about it, and has to go back and ask, "What will you have, sir?" But it is too late now to begin at the top of the bill; soup and fish depots are past, and he is now at the beef and potato station. Now that he is eating, see how he has un-

buckled the muscles of his face; he begins to look amiable, and is breathing deeply and easily. What a wonderful effect that savory beef has had upon him! Pity he had not imitated the man opposite, who is all the while knocking with the handle of his knife upon the table, or poking his fingers at the servants as they pass, like a man trying to see how high he can make a dog jump. He has opened a regular carrying-trade between his appetite and the kitchen, and is taking on freight at such a rate that, were I an insurance officer, I should not like to take a risk upon his hull.

I recollect a Frenchman who regularly *backed down*, and would not move one inch on the fish course. I suppose he was fond of this dish, and the servant had brought him some, but it was a small morsel, not more than a spoonful, and seemed to be beaten up almost into a batter, with the bones peering out all around it. The Frenchman adjusted his spectacles and looked at it for a moment, and then, with the most magnificent disgust, pushed it a few inches from him, set his chair back, and looked toward the ceiling. A moment later, and a servant asked, "What will you have, sir?" to which he replied, slowly and emphatically, "I—want—some—fish!" The servant, glancing at the table, saw that he had fish before him, and left him. Quite a number of times other servants came to him and asked the same question, and received the same answer. This state of things continued until dinner was half over, by which period he had fallen behind the regular time, and was switched off. At length one of the proprietors of the house came to him and said, politely, "What's wanting, sir? what's wanting, sir? I say, what's wanting, sir?" The Frenchman replied, "I have told already what wanting, by Gar, eleven time;

I now tell one time more: I—want—some—fish!” The servants now began to gather around, a kind of council was held over the matter, and I thought I heard one of them say that the fish was all gone. My own dinner was drawing to a close, and I do not know whether the Frenchman got any fish or not.

THE ladies have been in the briny deep at last, but not in very deep after all; and notwithstanding you would not take the bath yourself, you ought to have gone down and taken a look at us all when dressed for the occasion. Handy Andy’s account of Squire Ragan’s sheep, dressed up in old rags to protect them from the winter’s cold, after an unseasonable shearing, could not have presented a more ludicrous picture than we did.

The goods of which the bathing-suits are composed is a coarse, strong, woolen fabric, variously colored and striped, so as to accommodate the peculiar fancy of each individual; though my suit had been wet and dried so often that the colors had all run together, so that it was impossible to tell the original design. The wardrobe of the ladies was of the Bloomer style, with close-fitting basque body and high neck. They wear upon their heads straw hats with large rims, tied down under their chins; and they are bare-footed. The gentlemen wear pantaloons, with something like an old-fashioned bed-gown, buttoned up in front quite to the chin, or tied together with strings; feet and ankles bare; and hats similar to those worn by the ladies. From the row of little huts along the beach, which are appropriated as dressing-rooms, to the water’s edge is about fifty yards. This open space has to be overcome, which is the great imaginary trouble of the ladies; for,

where there are thousands of visitors, as there are here, you cannot escape observation. We had all put on our bathing-suits and met together near one of the shanties, some twenty I suppose, in all, to form a line of march for the water; and notwithstanding it was somewhat difficult for us to recognize each other in our new clothes, yet it was discovered that one of the ladies was missing—Miss A. What had become of her no one could tell; the ladies said she had passed out from the dressing-saloon, and that was all they knew. Col. A. was dispatched in search of her, and she was found by discovering her feet. The door of the saloon opened on the outside; she said that when she got out she felt so funny that she could not stand it, so she pulled the door around and got behind it, and there she was, standing as still as death; but her feet were disclosed below the shutter, and she was captured and brought out, and joined her party. Every thing ought to suit the purpose for which it is intended, and nothing, it appears to me, could be devised more perfectly adapted to the end than these bathing-suits, being every thing that could be asked for. Each lady now selects some gentleman who is to take care of her—a father, husband, brother, or some well-known and confiding friend, who is to see to it that the undertow, as it is called, shall not carry them beyond soundings, and to help them to ride the heavy waves. Now we are paired, and off for the surf. It was amusing to observe how low the ladies tried to make themselves as they went limping along on the pebbles with their bare feet, tottering from side to side, like so many muscovy ducks on their way to the pond. We were soon launched, though, and riding the surf beautifully; but when I looked and saw how perfectly reckless of danger the

ladies appeared, having full confidence in their protectors, and how industriously the gentlemen were employed in preventing any accident to their various charges, I could not but think of a negro meeting, where all the women get happy, and the men can get no good of the meeting in consequence of having to hold the women.

I have noticed when out at sea that about every five minutes there comes along a swell that seems to be a master spirit, sometimes several feet higher than the others, as though the great heart of old ocean had made a violent throb, and greatly increased the circulation. That was particularly the case to-day: the surf was generally fine, but occasionally these alps of ocean would dawn upon us. But we had been going swimmingly, till at length our paired-off arrangement was broken up, and the company formed what they called "dress circle," all taking hands like dancers in the Grecian chorus. I did not unite in this circle, but was riding the surf alone, having gone a little farther out than the rest of the party, when all at once here came one of these mountain swells. I mounted it, but saw that those in the circle had not observed it till it struck and carried them hither and yonder, their hold upon each other being broken by the force of the wave, and they were drifting around like so many gourds. I made to their relief, but soon the most of them recovered their footing; though I saw one who seemed to be in trouble—Miss E., a tall and rather delicate lady; she was bobbing up and down, with nothing but the back of her head peering out of the water; I soon reached her, and brought her to the top. She snorted like a baby-porpoise, swallowed a little salt water, spit the rest out, and just as soon as she could speak, said to me—and

no doubt meant all she said—"Well, I don't see any fun in this! Uncle Chip, don't let it do that again!" You may rest assured there was no want of looking out for the master swells after that. So far I had escaped elegantly, and was just beginning to think that I should win the reputation of a good bather; but it always happens to me that just as I think I am about to finish up something smart, my hopes are struck down, and I am brought back to my proper level; and it is wonderful that I will do so, for I had faithful warning on the subject when quite a boy, which will never be forgotten: it was the day I put on the first pair of pantaloons with pockets in them that I ever had. I recollect it was in the spring of the year, and when I put on my new pantaloons, the old shoes which I had worn through the winter looked a little too rough, and I took them off, and felt so light and supple that I told the other children I could fly, but they disputed it; so I mounted an old peach-scaffold which was in the corner of the yard, in order to get a good start, but soon found myself flat on the ground, considerably bruised, so that I have never tried to fly since. But back to my difficulty: When I went to get a bathing-suit I could not find a hat large enough, being troubled with the big-head, and the sun was too powerful to think of going with my head uncovered; so I concluded that I would wear that new straw hat of mine, with a determination not to let my head get wet; and to keep it from being blown off, I brought down the ribbon and tied it fast in the button-hole of my bed-gown, and was getting on finely. But, as I was telling you, I must do something smart; so I went out farther than anybody else, in order to make character as a bather; and at this critical point in my desire for rep-

utation, along came one of those tremendous swells, when I happened to be attending to something landward, and, before I thought of it, buried me about three feet deep, took my new hat from me by violence—tore it off my head, broke the ribbon, and away it went. When I recovered myself and looked for my hat, don't you think, the ladies whom I had helped so much were laughing like to split their sides, and saying, "Yonder goes your hat!" I overtook it at last, and put it out on the sand to dry; but it is so saturated with salt that I shall have to be careful to keep it out of the way of the cows. Soon after this I told the party that we had been in the water long enough. How much my ducking had to do in bringing me to this conclusion, I shall not say.

This bathing is a great affair; and I am clearly of the opinion that persons affected with nervous derangement, or any general prostration of vital powers, will find sea-bathing of more service than other watering-places. The temperature of the sea at this point is about seventy degrees, and the slight shock that you feel when first going in soon passes away, and the bathing is really delightful; the beach, or bottom, is fine, firm sand, and is as pleasant to the feet as could be asked for; and there is not that danger which some persons suppose; if a man at a reasonable distance out should become perfectly helpless, I think the surf would wash him up high and dry on the beach. Ladies frequently go in alone. There was a great number of persons bathing when we were in, and among them I saw one lady who was alone, and was quite a bold bather. But the time came at last to go out, and out we went.

Here I am with another difficulty: my suit of clothes

was rather a close fit when dry, and when they got wet, the water acting as an astringent, they became an exceedingly neat fit; and but for the timely aid of Col. A., I should have had to wear them off with me, or come out of them locust-fashion. The only complaint now among the ladies is the condition of their hair, their heads having become perfectly saturated with the salt-water. The next thing will be a heavy bill from the hair-dresser.

There is not much interest taken in driving here. A great many people enjoy it; but they do not talk or brag about it. The reason of this is that it is cheap; you can ride in a car, omnibus, or hack at a low price, because the New Jersey people ride only in their Jersey-wagons. I like both the people and their wagons; the former are sensible, and the latter comfortable; but as the equipage costs no more than two hundred dollars, the *élite* are indifferent whether they ride in a car, omnibus, or wagon, as all are the same price. I cannot imagine what pride and fashion can do to abolish this democratic institution; something must certainly be done, for all walk and ride in the same style, and there is no apparent distinction between the great and the little people.

My old friend By Degrees has been out riding. He has visited the light-house, and says that he would like to go up to the lantern; but his health has been so bad, and he is so very weak, that he thinks he could not get up unless he were to take it by degrees.

THE angler, you must understand, is a very different character from the fisherman. I claim no particular fellowship for fishermen; with all their *seineing*, and netting, and trapping I have nothing to do. The

method of fishing with hook and line practiced at this place was new to me, and it was with no little fear that I pitted myself against those Philadelphia and New Jersey gentlemen, who were at home in the art.

Our party consisted of eight persons besides the boatmen. There was one of the gentlemen whom I considered more formidable than all the others—a Mr. J. I had often heard of him before I saw him; whenever fishing was the subject of conversation, some one was sure to say, “You ought to get Mr. J. to go with you; he is the greatest fisherman in these parts.” Some time afterward I was introduced to him, and we were soon intimate friends; we flowed together like kindred spirits. He was, I should judge, fully sixty years old, rather low in stature, a little inclined to corpulency, very intelligent and communicative, full of life and good feeling, and ready for the excursion. Every word of information that I was able to obtain from him has been treasured up; the kind of fish, the tackle, the bait, were all discussed, until I thought I should very soon be proficient enough to take at least one degree.

The first thing to be done was to find a reliable man who had a boat—there are tricks in all trades. There are a number of persons here who have fishing-boats, but who know nothing about fishing—people who come here merely for the bathing-season. If you should happen to have one of these as your boatman, probably you will not get even a nibble. They do not know where to take you, and if they did, they have a strong temptation not to go where you can catch fish, because you engaged to pay them a certain sum for the trip, and the sooner you lose patience and wish to return, the better it is for them. But Mr. J. knew the men and their tricks, and was therefore able to secure the serv-

ices of one upon whom he could rely, who himself had experience as a fisherman, and would take pleasure in promoting our success in every way.

There are some facts with regard to the bait which you ought to know, if you should ever be tempted to try your luck. There are three kinds of bait used here—soft crabs, hard crabs, and clams. If you bait with soft crabs, you will catch fish pretty fast; if with hard crabs, you may catch one occasionally; but if you put on clam-bait I will not promise that you will get even a good nibble. The best bait, like every thing else that is good, is not easily found; the second-rate article is a little more plentiful; and the worst may be had in unlimited quantities. You may write it down in your book that the good things of this life are hard to get, whatever they may be, while the bad things come of themselves.

Mr. J. having indoctrinated me into the secret concerning the bait, when we reached the inlet, and the owners of boats came around us for a job, one of them bringing with him a large soft crab, thinking that he would impress the party with a good opinion by his bait, I asked him what he would take for his crab (he had just said he could get plenty like it), and he said, "Half a dollar." "Here it is," said I, putting the money in his hand, and taking the crab. Mr. J. offered him half a dollar for another like it, but he had no more. Our boatman had sent his son to catch bait, and to meet us at a certain point on the way, though we had plenty of clams and a few hard crabs. We were soon on board a neat little fishing-smack, and standing out for the inlet. We began preparations by examining the tackle. A number of lines were furnished us by the owner of the boat. These were made of cotton-

twine, about forty feet long, with about four ounces of lead at the lower end, and with three hooks attached by trotters two feet long, made of smaller twine than that of the main line. The lowest hook was two feet from the lead, and the two others one and two feet above. The hooks were the old-fashioned twisted, flat-headed kind, and rather dull. I thought the whole apparatus was cumbrous and unangler-like. Fortunately for me, Mr. R., of Philadelphia, who had been fishing here for some time, gave me his fish-basket when he left for home; he was a disciple of Izaak Walton, and had left in it all that was necessary for fly-fishing. So I rigged an establishment for myself, putting on the snood and Limerick hook, with a small sea-grass main line, and a lead just sufficient to sink it.

The fishing-ground was reached at length, and every man was in as great a hurry to get his hook into the water as if he thought all the fish would leave for parts unknown unless he put his bait in their mouths in one minute. It was not long before we began to haul them up. But let me tell you that if you do not tie on your hat, you will lose it, as there is nearly always a strong wind. You need not take an umbrella, for you cannot hold it and fish; and however hot the sunshine may be, you must endure it. The line is held in the hand, and the lead is dropped over the side till it touches the bottom; it is then raised a few inches, held very still, and you wait for a bite. The kind of fish taken were sea-bass, sea-trout, black-fish, weak-fish, and flounders—none weighing more than three pounds. I soon found my friend J. in trouble; he was catching nothing. I insisted on his trying my soft crab; but even then he could not induce the fish to bite. He first found fault with the place; but the rest of us were catching at such

a rate that this excuse was not listened to. He then laid the blame on his hook; but when I modestly told him that I did not think the inferiority of his hook prevented the fish from biting, he gave that up. He then thought he was on the wrong side of the boat, and made a change; but still the fish would not bite. This was dreadful on Mr. J.; for he was a master of the art, and to allow tyros to beat him was almost unendurable. He complained of the size of his line. I said there might be something in that; but others were taking fish with lines of the size. I knew, or thought I knew, why he had no success; but I would not have dared to tell him, even if I had been inclined to do so. He was not the man to receive instruction; it was his province to impart it to those who did not understand the art. But I was not then disposed to tell him so; for I was greatly elated at having succeeded while he failed. The cause of his failure was that there were great quantities of sea-weed on the surface of the water and on the bottom. Mr. J.'s lead was a heavy one, and his trotters were so long that all three of his hooks must have been on or near the bottom; and consequently his bait sank down among the moss, so that the fish could not find it. The breakfast that he had provided for the fish was all under cover-dishes. I was confirmed in this opinion by seeing that my lowest hook caught nothing, and that when he drew up his line his hooks were uniformly covered with moss; and I was astonished that he did not discover the cause of his want of success. He was lucky, however, in catching sea-spiders. Did you ever see one? They are the most detestable creatures I have ever beheld. They are called spiders because of their resemblance to the common spider, and belong to a class of shell-fish—

though I should think that all other shell-fish would be ashamed to claim kinship with them. They are about as large as a man's fist, and the body appears to be made of small fragments of rotten, shelly limestone, fastened together with coarse cement, and the joints left rough and unvarnished. They have been neither chiseled, plastered, nor polished, and remain in a rustic, unfinished condition. Their numerous legs are of unequal lengths, some with and some without claws, half of them apparently broken off—lost in battle, I suppose—and resemble pieces of old, rusty, moldy sticks, attached to the body by the most awkward, bungling hinges imaginable. The boatman said they were '*tarnally fighting*'. Rarely did Mr. J. take up his hook without having some of these spiders hanging to it—often two or three at the same bait. They were so voracious that the change of element did not affect them sufficiently to make them drop off. There they remained, one on each side, with their rugged legs mixed up, staring into each other's faces, and both sucking at the bait with all their might, as though it were some dainty morsel which they had no hope of ever tasting again. I wish you could have seen with what vehement energy Mr. J. dispatched them. Not a word would he utter, but with a significant grunt, and a rapid swing of his line, would dash them against the side of the boat, scattering their fragmentary legs in every direction; and I observed that after one of them had lost three or four legs, he would seem suddenly to become aware of impending danger, and, as though he were in haste to return to his native element, relaxing his grip, would quickly disappear in the water. After a careful examination of these marine creatures, I must acknowledge that I could not admire them.

During five hours' fishing we caught about seventy-one fish, and of these twenty-six were mine. For the benefit of the genuine angler, I will say that this kind of fishing cannot be compared with that which he may enjoy upon a Western stream, with a bamboo rod, a Hartford reel, a silk-plat line, a salmon snood, a Limerick hook, and where he can capture a ten-pound jack-fish. These sea-fish have no pluck; they do not pull vigorously, and the weight of the lead and depth of water are so great that you can hardly tell that you have a fish until it is almost out of the water. Then, you have neither clicking reel nor bending pole; in fact, the whole poetry of the art is lost. Give me a clean, shady bank, a running stream, and an elastic rod!

WHAT a beautiful day this has been, and how singularly I have spent it! The fatigue of fishing yesterday made me feel somewhat sore, and I had no inclination to either ride or walk; so I decided that I would join the Old Foggy Society on trial, if they would take me in. After breakfast I went out under the trees, and got into the crowd of long-jackets, spectacles, walking-canes, and any number of newspapers. Being a good listener, I constituted an audience for more than a dozen of them. The greatest difficulty in sustaining conversation is not in inducing people to talk, but in prevailing upon them to listen. Did you ever observe what a propensity to talk old people have? If a man should live to be eighty years old, you may safely divide his life into sections in the following manner: Until he is twenty years old his time is spent mainly in feeling; he has some thoughts, but they are infrequent and inconsequent. From twenty to forty he is an operative; he is at work, making money, character,

or fame, or seeking pleasure. From forty to sixty he devotes his energy to the erection of a monument; if he is a farmer or mechanic, he will build a house; if he is a professional man, he will write a book—he must do something to perpetuate his name after he is gone. After he passes sixty his sole occupation is talking; the garrulous old man, therefore, is passing through the final stage of his life. Being the youngest person in the crowd, I had to do a large share of listening, and to appear sufficiently grateful for the information that I was receiving, and at intervals to express my surprise at the great wisdom of the speaker or talker, by exclaiming, “Is it possible?” “To be sure!”

The subjects of conversation were various; and it is due to the old gentlemen that I should say that they seem to have more than an ordinary share of intelligence. It is the general opinion among them that times are getting very much out of joint, and that there are serious evils ahead; that the tires on the wheels of time are getting loose, and that the world will break down before it goes much farther. The main difficulty is found in the manner in which the young folks are brought up—too high notions; too extravagant, altogether; cannot stand it! Now, let me say to you that while I believe many of the fears of these sage philosophers are, in my opinion, groundless, there are some parts of the machinery of society really out of gear. We can see the effect more clearly than we can understand the cause.

THE world is continually striving to achieve something new. What a blessing it is, therefore, that old things can wear out, and give place to new! For if the old could not pass away—and our desire for new ob-

jects must be gratified—the world would soon be too full of various things; and short-lived as are the things of this life, many of them last too long for us. I was forcibly reminded of this fact while walking through the streets of this great city; for New York is a great city for any country. In almost every direction they are pulling down the old houses and building new ones. It seems to me that it would be a good idea to get up a new-fashion-making establishment, and sell new fashions as cakes and other commodities are sold, and furnish models, from the largest ship-of-the-line down to the finest sewing-needle. Do you not think such an establishment would be profitable? Nature arranges this matter most admirably—the old crop dies before the new one springs up. Behold the grass, leaves, and flowers, how faithfully they obey this law! If those who are building could only see what is to become of the structures which they are rearing up, do you not think that the pleasure of building would be greatly curtailed? The builders of these old houses which are now disappearing intended them to stand forever; and the original owners fretted and fumed when any part of the material was thought to be defective. We drive nails, and clinch them, and say within ourselves, “There you shall stay forever!” but the next generation will pull them out, if they must split the boards to do so.

I have just been looking at the new styles. The merchants who have come from different parts of the country to buy goods are continually talking about the novelties. “Not so pretty,” some say, “as those of last year; no matter, pretty or not pretty, the new style is the thing which is wanted; it is useless to buy the old at any price.”

In architecture there are new inventions for lighting,

warming, and ventilating. People will not live in the old-fashioned houses; they are astonished that they were brought up in the kind of houses inhabited by their fathers—full of deadly malaria, and no way to get rid of it. A new cabin for a boat or other vessel has been invented, which will insure the lives of the passengers. The inventor is going to make the cabin a vessel of itself, so that when the ship gets into distress they will all get into this cabin, and as the vessel goes down they will unship from her, put the cabin's auger to work, and all will be safe. When I asked him what was to become of them if the cabin was to get into trouble before they made the land, he replied, "Ah! that is running difficulties through a second edition before getting through with the first." Another man had a new style of carriage, so arranged that if the horses were to run, the driver, by touching a spring, could turn them loose and let them go. "And what would become of the carriage," said I, "if it was turned loose on the side of a hill?" "I guess," said he, "that you would have to turn them loose on level ground."

I really think that there is a fearful mixture in this city. Just reflect that within one hundred and fifty yards of this proud hotel, baptized by the name of a saint, you fall into the Five Points, and within three hundred feet in the opposite direction another most fearful sink of iniquity! so that the angels of God who hover around the virtuous and the good who stop at this magnificent establishment, and the fiends of darkness who keep vigil at these sinks of pollution, are nightly within sight of each other's camp-fires.

I would advise those who wish to be impressed alone with the beauty, wealth, and grandeur of this city to confine their walks mainly to Broadway and the Ave-

nues, for on these crooked, narrow streets there is little else to be met with in many portions but wretchedness and misery. There are thousands here who are within a single step of utter destitution. You have no doubt noticed the great number of methods adopted to make a shilling—one has a little table with a dozen apples; another has a basket containing a few oranges, some with *gubers*—pea-nuts, as they call them; another popped corn; quite a number are vending newspapers, others with matches, and some with tooth-picks; and there goes an old woman with a little dirty sack and a stick: she is fishing up old rags and waste paper from the gutters, and I suppose a day of faithful labor does not result in five cents. So that the situation of one hundred thousand of the inhabitants of the city is such that one single week's sickness of the effective laborer of the family would bring the whole household upon the charitable institutions of the corporation. The city is too large—too many people; two hundred thousand of them ought to go to some new country and dig in the ground, and grow themselves something to eat. It would be infinitely better for them, and greatly to the advantage of those they would leave behind. There ought to be no want in a country like ours. Let New York be what it may in other respects, it can boast of two things: it has, I should judge, the finest street in the world. Broadway—every thing considered—has not its equal anywhere. In the next place, it is ahead of any place with which I am acquainted for omnibuses, though they do not crowd Broadway now as they used to do before horse-cars were instituted.

Some years ago I had been spending some time at the Irving House, and the omnibuses were crowding the

streets from day to day, and from morning to night, till at length one evening, between sunset and dark, I concluded to get into one and see where it would go to; so I stepped to the door, made a sign to the driver, and in I went. We struggled up Broadway to Canal street; there we turned toward the North River until we came to Greenwich street, and then up that to—I know not where. On and on we went; sometimes we were pretty well filled up, and again almost empty, till at last I was like the Dutchman's bear, "in a gage mit mineself." At length the lamp-posts gave out, and all was dark, and from the muddy condition of the streets I found that we were beyond all pavements. Finally, the seemingly tired concern came to a dead stand-still. I determined to wait and see what was going to happen. At last the driver put his mouth to the hole through which they receive fare, and asked, "Mister, where do you wish to go?" "Nowhere in particular, only that I want to go wherever this omnibus goes; I wish to see one of these things to its hive; I wish to know where they live." "Well," said the driver, "I have got to my hive, for this is my stable." So I paid six cents, inquired when he would start back, and at about nine o'clock came again to my hotel, having traveled fourteen miles for twelve cents.

LETTERS.

COUNTRY-MEETING EXPERIENCES.

I DO not live precisely in town, but so close that I have learned a good many of the town-people's ways, and you know there is a great difference between town and country folks. Well, hearing of a meeting away out in the middle of the country, I thought I would go and see how they carried on; so I took my satchel—now, there is a great difference between a satchel and a pair of saddlebags: a satchel is made nearly square, out of leather, and some satchels have locks attached, and you can open and shut them like a muscle-shell. As I was going to start on the cars, and as saddlebags don't suit town-people who are going to take that kind of conveyance, I took my satchel, put all my things into it, and away I went. I did not know exactly where the meeting was going to be held, but had the name of the meeting-house, and thought I should find somebody on the way who could tell me all about it; so when the train started I looked through the car for some person that I knew, and saw a Mr. H. I inquired of him, but he had never heard of the place before. At length I asked the conductor if he knew where the meeting-house was; he said he did not know precisely where it was, but knew the neighborhood. Well, I thought, if I can get into the neighborhood, I shall find

some one who can inform me where it is; and so requested the conductor to put me off at the point nearest my place of destination. He said there was no station at the nearest point, but as it was *me* he would do so; and on we went, and went so fast, and had been going so long, that I began to think the conductor had forgotten all about it, and taken me past the place; but as I wanted to appear deliberate and quiet, like a man who knows what he is about, I said nothing. At length the cars stopped, and the conductor, looking at me, said, "Here is your place, Mister." I took my satchel, stepped off the cars, and away they went. Now, the place where I got off was no place in particular, and as I did not ask the conductor which side of the railroad the meeting-house was on, and as there was no road leading off from the point where he put me down, nor anybody about to direct me, I did not know which way to start; and as the sun was pretty low, and the weather tolerably cold, I knew I ought to be going somewhere; so I looked all around, and at last saw a small house off some distance in an old field, and concluded I would go and see if I could find some person who would tell me where to go. When a townsman gets away off in the country, he hardly knows what to do; but I took up my satchel and started for the house. It was a very small one, but when I got there and halloed, a large lady came to the door. I told her where I wanted to go, and asked if she knew where the meeting-house was. She said she did; that she had been there once, but it was a good while ago; and looking closely at me, said, "*Ain't* this Mr. So-and-so?" I told her it was. She replied, "I thought so; we heard that you were coming to the meeting." This pleased me very much. Now you know for a body to be heard of and talked

about so far from home means something. I asked her how far it was to the meeting-place, and was told that it was a *right smart* distance, several miles, and a *powerful* bad road, and that I could not get there on foot before dark, and if night should overtake me it would be *monstrous* dark over in the *hollers* that way. I told her I must go somewhere, and asked her if there was any house on the road. She said there *warn't*. I inquired if there was any house near the meeting-house, and was told that the nearest house was a saw-mill, which would not be a *fittin'* place to stay; that there was another house not a great way off, but *the man who lived there had moved away*; and the nearest place that I could stay at was Mr. H.'s, half a mile up the creek. I told her that there was no use in talking, that I was bound to go somewhere, and had no time to lose. She told me if I had a mind to try it, just to take that road yonder, and she believed the plainest part of it would take me to the meeting-house. So off I started, but had not gone far before I saw a man coming on horseback, and concluded to wait and inquire of him. He came up at last, riding a small, narrow-looking horse, carrying a bundle. I asked him all about the matter, and learned that it was farther than I thought, that I could not get there on foot that night—the road was bad and hard to find. On my asking him what I should do, he pointed to a bluff on the opposite side of a creek that ran through the valley we were in, and told me of a man living up there with whom I could stay. But how could I get across that creek? He wanted to know if I could not go over on the railroad bridge; and when I told him I should have to try it, he looked at me and my satchel, and, seeming to be rather troubled, at length said, "Well, I

will tell you what I'll do: I will set you across on my horse, right against the bluff; a horse cannot climb it, but I think you can." So saying, he dismounted and told me to get up and ride, and he would walk through a nigh way and meet me at the creek. I mounted at once, and, taking my overcoat, satchel, and all into the account, was nearly as large as the horse. "Now," said he, "go along down by the railroad till you come to a road turning off to the left, around a fence, and just keep round the fence till you come to where I shall meet you." So on I went, and when I got around the fence to the creek, there was my friend, sitting on the ground waiting for me. "Is this the place where I have to cross?" I inquired. "Yes," said he. "But," said I, "there is no road nor ford here, that I can see." "No," said he, "but I have waded all through the creek here, and know all the deep places, and if you follow my directions there is no danger. You will have to go straight across until you get about half way, then turn right up and go till you get against that big rock yonder that the water is running over, and then turn square off to the other bank, going within about six feet of that big rock." So I fixed myself up in the saddle the best I could, with my satchel on before me; the great trouble was to get my legs so disposed of as to keep them out of the water, which was pretty deep, and very swift; and as we moved along my little narrow horse gave a kind of low, easy snort, as the cold water came up around him. "You've gone far enough," said my friend; "turn right up." So I turned right up against the stream, and the breast of my little spunky horse split the current like the bow of a steam-boat, and up we went until my friend on the shore called out, "Now turn toward the bank," which I did

promptly. "You must mind," he said; "there are some *mighty big* rocks over on that side;" and you may be sure I was minding the best I could. At length he said, "You are going too near the big rock—turn up more;" and in trying to turn up, my little horse, as supple as a cat, climbed up on the top of a great rock in the water, which was concealed by the current. When my horse got on the rock he made one big snort. "Now," said my friend, "you are in a fix; how are you going to get off that rock?" My little horse was trembling with cold or fright, and did not like to go into deep water any more, and I expected when he did we should both go under together, and the idea of all my things in the satchel getting wet was most distressing. I wanted to hold by the mane, but the satchel had to sit right on the place I wished to take hold of. After some turning around, and a good deal of coaxing, my horse went off with a plunge and a grunt, but he did not fall or go under; I got my feet a little wet, however. Now, my advice to any one who wishes to buy a good little horse is, buy that one. When once on land, I dismounted, and throwing the stirrups over the saddle and tying up the bridle, I drove the horse into the creek, that he might go back to his owner, which he did, after so long a time. "Now," said my friend, "climb right up the bluff, if you can, until you get into a little path, and then follow that up the creek until you can get out on top, when you can see Mr. C.'s house;" and he waited to see whether I could climb the bluff or not. He was really a clever man; there are not many town-men that would have done for me what he did, without pay; his only object was to help me out of a difficulty.

I found Mr. C. a very worthy gentleman; staid all

night, and the next day he took me to the meeting; and as I was not accustomed to riding on horseback, he carried my satchel for me. When we reached the meeting-house we found it nearly full of people. You know there is quite a difference between town-people and country-folks about going to meeting—town-people don't like to go except on Sundays. Preacher G. preached; and I liked the way they sang—they took hold on the tune and the words with a strong grip, and slapped them together, and let them know that they were made for each other, and went right ahead with them in a hurry, so that there was no fear that they would lose the tune, or let it all die on their hands; and they got under such headway that they never stopped until they sang the last half of the last verse over twice. I suppose they did that so as to taper off, and not stop too suddenly. And I noticed another thing: when the preacher became warmed up with his sermon, the old men sitting around would say, Amen! and the like, and it never seemed to disturb the meeting in the least; but you know the like of that would not begin to do in town. When preaching was over, as I was afoot—for my horse had to go back home—I went to the nearest place—Mrs. H.'s, about half a mile distant; preacher D. and a good many young people were with me.

When night came on I concluded not to go to preaching, as it would be dark coming back; and as I was chilled, thought that when all the rest went to the meeting I would make a good fire, keep the door shut, and get thoroughly warmed before they returned. Away out in the country they make a big fire, but they think it is unhealthy to close the door, so that I could not get both sides warmed up at the same time;

for while I would be warming one side, the other was becoming cold, and that does not suit one who lives as near town as I do. I should like for you to form the acquaintance of preacher D.; he came eight miles on foot to the meeting; is very tall, but by no means fat. He had a strong argument on Scripture with preacher G.—they are both *mighty deep* men. D. said that the beasts were never made to be eaten; that they had souls, and would live again hereafter. G. asserted that if Adam did not eat hogs he did not know what use he had for them; he could neither work, milk, nor shear them; and he—G.—did not see what else Adam could put them at, unless it was to root up his garden, and so relieve him of the labor of plowing it.

Preacher D. went to church with the others that night, and in going they had to cross a creek; and after they got there he began to think about the difficulty of going back in the dark, and somehow took it into his head that he had crossed the creek twice, when he need only to cross it but once. Now, people at meeting ought not to suffer their minds to be wandering in that way. But preacher D. thought that he could avoid one crossing of the creek by going part of the way through the field; so when the meeting was over he left the crowd, took to the field, and got his fine new suit of jeans full of burs, but went on until he thought it was time for him to cross the fence and take the road. At this point the fence was built along the bank of the creek where there was a deep hole of water; and as the bank was so steep that nothing could climb it, the fence at this place was quite low; and here, preacher D. thought, was the best place for him to get over; and as the water looked rather white in the night, he took it to be the road; so he put one leg over

the fence, then the other, and making a spring, jumped *cachug* into the middle of the deep hole; so that when he came to the house he was wet up to the waist and full of burs. I asked him if he had fallen in the water, seeing he was wet nearly all over. He said that he had not, that he caught on his feet. "Well," said I, "how did you manage to get wet so high up?" "Why," said he, "the water is just this deep," measuring away up to his waist. I told him there must be some mistake about the matter—that I did not think he could find water one foot deep anywhere in that branch. His answer was, "I will show you to-morrow;" and so he did. There is one deep hole in the branch, and but one, and he had managed to jump precisely in the deepest part of it.

The congregation next day, at eleven o'clock preaching, was large; not more than half the people could manage to find sitting or standing room in the house, but even those outside were quiet and attentive to the preaching; and when service was over, the preacher announced that there would be meeting again at night; that the people could come before dark, and have moonlight to go back by; but that was a mistake—the moon cannot be relied on, for she is continually changing the time of her rising. Preacher W. was there, and wished to come home with me, as we lived close together, and I had determined to come before night to some place near the railroad; but W. had not yet had a chance to preach, and it is a *mighty* poor business for a preacher to go to meeting with a sermon already made, and not have a chance to preach it; so W. concluded that he would stay and preach at night, and after meeting come on to where I was going to stay. When service was over he had company for a mile or

two, but one after another they turned to the right and the left for their homes, leaving him to make his way alone.

The night was dark, for the sluggish old moon had not risen, notwithstanding the promise of the preacher, and W. was entirely unacquainted with the road; but he had special instruction to this effect: that soon after passing through a certain muddy lane, he should take the left-hand end of a big road, which would lead him to Mr. B's, where I had stopped for the night. The lane was passed at last, and W. took the left-hand end of a wood-road that passed around the field; this led him around by the fence, and up a dark hollow into the hills, and there it went to pieces and gave out, and he was lost. He saw a light at last, through the wood, and made for it. It was in a little hut occupied by an old darkey. W. called, but Cuffee would not answer—he thought it was an enemy. W. told him that he was a lost preacher, and was trying to find his way to Mr. B.'s, and he must come out and direct him. The old negro armed himself with a long knife and ventured out, and gave W. the necessary information, but it brought him up on the wrong side of B.'s house, and he came precisely at the wrong time. H. wanted to lie down, and G. had just read a psalm and all had kneeled for prayer, when W. began to halloo back of the garden. B.'s dogs, great and small, went with fury to drive off the intruder, and were baying W. at a great rate. While he was shouting "Halloo! be gone! get out!" and the dogs were keeping up their bow-wow-wow! G. stopped praying, and said, "Let some one go out and relieve the man," and then resumed his prayer. W. was rescued from the dogs, and the next morning we took the cars for home. And now let me

say to you that the meeting was a good one, the weather fine, there was a good congregation, and I had a first-rate place at which to stay.

1869.

A VISIT TO BALTIMORE.

I AVAIL myself of this the first moment's leisure to give you a brief account of my late visit to Baltimore, and of the transactions of the Board of Foreign Missions.

We met on the evening of March 2, and continued to meet from day to day for eight days, Sunday excepted; and I think all the interests committed to our trust were cared for. We had a full meeting of the Board, and were favored with the presence, more or less, of three Bishops—viz., Early, Wightman, and Doggett. Bishops Early and Doggett were almost constantly with us, and Bishop Wightman occasionally; but the business of the Conference required his attention mainly. We were also favored with the presence of Brother Cunnyngnam, who had been acting as Corresponding Secretary during the year, and of the Rev. John Harrell, Superintendent of the Indian Mission Conference. Brother Cunnyngnam had fully acquainted himself with the condition of the China Mission, and was able to furnish the Board with all the information necessary for a perfect understanding of the condition and prospects of that mission; and it is my opinion that more substantial good is now accomplished by our missionaries in China than at any former period, for the reason that, through the influence of schools and a religious newspaper, they are able to attract public attention, and thereby greatly widen the circle of religious influence;

so that those who have entertained fears with regard to the success of this mission may now take courage.

We were very fortunate in having the presence of Brother Harrell, who has been among the Indians for twenty-five years, and a large portion of that time superintendent of our missions. He is now little more than sixty years old, a man of fine health and great powers of endurance, with a clear, sound, well-balanced intellect and spotless Christian character, and is greatly devoted to his work. From him we obtained all the information that could have been desired; and his representations of the present condition of that mission were full, clear, satisfactory, and encouraging. The four tribes that were under our care—Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws—were wasted and impoverished by the war, and our schools were broken up, and the regular work of the missionaries was almost entirely suspended for awhile; but it is wonderful to learn how the broken fragments have been reunited, and life and motion restored. The missionaries are doing a large business on a small capital; great success attended their labors in that field last year. There is a demand for more laborers, and many preachers and teachers are greatly needed in that department. They are very destitute of houses of worship. At present the missionary preaches mainly in cabins and under the shade of trees. A few thousand dollars appropriated in aid of building houses of worship at a few central localities would be of incalculable advantage in the interest of that mission. In order to make the work permanent and accumulative, we must have houses.

From the front ranks of Western emigration there is a call for missionaries. There is also an open field in South America, which the Methodist Episcopal Church,

South, alone can fill. Since the close of the war not a few of our Southern people have gone thither, with a class of feelings and views which would at once secure a welcome to a Southern preacher. The persons who have gone from the Southern States to Central and South America are superior in knowledge and general information to those among whom they have settled, and cannot fail to make an impression upon them; and thus a door for usefulness is opened to our ministers, while it is closed against those from a Northern latitude; so that our way is now clear, and duty demands that we should occupy that country. A portion of the people already speak our language, so that a preacher could be felt at once in his true character. The demands upon us are great. We could find the laborers, but we have not the money to sustain them.

Brother Smithson, our late Treasurer, did much during the year in promoting the interests of the missions, and by his twenty-five cents proposition obtained several thousand dollars, which was appropriated in aid of paying off the old debt. He found it necessary to resign his office as Treasurer, and Brother T. J. Magruder, a prominent layman of Trinity Charge, was elected to fill his place.

It is due to Bishop Early that I should say in this connection that, notwithstanding his age and the extreme cold weather, he was constantly at his post, and faithfully served us as chairman of the Board; while Bishop Doggett contributed largely to the perfecting of our work, and interested us greatly with an account of his visit to the Indian Mission Conference.

In closing my remarks with reference to the proceedings of the Board, I will say that I think the prospects for our foreign missions are better than they have

been since the General Conference. A settlement has to be made with claimants in the West before I can be able to give facts and figures with regard to the old debt, though the prospects are better than they were.

I know you will expect me to say something about the Baltimore Conference, which was in session at the time of the meeting of the Board; and what shall I say? There was more of it than of any Annual Conference I have ever seen; I suppose there were about three hundred preachers present, besides the laymen; visitors in great numbers—preachers from Virginia, Holston, Western Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Dr. Deems from New York. I cannot name them all, and therefore will not begin. Why it is that so many visitors go to the Baltimore Conference I cannot tell; nor am I prepared to say why it is that if a preacher goes there one year he has a strong desire to go again; but such is the fact. The people of Baltimore and the preachers of the Conference understand and practice the art of making every person feel at home. I asked a number of persons, whom I knew, where they staid, who, after giving the name, invariably added, "One of the best places in the city." All seemed to think they were at the best places. Now, if you should ever go to the Baltimore Conference, and wish to remain at a really hospitable home, be sure to go to Mr. S. G. Miles's. I observed another fact: if a preacher wished to preach, or to make a speech in Conference on some subject, opportunities were certain to be afforded him; if he wished to hear preaching, he could hear as much of it as he was inclined to listen to; if he was fond of singing, he could be accommodated at the church or Sunday-school; if he desired to give a little money to the institutions of the Church, he could

be favored with that privilege; if he wished to write letters or read newspapers, he found ample facilities at the office of the *Episcopal Methodist*; if he wished to smoke, a pipe or cigar was at his service; if he wished to converse with a friend, he had only to go into the basement of the church, and there he would find well-warmed rooms and comfortable seats; and if he desired to look upon the faces of a multitude of true Christian women, he had only to look beyond the bar of the house.

They know how to get up an occasion in the Baltimore Conference. The Sunday-school gathering at Trinity Church was a wonderful affair. The large house was filled to its utmost capacity; even the aisles were crowded with persons standing. The Sunday-school scholars sang charmingly; but they did much more than that: each class furnished a portion of a miniature church-building, and with it a contribution to the missionary cause, and a motto taken from the word of God. This motto was handed to one of the preachers, who delivered a short sermon upon the text; so that there were thirty-two sermons preached, about twelve hundred dollars paid into the treasury of the Lord, and the front elevation of Trinity Church built in miniature—the exercises being interspersed with music, and all done in three hours. All this time there were, I should think, at least three or four hundred persons who could not obtain seats, but who stood as still as statues. That was a great success, and will appear still greater when it is known that on the night previous a collection for home missions was taken up, in the same church, at the close of Dr. Munsey's sermon, which amounted to about twelve hundred dollars! When the preachers began to make their returns, it

was found that the Sunday-school Agent had not received his salary, and in one day an assemblage of Sunday-school scholars gathered in Central Church, speakers were procured, and enough collected, I believe, to pay him in full.

With regard to the regular business of the Conference, it is not necessary that I should say any more than that it was done, and well done, notwithstanding there were but few speeches made, and the house was continually crowded with men and women who had no part in the business of the Conference; but the Bishop held to the question, and kept up the order of business; and such men as Wilson, Register, Roszell, Thomas, and many others that might be mentioned, knew what to say and when and how to act. The preacher and his aids acted well their part; no one was overlooked or left without a home. There was no death among the ministers this year; all had good health and great prosperity. Dr. Bond and Brother Poisal were in their places, meeting every demand and fulfilling all expectations; and many persons inquired after Dr. S., the editor.

I went to see the new painting of Bunyan's Pilgrim, or the "Journey of the Christian's Life." It is a wonderful triumph of art. I sat for two hours contemplating it with intense interest. I am not able to say which of the great masters who were engaged in the painting deserves the highest praise. Only two faults were apparent to my mind, one of which was in the section embracing Vanity Fair: the temptations to Pilgrim as he passes through are too obvious; to the mind of a pure Christian they are no temptations at all, because they can awake in the mind of a good man no feeling but that of contempt and disgust. The other

is in the representation of Pilgrim's entrance into the Celestial City; the amount of light thrown on the canvas is so great that it approaches flame, and conveys the impression of great heat, which is ruinous to the effect. The section containing the view of Christian and his associates contemplating the Celestial City from the promontory, or point of rocks, across the vale of tears, which is the most lovely picture I have ever beheld, was not suffered to remain long enough in view. In exhibiting that picture there should be no haste. One fact impressed me while looking at these paintings: the world has carried sight-seeing in the direction of human corruption, and catered to the lowest passions of mankind, until society has become disgusted with and turned away from public exhibitions; but the frequent presentation of such pictures as this would doubtless have an opposite effect. The lecturer on the occasion talked of "shouting," "getting happy," "getting religion," and now and then exhorted his audience to become religious. The words religion, happy, shouting, and heaven, fell as easily from his lips as if he had been preaching at a camp-meeting.

On Thursday of the Conference—as the Board did not meet till night—at eight o'clock A.M., I threw myself into a car, and in two hours or less I was in Washington, standing on the Avenue, looking at the procession pass. I waited until I thought about one-half had gone by, and then made my way to the east side of the Capitol, and got a position from which I could see whatever of the inauguration that was to be seen. The multitudes present could only be counted by the acre; I suppose there were ten acres of people present—a description is out of the question. The people were swaying and driving to and fro like the waves of the sea; no one

seemed to know where to go or what to do; some few stood still, others walked slowly, many walked fast, and some ran at full speed. Go which way you would, the crowd seemed to be going the contrary way; turn about, and you would think they were all coming back again. At one time a vast multitude had crowded up against a tall fence, north of the Capitol; those who were against the fence could get no farther; those behind thought something was going on in that direction, and continued to crowd on, till at length a portion of the fence, near the ground, was removed, making an opening three feet square, and through this opening they began to pass. If a person got to it without getting his head down, he had to go through feet foremost; but it was easy to get through in that way—when the feet were once through the hole the pressure of the crowd soon forced the body after them. They were mainly negroes. I saw the President read his speech, but could not hear him distinctly.

I returned at three o'clock P.M. The crowd on the car was vast, but silent; nobody talked; all looked tired; all had muddy feet; all wanted to get away; and whether anybody saw what he went to see, I shall never be able to determine.

1869.

MR. DIXON.

WE are so dependent on each other in this life that not a day passes over our heads in which we do not incur an obligation to some person for favors or services of some kind. This is particularly the case with travelers who are passing through countries strange and new to them, and wish aid which cannot be pur-

chased with money; and more than once in my life, when in very peculiar circumstances, I have found a friend as perfectly suited to my necessities as if he had been made to order; and when I anticipated the greatest difficulty and trouble, I found the largest measure of comfort and enjoyment.

A case of this kind occurred to me lately, so marked that I think it worth relating. I was on my way to Augusta, Arkansas, where the White River Conference was to hold its session, and as I expected to meet the Rev. W. C. Johnson at Memphis, who was well acquainted with the country through which I was about to travel, I did not take any especial pains to inform myself in regard to the best route. On leaving Memphis, I found that I was disappointed by not meeting Brother Johnson. I knew that Augusta was on the bank of White River, and that the train to Little Rock touched at Duvall's Bluff, on that river, and that I could there take a boat to Augusta; but on mentioning this fact to a stranger with whom I was conversing, he told me that the water-courses were so low that I could not reach Augusta before Saturday or Sunday, and possibly not so soon. This was on Tuesday, and the Conference was to begin the next morning. The gentleman went on to tell me that there was a station on the way, called Brinkly, at which persons often stopped, and made their way, as best they could, through the country, the distance being thirty-five or forty miles; but, on inquiry, I learned that there was no public conveyance of any kind, and that if I went to Duvall's Bluff and could not get a boat, I should find it almost impossible to travel through the country. How this *dead center* between Brinkly and Augusta could be expeditiously passed was the difficulty to be overcome. Just at this

moment I found on board the train the Rev. Dr. Collins, of Memphis, who was also on his way to the Conference, and who introduced me to his friend, Mr. Alexander Dixon. Now, I want the reader to become acquainted with Mr. Dixon. I should judge that he was twenty-five or thirty years old, would weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds, and, if he had not been too much exposed to the sun, would have been fair-skinned and handsome; he was well-proportioned, and had a very prepossessing countenance; he was dressed in the ordinary style of a business man, and had an ease of manner which is common to those who understand what they are doing. I soon told him that I wished to go to Augusta, but did not know how to get there, to which he replied, "Give yourself no trouble on that score; I will see to it that you shall get there in good time." He went on to say that he had a horse and buggy at Brinkly, and had already promised to take Dr. Collins to the Conference. But how he could accommodate the Doctor and myself, weighing about two hundred pounds each, with our satchels, shawls, and overcoats, and also ride himself, I did not fully comprehend. In due time we reached Brinkly, and in a few moments Mr. Dixon's horse and buggy were ready, and the baggage stowed away; then Dr. Collins and myself were requested to take our seats; and Mr. Dixon so doubled up his legs as seemingly to seat himself on his feet; and off we went. I was astonished to find that we were so comfortably fixed for our buggy ride.

I soon found that Mr. Dixon was no common man. He seemed to be familiar with all the subjects of our conversation; he was a merchant, and was at present traveling for a large cotton-house in Memphis; he had been a soldier, planter, hunter, angler, and was fa-

miliar with the business and commerce of the country. He had very little to do with politics; but, as far as he expressed his opinions, I found him right—that is, admitting that I was not wrong. He was a Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, sound in the faith, and pointed out to us the place where he joined the Church. I could not mention an Arkansas preacher, of whom he did not know something, and he was also familiar with the periodical literature of the Church. He was, so far as the country through which we were passing was concerned, better than any guide-book in the world; he knew all who lived on the road—their politics, their religion (if they had any), and their financial condition; he knew all the bayous, lakes, streams, and sloughs; he knew how to escape the deep holes and quicksands in crossing streams; he pointed out the best hunting-grounds and fishing-points along the way, and gave us some of his adventures with large game. He spoke clearly and distinctly, so that he was easily heard, and was so attentive to the conversation of others as never to require them to repeat what was said. He had no hobby, nor did he bore us with his own affairs. He saved us from feeling too keenly the obligation we were under to him, by saying how fortunate he was in falling in with such good company, and never once asked what we would have done if we had not met him; his whole object seemed to be to impress us with the idea that he was the benefited party. He was a good talker and an excellent listener. He knew all the good places at which to stop on the road; and as night came on we drew up at a very comfortable-looking farm-house, and he told us to alight, as we should stay all night at this place. In a few moments I found I was all right; Mr. Dixon and our host were old friends, and we were in-

vited into the house. We could see at once the air of comfort that pervaded this home; every thing was in perfect order; a wood-fire threw its cheerful light and heat upon a clean-swept hearth; and the ease and grace with which the gentleman and his wife welcomed us seemed to say, "We are glad to have you stay with us." A more pleasant night could not have been desired.

We were off in good time in the morning, and I was a little troubled because I could not recollect the name of the gentleman with whom we had staid, which was Lintegun. Mr. Dixon said at last, "I will tell you how you can recall the name at any time. First, think of *Lin'*, a tree; then, of *tea*, that you drink; and then of a *gun*;" so that, with these aids to memory, I shall never forget the name. Finding that Mr. Dixon was a single man, and very popular with the ladies wherever we met them, I ventured to ask him why he did not marry. In reply he said that he had a widowed mother and two sisters, who held the first lien upon his affections, service, and money; but the time might come when he should find it convenient to take a wife. The country through which we were traveling was beautiful. We crossed some flowing, limpid streams, and passed two or three lakes that lay sleeping in the forest, which were all full of fish, and at intervals we saw wide fields of cotton and corn; our road was smooth, and our traveling almost noiseless.

About the dinner-hour we drove up to the hotel in Augusta, having enjoyed one of the most pleasant rides I ever had, for which I returned to Mr. Dixon this acknowledgment, on parting with him at the hotel: "I am much indebted to you for this pleasant and successful trip;" to which he replied, "Let me know

when you wish to return, and I will try to make your trip back more pleasant than the one we have had." I saw no more of him for several days, and began to be anxious about my return trip, but suddenly my friend D. presented himself and said, "When will you want to start back?" I told him that an appointment had been made for me at Cotton Plant for Sunday night. He said, "You will have to leave as early as one o'clock; it is twenty-five miles, and some of the road not very good." The hour was fixed, and at one o'clock he dashed up with a pair of fine horses and a neat two-seated express, saying, "Get aboard, let's be off;" and we went that evening in good style, passing every thing on the road. Cotton Plant was reached in good time, a large congregation was in waiting, and I trust the sermon was not unprofitable. Next day we were again at Brinkly in good time, and there I took leave of our friend Dixon; and I am sure I speak the feelings of my traveling companion, Dr. Collins, when I say that no travelers were ever better cared for than we were by our friend D.

1871.

HURRICANE SPRINGS.

I HAVE been spending a few days at Hurricane Springs, and as the world does not know a great deal about the place, have concluded to furnish you a few items. These Springs are located on the line between Franklin and Moore counties, the line running through the spring; and part of the buildings are in Franklin and part in Coffee counties; distant from Nashville about seventy-five miles, and six and a half miles south of Tullahoma. The elevation is about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and about seven hun-

dred above the great limestone basin of Middle Tennessee. We are here on the first bench of the Cumberland Mountains, which is about twenty-five miles in breadth, and something more than one hundred in length. The country on this bench is generally pretty level, while the principal dip is from the western border toward the Cumberland Mountains, so that the highest point on the railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga—with the exception of the tunnel near Cowan—is Tullahoma; hence, the elevation at this point is nearly as great as that of Beersheba. The soil is generally thin, but very productive, and is easily made rich by fertilizers. The Springs are in a slight gorge, some fifty feet, I should think, below the average elevation of this bench. The country immediately around the Springs is rather poor, the timber mainly oak and chestnut, and of recent growth. I should think that seventy-five years ago it was principally barren. The spring took its name from a creek which runs within about a mile of the place, and the creek was so named from a hurricane which passed over the country through which it flows, many years ago.

The water in this section of the country is considered the purest freestone, while the atmosphere is cool and bracing. There is not about this sulphur spring, as is frequently the case, a low, marshy deposit; but the healing waters flow from a stratum of slate, or shale, and seems to be the mere weeping of the rocks, and not very abundant, yet is unfailling, not being affected in the least by rainy or dry seasons; and, I should judge from the high temperature, flows from a great depth. The shale, or slate, from which it flows contains quite a number of mineral properties. Salt is not found in any great quantity in the water, but

during the night comes out from the crevices of the rock, and becomes crystallized during the day. The place was called the "Lick" in the early settlement of the country, from the fact that many kinds of game resorted to it for its saline properties. Hunters built their booths here and awaited the coming of the game. These rocks have been stained by the blood of many a noble buck. A snarly poplar was pointed out to me the other day which still shows the crooks and bends produced by a huntsman fifty years ago, who bent its trunk and twisted its branches together to make a *blind*, behind which he sat and watched for game. The poplar has grown to a respectable tree, and remains as a faithful sentinel. A few varieties of game still linger in the neighboring woods, but the huntsman has passed away, and men, women, and children now stroll and gambol over what was once the inheritance of wild beasts.

It is now about fifty years since these waters were first resorted to as a restorer of health, and were used mainly for those diseases peculiar to females, and diseases of the skin, and were soon found to be valuable in diseases of stomach and bowels. But the true value of the water was never discovered until after the return of the army from the war in Mexico, when a young man in almost a dying condition from diseased bowels was brought here and soon relieved, which fact became generally known in a short time throughout this section of the country, and the result was that about fifty returned soldiers came to the Springs, and were healed.

The water is found to contain a number of powerful remedial agents, among which are sulphate of soda, chloride of sodium, chloride of potash, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, oxide of iron, iodine, sul-

phureted hydrogen gas, carbonic acid gas, silicic acid, chlorine gas. The diseases for which the water is particularly recommended are dyspepsia, liver complaint, cholera morbus; and for those of the kidneys and skin, it is regarded a superior alterative.

We have here at this time about one hundred visitors. I should think about eighty per cent. of them have come for health, and probably none for pleasure alone. Yet I do not see why pleasure-seekers might not find here, as well as elsewhere, that which they are in pursuit of. The rooms are clean, airy, and comfortable, the bedding is all that could be desired—at least, mine is—the food abundant, and well prepared. I think the Messrs. Miller have been very fortunate in the selection of their cooks. There is not much display of round tables, empty dishes, and crimped towels, but you will sit down to a dinner very much like that you will meet with among the best livers in the country, while the servants are honest and attentive. As to the morality of the place, I am happy to state that I never saw it excelled; have been here more than a week, and have neither heard an oath nor detected whisky or brandy on the breath of any one. The entire party seems to be as one genial, happy family. There are both hunting and fishing privileges here, but I have not availed myself of them. Croquet is the principal amusement, together with a little dancing among the children after the piano, for we have no band of music. The principal thing that I consider lacking here is this: there is no provision made for riding or driving—no public stable being kept here, which I think might be made profitable, and would add greatly to the pleasure of the guests.

I do not know any watering-place where an invalid

would be more likely to find health and comfort than at Hurricane Springs. The proprietors have recently put up a new building, which greatly enlarges the capacity of the establishment. I think I can say with safety that all the invalids but one are improving, and appear at the table.

I wish you had a few weeks to spare, and would come and rest and heal your eyes. As to the price of living, I believe that many persons would find it cheaper to come here than to stay at home. There is one thing that is perfectly refreshing to me, and that is the anxiety of the proprietors that every one should receive benefit and be happy. One thing which causes me to feel particular interest in the place is that I think I have been benefited myself.

1872.

MEMPHIS CONFERENCE.

I REACHED Somerville on Wednesday evening, November 21, and found the Bishop in position and the Conference under way. An Annual Conference is a great affair—one of the most interesting festivals of the Church. There are no men of any craft or party who fraternize and sympathize with each other more than itinerant preachers; and after having been separated for a year, they come together to take each other by the hand, to talk over the trials, labors, and successes of the year. Each one has picked up something of interest during the year, which he is ready to relate, while others are prepared to hear; so that conversation flows like a stream; old friendships are renewed, and new acquaintances are made; distinguished visitors and strangers are every day introduced to the Confer-

ence, while the preachers are frequently meeting old and true friends from among the laity—persons connected with charges served by them in other years; so that it is almost a constant stream of excitement. Another feature of the festival is this: the families who entertain the preachers allow them to bring any friends they desire to dine or sup with them; while every preacher you meet with is under the impression that he has the best place in the town; so that nothing can exceed an Annual Conference in a social point of view; and since lay representation has been introduced into our Annual Conferences we have a number of laymen mingling with the clergy, and in such close communion with them that they seem to be a unit; and so many matters come up in the Conference-room that there is no flagging of interest there; while at each church preachers from different parts of the country appear in the pulpit and on the platform; and different boards and societies hold their anniversaries. Altogether there is nothing like a Methodist Annual Conference.

In the examination of character the preachers were found innocent in life and conversation. Upon the present occasion there was an additional interest in the fact that the Bishop was a new man, never having met this Conference before, and it was really refreshing to see how he won his way and made favor among both preachers and people; and to hear the words of commendation that came from every one.

Another feature of the Annual Conference is the deference paid to the aged ministers. They are furnished with front seats, and are listened to as oracles. In looking over this Conference I might say the central figure is G. W. D. Harris, who is considered as the

father of the Conference. He still sits in the midst of his brethren, seeing every thing and hearing but little, as he is partially deaf. The preachers generally call him "Uncle George." His long life of labor and usefulness sits upon him as a crown of honor and glory; a large number of the members of the Conference were brought into the Church and licensed to preach by him, and he looks upon them as his children, and you will not unfrequently hear the preachers say, "I wish he was young again." It was delightful to see how both preachers and people hung upon his lips while he preached the sermon before the ordination of elders. I was surprised to find his mind so well preserved, while his body is sinking under the pressure of age and disease. He has been a power in his day. Close by him sits Thomas Joyner, whose physical strength has been better preserved, and who is still able to take work. His face is a true index to a kind and generous heart, while his mellow voice in song still melts and warms the hearts of his brethren. Close to him is Brother Davidson, whose beard is as white as wool, but his countenance bright and balmy; and he is still able to go in and out among his brethren. These brethren have been in the harvest-field of this world's ruin, sickle in hand, for nearly half a century, gathering sheaves for the heavenly garner, with sandals worn, and the dust of long travel and labor on their garments; the sickles begin to swag in their hands, and soon they will reach them forth for the last sheaf, and when the Master of the vineyard shall call his laborers to their eternal reward, these faithful men will go up higher.

The business of the Conference was finished up in good style, and, as far as I was able to judge, general

satisfaction was the result. The Central University scheme met with unusual favor, passed the Conference without one dissenting voice, and Brother Patterson was appointed agent—a better could not have been selected; so that the prospects of this institution brighten every day. There were several visiting brethren present, among whom were Dr. Wiley, of Emory and Henry College, and Brother Comer, of the Tennessee Conference. The Conference contributed, in cash and subscriptions, something more than eleven hundred dollars for the refitting of the Publishing House, and I hope the Conferences yet to be held will do likewise. The Missionary Anniversary was not satisfactory. I do not know why it is that we can raise money for almost any purpose with more ease than for the cause of Missions. This ought not so to be. The indebtedness to the Publishing House was generally paid off, and if I had time, I think I could induce almost every one here to take the *Advocate*. Somerville, the seat of the Conference, is an old town of some two or three thousand inhabitants. The Conference was accommodated in good style. Thirty-five years ago I was at a Conference in this town, and was entertained by Dr. Hickerson and his young and lovely wife, and, when reaching the place assigned me this time, was agreeably surprised to find myself in the same house; but changes had taken place: the Doctor had passed away, but Mrs. Hickerson and four children remain, and Mr. Spain, who has married her youngest daughter, lives with the mother. In this truly worthy and hospitable family I have found a pleasant home. The citizens and preachers are mutual in their expressions of pleasure and gratification.

The next session of the Conference is to be held in

Memphis. I shall leave this evening for Corinth, the seat of the North Mississippi Conference, after which you may hear from me again.

1872.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

WHEN parting with you I promised a letter, and would have redeemed my pledge before now, were it not that I knew that between the reports from Commencement-exercises, the proceedings of District Conferences, and the general news of the Church, you must be greatly crowded, and we do not like to be crowded this hot weather; so I decided to wait a little; and it may be that I am now too soon for your comfort. The fine rain of yesterday has cooled the air a little, which had its influence on me; but it is still too hot for perfect comfort.

The Hot Springs of Arkansas, where I am now sojourning, is a place of great interest in many respects, and will be more so as the world grows older. It is situated sixty miles a little south of west from Little Rock, among the outcroppings of the Ozark Mountains, south of the main range, in latitude $34^{\circ} 40'$, with an elevation of seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Hot Springs Valley extends from north to south for a considerable distance. The western mountain, or ridge, is about eight hundred feet high, with a very abrupt descent, while the ridge east of the valley is not so high by two hundred feet, and has rather a gentle slope. This is the ridge from which the Hot Springs gush forth. The surrounding country is generally poor, but is well supplied with timber, chiefly pine and oak. The surface-soil consists of about equal

portions of earth and gravel; the rocks are generally freestone, and give evidence of a great upheaval, as they are in perpendicular strata, with a slight inclination to the north-west, in the direction of the main range of the Ozark Mountains. Within a few miles of where I am now writing is the great Arkansas whetstone quarry, containing sufficient material to supply the world with hones and whetstones; and some fifteen miles distant is the Crystal Mountain, which will one day supply the world with glasses for spectacles.

This region would furnish an interesting field for the mineralogist. The country is free from all that would produce malaria; so that I should think a more healthful locality cannot be found. The streams are clear, and generally flow in a southern direction; for the whole water-shed is toward the south. The country is but thinly settled, and the improvements only moderate, the land being too poor to tempt persons to make settlements, except in the valleys or near the water-courses. Game is yet plentiful in the forests; deer are abundant, and the streams are full of fish.

The Hot Springs colony extends a distance of two miles along the valley, the average width of which does not exceed two hundred yards. Through the valley flows a small, clear brook, into which the waters of the Hot Springs are emptied. There is one main road, or street, which runs the whole length of the valley, and on each side of which are the principal buildings of the place, many of them standing across the stream. The buildings are entirely of wood, and generally of a cheap and inferior quality, the legal title to the soil not being settled. I should think the permanent population does not exceed one thousand, while there are probably fifteen hundred visitors. Almost every house

is either an hotel, a boarding-house, or a shop of some description. The visitors are from all parts of the country, either in search of health or nurses to those who are afflicted. I supposed that where there were so many sick general gloom and melancholy would prevail, but the fact is very different. A large proportion of the invalids consider themselves improving, which renders their spirits buoyant, and delights their friends, so that we are a happy set.

With regard to the Hot Springs, which are the wonder and admiration of all who visit the place, a few words will not be amiss. There are between forty and fifty different springs, or jets; they are not mere seeps, but most of them are bold, strong springs. An area of one-quarter of a mile in length, and some two hundred yards in width, contains them all. They issue from a ledge of the ridge, two hundred feet high on its western slope, and each spring seems to be entirely independent of the others, the temperature of no two of them being precisely the same. There are none of a temperature lower than 110° Fah., while that of some is as high as 160° .

The mineral deposits are not at all alike in color; each spring has its own peculiar deposit. Where the water is conducted in open troughs the deposit is abundant; but when conducted in close pipes, there is no deposit at all. It seems that as soon as the water is exposed to the action of the atmosphere decomposition commences, certain properties being thrown off by cooling; so that it will be difficult to obtain a satisfactory analysis, as the water cannot be analyzed until it is partially cooled. I suppose we may account in this way for the fact that this water, when cool, is found to contain only seventeen per cent. of mineral substances,

while it is an interesting fact that no vegetable matter has been found in it.

The source of the heat of the water is not known. At first I supposed it to be the result of chemical action; but I have changed my opinion; for although the temperature of the different springs is not the same, yet in any one of them it is the same from day to day, and from year to year; and if we admit the heat to be the result of chemical action, we should expect variations in temperature, as the chemical supply might increase or diminish. It is farther worthy of note that no drought, however long continued, has ever diminished the amount of water, while floods of rain never increase it. These springs are independent of rain and dew, having no dependence on the condition of our atmosphere, nor any connection with surface drainage, but continue their constant flow, as though they were from another world.

The remedial agent in these waters has yet to be discovered; it cannot be the properties of the few minerals found in the water. But it will be found, if ever found at all, in the heat of the water; for the heat is certainly of a peculiar kind. Any ordinary water, heated by chemical action—heated over a fire, for instance—will offend the mucous membrane, and make the person drinking it sick. But not so with these waters; they offend the stomach of no person, no matter what the temperature may be, or who it is that drinks; they are taken by persons whose stomachs are so irritable as not to retain any kind of fluid, and yet no stomach rebels against them; and it is almost uniformly the case that those who use the hot water soon become fond of it, and want no other kind. I will say farther, with regard to the heat of these waters, that persons may

bathe in them without any kind of prostration, at a temperature which would be unbearable in water heated over a fire.

As to the medicinal properties of the water, we can only judge of them by the effects produced, which are, in many instances, truly wonderful. Take, for example, the case of a man of whom I have some knowledge, having interested myself in raising a small purse to pay for his humble board. He had been thrown into a wagon which was coming to the Springs from Little Rock, as you would throw in a worthless, filthy bundle; he was almost naked, and the miserable garments that he had on him were cemented fast to his body by the discharges from his ulcers. He had on him more than eighty ulcers, some of them as large as a man's hand. He could not be admitted into any regular bath, but was carried to the hill-side bath, which is a small excavation in the cavernous rock, filled with water from a hot spring close by. He was tumblēd into this pool, and in two weeks he was walking about, the lesser ulcers already healed, and in six weeks he was cured, with scarcely a scar to be seen. A kind and merciful God has given to these waters the power of healing the most loathsome diseases. This fact, when it shall be known throughout the land, will bring unnumbered thousands here; for here, I believe, they may find perfect soundness of health. Persons suffering with all kinds of diseases are here seeking relief; many are cured, others partly relieved, while some go away without being benefited.

Before I came I was told that consumptive persons would be injured by these baths; but the facts, as far as I can gather them, are to the contrary. I am told that persons who are affected with heart-disease are injured

by the bath. I buried one of this class the other day. He took a bath, and died that night. All diseases of the skin are either cured or more or less relieved. The other day I met a black boy, who said to me, "Don't you know Tom, who used to work for you?" Poor Tom, when he left my house, was so eaten up with scrofula that he was an offense to the sight. Not able to obtain even the advice of a doctor, he came here, and tumbled into this hill-side bath; he is now a well, sleek, hearty negro.

There should be some provision for the poor, and I suppose, if the title to the property should be settled, there will be. At present it is a sight which will not be forgotten to go to this hill-side bath when the poor, moneyless, and afflicted come to be healed; you would be filled with wonder, disgust, and astonishment; and it is worthy of note that while the rich give a dollar now and then for their relief, the poor help each other very much. A man who has use of one leg, with his crutch, will help the man who has no use of his legs at all; and it is sad to find many of them full of vulgarity and blasphemy; and yet they are more inclined to help each other than were those in the porches of the pool of Siloam; for some person will help the meanest of the men into the pool. Here can be often seen some poor fellow outside, waiting to get into the *mud-hole*, as they call it, while some one already in the bath will curse him, and tell him to wait a little while till he shall come out, and he will drag his rotten carcass into the bath; and while poor, diseased men have this *roll-hole*, as it is sometimes called, poor, unfortunate women have no provision made for them at all, though some of them, I have heard, visit this same pool in the dark hours of the night. Besides this general bath there are several

small holes, where persons can go and take a foot-bath. There is water enough running from these springs to bathe many thousands every day. The water may be carried in pipes almost any distance, as it does not lose its virtue when conveyed in a close pipe. The time will come when all these springs will be utilized to an extent that has not yet been imagined.

With regard to the moral aspect of the place, I should say it is not good. The Methodists had the misfortune to have their house of worship burned some time ago, and have not since been able to rebuild. The Catholics have a house and a priest, and, I suppose, a small congregation. The Episcopalians have a house, but no regular minister, and but few members. The Presbyterians have neither house nor preacher. The Baptists have a small house, badly situated, but no regular preacher. The Methodists have a preacher and a congregation, and worship in the Baptist church. The preacher is a young man of talent and usefulness, but feels himself fettered because he has no house. His Sunday-school is a union school, so that our literature cannot be admitted, and badly do the children need it. This is a great drawback these days. The time has been when the Church prospered without a Sunday-school, but that time has passed. There are a number of good and pious people in this valley; but the multitude pay no attention to Church-matters. I think that if the Methodists had a comfortable house for worship, an active, working minister might do great good. I have preached for the people almost every Sabbath since I have been here—sometimes in the Episcopal church (it has not been dedicated), but mostly in the Baptist church. The congregations have been good, generally, and quite an interest has been manifested to

hear the word; but there has been nothing like a revival among the people

A few days ago I was called on to officiate at the burial of a young man, who left no trace of his identity except the name on the hotel register; no one knew where he lived, where he was from; his age had to be guessed at; we could not tell whether he was a single man or man of family; and as to his moral character, no one knew a word.

There is a wide field for pastoral work among the hundreds who are sick in this valley. The country generally, it seems to me, is such as would suit a man of moderate means. In the depression, and along the water-courses, there are small tracts of good land, where an abundance of grain, fruits, and vegetables might be raised; and these Springs will always furnish a good market for any surplus. The country is healthful, the climate pleasant, lands can be bought low, very low, and railroads are beginning to open up the country to the rest of the world. I wish you had the time to spend a few months here, for with the rest and the baths I think your wasted sight would be restored.

1873.

THE night after leaving Nashville we had one of the most fearful rain-storms that I ever experienced, and on reaching Memphis the whole land seemed to be covered with water, so that the six o'clock train for Little Rock did not go out, and we spent the day in Memphis, and took the evening train, which was a frightful-looking prospect. The Mississippi was out of its banks, and for forty miles there was nothing but one vast sea of water, save the narrow embankment upon which the train crept slowly along. I took a

berth in the sleeping-car, and committing myself into the hands of that Almighty Power that rules in heaven and earth, I closed my eyes upon the dangers around me, and at early dawn rose just in time to see the train pass over the new and splendid bridge that spans the Arkansas River at Little Rock. The trip had been made safely with an immense train and a multitude of passengers. We were in time to make the necessary connection, and at eight o'clock landed at the depot, where we took stage for the Springs; and although I am rather an old traveler, I think the road was the worst I ever saw—there was not one mile of good road in the twenty-two; it had rained almost every day for weeks, and the amount of travel was immense, so that the road was frightful; but, at the rate of a little over two miles per hour, we made the trip in safety. There was a good deal of stalling, and some upsetting, and we passed through some streams where the water ran into our hack, yet we all escaped with our lives.

So many had passed on before us, notwithstanding the difficulties of the way, that we found the public houses at the Springs so crowded that we had to drive around for some time before we could find quarters. The number here at present is much greater than at any previous time at this season of the year. The visitors are mainly from the East and North—but few from the South, though they are now beginning to come in.

Our Church here is improving; Brother Morris, the preacher in charge, is an earnest, working man, and, I think, will do much good. We are worshiping in the Protestant Episcopal church at present; they have no minister, and we have no house, having had the misfortune to have our church burned down. We have a

good Sunday-school, not a union school—as last year—but a Methodist school, pretty well supplied with our books. The members and friends of our school have determined to build a house this summer; the lot is secured, a building-committee appointed, and if any person at a distance should feel inclined to help them it would be thankfully received.

I have preached twice every Sunday since I have been here—in the morning in the Episcopal church, and at night in the dining-room of the Grand Central Hotel, to good congregations; am not only the helping preacher in the station, but am now appointed by Dr. Hunter as assistant Presiding Elder. An Arkansas District is something worth talking about—too large for one man.

I find from several suggestions in the papers, but more especially from letters that I am receiving from various directions, that there will be more changes called for at our approaching General Conference than I had anticipated. I had supposed that we should have but little to do, and should be able to get through in about two weeks, but the indications are that we shall have a long session. Some wish to do away with the home missions altogether, others wish to direct all our attention to the home work and abandon the foreign missions; and so we go. I think we shall have to give our missionary system an *airing*, and make some changes, but it is difficult to tell what would be for the best; some wish the Conferences to act separately and independently, others go for concentration. I think the more connectional we are, in the main, the better, and that we ought to watch with caution every thing that looks like an independent or congregational system. Some think it would be best to district the epis-

copal work, and thereby get rid of the clamor that comes up in various quarters for more episcopal service. Some wish to do away with the Church Conference, and so change the law with reference to District Conferences as to hold them only when and where a Bishop can be present, and others are inclined to give these Conferences more power and authority. And of late the woman-movement in the Temperance cause has greatly excited some persons on the subject, and they are of the opinion that we should have some legislation upon that matter. On all of these questions we should make haste slowly.

I think the Church in this section of the country is prosperous in the main, and am glad to find that the Vanderbilt enterprise is very popular; when we once get under way there will be an immense patronage from this country. I trust my health is improving, and that this will find you well and happy.

1874.

BISHOPS' MEETING IN ST. LOUIS.

THE Bishops' Meeting in St. Louis was one of extraordinary interest; they were all present with the exception of Bishops Early and Marvin—Bishop Early being unable to attend from the infirmities of old age, and Bishop Marvin from distance, being in California. There were also present quite a number of ministers and laymen, leading members of the Church. The friends in St. Louis fully appreciated the occasion, and made ample provision for it. I am happy to be able to say that the Church in St. Louis is keeping up with the increase of population and growth of the city, and is a power in the community. The church-buildings

are in good taste, and fully up with the age and the improved style of architecture. The congregations are large, and the ministers in charge of them fully equal to the demands made upon them. St. John's, which was dedicated during this meeting, is a perfect gem; in design, style, and finish, it is faultless; and is now completed at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars. Centenary congregation laid the corner-stone of a new church during the meeting, which I understand is to exceed St. John's in its cost and appointments.

There was a Sunday-school convention of the St. Louis District during the meeting of the Bishops, but it took into its deliberations members of the Church generally. I was permitted to witness a part of the proceedings of this convention; and while I think good was accomplished by the free discussion of many points of interest that came before the body, yet I thought I saw a disposition to do something, instead of having something to do. When we have something to do we are generally practical, but when it is a mere effort to do something, it is mainly theory—a *mere resolution meeting*. While on this subject, permit me to say to all concerned—as there is a disposition for Sunday-school conventions among our people, which I am glad to see—if we do any thing that will to any considerable extent promote the interest of Sunday-schools, we shall have to work in sympathy with our present machinery on the subject; the Church could not conveniently run two systems. We shall have to keep the Sunday-school inside the Church-organization, which is a fine one on this subject. Let those conventions work under that charter, then there will be less friction and no strife, and great good will be the result.

The mass-meeting of the Sunday-schools in the city

was a decided success; the weather was fine, the hall in which the gathering took place is immense in proportions, and every way suited the occasion. I should think there were fifteen hundred children present, with the teachers and officers, and then enough outsiders to make two thousand persons. No one fell sick, no one fainted, no disturbance of any kind reached my eye or ear; the music was transporting; the address was listened to with seeming pleasure; the young folks in their best attire, with their joy-lit eyes and smiling faces furnished a picture of beauty exceeding the reaches of fancy. The banners and mottoes were in good taste and very impressive; altogether it was a success in the fullest sense of the word.

There was what was called a "greeting to the Bishops." This came off in the First Church, which was crowded to overflowing. There was a spice of novelty in the proceedings which helped to increase the interest. The exercises were opened with singing and prayer; the music was appropriate and inspiring; the prayer was offered by Dr. Smith, whom I was grieved to find so worn and tired; he is overworked, and must have rest; yet his mighty intellect seems to retain its former power and clearness. Then followed a very handsome address from Governor Polk, a lay-member of the congregation—a welcome of the Bishops to the hearts and homes of the Methodists of the city of St. Louis, which was well conceived and handsomely delivered. Then came the response of the Bishops. I had supposed that they would select one of their number to speak for the whole College, but was pleased to find that each one was going to respond in his own way; and glad to notice how completely they preserved their individuality; there was no running

in each other's grooves, but each followed his own natural bent in manner, style, and conception, which gave a remarkable interest to the occasion. Bishop Andrew led off, and Bishop McTyeire brought up the rear. They said nothing which I wanted left out; nor left out any thing which I wanted said. The only thing wanting to have made the occasion perfect was, that they were not regularly introduced by name, though that was no trouble to me, as I knew them all; but there were hundreds who did not know who was addressing them; yet the occasion was one to be remembered. The Bishops were honored, and they deserved it; for if labor and sacrifice on one hand, and usefulness to the Church and devotion to the cause of God on the other, create any obligation on the part of those who receive the benefit, a debt of honor and gratitude is due the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Our missionary meeting was an occasion of considerable interest. It also was held in the First Church. The audience was large, and Dr. McFerrin, the Secretary of the Domestic Board, made a telling speech—one that will not soon be forgotten. He was followed in a few remarks by Bishop Pierce, and a collection of about eighteen hundred dollars was taken up for domestic missions.

The interview between the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has passed under your eye before this writing, and I am not inclined at present to make any comment.

I cannot close without saying something with respect to St. Louis hospitality: I never saw it surpassed in liberality, elegance, and good taste; and none excelled

mine host, Brother L. D. Dameron. I was also impressed with the evidences of improvement: the city is growing like magic, and every thing seems to be done on a large and liberal scale. I am under obligations to so many of the good people and the preachers of that great and growing city, that I cannot undertake to mention them by name; but can only say, May God reward them!

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1869.

THE CHURCH INTERESTS.*

I HAVE been thinking of writing to you for some time, and will no longer delay. I see that the Board of Foreign Missions is to meet during the session of the Conference in March. Will it be necessary for me to attend? If it is, I shall try to be present; and if it is not, I can find employment enough at home. As the President of the Domestic Board, I have been trying to guard the interest of the Foreign Society as well as I could; and yet I think there are some points of difficulty existing that ought to be looked into, lest the Domestic Board and domestic interest, like the lean kine, devour the Foreign. The old debt should be paid, and foreign missions sustained; but no doubt you will be able to manage these matters without my assistance.

I am glad to find that your paper is doing so well. I have never failed to recommend it wherever I have been, and I think it will ultimately obtain a wide circulation in this country; it will grow and prosper. The fact that it commenced under circumstances which made economy and great prudence necessary, in order

* Correspondence of the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist*.

that it should sustain itself, will in the end result in its favor; if it can travel so rough a path in its infancy, what will it be able to do when it shall have gathered strength, and its way shall become smooth? At present the South (the whole South) is struggling with difficulties; and as men can live without a newspaper, but cannot live without bread, thousands are surely waiting until they shall be able to enjoy health.

It is truly gratifying to see that, notwithstanding the terrible pressure that is upon the country, churches are being built and repaired, the Publishing House is more than sustaining itself, old debts are being paid, Sabbath-schools are prospering, and thousands upon thousands are knocking at the door of the poor, persecuted Church for admission; and while many of the preachers on circuits cannot find among their friends the food to feed their horses, they have given up riding, and are walking round their circuits with a clean collar, and a Bible and hymn-book in their pockets—and the sound of their Master's feet is heard behind them. The trial through which we are passing is dreadfully fiery; but we are passing through it, thank God! There is less complaining and better work done than when the straw was supplied. Every day is furnishing history, upon which coming generations will look with astonishment. The days of the martyrs have come again; every man seems to feel his responsibility. Our Bishops are working as they never worked before.

The acts of our last General Conference were just what we needed, and I am rejoiced to believe that the two measures now before the Annual Conferences will be carried. Were the vote on the change of name to be taken over again in the Tennessee Conference, I do not think there would be one-half dozen against it.

The brethren were influenced by a false fear of evil consequences—no matter what.

Give my kindest regards to Dr. Schon, Dr. Bond, and anybody you please. God bless you and the paper, and all the interests of the Church!

1867.

CONFERENCE AND MISSIONS.*

ON leaving for the Baltimore Conference, or rather the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, I promised to write to you; and as letter-writing seems to be one of the fashions of the day, I have resolved to try my hand. I left Nashville, accompanied by Dr. McFerrin, on the evening train, and had to pass the night on the cars. There was a sleeper attached; but sleeping-cars are a failure so far as I am concerned. They always beget a feeling of confinement which makes it impossible for me to rest or sleep; so that I have abandoned them altogether. The seats in the regular passenger-car are not intended for a bed; they will do very well to sit on; but for a man of my size to attempt to lie on them is not to be thought of; the hard corners and sharp edges are constantly disturbing my peace, and I am too large to be tied up and stowed away in so small a space.

I have never been able to make a night on a railroad train either profitable or comfortable. Even my senses are of very little service to me; I cannot see well enough to make my eyes useful, and the noise of the train renders my ears equally useless, while my thoughts are confused by the jarring, quivering motion; so that at night I am in a state of mental nonen-

* Correspondence of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*.

tity, or waking nightmare; and the snoring of fat men and the crying of children have a wasting, wearing effect on my patience. During the day I have found it no easy matter to employ my time profitably. I cannot read with comfort, as the motion is so tremulous that it requires an effort when I end one line to find the beginning of the next; and constantly thinking that an exertion of this kind involves a danger of irritating the nervous centers makes reading more laborious than pleasant. Talking is also difficult; if I begin when all is still, as soon as we get in motion I find that I am talking in too low a key, and have to use a kind of mental pitch-pipe to raise the tone of voice, or talk sharp on a flat, which would soon wear out any pair of lungs. If I commence conversation when under way, just as soon as we stop I find myself talking too loud, and have to come down, which is difficult to do without destroying the effect of what is said. If I become listener, the difficulty seems to increase; not being able to hear distinctly, I do not know when to say, "To be sure!" "You do n't say so!" "Is it possible?" and I never did like to say continually, "I do n't understand you;" and to see a man's lips moving, and his head nodding and shaking, and gesticulating and pointing with his hands, and not be able to hear what he is saying, is to me most ludicrous. If I get to a window to look out at the country, I can see only on one side, and that very imperfectly. When the train approaches an elevation, from which a good view could be obtained, we are suddenly plunged into a cut, and cannot see any thing at all; when we pass through a valley, the hills obstruct the view, and the rapid motion will not allow the objects within range of vision to be seen to advantage. A consideration of all these circumstances impels me to say,

emphatically, that the only benefit to be derived from traveling by rail is that you soon arrive at your destination. Give me a steam-boat or a buggy, always!

When we reached Abingdon Dr. McFerrin left me, as he had made an appointment at that place for the Sabbath; but I was afraid to stop, lest I should be too late for my engagement at Baltimore. Although the cars were well filled with passengers, I was now alone, as I generally fail to make acquaintances while traveling. When I set out to travel with company, my arrangements embrace them only, and I have no disposition to add to or diminish their number. It sometimes happens that something very amusing may be seen on a train. I frequently see persons who are in constant fear that the train will carry them past the place at which they wish to stop, as they know nothing more than the name of the station. On this trip I saw one man who sprang to his feet several times, when the whistle blew, and, gathering up his bundle, wildly inquired, "What place is this?" The brakeman, who forces open the door and cries out the names of stations, speaks the words in such a way that I seldom know what he says. My anxious friend was all attention, and was never satisfied until he could learn the name of the place. He would then say, "That's not it," and again take his seat. At one time when the whistle blew, and the brakeman shouted out something, no one could tell what, my friend snatched up his bundle, saying, "What place did he say it is?" I replied that I did not understand him. By this time we were again in motion, and the conductor came reeling by in hot haste after the fare of an old lady who had just come on board. My friend plucked him, asking, "What place is this?" The conductor did not stop, nor even look back, but hastily

said, "Mossy Creek." "That 's not it," said the man. A lad came by, and burst into a loud laugh, saying, "I thought the brakeman said, '*Mollie's feet!*'" The fact is, conductors are so much worried with questions that they will not stop to talk to a man unless he appears to be a person of importance.

The brave engine-reinsman held the flaming, metallic steed to the track, and over the plains, through the tangled forests, across the streams, and among the sullen rocks and everlasting hills, we went rattling, whirling, smoking, snorting, and shouting defiantly, by day and by night, and in about fifty hours halted at Washington City, where I rested for the night. The next day was the holy Sabbath, and soon after breakfast I went in search of a Southern Methodist Church, which I very soon found. The Sunday-school had not yet opened, though the children were collecting. I asked a lad, "What church is this?" "It belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South," was the answer. "Who is your preacher?" "Mr. Tudor," said he, "and he is the best preacher in the city." It was not long before Mr. Tudor made his appearance, and it was truly gratifying to see with what pleasure all eyes turned upon him. He seemed to be perfectly at home, and was master of the situation. At eleven o'clock I had the pleasure of listening to a sermon preached by the Rev. S. Keppler, who is a well-sustained, elegant Christian gentleman, and is an honor to his calling—a fine specimen of a man and Christian minister. There was an appointment for me at night, but I was so hoarse from cold I could not speak. The pastor, Mr. Tudor, took my place, and did his work well. In person, expression, manner, voice, mind, and no doubt feeling, he is a striking likeness of the now sainted Baldwin.

On the next morning I visited the White House, and had a pleasant interview with President Johnson. I found him in good health, and as far as I could see, in good spirits. He is hopeful with regard to the future welfare of the country, having confidence in the good sense and integrity of the people. It was a treat to find a man with so much confidence in the people, when I had been thinking that they had brought the country into the trouble of which we complained. In the evening I ran up to Baltimore, and was soon in the midst of friends, both of the ministry and laity.

In speaking of the Conference and Board of Missions, and the manifestations of kindness, hospitality, and fraternity, in both the family circles and the great congregation, I have not the least fear of overstating any thing. I think the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appreciates the course taken by the Baltimore Conference in connecting her destiny with the Southern Church. It seems to me there was in their act a remarkable freedom from worldly-mindedness, selfishness, and all the sordid tendencies of human nature. They came to us in the day of our calamity. It is not common for persons to quit their rich relations, and go and knock at the door of their poor kin, and ask to live with them in their poverty. The Baltimore Conference did not come to us on account of the greatness of our numbers, the richness of our membership, the extensiveness of our publishing interests, or the fatness of our treasury; they came to us when we seemed to be in ruins, scattered, peeled, and wasted in substance, and persecuted by the strong. They came from principle; it shows itself in every act; you cannot find a mean-looking man in the whole body; they can look you in the eye and talk of right, conscience, principle;

and yet they came so meekly, so quietly, asking no ovation, no office, no distinction. That God who regards the right is evidently with them. Neither was it a youthful freak of wild adventure; they are men of age, of mark, of usefulness, who would be an ornament in any society, and worthy of any pulpits in America. They deserve honor, and they have it.

The business of the Board was well attended to; all the distant members were present—Drs. Deems, Head, and Cunyningham—and it was pleasant to see with what interest and earnestness they entered upon the work before them.

As to the Conference, you have full information. Some of the popular meetings held during the session were occasions of remarkable interest. The Sunday-school gatherings at the Central and Trinity Churches were transcendent. Dr. Roszell and Dr. Hall were happy men. On Sunday, at 3 P.M., Dr. Roszell saw the lambs of his flock gathered together, and was justly proud of them; his great, generous heart swelled and throbbed with pleasure, and every expression of his manly face spoke forth his inward joy. At Trinity, on Tuesday night, Dr. Hall gathered up his strength in the Sunday-school department, with the devices of each class and their offerings for the promotion of missions and Sunday-schools in the poor and laboring Church in the South, which amounted to something more than one thousand dollars. In the vast witnessing assembly every heart was moved, every soul inspired, and all talked poetry. Bishop Wightman seemed to stand on air, and the words fell from his lips with a strange sweetness. Dr. Sargent will never be as happy again till he gets to heaven; to his poetry there seemed to be no end. It was an occasion which I think I shall never

forget. I saw class after class with their offerings before the Lord; but the most tender and delicate chords of my nature were never struck till the infant-class appeared; they were as clean and neat as freshly-polished stars on a frosty night, and their faces glowed with pleasure; their eyes so dazzled with joy that they really seemed to give out light; and then there came sweeping over the waste of eighteen hundred years the words of the Master, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." I looked for something in nature with which to compare these children, and thought of the *cactus grandiflora*, or night-blooming cereus—the bloom of which is too tender and delicate to encounter the warm sunshine and dry, parching winds of noonday, and only comes forth to be looked upon by the pale light of stars, and to receive the soft kiss of the air when it is mild and subdued and made sweet by the dew of night—but there was too little life and motion in these. I then thought of some gentle, harmless insect, with its polished crown, its gilded wings, and velvet robe, which had taken a delicate morsel for its supper, and folded its wings, and selected as its chamber of repose the highly-adorned cup of the drooping fuchsia, and was rocked to sleep by the light breath of evening, perfumed by the odor of a thousand flowers, and arose the next morning and washed its face and hands in a drop of dew; but that would not do, and I dashed it aside and thought of heaven, because every thing else was far below.

The Conference missionary meeting and Sunday-school anniversaries were all successful; yet it may be that I am like the boy who had just returned from a quarterly-meeting, and being questioned with regard to the kind of meeting they had, said, "First-rate; we

had the nicest kind of weather, and I had a *mighty* good place to stay."

I think I may safely say that the Methodist Church, South, in all her interests, is growing and strengthening in Maryland. The preachers were nearly all present, and, as far as I know, enjoyed good health, having suffered no loss by death or confirmed affliction during the year. They were well dressed, and gave evidence that they had been among their friends. The next session of the Conference will be held at Trinity Church, which is falling into line, and promises to be a power in the Church for usefulness. There is to the South generally, and to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, especially, something in the words *Maryland* and *Baltimore* that makes the action of the heart quicken with emotions of gratitude. I must say that as far as I can see in the Church, there is an evident spirit prompting both ministry and laity to increased labor and sacrifice.

It would be unjust to close without saying that there is a genuine conviction among our people that the Church has made no mistake in the selection of men for the episcopal office, and that our Bishops are, in labors, sacrifices, and usefulness, noble examples to the rest of the ministry.



THE CHURCH, NORTH AND SOUTH.

HAVING seen, from time to time, various articles in your paper concerning the difficulties in the Church in East Tennessee, growing out of the persecutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, North; and having spent some time

in the bounds of the Holston Conference, which embraces the section of country where the troubles complained of have chiefly occurred; and not being mixed up with the contention and strife in any way, it has occurred to me that I might state some facts with regard to this matter that would enlighten your readers. But it will first be necessary to make some general statements; for there are other sections of the country where kindred troubles exist, all having as a foundation the same class of errors. It will be understood by the reader that these difficulties and disagreements are found between two branches of the Methodist Church—the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—and in this article I shall use the words “North” and “South” as distinguishing terms for the purpose of brevity. I am in some respects better prepared to write on this subject than many others. In the first place, I am in a good humor—have not been insulted and irritated; and in the next place, I have occupied a position which has enabled me to make myself familiar with all the facts, changes, and phases connected with the subject, from the beginning of the dispute up to this hour, and I write this article simply because it seems no one else will do it, and trust I am prompted by a good motive, which is, that all may know the facts as they are. It will be no part of my work to abuse any one, or call hard names—far from it. I am for peace, and wish to promote the cause of God and our common Methodism, and if the reader will receive it in the spirit in which it is written, it will do him good.

In order to understand the true nature of the present difficulty between the Church, North and South, we must carry the reader back to the beginning of those

troubles. This is the more necessary from the fact that the Church, South, is called a rebel Church, a secession Church, a disloyal Church; while the Church, North, claims to be the mother Church, the old Church, the loyal Church. Now, if these representations were true, then it would be right for honest men to make use of the facts in promoting the interests of the Church, North; but if these distinctions do not exist in fact, they cannot be pleaded for or against, as the case may be. This will carry us back to the General Conference of 1844. I shall merely state the great leading facts. This General Conference consisted of something over two hundred delegates. The South had fifty-two, and the North about one hundred and fifty; this was not only a majority of two-thirds, but nearly three-fourths. So you will see at a glance that the North had the power to do just any thing it wished, without paying the slightest attention to the speeches or votes of the South. I entreat you not to forget this fact.

The North wished to depose Bishop Andrew because he was connected with slavery—not because he was acting in violation of the law of God or of the Church, but because a large portion of the membership of the Church in the Northern States believed slavery was contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and as our episcopacy was a unit, and a Bishop was a universal pastor of the Church, and Bishop Andrew, as Bishop, belonged as much to the Church in the Northern as in the Southern States, and the Northern Methodists would not receive him as Bishop, and as it was not expedient that he be continued as Bishop, he must be deposed. Now, mark well—the South went for the Discipline of the Church as it was, and with the Discipline and law

of the Church in its hands entered on the defense of Bishop Andrew. The North went outside of the Discipline and law of the Church, substituting instead thereof expediency as their law, and deposed Bishop Andrew. Now, here was where the first crack was made and the split began; and I shall leave the reader to determine who did the slabbing. The South asked for no law of expediency; so that if there must be a secession, who seceded? Not the South—they asked for no change, wanted none. If you are a candid man and disposed to tell the truth, and still will have it that somebody seceded, you must be compelled to acknowledge that the North seceded, and that that is the rebel Church, so far as disloyalty to Methodism is concerned.

When the General Conference took action and deposed Bishop Andrew, all that the Southern delegates could do was to enter a protest against the action of the Conference; they were powerless in the hands of the majority. But did not the Southern delegates divide the Church? How could they divide the Church? They could have taken up their hats and come home, but that would not have divided the Church. Just at this point I wish the reader to mark well the step taken; and what I say is not taken from any history, but is asserted from what I saw and heard, being there. The first man I heard mention the word division was the Rev. Mr. Raper, of Ohio, who took me out and told me that we would have to divide—belabored me for some time on the subject. The next man that made an argument to me on the subject was the Rev. Dr. Elliott. This was after the matter had been suggested by a number of Northern ministers, and after I had made a speech on the Conference-floor against division,

a synopsis of which is to be found in the published records of that Conference. Dr. Elliott came to my room, as I supposed, by appointment from among his Northern brethren, to induce me to consent to a division. He stayed with me all night; lay upon my bed, by my side; brought up many arguments in favor of division, some of which I remember to this hour. He said the subject of slavery would continue to agitate us while together, but if divided, the agitation would cease; that where a family could not agree they had better separate, and merely visit each other occasionally; and that more fraternity and good feeling would exist between us, when separated, than if we were to continue together and keep wrangling all the time on the subject of slavery. When I told him I was afraid of the consequences, he directed me to the Canada Church, saying that they prospered more since separation than before. But his main argument was the extent of territory—that we were covering too much surface, and the representation would soon be so great in a few years that no General Conference could be accommodated.

At length the South agreed that a committee should be appointed to see whether a plan could be made for an equitable division of the Church; and who appointed that committee? The Northern preachers, for the Southern had no power to do any thing of themselves. The committee agreed on a plan, submitted it to the Conference, and it was adopted. Now, I ask the candid reader, Who divided the Church? The Northern majority performed the act that suggested the necessity; the Northern majority carried out the suggestion. I suppose I need not go any farther to prove that the Southern Church is not a secession; far from

it. We are within the old landmarks, cabling the old ship to the stakes driven by Asbury and McKendree.

A few words with respect to the old Church, mother Church. Who planted Methodism in New England? It was a Southern preacher. Who established Methodism in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois? It was Southern preachers. And if you should be governed by the map of the country, and age of the Church in each division, you will soon find that the old Church is in the South. It must be a bad cause that would seek to prop itself by any such flummery as that the Church, North, is the old Church, the mother Church; for every well-informed Methodist must know that one of two things is true: that the person who makes such representations is either ignorant or willfully falsifies.

Now as to the loyalty of the Church. If by loyalty we are to understand being true to Methodism, the South claims the preference; if it means fealty to the Government, all that is necessary on the subject is to refer them to our Discipline and Articles of Faith; they are the same now that they were before the war, and were the same during the war—they were never changed. Other denominations, whose services consist mainly in written forms, made changes; but the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, made no change; so that in a political point of view no charge can be made against that Church on the score of loyalty.

The next point of interest is on the question of Church-property. The General Conference of 1844, to which so much reference has already been made, did make out a "Plan of Separation" of the Church, fixing on a line that should be regarded as the dividing-line between the two coördinate branches of the Church: all of the churches, school-houses, parsonages,

and cemeteries south of that line were to belong to the Southern Church, and all north of it to the Northern. This the General Conference had a right to do. But there was a certain interest which had been held in common by the Church—the Book Concern and Chartered Fund. According to the line of geographical division this interest fell within the line of the Northern Church, and by that same “Plan of Separation,” or contract, or articles of agreement between the parties, the Church, North, was to pay over to the Church, South, her *pro rata* according to the respective number of traveling preachers, as this interest was regarded as the property of the ministry. The Church, South, without delay, threw itself into a properly organized condition, and appointed an agent to receive the amount due to the South, and a formal application was made; but the agent of the Northern Church refused to pay over the amount, on the ground that the Restrictive Article had not been removed, which prohibits the agents of these interests from paying over the proceeds to any save the traveling preachers, and the widows and orphans of traveling preachers. It was pleaded by the preachers from the South, when the General Conference of 1844 proposed to send the question around to the Conferences, that they might, by a three-fourths vote, remove the restriction; the Southern delegates said that it was unnecessary, as we were not creating any new object of appropriation. This view was assented to, but the Northern delegates said they wanted the restriction taken off for other purposes, and the question was sent around, and failed by some eight or ten votes, though some of the Northern Conferences refused to act at all in the matter. But of those Conferences which did act the vote fell a little short

of three-fourths. This the agent of the Church, North, with his commissioners, regarded as a bar to their paying over the amount due to the South under the contract.

So things continued until the meeting of the General Conference of the Church, North, in 1848. This Conference decided that the General Conference of 1844 had no right or power to make any such contract, and pronounced the whole act void.

The Church, South, brought suit against the agents of the Church, North, for said interest, and finally gained it by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that the contract made by the Conference of 1844 was a valid one. The validity of this contract being thus established, the right of the Church, South, to her property is vindicated; for it will be borne in mind that the Restrictive Article did not lie against churches, parsonages, etc.; so that her right to the property within her limits was direct, and without question or embarrassment.

THE facts now to be stated I will not attempt to prove, as I suppose they will not be questioned.

First. The Church, North, is now in possession of quite a number of churches and parsonages, which before the war were the property of the Church, South.

Second. There are a number of persons who are claimed and counted as members of the Church, North, who were before the war members of the Church, South; and this change in many instances has been brought about without the act or volition of said persons. And I would farther state as a fact, that the preachers of the Church, North, are not willing that the preachers of the Church, South, should return and

preach to their former congregations. These facts we take for granted.

It will be our duty, in the farther investigation of this subject, to show how this state of things was produced. It is due to the Methodists of East Tennessee that I should say that before the war they were as true to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as far as I know, as other portions of the Church; but at the outbreak of the war there was found in this section of country a strong Union element, growing out of the fact that the Democrats were less inclined to farther endure the oppressive course of the North than the Whigs were, and East Tennessee was a decided Whig country.

The first movement that was made which requires particular notice here was this: As the Confederate army fell back and the country was taken possession of by the Federal forces, the preachers of the Church, South, to a considerable extent, either retired with the Confederate army or quietly remained at home; so that the churches in many instances were left without pastors. Now, the question will arise, Why did the preachers leave their flocks? The answer is this: The Federal army occupied the city of Nashville and a portion of Middle Tennessee before they took possession of East Tennessee, and the Federal authorities arrested and sent off to prison a considerable number of the Methodist preachers in Nashville and its vicinity, against whom no charges or specifications were ever brought. This, as you might suppose, alarmed the preachers of the Church, South, as they had no fancy to rot in prison. There came into the country with the Federal army a number of preachers who belonged to the Church, North, and finding the churches

without pastors, they proposed to take charge, saying it was all the same, that slavery would be done away with, and that, slavery being the bar to union, now the Churches would unite. This was no doubt often said in good faith, and in this way the people went over *en masse* in many places. In some instances the membership wished to wait and see how the war was going to terminate before they took any action. In such cases the preachers of the Church, North, called the military to their aid, and took possession by force; and the preacher getting possession of the Church-books and records, enrolled them all upon his list, and counted them as so many members added to the Church, North—stating always that the Confederacy would be put down, and that the Church, South, would never be allowed to reorganize, and that those who wished to be Methodists would have to belong to the Church, North, as that was the only Church—that is, Methodist Church—that could survive. So matters moved on till the close of the war, when the preachers of the Church, South, began to look up their congregations, houses of worship, parsonages, etc.

Now, you will find that the preachers of the Church, North, have taken a different position. They claim the property that was held by the Church in common before the division in 1844, because the deeds were made to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I will say, once for all, what right the Presbyterian, Baptist, or any other Church, save the Methodist Episcopal Church, may have to the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I cannot determine, as their right, if they have any, has never been tested; but the claim on the part of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been litigated and settled, and it is now part of the

history and records of the United States, as well as the Church, that the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) has no right in law or equity; so that if all the members of the Church, South, were to die in one day, some other body would have to be found in whom the property could vest.

Where the Church, North, holds property which has been obtained by the Church, South, since the division, and is deeded to that body, the Church, North, claims the property on the ground that the Church, South, is a disloyal Church, and has forfeited all right to property or protection. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the Church, South, is disloyal, and has forfeited her right—to whom was she disloyal? To the Government of the United States; and to that Government the forfeiture is made, and not to the Church, North; that Church is not yet the Government, and cannot claim on the score of disloyalty. But the fact is, as has already been shown, that the Church, South, is not disloyal, and, as a Church, never was; and such property as the United States authorities took possession of during the war, as a military necessity, has long since been restored to her, and in many instances appropriations have been made for the repairing of injuries done to such property by the Government; though, I believe, in some instances where the members or friends of the Church, North, have been the agents to receive such appropriations, instead of paying them as intended by the Government, they have been turned over to the Church, North, to aid in building for that body. I think the time will come when this matter will be looked into.

There is yet another aspect of this part of our subject. The Church, North, has appropriated funds for

Church-extension, and in some instances, I believe, the following course has been pursued: Preachers of that Church have sent agents through the country to look up old claims against Church-property, and no doubt often secured them at a heavy discount, and then brought suit, and obtained judgment and a decree to sell the property without the right of redemption; and the poor people worshipping in these churches, having been wasted by the war, found themselves unable to pay the amount of the judgment; and thus churches and school-buildings have passed into the hands of the Church, North, by a sham legal process. At other times a majority of the trustees of a church have gone over to the Church, North, and carried the church with them, when all know, who know any thing about the law of the Church, that a man has to be a member of the Church to make him eligible to the office of trustee, and when he ceases to be a member, his trusteeship expires; so that a man cannot quit the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and still be a trustee. When a member leaves the Church he forfeits membership, trusteeship, and all right to control the property of the Church. And yet, after all, the Church, North, holds the property of the Church, South; *but how, I will not say.*

But how do they hold on to the membership of the Church, South? And shall I tell it all? The preacher of the Church, North, announces that he has all the names of a certain society, and will consider them all members of the loyal Methodist Church unless there are some who wish to belong to the rebel Church—meaning the Church, South—stating at the same time that as a loyal man he will be compelled to make public the names of those who refuse to belong to the

loyal Church; that if the country has enemies in our midst the people ought to know it, and that those who withdraw will do so at their own risk; while there are, no doubt, "lewd fellows of the baser sort" in almost every neighborhood, who do not care for any Church, but, being cowards at heart, wish to establish their bravery, and they consider it a safe opportunity to fall upon some old preacher or Church-member whose principles and religion are against fighting. Such surroundings are calculated to make men and women who love peace and quiet hesitate, and wait until these difficulties are taken away.

The ministers of the Church, North, who are filling the work in the Holston Conference are not generally men of mark—quite a number of them were local preachers before the war, belonging to the Church, South; some of whom, as I understand, had been anxious for some time to go into the itinerant work, but from some cause the Holston Conference did not find it convenient to employ them; but so soon as the Church, North, took possession of the country, the door was open to all, with such a salary as would of itself be tempting to a poor man struggling with misfortune, and some are uncharitable enough to give it as their opinion that the salary was the main inducement.

From the best view that I have been able to take of the whole subject, I am decidedly of the opinion that the Church, North, has made a mistake. She is wasting her missionary funds, without adding to the great Methodist family either members or piety; for almost the entire membership now claimed in East Tennessee, or within the bounds of the Holston Conference, were members of the Church, South, and would have con-

tinued so if they had been let alone; and the contention between the two Churches is taken hold of by the infidel world, and so used as to bring reproach on the cause of God and our common Methodism. If the Church, North, had used her treasure and labor in cultivating such fields as cannot be reached by the Church, South, the cause of God and the salvation of souls would have been the result; and I cannot but believe if the Missionary Board of the Church, North, fully understood the working of this measure, they would waste no more money in sending preachers down South to take, as by violence, the houses of worship and members of the Church, South. Let me say, that in my opinion there will be in the proceeding of the Church, North, in thus trying to cripple and break up the Church, South, nothing accumulating except disappointment, shame, and ultimate infamy; virtue, morality, and religion will sustain loss and damage, and the Church, North, lose caste and character. The gospel is preached to but a small portion of the human race; and here let me ask the ruling spirits of the Church, North, Why do you not turn your extra funds and labor to the waste places of the earth, where a rich harvest of souls may be gathered in, God's name glorified, and Methodism honored?

The interest of the Church, South, is in the hearts of the Southern people, and the prospects of the Church are this day more promising than ever before. She is being purified as by fire, and being made perfect through suffering. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Seek peace, and pursue it.

THE preachers of the Northern Church—at least, some of them—say that the Southern delegates in the General Conference procured the division of the Church by false pretenses; that the ministry and membership of the Church, South, were never consulted in the matter. Now, that the reader may understand this subject in all its phases, we will state a few facts, after having shown clearly where the division was begun, and by whom.

The necessity was created by the violent and unlawful action of the Northern preachers in the course taken by them in the case of Bishop Andrew; and they then recommended division as the best that could be done, and satisfied the Southern delegates of their sincerity by offering to divide fairly—to give to the Southern Conferences all their property, in churches, parsonages, and school-houses, and agreeing to pay to the South a *pro rata* of the property of the Chartered Fund and Book Concern, and fixed on a line of division between the two coördinate branches of the Church, allowing the membership about said line to adhere North or South, as they might desire. Now, reader, do not forget that these measures were taken by the Northern majority, the South being in such a minority that they could do nothing of themselves.

Now, turn your attention to the part that the South was to act under the Plan which the North made for the South. The Southern delegates were to go home and submit the Plan to the Southern Conferences, and if they should approve it, the Plan would be perfected. It was submitted to all the Southern Conferences, and was approved. Every Conference took action; and of the thousands of traveling preachers in the South, there were but three who were present and voting who voted against the Plan; and the membership, to a very large

extent, also took action, and with about the same unanimity. So much, then, for the truthfulness of the statement we sometimes hear, that the Southern delegates in the General Conference of 1844 deceived their Northern brethren, and pursued a course of conduct which the Church in the South never approved; nothing could be farther from the truth.

The Church in the South approved the course pursued by their delegates, accepted the Plan of the General Conference, called a convention, and appointed delegates to meet in Louisville, in May, 1845. The convention met, organized the Southern Church, and appointed a General Conference to meet in Petersburg, Virginia, in May, 1846. Delegates were duly elected; the Conference met, and approved the Plan of the General Conference and the action of the convention at Louisville; appointed Commissioners, who were authorized to settle with the Commissioners and Book Agents of the Church, North, the undivided interest in the Chartered Fund and Book Concern; and a Book Agent was also appointed, with authority to receive the portion due the South. Drs. Bascom, Latta, and myself, were appointed Commissioners, and Dr. John Early the Book Agent.

A Fraternal Messenger was also appointed by the General Conference at Petersburg, in the person of Dr. Lovick Pierce, who was to attend the General Conference of the Church, North, that was to meet in Pittsburg, May, 1848; so that every thing that was required of the South by the Plan of Separation was done with precision, without haste, and without delay. The only thing we did that the Plan did not contemplate our doing was the appointing of a Fraternal Messenger. Dr. Lovick Pierce presented himself at Pittsburg on

the meeting of the General Conference of the Church, North, charged with the friendly greeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I was there; I saw it all. Often, since, I could have wished that I had not been there, or that years would blot the fact from my memory; but it is as fresh on my mind as the transactions of yesterday; and similar sad feelings seem to come upon my heart now, which so deeply affected me when I saw the brotherly greetings and tokens of friendship, borne to them by the venerable man of God, contemptuously spurned and rejected.

THERE are those of the Church, North, who contend that all the property of the Church, South, belongs to them, particularly that portion which was held by the Church before the division. The ground of their claim is that a false, unjust, and corrupt decision was given by the Supreme Court. The fact that the Church, South, brought suit against the Church, North, is generally known as an historical fact; but the circumstances that led the Church, South, to appeal to the courts of the country, I think, are not very well understood. That the reader may fully understand this subject, I will give a plain statement of the facts in the case. The Plan of Separation gave to the Church, South, her *pro rata* according to the number of preachers; and notwithstanding the Church, South, did precisely what the Plan of Separation required, and while the contract was plain and easily understood, yet the authorized agents of the Church, North, refused to pay over to the Church, South, her portion, and urged as a reason that the Restrictive Article was not removed. This was a matter over which the Church, South, had no control. The Southern Conferences voted *en masse*, or unani-

mously, for the change, while enough in the North voted against it to defeat it. The Church, South, contended, in the first place, that there was no necessity for the change in the article, as no new object of appropriation was created; and, in the next place, that the Church, North, should not take advantage of their own act to protect themselves from paying an honest debt. But notwithstanding the Agents and Commissioners refused to pay over, the Church, South, supposed that the General Conference of the Church, North, which was to meet in May, 1848, in Pittsburg, would put the matter right; so the Commissioners of the Church, South, with Bishop Soule, Dr. Lovick Pierce, and Dr. Lee, of Virginia, together with our Book Agent, attended the General Conference of the Church, North, with a view to bring the whole question before that body. But the General Conference of the Church, North, would not hear or would not notice us in any official way whatever; they would neither talk with us nor suffer us to talk with them on the subject, and even shut us out from their pulpits; so that diplomacy was at an end.

We had organized as a Church under the authority of the General Conference of 1844; we were, according to the Plan, a coördinate branch of the original Methodist Episcopal Church; we had our Discipline, organization, and appointments as a Church, all completed, and were in working order, with Bishop Soule at our head. They did not invite us back; they would not so much as recognize our Fraternal Messenger; while the Church, North, held all the property of the Book Concern and Chartered Fund. Men of the world laughed at us, and said, "You have had a Yankee trick played off on you, on a large scale; you were the principal

contributors in building up the Book Concern and Chartered Fund, and now that these are paying institutions, they have persuaded you to set up for yourselves; then they created what they pretend is a difficulty in the way of paying to the Church, South, her portion; and, to make the matter sure, the Conference at Pittsburg, in 1848, declared that the Conference of 1844 had no power to make the contract, or Plan of Separation." The condition of the Church, South, was a novel one: the Southern Conferences were off from the pay-roll, and the dividends were all going to the Church, North, while the Southern Conferences had no dividends, no Book Concern or Chartered Fund, and no money to establish any. To use the world's expression, we, down South, were left out in the cold. The Church, North, was in debt to us; but it first refused to pay, then denied the binding obligations of the contract, and then fell out with us, and would have nothing to do with us, so that we were compelled to go to law.

I believe that the members of the General Conference of 1844 acted, at the time they made out the Plan of Separation, in good faith; I think they then intended to do what they promised to do; yet I have been told that some of the members of the General Conference, who favored the measure and voted for it at the General Conference, went home and voted and advised against it. A party was soon gotten up against the measure, and when the vote of the Annual Conferences failed by some eight or ten votes to remove the restriction, this party grew rapidly; so that by the time the Church, South, was in a condition to receive her portion, the pressure upon the Book Agent and the Commissioners was so great that they refused to pay over; and so matters remained till the meeting of the General

Conference of the Church, North, in 1848, at which time and place the Commissioners of the Church, South, had reason to believe that something would be done.

Every thing was against us, except *law* and *equity*. They had possession of the property; suit must be brought within the limits of their Church. They had the money, and, as we supposed, the power to get up outside pressure; but notwithstanding all the odds against us, we appealed to the law, and gained our rights.

Now, reader, would you not suppose that if the South had attempted any thing like fraud, double-dealing, or false pretense, some of their Book Agents, Commissioners, lawyers, or wiseacres would have detected us? No, it was nothing but plain, simple justice that carried the suit in favor of the South. I was told by one of the leading men of the Northern Church that the property we were contending for was ours of right, and that he hoped we would get it in the end; but as he believed that we were going to appropriate it to an unholy purpose—the support of a slavery Church—he would have nothing to do with handing it over to us; but that if we should wrest it from them by the power of the law he would be glad of it. And yet, in defiance of *law*, *justice*, *equity*, and the *decision* of the *Supreme Court* of the United States, they still claim the property!

1869.

MANLY'S CAMP-MEETING.

HAVING been kindly invited to attend the camp-meeting at Manly's, on Saturday, accompanied by the Rev. W. D. F. Sawrie, who knows all about a camp-meeting, and is at home alike in the pulpit and the altar, I started

on the trip from Nashville. At two o'clock in the afternoon we took our seats in the car, and soon heard the shout, "All aboard!" which closes half-finished conversation, and brings on rapid shaking of hands between parting friends. Away we were whirled toward the setting sun, till a little after ten o'clock at night, when the watchman cried out, "Paris!" and in a few moments we were in the hands of kind friends, who were waiting for our arrival, to conduct us to the residence of our special friend, Col. Ray—the embodiment of hospitality—who, with his good lady, had waited beyond their usual hour of rest, that we might be refreshed with a cup of hot coffee.

Early next morning we found a hack in readiness to carry us to the camp-ground, and in little more than an hour the distance of eight miles had been overcome, and we were approaching the vicinity of the camp-ground. For the last few miles I had been much impressed with the scenes along the way, as we overtook men, women, and children, white and black, hastening like living streams toward one and the same point. All kinds of transportation had been employed—carriages, hacks, buggies, carryalls, wagons, and carts, while many were on horseback, and not a few on foot. Not a word was heard; but all were pressing onward to a common center, like the tribes of Israel going up to worship at the annual feast. The direction was made plain by the throng in advance of us, though the straw scattered along the way would have been a sufficient guide to a stranger.

The first thing that attracted attention, upon our arrival, was the encampment of the colored people, situated within one hundred yards of the encampment of the white people, with the services already going on,

although it was still early in the morning. I was pleased to learn that they have not been disturbed by divisions, nor misled by designing strangers, but are under the care of Brother Love, one of the Presiding Elders of the Memphis Colored Conference—an important part of the work organized by Brother Taylor, in preparation for a distinct Church, in sympathy with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. They had located their camp-ground close to that of the white people, that they might enjoy the protection and assistance of their old masters, and I was glad to find that they were receiving a full benefit.

Just beyond, and a little higher up the hill, was to be seen the old, time-honored Manly's Camp-ground. How familiar the scene—the multitude of vehicles and horses that crowded the grove, the smoke struggling through the branches of the trees, the tents and cook-sheds, some new and others old, and the freshly-riven boards used for roofs! How familiar the song which fell on my ear! while at that moment the sun, which had been obscured for days, struggled through the clouds and threw broad and cheering rays upon the encampment, dissipating at once all fears of inclement weather. It was interesting to observe how perfectly the customs and habits of other days have been preserved. The Presiding Elder and preacher in charge met me just as they used to do, and led the way at once to the preachers' tent—the meeting-house having been assigned for their accommodation. There were the beds along the wall, underlaid with straw, and there were the saddle-bags and valises, the overcoats, and books, and pipes!

It was not long before the Presiding Elder—a grave and dignified man—looked at his watch, and said to

me, "I expect you to preach at the next hour." After awhile the trumpet blew the well-known signal for public service, and soon the great congregation, that had only partially dispersed, was closely packed under and around the shelter. When I inquired how the department of singing was sustained, I was told that all was right therein; that Brother Lilly, the prince of singers, was on hand, but that I must "line" the hymn. I looked over the vast assembly for familiar faces, and saw only two or three; however, the presence of W. C. Johnson and S. P. Whitten made me feel at home. When the lines of the hymn had been read, a suitable tune was set, and the voices of the multitude, as the sound of many waters, rose and swelled upon the air and through the grove, so as to cheer the most drooping and sluggish spirit. During the rather long service the crowd pressed close and closer, and became so still and fixed that the congregation looked like a mighty tableau.

When the hour for dinner came, there was, as at camp-meetings of old, the same long table, with the same long benches at its sides, and that wide-open invitation, as of yore, "Come and help yourselves!" The fare was abundant, substantial, good, and free. The order was excellent; there was no disturbing element of any kind to be seen.

This was the first camp-ground established in the State west of the Tennessee River, and for *forty-five years*, save two, the people of the neighborhood have here held camp-meetings, and one year two were held. It is estimated that not less than three thousand souls have here been converted to God, and of the number some twenty-five or thirty have become ministers of Christ; so that preachers of the gospel have gone down

from this hill-side, like the prophets of old from the sides of Mount Ephraim; besides, much seed has been sown here, which has sprung up and brought forth fruit in other regions. I believe I may say that hundreds of true and faithful ministers of Christ, now in heaven, have here stood upon Zion's walls, and sounded the alarm, and called the wanderer back to God; and while such names as Joshua Boucher and John M. Holland pass through my mind, and I remember that here they preached, and prayed, and praised, and labored for the souls of men who now fold their stainless robes about them, and stand near the eternal throne while they cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!" I feel that this is consecrated ground. From year to year, for forty years or more, the foot of Jacob's ladder has rested here, on which angels have descended and ascended, while hundreds who have passed beyond the vale, and now behold the King in his beauty, look back to this spot as the point where their feet first walked in the path which led them to glory.

The first shelter built at this place has long since passed away. The leaden rain and iron hail of time beat it down, but it was soon replaced by another, and we are now worshipping under the third or fourth structure. There are none of the original campers here now. They have, for the greater part, pitched their tents under the tree of life; but as one passes away another takes his place; and I am told that there are more campers this year than there have been for many years. While the late terrible war raged around them, the good people of this neighborhood met from year to year, and held their camp-meeting, with the exception of one year; and the purpose to continue camping annually is stronger now than it was years

ago, and, from all I can see, it will be a camp-ground fifty years to come. Why are there some twelve hundred members in this circuit? It is because they constantly draw from this great plant-bed.

Would not camp-meetings be a blessing to other portions of the Church? Why should we give them up? Let us see if we cannot have at least one camp-meeting for each District next year. I think we can; and for one, will work for it. It is a blessing to both preacher and people. I have been here but a little over twenty-four hours, and the old camp-meeting spirit is already upon me. There is a life and power in the sermons which I have heard that is truly refreshing. Give us more camp-meetings!

Three days of the meeting are now passed, and great good has already been done, and there is the promise of the very best results.

CAMP-MEETING AT CEDAR HILL.

I REACHED the camp-ground on Friday evening, and found the campers all in position, and every thing looked like former days. The preachers were quartered in the church, which was close at hand. The shelter was complete, the seats all arranged, the altar fenced off, and the straw was distributed; the smoke was rising from cooking-sheds, tables were stretched along behind the camps, and the trumpet—by which the signal was given for service—hung beside the pulpit; there were the Bible and hymn-book lying on the hand-board—every thing was in its place, which was evidence to me that, notwithstanding some twenty years and more have passed away since there was a

camp-meeting in that section of the country, there were some persons yet living who knew how to prepare for such meetings. The shelter and seats were an improvement upon the old style, the timbers being lighter, and the work was done in a more workman-like manner, which gave the whole arrangement an air of neatness and elegance. The shed would seat some three thousand persons, so it was said; and some thirty or forty preachers could sit on the platform elevation of the pulpit, which formed three parts of a square, coming out even with the front of the pulpit. The preachers greatly admired this arrangement. From this elevation there were steps going down into the altar on both sides of the pulpit; and although this platform was in the rear of the main shed, yet it was under cover. Service was continued regularly at the hours of eight and eleven o'clock A.M., and three and seven o'clock P.M., and the trumpet never called the people together but there was evidence of good being done. There were quite a number of ministers and pious laymen, who gave evidence that they came to do the work of the Lord. I never heard less idle talk and trifling conversation at any camp-meeting that I ever attended. There were six or seven regular camps; besides these, there were two cloth tents, and, in addition to these, Brother Cullom, the preacher in charge of Asbury Circuit, concluded that as a number of the people of his charge would likely attend the meeting, and that as none of his members wished to camp, he would have a camp himself; so a few days before the commencement of the meeting, he came up to Cedar Hill and obtained the use of an empty tobacco-warehouse, located some hundred steps from the camp-ground, and determined to move into it. The people

of his charge finding out what the preacher was going to do, sent in supplies in abundance, so that a large number of persons were accommodated in this tobacco-house. I had the pleasure of going up and holding family-prayer with them one morning, and found about fifty persons all seated, and quietly waiting for prayer. Brother Plummer, the preacher in charge of the Clarksville Station, obtained a large cloth tent, where he accommodated himself and others, notwithstanding the fact that the Church in Clarksville had a large and well-sustained tent. There was one other tent that deserves notice above all the rest. It was improvised on Saturday of the meeting, and it would be difficult to tell of what it was composed. It was partly of wagon-wheels, rails, poles, boards, brush, blankets, and straw—and, under the hands of a youth about sixteen years old and two widow women, it rapidly put itself in shape; for I do not think it was more than one hour after I saw a two-horse wagon drive up which contained the bedding and supplies, before the tent was up, a fire was kindled, a coffee-pot on it, and the table was being set for supper. The party consisted of a grandmother, daughter, and several grandchildren. The old lady told me that she and her daughter could have come and staid with some of the campers, but that they could not think of imposing the children on anybody; and that her object was the conversion of her grandson. The last sight I had of the old lady, she was sitting just at the edge of the altar, with tears in her eyes, holding her grandson's hat while he had gone to the mourner's bench. Reader, do you not think you could camp? Some talk of the expense of camping, and some of the exposure, and yet persons go to watering-places, and lodge in miserable huts, and feed on

scorched mutton and poor coffee, and play cards and dance till midnight; and pay for such privileges from three to five dollars per day. Now, if persons do all this for recreation, cannot Christian people go and camp at a camp-meeting for the good of souls and the glory of God?

I left Cedar Hill Tuesday evening. Up to that time some thirty-five or forty persons had made a profession; and as the interest was increasing every hour, I shall expect to hear a good account.

I did not see a drunken man on the camp-ground, nor witness any act which I regarded as disorderly. There was, at eleven o'clock on Sunday, when some four thousand persons were emptied out of the cars at the same time, and more than half of them women, an accumulated whisper, together with the motion of fans through the air, making a sound like a flock of birds, which prevented some from hearing; and the same was experienced at three, when the multitude were setting out for home. Let no extra trains run on Sunday hereafter. I saw nothing for sale, no trading going on. Every thing considered, it was the most orderly camp-meeting I ever attended, and the number of tenters will be greatly increased next year.

1873.

NORTH ALABAMA CONFERENCE.

HAVING just returned from the session of the North Alabama Conference, let me give a brief sketch of what I saw and heard.

My main object in visiting this Conference was to see my old friends and co-laborers of the Tennessee Conference who are now attached to the North Ala-

bama Conference in consequence of the division of the former, to meet and enjoy the fellowship of the preachers and people generally; and I must say that I am greatly pleased with the result.

It will be remembered that this Conference is composed of portions of three Conferences. The fractional parts no doubt felt their isolation, before they came together, like one who has just left his ancestral home and is going out to settle in a new country; but when the fractions—the different members of this new household—came together, and began to bring in their wares and tricks—their various articles for housekeeping—they found that they were not only well-to-do, as an Irishman would say, but were really rich in numbers, churches, preachers, and literary institutions, and all that pertains to the outfit of an Annual Conference; and all the different parts came together as by a natural affinity, and fitted like the stones in the temple, being all squared and numbered, and coming at once to their proper places, with a sufficient amount of brotherly love to cement all together. They were so happy, and so well pleased with themselves and everybody else, that they even treated Doctor Summers and myself with great kindness and attention.

I observed one fact with great interest, which was this: I found in the members of the Conference persons suited to all the particular departments of an Annual Conference—as though they had been brought up and drilled in a school of instruction for that very purpose. There was Doctor Wilson, with his assistant secretaries, going on with that department of the business with all the ease and grace of persons who had always been engaged in that kind of work; and there were the chairmen of the various committees, bring-

ing in their reports in such perfect order and finish that one would be at once impressed with the idea that they are the very men for the place; and when we came to the Mission Board, which was only two days old, the secretary brought in a report which would have done credit to a veteran in the business. When I saw every thing getting into position, and every man finding his place as by intuition, I could not but feel that the organization of this new Conference was in the order of the providence of God, and if its future should be equal to its present promise, great things may be expected of the North Alabama Conference.

The appearance and ability of the members of the Conference impressed me very favorably: they are every way self-sustaining, and need not to draw on any other Conference for a supply in any department, and will, in my judgment, soon be able to give aid to weaker sisters.

The citizens of Gadsden and the country round about took great interest in the business of the Conference, so that a large and fine church was crowded, and such was the spiritual *status* that souls were converted. The preaching was good, and the accommodations were fine. And here is an acknowledgment of obligation to Brother and Sister Ramsey, who so handsomely and kindly entertained the writer.

Of the many good sermons that I heard, I shall mention but one—the sermon of Bishop Paine on Sunday morning more than sustained his great reputation as a preacher. It was powerful and glorious, and its influence will be felt for many days. May his useful life long be preserved!

The North Alabama Conference will be found among the foremost to sustain the regular institutions of the

Church, which were represented by Doctor Summers, who accompanied me. What a pity it is that the Doctor could not be spared to visit more of the Annual Conferences! I find him an institution of great power, but his place in the Publishing House cannot be supplied.

ANECDOTES.

MINOR AND THE HOG.

CAPTAIN MINOR, who is very well known to some of my readers, related to me the following circumstance:

“Once,” said the Captain, “when I was commanding a barge, I left New Orleans with stores sufficient to last to Natchez, allowing the trip to be made in the ordinary time; but I encountered every kind of difficulty; several of my best men took sick, and I had to advance against a strong head-wind a large portion of the time, and the consequence was that we ran short of supplies.

“While in this condition we were lying to just above a large plantation of a noted wealthy Frenchman. At length a hog of good size and in fine condition came rooting around the bow of the boat, and as we were all hungry, and were not allowed to purchase any thing—for the boats from the Cumberland River were all classed with the ‘Kentuck’ boats by the French—the temptation was more than we were able to bear, and one of the men took his rifle and shot it down, and brought it on board.

“Soon after, the French gentleman, who lived some two or three hundred yards below, having heard the gun, and thinking, probably, that something was going

on that ought to be looked after, was seen coming shuffling along up the bank toward the barge.

“I saw at once,” continued the Captain, “that we should have trouble unless the case was well managed; for we were at the mercy of the Frenchman, because he could call up a hundred negroes in five minutes, and such was the character of the weather that we did not dare to throw off our cable—the crew being evidently alarmed.”

Here let me say to the reader, who may not have had the acquaintance of Captain Minor, that he was a very large man, and, while he possessed a full share of good humor, he could, when he wished to do so, put on as much dignity and gravity as any person I have ever met with, and withal was a man of remarkable intellect.

“‘Now, my men,’ said I, ‘do as I tell you, and I will try and outwit this Frenchman; but you must be quick. Take that long, broad plank that we use as a table, and lay it across the boat; be quick. Now take the hog, and put it on the plank; turn it on its belly; stretch out its hind legs as far as you can; now, take the cleanest sheet you can find, and spread it all over it. Now sit down, every one of you, and look as solemn as death.’

“It was done. By this time the Frenchman was getting up in the neighborhood of the barge. I arose, with my hands behind me, as my custom was, and moved toward the bow of the boat with a grave, sad, gloomy countenance. Just as the Frenchman was about to come on board, I addressed him as follows, in the most subdued and solemn manner: ‘Friend, I ought to ask you, before you come on board, whether or not you have ever had the small-pox.’ Then turning and point-

ing to where the hog lay covered over with the sheet, I continued, mournfully, 'One of our poor fellows has just died with it, and as he was an old soldier, we have fired a single shot over him before committing his body to the wave.'

"'What! you got de *small-pocke*? By Gar, I no come dis nigh!'

"Turning on his heel, he made his way home with double-quick, and no doubt passed a law of non-intercourse between his whole household and the infected barge. So the crew skinned, cooked, and ate with impunity."

THE PINEY-WOODS BROKER.

THE piney-woods broker was a remarkable man in several respects. He kept his money for the use and benefit of the coal and tar burners. When any person wished to borrow, he never had any money; but he always had a little when a note was offered; and it was a singular fact that the amount of money he had on hand was always just half of what the note called for. Very sorry that he had no more; but if the holder of the note could do better with the money than with the note, he would take the note and run the risk; always some risk, and a man ought to be paid for taking risks; but, to accommodate the holder, he would take it, saying that money was at present very scarce, and almost any per cent. could be obtained for it that a man should ask; but he would not think of cutting as deep as some people.

This piney-woods broker was singular in another particular—he loved a dram; but his money was always so large that the doggery-man could not change

it, and it was one of the broker's principles not to go in debt for liquor. So others bought, and he drank. At length, one morning, a keen wag, who was one of the tar-burners, seemed to be in deep distress about a dream he had the night previous, and continued to refuse to tell it until the whole party became very anxious to hear it. He agreed to tell the dream on condition that the broker would treat the crowd. The broker resisted for awhile, until at length, becoming anxious to hear it himself, he complied. The wag said that in his dream he was in one of the roughest forests he had ever seen. The trees were crooked, as if they had been torn by the wind; the ground sounded hollow, and was all heaved up into hills as large as old-fashioned bake-ovens. He saw in the distance things like human beings, flitting about spirit-like, but it was so smoky that he could not tell what they were until he came near them, when he saw that they were men, but as black as ink, with the whitest eyes and teeth he ever saw. Lying about were boxes, some six feet long and two feet wide. They knocked off the top of one of the little hills, and such boiling and smoking as he then saw exceeded any thing of the kind he had ever witnessed; it foamed like soap-suds. Two of those frightful-looking men then took up a large kettle, that had handles, and dipped it into the boiling mass, and poured the material into one of the boxes. Not long afterward, the principal man came up, and said, "I reckon that fellow is cool enough by this time;" and they turned over the box, and out came a man. The overseer glanced at him quickly, and exclaimed, "There, now, you have ruined every thing! that was dog-metal, but perhaps he will do for some purpose." They set him up against a tree, and I knew him instantly. It was the broker here; and the first

thing he said was, "I have only money enough to pay you just one-half the price you have charged for molding me."

THE GIN-HOUSE MAN.

I WENT to see an old gentleman once, and, unfortunately, asked him how he was. He told me that he was not at all well; and in order that I might know all about it, he proceeded to tell me the cause. He said he was a singular kind of man; that he saw to every thing about the place, and that he went out some time previous, to have his cotton-gin fixed up. "Now," said he, "I had the first cotton-gin that ever was put up in this country;" and then he told me who had the next one, and that his gin-house was put up after a certain fashion, and lasted until so many "gin-hoads," as he called them, had been worn out in it. He gave a full account of the different kinds of gins that he had tried, and a full history of a boy who had his fingers cut off in one of them, and the warning that he had from time to time given the ginner about the danger; but he would not mind him, and suffered the consequence. Then he told me a long story about a certain man who had circulated a falsehood about his taking toll, and why the man did it; and he wrought himself into quite a rage over the injuries he had received from this person, some thirty years ago. But the old gin-house at last began to fall to pieces, and he took it down, and made as good a stable of the timbers as any one could wish to see, when another man would have thrown the logs away. He then went to work and built another gin-house, on an entirely different plan; and he was very particular in explaining the difference between

the two houses; and then he began to put gin-heads into it, and ran them through as many editions as pumpkins in new ground, until the sills in that house began to give way. He made new sills, and gave a minute description of them; and some time before (I have forgotten the number of days, though he called his old lady to prove that important point) he stood on the cold ground, showing the boys how to put in the sills, and caught a slight cold, which had given him a touch of rheumatism; but he knew how to cure that, and was beginning to tell how, when dinner was announced, and cut him off.

After dinner I got into such a hurry that I could not hear any more. I think I sat for two long hours, and allowed him to bore me, replying, "To be sure!" "Is it possible?" when the whole story could have been condensed into a few moments.

THE DUTCHMAN ADAM.

SOME years ago, when I was boarding in a hotel in Columbus, Ohio, the servant that had been at my back for weeks, during meals, was a Dutchman and a very attentive servant. At length one day I said to him, "My good fellow, you have been waiting on me now for several weeks, and I have not yet found out your name." He put his lips close to my ear, as though he were going to tell me a great secret, and said, "My name ish Adam." Said I, "That is a beautiful name; it is the name the Lord gave to the first man he ever made." He seemed to be delighted that I should be acquainted with his people, and said, "Dat man was my farder's farder." A gentleman immediately to my left, who

heard the conversation, became so much amused that he laughed at such a rate as to annoy his wife, who sat beside him, but did not hear the conversation. She shook him and punched him, and repeatedly asked him what was the matter with him. He attempted to tell her, but before she could understand him he became so overpowered with laughter as to burst out again. At length, when he was able to tell her what the Dutchman said, she said she knew better—that the fellow had better sense than that. So when the Dutchman returned, I asked him, “Are you not mistaken about old Adam, the first man ever made, being your father’s father?” “No,” said he, “*I ish not mistake; my farder ish very old man; my farder’s farder ish very older man still; it ish my farder’s farder, and you hear of him!*” And the lady also laughed so much that I think she could not swallow for fifteen minutes.

JIM AND HIS MASTER.

AN old Baptist preacher had a boy named Jim, who was a Methodist preacher. The old master and Jim had a great many arguments on doctrinal points; and Jim, either because he was the ablest disputant or had the best side of the subject, generally vanquished his master. The old gentleman and Jim were in the habit of having their appointments on Sundays, the “old master” for his Baptist friends, and Jim for the Methodist negroes. On a certain Sunday, the old master, having been worried a little by Jim’s arguments during the week, determined that Jim should go and hear him preach, instead of attending to his own appointments; for Jim had appointments for the day, as well as his

master. So they set out together; and Jim had to hear his old master three times, morning, afternoon, and night. The old man poured it down on Jim, like hot shot, and poor Jim had no chance to say a word in reply. The day's work was over at last, and the master and Jim were trudging home in the dark, both on foot, Jim walking close behind his master; for they were good friends, notwithstanding they had hard arguments sometimes. At length the old master said:

“Jim, it is a singular fact that when I left home this morning I was very sick, and, although I have preached three times to-day, I now feel pretty well.”

“No wonder dat you feel better,” said Jim, “a'ter dischargin' so much trash from your stomach as you hab to-day!”

FISHING.

FINS AND SCALES—A LECTURE.

THE subject involves three points: Fish, Fishermen, and Fishing; and I promise not to do either of two things—I shall not tell *all* I know about fishing, and I shall tell some things that I do *not* know about it. So you see I am not going to follow exactly the text furnished me.

Fish is probably the largest portion of the supplies God has furnished for the subsistence of mankind. The amount of fish consumed by the human family exceeds the amount of all other supplies put together.

With regard to the views taken by those who have written upon the subject of fishing, particularly upon the subject of angling, not one of them explains the best mode for that amusement in the great Valley of the Mississippi—I might say in the United States. These works are written by Englishmen, and in England the fish are generally “surface” feeders, while in this country they are generally “bottom” feeders; and instructions for taking the one kind are of no service in angling for the other. In the next place, those who have written upon the subject have mainly taken their fish from oceans and estuaries, and their instructions do not apply to fishing in Western waters.

The cat-fish is uniformly repudiated, and uniformly

eaten. He is everywhere condemned, and always praised when he comes to the table; he is found in nearly every stream, lake, pond, and river where fish are found; is not at all nice about what is set before him, but eats it and asks no questions; he bites freely and decidedly; pulls earnestly and with a purpose. There is a great mistake made by many with regard to this fish: they say, "Give me a cat weighing about three or four pounds, but when they get large they become tough." This is a mistake. The buffalo, drum, and a good many other semi-hard-mouth fish, become tough as they get old, but the cat does not—he is good at any size from one to one hundred and fifty pounds.

The next most abundant fish with us is the buffalo. He has a heavy scale, and consequently can be preserved a considerable length of time without becoming tainted. There is a secretion between this fish's scales and skin, which, unless it is removed, is sure to be distributed through the flesh, causing it to become bitter. This fish is very abundant, particularly in the waters of the Mississippi and Alabama.

It has long been a question whether the drum belongs to the game or the soft-mouth fish. It is inferior. I believe the people up in Kentucky deceive folks by calling this fish perch.

Next to the drum, in abundance, is probably the sucker tribe, consisting of the large white, and the blue, suckers; the yellow, and the red, horse. These are all of the same genus, and are a valuable fish, but are too bony to be eaten without great care.

Among the game fish there is a great variety of salmon. We have the fresh-water salmon, which sometimes weighs three or four pounds; but there is a difference between these and the pure eastern salmon

in the waters of the Gulf. Among the fish belonging to the salmon tribe is the pike—a species of pickerel. They are fine swimmers, bold biters, fierce fighters, and hard to take; yet when taken, are exceedingly rich and valuable, both as a pan and boiling fish.

We have a fish peculiar to our waters that we call the jack-fish. They are placed at the head of the list as game fish. I have seen them weighing as high as twenty-three pounds. They are very much the shape of the salmon, but not as long, and their sides are a little drooping. How they came to this country we do not know; but they are rapidly increasing, while other fish are diminishing; the perch are disappearing, especially in the Cumberland River; the trout, the drum, and the buffalo, are all in a great degree diminishing.

The next fish in point of value is what is called the black trout. It inhabits, mainly, running streams as large as the Cumberland. They are exceedingly bold, and generally put the angler to his best to land them. They grow sometimes to eight or ten pounds. I never saw one weigh more than eleven and a half pounds. This fish is very valuable, and exceedingly desirable for table use.

Next in order is what the boys call the pond trout. They grow very large, and the meat is exceedingly delicate and fine. They die gently, and do not contend so long, or furnish such an amount of sport to the angler, as the pure black trout.

Next is the buck trout, with what we call a silver color, which is generally found in small streams. Then comes the white perch, which I think is destined to become a very popular and numerous fish.

Bishop Soule was a great fisherman. At one time Bishop Andrew was talking with him on the subject,

and wanted to know why he was so fond of fishing, to which Bishop Soule replied that it was because of the excitement. "But," said Bishop Andrew, "sometimes you are not successful—do you find it exciting then?" "Of course I do," replied Bishop Soule. "Even when you do not get a bite?" "Yes." "Why, what can there be so exciting about it then?" asked Bishop Andrew. "Why, sir, it's exciting because I'm expecting a bite every minute!" replied Bishop Soule.

A fisherman's outfit costs from seventy-five cents up to seventy-five dollars. The best rod is an ordinary cane growing around upon the river-bottoms. It should be well seasoned, light, and nicely tapered. Joint rods are not to be compared with whole ones, being far inferior. The best line you can get is known in France as "cable-line," made of silk. I would advise you to get a snood; they cost about a cent apiece, and are generally about a foot in length. The best sinker you can have is an ordinary buck-shot, split in the center, the line put in the cut and the shot pressed together again to hold its place on the line. Never buy a float, but get an ordinary cork and trim it into suitable shape. If you use a reel (and I should advise you to use one), get the Meek-reel, which costs from twelve to twenty dollars; one will last you for years. Never go fishing with an unsharpened pole, for it is difficult to stick in the bank; and to keep a pole in your hands all the time, is very tiresome.

TREASURES OF BIG BOTTOM.

WE all went—F., and G., and L., and M., and W.; and besides these, were Robin, the cook; and Ed., the

assistant; and P. and H. followed and joined us a few days afterward.

It was a beautiful Monday morning late in October, and all were at the depot of the Northwestern Railroad in good time.

The outfit of an angling party, with a little dash of the hunter mixed in, is worthy of notice. The first concern was about the tent—is that in good condition and in place? next, the minnow-seines—they are both here, well rigged and ready for use. How many minnow-buckets have we in all? Fourteen, all sound, and with proper fastenings. Three sides of bacon, corn-meal, flour, salt, coffee, sugar, butter, cakes, bread, cooking utensils, ax, hatchet, nails, saw, rope, twine, red pepper, sauce, chow-chow, vinegar; no whisky, no brandy—not a drop of it! while our medicine-box contained but one box of Cook's pills.

As to individual or personal outfits, no one man can furnish a full list. The wading-boots, fish-buckets, rods, reels, shawls, blankets, guns, bird-bags, powder, shot, boxes and bundles, together with two dogs and their chains and collars; yet every man knew his own property, so that there was neither trouble nor confusion. And as our trip was for ten days at least, and possibly longer, the outfit was rather extensive.

For our special accommodation the general agent of the railroad had a passenger car attached to a freight train, with a letter of instruction to agents and conductors to let us off and take us on at our discretion (he ought to have had a fish); and the conductors were kind, gentlemanly, and accommodating, and in the name of the party I make this acknowledgment.

In addition to what has already been mentioned, Ed., our assistant cook, had a gun—a primitive, single-bar-

reled shot-gun, which M. contended was a musket, but Ed. insisted that it was a shot-gun, and the controversy remains unsettled to this day. Ed. said that it *mout* have been a musket in the beginning, but had turned into a shot-gun. Whatever it was, or was intended for, there was one thing it would not do, and that was shoot. Ed. was trying from time to time to make it go off, but fire it would not. Some one of the party took advantage of Ed.'s absence and put a match to it, and it banged away with commendable noisiness. This was unknown to Ed., and when we had left the cars and were on the wagons, wherever game was seen, Ed. would be among the first of the hunters out, snapping away with terrible earnestness, not knowing that his gun was empty, and he spent no little time in trying to insert fresh powder at the touch-hole. I asked him, at length, what he thought was the matter with the gun; Ed. said that he believed she was choked. I told him he would have to strike her in the back, or give her snuff until she sneezed; but poor Ed. said she would not sneeze nor do any thing else. At length, from the mere force of habit, he blew into the muzzle, and to his great surprise he found his gun was empty; and being confident that he had put a load into her, and not knowing how it got out, he changed his views entirely, and said that the touch-hole was so large that the load all wasted out through it, or else he had shot it all away, just a little at a time, and did not know it. He loaded up again, but never got that load out until he laid her on a log and struck the hammer with a rock, when she fired with a vengeance, jumping about one foot high and several feet backward, and turned over on her side, looking quite exhausted. But it was found that either from the

effort to shoot or the beating from the rock, the main-spring of the lock was broken. Ed. was now in deep distress, and asked M. — whom he knew to be a dealer in hardware—which would be the cheaper, to get the main-spring mended or buy a new one. G. told him that the whole establishment was not worth more than fifty cents; that it could only be sold as old iron, and poor iron at that. So much for Ed.'s outfit.

But back to our narrative. At the blowing of the whistle at seven o'clock A.M. we were all in readiness, and off we went toward the setting sun. When about thirty miles from the city, two of the freight cars became contrary, threw themselves across the track, and had to be removed before we could go on again; but the party took the delay easy—some hunted birds and squirrels, others grapes, and all took a hand in changing freight, and in a few hours we were whirling on again at the rate of eighteen miles to the hour, reaching the point where we were to leave the cars a little after sunset. Mr. B., with whom we stopped, was looking for us, and received us with all the kindness of Abraham of old. Here we were handsomely entertained, and on the next morning men, seines, and buckets were all at the creek at an early hour, for here the minnows had to be caught. By eleven o'clock the buckets were filled, and having stored our baggage away in the wagons, and eaten an excellent dinner prepared by Mrs. B., we were soon under way to Big Bottom—and Big Bottom it is! The river-line of this bottom I suppose is twenty-five or thirty miles, while the back-line is about ten miles, being somewhat in the form of a crescent. The point selected for our camp was about midway the water-line, and within one mile of the mouth of Duck River. We reached the spot at

about four o'clock P.M., all safe, nothing broken, and the minnows, generally alive, were soon enjoying a bath in the river. The tent was pitched, a fire built, and Robin went to work at his peculiar trade; while G. improvised a pretty good table out of such materials as he could gather up. After supper we rigged a few lines and cast them into the stream, that we might have fish for breakfast; and soon W.—who is sure to catch a fish if there is one in the neighborhood—lands a gray cat-fish of about fifteen pounds weight, which was handed over to Robin, who knew how to make steak of it, and when set before us brown and smoking, all prejudice against a cat-fish gave way, and we fared sumptuously.

A farther notice of Big Bottom will likely be called for. Well, here it is. It is formed by Duck and Tennessee rivers on one side, and the ridges extending from Waverley and Johnsonville on the other. It is from twenty to thirty miles in length, and from two to five miles in width. It is overflowed by the waters of the Duck and the Tennessee rivers; so that when either of these streams is high, the whole of this country is under water, and no person can live in the Big Bottom at any point. Consequently, those who own or cultivate these lands all live back in the barrens, or hill country. The land is immensely rich, the trees are thick and of tremendous growth, and the greater portion of them splendid timber. I was in one field of corn planted in July and never plowed after planting, and yet the crop seemed to be a good one; but being in danger of frost, the owner was gathering it to feed stock. There are a number of lakes in this bottom. We visited three of them—Clear Lake, Lake Design, and Cypress Lake, and fished in two of them.

Of the three, Clear Lake is the most worthy of notice: it is about two miles from Duck River and one mile from Tennessee River, and is the ancient bed of one or the other of these rivers, no one knows which. It is far away from human habitation, and is not honored with even a path leading to it; its length is about one mile, while the width is not more than one hundred yards; it is surrounded by old trees of the largest size. The depth of the water is about fourteen feet, with a firm bottom; its shores are free from undergrowth; the water is clear as crystal—clearer I never saw, unless it was the waters of Lake Huron. This lake is a thing of perfect beauty; there it sleeps in the wild old forest, as calm as an infant. Its waters are not only clear, but sweet. A small stream flows from it, but none empty into it, which is evidence that it is supplied by springs. The waters of this lake, at the time I saw it, were some twenty-five feet above those of the Tennessee and Duck rivers. From the growth of the timber upon its shores, I should judge this lake to be very old. It is abundantly supplied with fish, mainly of the game species; but I saw some drum, buffalo, cat-fish, gar, or *grindle*, and a few blood-suckers. The prevailing varieties, however, are pike, or pickerel, trout, and white and speckled perch; and they seem to be without number. The people in the neighborhood all told us that the fish in Clear Lake would not bite. This I was slow to believe; and on trying, soon found that it was a mistake, but that they could not be taken from the main-land in consequence of the moss that lines the shore, and extends out some thirty feet into the water. I could get strikes, and hang the fish, but they would become entangled in the moss, so that I would not only lose the fish, but part of my line

also; so we had a boat transferred from Tennessee River to the lake, which proved a success; and I have no doubt the fact that our party caught fish in this lake will be the cause of many persons spending much time and labor for naught; for with a boat, fish can only be taken by the very perfection of the angler's skill. The line must be delicate and invisible, and you must fish near the bottom, and that at a considerable distance from the boat, preserving perfect stillness; but with a suitable outfit and proper care and attention, the success will be surprising. G. and W. fished a few hours one day in the boat, and the result was forty game fish.

Lake Design is smaller and not so deep, and, though a little dingy, can be fished from the shore successfully. We visited it one day, and caught a quantity of fine fish. When fishing in this lake we came together at noon for lunch; but before leaving, F. set out a hook near the lap of an old tree that had fallen into the lake; and while he was absent a monster fish took possession. When F. returned he tried to bring it out, but could not; the fish went where it pleased, only it was not able to part his line. At length it took refuge in a lot of brush, became sullen, and would not go out again to open sea. W. being on the same side of the lake with F., came to his assistance. F. said to him, "Here, take this pole, hold it hard, and I will go in after that fish!" and in he went, and down he went, and grappled the monster, but not being able to tell precisely where the fish lay, he unfortunately got his hand into its mouth, and finding that it was armed with terrible teeth, and disposed to use them, he changed the point of attack, and eventually brought the monster to land. G., who was on the opposite side

of the lake, said he thought F. had caught the *daddy* of the trout tribe. The fish weighed about fifteen pounds, and gave evidence of great strength. The trouble with F. and W. was to determine what kind of fish it was. They first came to the conclusion that it was a white cat-fish, but the scales and teeth offset that idea; they next judged it to be a lake jack-fish, but neither head nor tail would suit; they then settled down on the idea that it was a monster—a cross of the cat-fish, or jack, or pike, or gar. At length M. came along, and pronounced it a scaly cat, or *grindle*, and not good for food. Soon after, W. caught one of the same family. When we *knocked off* we had as many fish as we could carry, and left the monsters to fight it out with the raccoons. On reaching camp, Robin lamented the loss of these fish; he said they were excellent eating, and next morning employed a camp-pauper to go and bring them in; and was delighted to find them both alive. They are well supplied with fins, and, I should judge, good swimmers; and being armed with teeth, must be a terror to all small-fry. L. said he would pay the expense of a wood-cut representing W. holding the rod, and F. in the lake fighting the terrible monster, but we have not been able to supply it.

Sunday was approaching, so on Saturday evening the fishing-tackle was all brought to camp, the guns laid aside, and the best preparation that our circumstances would permit made for a proper observance of that sacred day. G., W., M., and H., went into the neighborhood to church. W. opened the Sunday-school at nine o'clock A.M., and at eleven o'clock G. preached to a very large, well-behaved, and devotional congregation. The church is a large one for the country, well built, and finished in good taste. The singing was in-

spiring, and the entire service, I trust, profitable. Immediately after the morning service was over, baskets of provisions were displayed in great profusion, and all were invited to lunch. At two o'clock G. addressed the Sunday-school, which is very large and well conducted. It was a day of spiritual comfort to many. Any person going from Big Bottom to this church, and not knowing the facts as they are, will be taken by surprise. As soon as you have emerged from the deepest, darkest wilderness, you are in the presence of a multitude of well-dressed, good-looking Christian people, with an imposing house of worship, with all the appointments of an old and wealthy country.

But the reader will want to know how the party succeeded. I think I may say that, with the exception of the bird-shooting, it was a perfect success. The open or cultivated lands that were in reach of our camp were so loaded with vegetation as to put bird-shooting out of the question; we could hear the whistle of the birds, but that was all. Big Bottom is supplied with all kinds of game common to this country, except the opossum—they are not to be found. Deer, turkeys, ducks, squirrels, and raccoons, are in abundance, and fish in all the waters, while the banks of Clear Lake are bored and perforated by the beaver.

Some of our fish died on the string; some were devoured by water animals or raccoons, several bark catfish chewed into their cables. We ate fish for ten days, and in this had some assistance from the neighbors; some spoiled because of the warmth of the weather; and yet we brought home from fifty to one hundred pounds of choice fish. As to the hunting, I think at least one hundred squirrels were killed, a few birds,

and one raccoon. The largest cat-fish caught weighed about thirty pounds; the largest jack-fish was thirty-nine inches in length, and twenty-two pounds in weight; the largest trout eight pounds. We caught cat, jack, pike, trout, drum, rock-bass, white perch, speckled perch, *grindle* eels, and gars.

We broke camp after breakfast, and took tea the same day with our friends at home. All well; no accident; no one got sick; no one got out of temper. Those who were complaining when we left returned well, all thankful to kind Providence for health, spirits, recreation, and renewed strength for future labor.

ON BUFFALO CREEK.

THE nights were dark, and all the signs were right,
With reel and rod the angler's skill to try,
And G. now eager and impatient grew;
While deep-blue pools, with gently-sloping banks,
Passed through his mind, enkindling strong desires,
With Meek's best clicking reel and baited hook,
To cast his line into some limpid stream;
And others soon the inspiration caught,
And F., and P., and M., gave in their names
As parties to the contemplated trip.
Be ready! was the word, with all your tools—
Buckets, with lines and seine, rods, reels, and hooks.
We came together as the evening train
Was starting on its nightly noisy tramp
Unto the western home of closing day.
But ere the night grew faint with hoary age,
The whistle blew, the iron wheels stood still;
And Waverley was now the watchman's cry;
When every man unto his baggage flew,
And out went buckets, satchels, rods, and shawls,

Together piled within friend Spicer's hall,
To wait until another day's return.

The morning dawned at last, both fresh and fair;
And soon all hands were out, with wading-boots
And minnow-seine, our buckets to supply
With silver-sides and steel-backs of good size.
Yet twelve miles distant lay our destined point;
And transportation now must be procured.
A wagon soon was found—such as it was—
It had no bed save, where the bed should be,
Some old loose planks, with others at the sides,
While both the ends were out and open wide.
Upon this floor our baggage was piled up,
And each man in his place was stowed away.
Our team was badly matched in age and size;
But driver, team, and all were found good pluck.
Just as the shades of night were drawing near,
Before friend Foulkes's gate we called a halt,
And soon a generous, kind reception met,
And passed the night away in rest and sleep.
Soon as the morning came the sport began.
While shoals and shallows lay on either hand,
Yet just in front were waters deep and wide,
And under foot a gently-sloping bar;
While just across the stream, in bold relief,
There stood a grand old bluff of ancient birth,
Whose granite brow was in the misty cloud;
There with uncovered breast alone it stood,
Bathing its giant feet in the clear flood.
And now with eager hands we went to work
To see who first should cast a baited hook
In the most favored spot—the eddy's eye.
Our rods were metal-shod, with tapered points,
And soon were set along the pebbly shore;
But G. was ready first to cast his line;
The rod was set, the pressure off the reel;
Out flew the shining bait upon the stream,
But soon it sank to sightless depths below,

Where jack and trout had made a settlement.
But ere the work of setting rods was done,
The shout was heard, "G., G.! your reel, your reel!"
All must admit that music has its charms,
Composed of mingled sounds that please the ear,
And thrill along the nerves in such a way
As best to wake emotions of pure joy.
Talk as you may of the soft evening breeze
That whispers through enchanted groves of love,
Or the wild storm in yonder mountain-gorge,
That rends the rocks till granite showers fall;
Then listen to old ocean's frightful roar
Amid the storm along the rock-bound coast,
Or the deep moan of midnight's sighing winds
Mid solemn forests of old stately pines;
Then walk through shady groves of trees and shrubs,
Where busy bees drink nectar from each bloom,
And butterflies are waltzing to their hum;
Then turn and listen to the reaper's song,
When from his toil at evening he returns,
While parent birds are calling home their young.
Now from the fields of nature turn away:
Go to that dark and ancient Gothic pile,
And grope your way along its dusty aisles,
Pull off your hat, and open wide your ears,
And listen to the deep-toned organ's wail,
While to its notes all things in cadence move,
And human voices mingle in the sound;
And when the day is past, with all its cares,
Then hearken to the minstrel's evening hymn,
When viol and lute, uniting with the voice,
Make melody complete, and cheer the heart;
But yet there is a sound surpassing all,
Which thou hast yet to hear to feel the power—
It is the clicking of the angler's reel,
When trout or jack doth draw the silken cord.
G., as you might suppose, was at his post,
Guarding his line that it might easy flow.

"It's had it long enough, I think," said one.
"It is a jack," said G.; "it must have time;
I want to make sure work, and land it safe;
But now I'll strike," he said; and strike he did,
And caught it, too—a noble fish it was.
"He's got him!" was the shout; "do n't let him go!
Hold it! hold it! see how it bends the pole!"
"Just bring it here," said F., "I'll land it safe."
G. reeled it up at last within full view,
And with pure angling skill F. brought it to.
It was a jack, full thirty inches long,
With shining rows of pure, white glistening teeth,
And brilliant eyes and scales like polished gold.
"Well, that was grand," said P., "and no mistake."
After this feat the sport more general grew;
Fish after fish was safely brought to land,
And strung and moored along the shady shore.
But M. struck oft, and failed to hook his fish;
When G., the senior Walton of the crowd,
To try his luck, resolved on M.'s relief.
With rod in hand he quickly turned the reel;
"I'll tempt that jack to bite, without a doubt,
And let you see what skill and art can do;
It will not take the bait, I fear," said he;
"But jacks must have their time; so I will wait."
At length it bit again, and took off line.
"It's had it long enough, I think," said G.;
"I'll strike it now." He struck, and hung it fast,
And reeled it up, and high above the stream,
Suspended in the air, was to be seen
A water-dog about ten inches long.
"Well, that was done in first-rate style," said M.;
"Huzza for G., I say, and science, too!"
"And now," said P., "I'll try the other side."
To the canoe he went, and paddled o'er,
And when about to step upon the bank,
The light boat gave a lurch, and in he went,
And downward sank unto the bottom soft;

But with a bound that made the water boil,
 And quick as thought, he was upon the land.
 F. had his troubles, too; in throwing out
 He would a circle make, and throw too high,
 And hang his line upon the limbs of trees.
 "I'm in a fix," said he; "I've hung my line
 Across the stream; my hook is in the brink,
 While I am here, and something at my hook."
 "Why don't you jerk?" said G. "For what?" said F.;
 "There is no use; can I jerk down a tree?"
 The day was now far spent; the sport was fine;
 Our plans for next day's work were quickly made.
 The second day was spent much as the first,
 And at its close we made our plans to move
 Some two miles lower down the lake to try.

Let Fancy go to work, and do its best
 To form a spot to fill the angler's eye;
 Make bluffs and bars, with blue deep holes to suit;
 Add shoals and rocks; put every thing in shape,
 Just as you like, with all the parts complete—
 And yet this spot will far surpass it all;
 In length, and breadth, and depth, it was all right.
 The shore was dry, the bottom free from snags.
 Our rods were set, our lines were soon cast out,
 The reels began to whiz, the poles to bend,
 And more than one were quickly snatched away
 By master fish, and were by boat pursued;
 But night was coming on—and who could quit?
 Friend Foulkes his wagon sent a sheet to bring,
 And soon it came, and rose into a tent,
 And with it skillet, salt, and frying-pan,
 And coffee-pot, and good old bacon-side;
 And now, with savory jack and trout well fried,
 We had a feast such as a king might like.
 M. thought to rest his hook and air himself;
 He'd take his gun and try the squirrels now.
 On his return, when he made his report,
 We found, in less than one short, fleeting day,

Some thirty squirrels added to our store.
Sport had to end, for next day was our last;
A full supply of game was gathered up—
Yes, more than we could wish or carry home;
And yet we could not leave for one day more.
It was the holy Sabbath of the Lord;
With garments brushed, and person clean and neat,
We walked together to the house of prayer.
The room was filled, the worshipers sincere,
The songs devotional, the sermon good,
'T was said, while tears of holy joy were seen;
It was a holy Sabbath-day well spent.
Next day we left for home, all in good health,
Delighted with our trip and friends we met,
And left behind, not soon to be forgot.
In weather, comfort, health, and sport, our trip
Was a success in all those words import.
And should we live until another year,
And Providence permit, we'll go again.

Let those who wish to try their luck,
And know not where to go,
Waste not their time at other streams,
But go to Buffalo.

MISCELLANY.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

THERE is no doubt that such a thing as family government exists, but what it is, and how constituted, is not so easily determined; yet we hear of family government every day; we have always been connected with it, but I am at a loss to describe it. There is no written code of laws laid down, and no set time when laws and rules are made. It is not a republican form of government; it is not a monarchy, for there is usually a complicated head to this kind of government. The generally received opinion is that the parents are the governors, and the children are the governed.

There is one remarkable feature in this government, which is this: the same party make the laws, sit as judge, act as jurors, and then administer or execute; so that one might suppose they would have things their own way. It is not to be wondered at if we should find a great want of uniformity on the one hand, and great inconsistencies on the other; and while it is not our intention, at present, to examine the wrongs and errors which characterize this government as it often exists, yet a few of the defects thereof may be mentioned with propriety.

It is sometimes all law, and neither administration nor penalty; at other times there seems to be penalty

without the command or mandate. Sometimes great offenses are overlooked, while at other times very small offenses are severely punished. We think it probable that, in the main, there are too many laws passed, and, when enacted, not well defined. Wherever this is the case there will be trouble, and not a little of it, unless the parents should permit the subjects to violate their laws with impunity; in such case the government resolves itself into anarchy, and becomes as no government at all. At one time we find the governor of the family exceedingly rigid, at another time very careless and indifferent. Some insist on the necessity of corporeal punishment, and the whole penal code finds its answer in a beech-rod; others ignore corporeal punishment, and do all by a kind of moral lecture, which is generally called scolding; others purchase obedience by promises of presents, or by favors promised or immediately bestowed. All pass laws, we will admit. One procures obedience by whipping the child; another gives it candy, or a toy, or a book to tear in pieces; another always makes a mere external term of the present, with a promise of full trial and punishment at the next term, and the consequence is that some live as under the control of a fickle and bloody tyrant; others learn to behave badly, that they may receive some nice thing to induce them to desist from their evil practices for the time, while others learn to treat the law and the government with contempt. In other cases the united head divides, and the child takes protection under the lenient party.

I should say, Let the laws be few, well defined, and faithfully executed, always having in view the good of the governed. Do not suffer yourself to be provoked into a promise, either of punishment or indulgence,

which you do not think right in itself, or you will find yourself under the necessity of punishing unjustly, or granting indulgences which may not be for the good of the child, or of appearing inconsistent, and subject to the charge of falling short in your promise.

SUPERSTITION.

THE fact that more or less superstition is found in all countries and among all kinds of people is evidence at once that there is in human nature a strong tendency to that condition of mind; and it is not true that it is confined to the most ignorant classes. Heathen mythology and the legends of the Middle Ages abundantly establish the fact that men of education and intellect are to be numbered with the superstitious. The only remedy is found in the revelation which God has made of himself and the relation that he sustains to all inferior beings. Wherever the word of God is not in the hands of the people, you may expect to find the greatest evidence of the existence of superstition.

It is perfectly natural to man, when he *sees* or *hears* any thing that is not within the range of his knowledge or experience, to attribute it to some supernatural agency; and this of itself would lead the mind to the conclusion that there are beings so constituted as to be able to confer with those who belong to the future state, and also address themselves to the senses of mankind. The general impression with regard to such beings is that they are able to make themselves visible or invisible at will; that man cannot contend against them with such weapons as are generally employed in earthly wars; that they are not governed by any known law,

and especially are not subject to the laws of nature; they are generally regarded as possessing great wisdom and a mysterious power; some of them are good, others bad; and yet the best of them are dreaded by the superstitious.

There is yet another variety of this same thing. An effect is seen and felt by some poor mortal, yet no well-defined cause, or agent, of any kind is understood or perceived. The best explanation of this peculiar cast of superstition that I am able to give is that there are certain laws which operate on man, producing a well-defined result, while the law itself remains hidden in mystery. Simply the thing is done, and no one knows how or by whom. This peculiar kind of superstition is found in our own country, and I am not sure that I myself am free from it. It is one thing to condemn it and speak lightly of it in others, but it is quite another thing to eradicate it from our own minds. There are certain places and times of the day in which it is believed that these generally invisible beings may be seen. They never reveal themselves in the light of day—at least, that is not the time when they are looked for—neither do we think of finding them in an open, smooth country; but we expect them to appear at night, and we look for them about old waste houses, that are reported to be haunted. The fact is, no one likes to wander through an old, deserted house at the gloomy hour of midnight. Just ask yourself how you would like to enter in at that old, open door, when the dim light of the feeble stars brings to view only some of the boldest outlines of the interior, and grope your way from door to door, and from room to room, and then climb the crumbling, creaking stair-way, all alone; and suppose the house was said to be haunted! But you say you

do not believe there are any haunted places. No matter—we only say it is the popular belief that there are. How would you like it, reader? I, for one, have no fancy for such explorations. Then there is another place—the spot where some person was murdered. The report has gone out that the bloody stains could not be washed away by the rain, and that the murderer was detected by a man being taken up on suspicion, and they brought him to the murdered man, and made him touch the corpse, and the wounds instantly commenced bleeding, and that horses tremble with fright when they pass the place at night, and that strange sights and sounds have been seen and heard there. And then that old grave-yard! If there was another road just as near, and it was night, and you alone, do you not think you would prefer to travel that way? Spirit-rapping, fortune-telling, and other similar delusions, are all maintained by superstition; and then there are conditions in life that are thought to be in sympathy with mysterious agencies—such as hermits, old women who live alone and have a great many cats about the house, and a dog that howls every night. There are also certain circumstances which attend the birth of children, that are supposed to endow them with a capacity of seeing spirits; and the seventh son has a mystic power over diseases, and can cure various ills by means unknown to other people.

And now, to the other department of superstition. Do you think Friday a bad day on which to move or commence a journey? Do you find yourself trying to see the new moon without the intervention of green trees? Do you make a cross-mark in the road, and spit in it, when you forget something and have to turn back? Do you think that meat diminishes in boiling if

killed in the decrease of the moon? Do you think that you will lose a friend because you dreamed that one of your teeth dropped out? Did you ever send to a faith-doctor, or bloody a nail against the gums of your teeth and drive it into a tree to cure the toothache? Did you ever measure yourself against the wall and make a mark, that you might outgrow the phthisis? Did you ever think a child was not long for this world just because it said some smart thing when it was quite small? Do you not sow your turnips in the dark of the moon? Do you believe in presentiments—that misfortunes cast their shadows before them?

BISHOP SOULE.*

My good opinion of Bishop Soule was bespoken before I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In my early ministry, when I was quite a youth, I was selected by Bishop McKendree as his traveling-companion, and was taken into the confidence of that great man of God. He loved me as a son, and I esteemed him as a father. I heard him speak so often of Joshua—as he always called Bishop Soule—in terms so exalted and complimentary, both with respect to his intellect and purity of heart and purpose, that I was prepared to find in Bishop Soule all the elements of a great and good man; and I must confess that my enlarged expectations were more than realized. The greater portion of such great men, in order to be seen to advantage, have to be viewed from a selected stand-point, and under favorable lights; but it was not so with our beloved Bishop. It mattered not where the beholder

*An address before the Baltimore Conference, 1867.

stood, or how the light fell upon him, he was always seen to advantage. As a man, he was highly endowed—nature was choice in her bestowments. If he had been proportionately reduced in his gifts and appointments to the capacity of an inferior creature, he would have been acknowledged by all animated nature a lion; and it has more than once occurred to me, that if I had gone with some erratic being, an inhabitant of some other planet, who had visited our earth to see what manner of beings were to be found here below, and wished to find a specimen of the highest type, I should have pointed out to him Bishop Soule as the being he was seeking. He was an honor to our race, and made a near approach to the perfection of humanity in the entireness of human nature—such was his personal appearance, that in walking the streets of New Orleans the Frenchmen along the pavements would shrug their shoulders and exclaim, “*Un grand gentilhomme;*” and when walking through an Indian camp, these sons of the forest would say of him, “*Estahastted skigustustio!*”—what a great chief! In passing through the streets of London, crowds have followed to look at him, believing that he was Lord Wellington, who was regarded as the best specimen of humanity in Great Britain. I say this much with respect to the person of our Bishop, because many now before me never enjoyed the privilege of seeing him.

It sometimes happens that the intellect of men disappoints expectations created by their personal appearance; but it was not so with Bishop Soule; intellectually he was all, and more than, his appearance indicated, and it was difficult to determine what division of his mental powers most to admire. His perception, his powers of analysis, his sound judgment and good taste,

all stood forth in bold relief. If he had connected himself with a school of philosophers, he would have been the president; if he had chosen the legal profession, he would have been the chief-justice; had he sought fame as a soldier, the highest position as a leader would have been accorded him by his comrades-in-arms; and had he turned his attention to finance, he would have been secretary of the nation's exchequer. He was never small, never trifling, never common. In the highest sense of the term, he was an original thinker; in shaping his course or laying his plans, he never looked for blazes or human tracks; with him the right way was always the best—hard or easy did not enter into the estimate with him—no matter what difficulties might present themselves, he always took the right way.

In regard to his moral and religious character and early connection with the Methodist Church, he was guided alone by a conviction of right; it was not the result of nursery-training or the dictation of his parents, nor of scholastic influence; so far from it that his choice was opposed by his father, and greatly affected his mother; he was a Methodist from principle. He was thought to be slow sometimes in coming to his conclusions; but he always made up his mind from his own convictions, and when his mind was made up he was as firm as a rock; and you will permit me here to observe that the views and opinions which led him to make up his mind as he did in the division of the Church, in 1844, were never changed or departed from even to a hair's breadth. He was also a progressive man—always falling in with such changes in the Church as were indicated by the advancements of society and changed condition of the country; and as he

grew old, he took on none of the acerbity which is too common to old age, but his whole nature seemed to become more sweet and holy. It was really refreshing to see how he carried the infirmities of age—instead of their operating upon him as a disadvantage, he wore them as ornaments.

But you are particularly interested in hearing something with respect to his last hours. On the eve of leaving my home for this city, having understood that he was very ill, I hastened to his bed-side, and had probably the last connected conversation with him that he held with any person. On reaching his house, the brother who was attending upon him told him that I was there and wished to see him; to which he replied by saying, "Come in." I entered the room, took him by the hand, and said, "I am sorry to find you in bed, Bishop." To which he answered by saying, "Yes, I am in bed, and of my own accord will rise up no more." After conversing with him a few moments with respect to the nature and character of his attack, he said, "I shall die, there is no doubt of it; it is impossible for me to get up again." I at length said to him: "I am on my way to Baltimore, where I shall see several of your colleagues, and quite a number of preachers, as well as other persons, and all will be anxious to hear from you." He lay silent for a few moments, then, laying his hand upon his breast, said, "Tell them all for me that notwithstanding this heart and flesh are failing, my hope and my faith are as firm as the rock of ages." He farther told me that there was one hymn which he thought he might with propriety appropriate to himself; and on inquiring what hymn it was, he replied by reciting the hymn beginning with this line—

Servant of God, well done!

and never have I heard any lines of human composition enunciated with so much power as in his rendering of the first half-stanza, which is as follows:

Servant of God, well done!
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

In repeating the last line, "Enter thy Master's joy," he reached forth his hand toward heaven, his whole face flamed with joy, while tears poured from his eyes, and for a moment laid upon his cheeks. I did not see the angel-hand that dried them away; but those were his last tears—he will weep no more.

In the course of conversation, reference was made to the length of time he had been serving God and the Church; in reply to which he said: "A servant is one who obeys his master, and I have been endeavoring for many years to obey my Heavenly Master; and sometimes the service as rendered by myself seemed pretty hard, but no matter, I have made it the business of my life to obey; but my day of service is nearly closed. There is one command which I have not yet obeyed, for the reason that it has not been given." "What command is that?" asked a brother. "It is this," said the Bishop, "'Come up higher.' I am waiting for that command; it will soon be given, and I shall obey it." The command did come, and the Bishop has gone up, and if there are any such things as heavenly ushers, I should think that he was introduced by Bishop McKendree; and I have imagined that I saw him placing the crown upon the head of his beloved Joshua, as he always called him.

Your names, my beloved fathers and brethren, were deeply and tenderly engraven upon his great, loving

heart; and O how glorious the hour when he shall be united again with his colleagues and brethren whom he so much loved!

THE PULPIT.

I HAVE seen several articles lately on the subject of the power and efficiency of the pulpit. Several writers have asserted that the pulpit has lost its power to some extent. It is not the object of this article to raise the question of correctness with regard to the contents of said articles, but to present some views from a different stand-point.

I have for years held the opinion that the pulpit was in danger of a loss of power from a cause or causes not taken into account by any writer whose productions I have read.

One cause of the decline of pulpit-power has arisen from a clamor, on the part of Church-going people, for short sermons. This demand has been yielded to by the ministry to an extent which has, in many congregations, so lessened the efficiency of the pulpit as to render it almost powerless for good.

No great gospel truth can be presented, elaborated, and enforced in fifteen or twenty minutes; and just as soon as there is a conflict between the "service" and the sermon, and the rights of the latter are intrenched upon by the former, the aggressive element will suffer damage, and, soon or late, the Church will become formal, and ultimately decline; and when other agencies shall be substituted in the place of the pulpit, a departure will be taken from the plan adopted by the great Head of the Church for subduing and Christianizing the world. An increased interest may be taken

in those means and agencies by which the Church is to be built up and the cause of God promoted among men—such as Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, experience-meetings, religious books and periodicals, all of which are very valuable in their place—but to substitute these for the preaching of the gospel will defeat the great object contemplated. It is by preaching the gospel that the powers of darkness are to be driven back; by preaching Christ and him crucified the batteries of sin and unbelief are to be silenced, and the strongholds of infidelity are to be carried; for by preaching the Church becomes aggressive and drives back the enemy, and opens the way for other agencies. It will not do to say that the preacher by a lecture of fifteen minutes once a week shall achieve the great work which is to be accomplished by the pulpit. To limit the preacher to any particular number of minutes is not to be allowed. The preacher should have an object to accomplish in every sermon, and he, and he alone, can determine when that object is accomplished.

I should much rather see the pulpit relieved by the laity of all other work or employment. Let the singing, the public prayer, and all matters that pertain to finance, be taken in hand by others, and let the preacher do nothing but preach and attend to necessary pastoral work. To this end let him turn all his thoughts, all his time, all his strength; let him be handed from pulpit to pulpit, with the everlasting gospel to preach; let every other duty and obligation be taken from him, and let him be a man of one work; let him go, and as he goes preach; let him preach Christ and him crucified. Then the pulpit will become a power, and the preacher a messenger sent from God, not to serve tables, not to take charge of temporal things, not to settle abstract

and difficult questions in science, not to discuss the politics of the day; but let him be a man of one work, and let that work be the preaching of the gospel. A preacher of a partial consecration will never accomplish the full work of a gospel preacher. It is a work which requires all the powers of mind and body, and when given up wholly to this work, he may still say, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Now, these may be regarded by some as extreme views, but let the reader stop and think of the character of the work to be done, and then ask himself the question, What time will the minister of Christ have to appropriate to any other work?

One other difficulty which greatly diminishes the efficiency of the pulpit at the present day is that a very large amount of what a great many of the preachers of late years have to say is not heard by the congregation. Much of the introductory service is not heard; the number of the hymn, the lessons, the first part of the prayer, do not reach the ear of the congregation. The voice of the preacher is keyed too low, while much that is said is but a little above a whisper, and then there is a struggle to hear the text. But the difficulty in hearing is not altogether in the lowness of the voice of the preacher; it often happens that while a part of a sentence is a mere whisper, another part is a scream. The words are thrown from the lips of the preacher like an explosion; the sound rings in your ears so as to almost deafen you, but the word spoken is not heard. No long word can be clearly spoken in a scream. If preachers wish to be understood, they must cease whispering and screaming, and talk as God has intended and as nature directs. *Artistic speaking cannot be heard.*

Another difficulty is that many words are loaded

down with emphasis till they are lost, and the sense is destroyed. Learn to talk loud and plain, and do not sink down into a graceful whisper, nor raise your voice until a blood-vessel is in danger; speak in a natural tone of voice, never allowing it to fall below that key, and so distinctly that every person in your audience may easily hear you. Do not try to say too many words in one breath; keep your lungs full. Remember that if a word is worth being spoken at all, it is worth being spoken so as to be heard. By following this plan you will be listened to with attention, your throat will not be lacerated, nor your life prematurely worn out. I merely throw out these hints because of the many complaints made by Church-goers that they cannot hear the preacher.

OLD BENHADAD.

THERE are a number of Church-loafers, who think that because they belong to the Church it must take care of them while they live in idleness; and I have sometimes met with camp-meeting loafers. I distinctly remember one of the latter class, with whom I was quite well acquainted when I was but a boy. What his name was I never knew; the boys called him Old Benhadad; I think I heard him say once, about the close of the camp-meeting season, that he had been at fourteen that summer and autumn. He was not a preacher, nor exhorter, nor class-leader; neither did he pray in public, and could not sing at all. He was a singular-looking creature: low in stature, and inclined to obesity; his head was as round as an apple, and perfectly bald; his right eye was much larger than the left, which raised the eyebrow on that side out of line with the other,

while the eye itself seemed to have wandered off to the right, as if it had quarreled with its comrade, and had resolved to have nothing more to do with it. His costume was peculiar. At that time the round-breasted coat, with other garments to match, was the prevailing fashion; but Old Benhadad never had a complete wardrobe, his clothing having been acquired piece by piece, as he found persons who were so benevolent as to give him half-worn articles of apparel. His coat was in the proper style—a full, round breast, long in the waist, the tails reaching down to the calves of his legs. His vest was entirely inconsistent with his coat; it was a spotted velvet, double-breasted, rolling collar, with round, bright-looking buttons, fastened on with rings through the loops. His pantaloons did not approach a fit, having been originally intended for some person who was tall and slender; and Old Benhadad being fashioned with the contour of a demijohn, the pantaloons were remarkably tight around the waist and the subjacent regions, while they were gathered in many folds about his feet. He had little to say to any person, but was rarely absent from two places—the camp at meal-time, and the stand when service commenced. As he could not assist in either preaching, praying, or singing, and thinking that he ought to do something to help the meeting along, he would at intervals make a spring, jump as high as he could, throw up his arms, and utter one loud scream, like that of a wild Indian, and gradually modulate his voice with the words, “O Lord, revive thy work from the ends of the rivers to the ends of the yeath!” and then resume his seat. This he generally did at the most tranquil moments, as he knew that he could not attract much attention while other people were engaged in active exercises. He en-

deavored to do as much business as he could on a small capital.

I shall never forget one of his jumps. He was attending a camp-meeting held by the Rev. Mr. M., in North Alabama. Mr. M. was a superior preacher, and particularly gifted in superintending a camp-meeting. In order that one point in this story may be understood, it will be necessary to make a brief digression. In those days camp-meetings suffered great annoyance from persons who came to them for the purpose of barter and trade in such commodities as apples, cider, melons, cakes, and whisky. As usual, the last article caused the greatest trouble; and as it was carefully concealed from persons in authority, the Rev. Mr. M. often said that he did not know how it was that an apple-and-cider cart always bred whisky. So he determined to keep all the traders away; but at this meeting a Dutchman came to him, and asked for permission to sell *mead*. Mr. M. thought he said *meat*, and so he did; but he intended to say *mead*, and no doubt thought he had said it as plainly as anybody could say it. Mr. M. gave him permission, thinking that he was a butcher, and that the campers might wish to purchase fresh meat from him. The apple-and-cider boys seeing the Dutchman put up his mead establishment, thought the prohibitory laws had been repealed, and they all commenced business. Mr. M. had no little trouble to have them removed; so that apples had made a strong impression on his mind.

Now, let us return to our subject. It was Monday night, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was about to be administered. The course of procedure adopted by Mr. M. was first to read his hymn, then deliver an appropriate address, then sing, and then conse-

crate the elements. He had upon the hand-board a pitcher of water, a glass, two candles in candlesticks, a large Family Bible, a hymn-book, and a Discipline; and having finished reading his hymn, he had taken off his spectacles, and laid them on the hand-board. The hand-board, as we called it, was a poplar plank about eight feet long, twelve inches wide, and one inch thick. It was supported by two or three upright stanchions, projecting about nine inches beyond them at each end. Old Benhadad was seated on a bench that was placed close against the pulpit, and exactly under the projecting end of the board; and just as the preacher had laid down his gold spectacles and hymn-book, back upward so as to keep it open till the time came to sing, and was taking a long breath before commencing his address, Old Benhadad thought that was the time for him, as all was still; so he screamed as though he had discovered the world to be on fire, at the same time jumping directly upward with all his might. He struck his little round, bald head against the bottom of the plank, splitting it off from end to end; and down came plank, pitcher, glass of water, Bible, hymn-book, Discipline, both candles, and spectacles, all tumbling together. The pitcher of water fell on a lady and her child, which lay in her lap; the tumbler of water went down the back of Old Benhadad, and suddenly arrested his "ends of the river and ends of the yeath" prayer; for he never finished it. For a moment no one knew what was coming next, till the preacher said, "Brethren, can you sing a song until we get fixed up again?" and sat down beside a young minister who was sitting in the pulpit. While some persons were employed in nailing up the hand-board, and gathering the scattered articles, Mr. M. moved close to the young preacher, and,

gnawing his thumb-nail (which was his custom when troubled), he whispered, "I will give that old fellow a dozen of apples if he will prove his attendance and go home."

Now, this old man lived at least six months of the year at camp-meetings and protracted-meetings; and when one was over, he had only to go home with some brother to get his shirt washed and his shoes greased, and he was ready for another.

There is yet another kind of idler, for whom I cannot find a better name than the "counting-room loafer." I remember that at one period of my life I came within half a degree of assuming this character myself. I contracted the habit of going every day, when I was not otherwise employed, first to the post-office, and then to the store of Mr. M., where I would meet two or three kindred spirits, and we would talk and spin yarns for hours. The thing that saved me was this: I heard that some person had said that if he could get "Chip of the Old Block" at M.'s store, comfortably seated, with his legs crossed, he would talk for hours. The thought instantly occurred to me, "What do I go to Mr. M.'s store for? I have no business there, and I shall not go again until I have." Mr. M.* thought that I had become offended, until I had an opportunity to explain; and from that day to this I have made it a point not to go anywhere unless I had some kind of business to transact there.

There is one stand-point from which a view of the character of loafers never fails to affect me, and that is when an individual of the lowest grade of the species comes within my observation. He has no home, no friend, no means; when he eats one meal, he knows

* The Rev. John Morrow, an old and valued friend of Dr. Green.

not where he is to get the next. He knows not during the day where he is to rest at night. Having no character to protect, he is destitute of the stimulants that excite to action; never repels an insult. And who knows what becomes of him? Who ever saw one of this character die? But they do die. Who ever closed their eyes or attended their funerals? Where is the choir that sang their funeral-hymn, or the church-bell that tolled their departure? Who ever saw the long, slow-moving line of carriages that followed such a one to the grave? And where stands the polished marble, throwing back the light of the pale moon, guarding the spot where the once houseless, homeless, friendless loafer now sleeps? This recalls the familiar stanza:

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

THE MEMOSER.

WE were talking of old times in the department of old-field school education; and notwithstanding the improvement in system, and also in teachers, has kept up with the growth of the country and its institutions, yet, from the scenes of Sleepy Hollow to the present day, we now and then meet with one of the descendants of Ichabod Crane.

Not many years ago you might have seen in one of the quiet corners of Middle Tennessee, near a large creek or small river, a genuine old-field school-house. The country round about was rather wild and frontier-

like; the scenery was bold and picturesque. The teacher was a *regular-built* Buckeye. He was pretty well educated, sanguine in temperament, very inquisitive, and somewhat ambitious; and I shall have no better opportunity of introducing him than the present. His person was rather prepossessing, of medium size, fair skin, blue eyes, light hair, with clean-shaved face; not what the ladies would call a fancy-man—not being particularly devoted to dress, yet he was good-looking. He had traveled but little, and had not mixed much with the world; and being confiding in disposition and sanguine in temperament, was rather easily imposed upon. He was boarding with a Mr. R., a plain, quiet, old-fashioned man, of very few words, and apparently not the least inclined to any thing like a joke.

On the river a few miles above Mr. R., there lived a Mr. D., who had put a fish-trap into the stream, and soon discovered that his own negroes, together with those of his neighbors, were taking all the fish out. In order to keep the negroes away from his trap he raised a story and circulated it among the colored people, to the effect that there was a kind of amphibious animal, half fish and half beast, that inhabited the caves along the river, of which there were quite a number. He called this mysterious animal, or monster, a “memoser;” represented it as of prodigious strength, and fearless, and that it had a great love for fish and human flesh, especially negro flesh; he also represented it as a great feeder—that it would eat a fish-trap full of fish at one time, and that a dead negro would not make more than two meals; that it was not dangerous so much on account of its bad temper as its appetite, and just as soon as it came across any thing it liked it would begin to eat at once, and although you

fought with all your might, it would still eat on; and that by the time a body was half eaten up, he would be *mighty* apt to die; and he farther gave out as a reason why a certain negro who had been drowned in the stream a short time before could not be found, that the memoser had gotten him. This stratagem was successful—the fish-trap was protected. Not long after this Mr. R. built a fish-trap, and having heard of Mr. D.'s plan of protecting his fish, took advantage of the presence of a number of his own servants one evening to tell about the strange animal that had made its appearance in the river, and of its love for fish and negro flesh, and how the black folks were alarmed about it up at Mr. D.'s; reciting the matter so gravely and so much like history, that the school-master—who was present—believed it as firmly as the negroes. This school-master—whom we shall call Mr. Sloaps—at last began to make inquiries about the animal, and soon came to see both money and reputation in it, believing it no small achievement to add a new animal to the acknowledged list of God's creatures, and thereby be a contributor to natural history; for he said that the creature was not laid down in any of the books; and farther, that he had no doubt that he could get a large sum of money for one of them from some museum in the eastern cities.

Mr. R. discovering that Mr. Sloaps had taken the whole story as a verity, determined to see what he could make out of him, and went on to tell Sloaps that he did not want to be fooling with any such monster; the idea of being caught by it and one-half of him to be eaten for supper, and the rest to be borne off to some watery cave for the beast to make his breakfast off of, did not suit him. Mr. S. said that he would not

be the least afraid of it if he had a good gun. Mr. R. had as good a gun as was ever fired, but was not a very good shot himself; but if Sloaps would take the gun and risk it, some night after the fish began to run they would go to the trap and see what could be done. This was agreed to. Mr. R. made his plans known to his overseer and his wife, and none else. The trap was made to take fish as they descended the stream, and such traps are mainly successful in the autumn; the fish, running up in the spring to spawn and raise their young, return to deeper streams for winter-quarters. Mr. R.'s plan was that the overseer, without the knowledge of Sloaps, should go up the stream above the traps, and, throwing himself into the river, come down and enter the trap in his own way, and receive the fire of Sloaps, which was to be nothing more than a small portion of powder and a light paper wad; for Mr. R. was to load the gun with great care for Sloaps.

At length there came a little swell in the river, and it was thought there would be a sufficient number of fish coming into the trap to tempt the memoser to pay it a visit, so the double-barreled shot-gun was loaded, and Mr. R. and Sloaps started for the river. At the point where the trap was put in, the river was seventy yards wide, and the trap was about midway, and reached by a canoe. The water below the dam was some five feet deep, with a pretty strong current. The river-shore was a bluff clay bank, about ten feet high, but at the canoe-landing the water was approached by a deep, narrow cut.

The night was dark, but by the use of the canoe R. and Sloaps made their way to the trap, and there they sat waiting for the memoser. At length here it came down the stream, growling and plunging at a dreadful

rate. The overseer thinking that, as the water in the river was yet low, the fall into the trap might be so great as to cut and bruise him, went to the shore, returned to where he had left his clothes, put them on, and made his way home. Mr. R. told Sloaps, after the memoser disappeared, that there were generally two of them—an old and a young one; that the young one was a little timid, but the old one was not afraid of any thing; and he had no doubt that it was the young one they saw that night, and they might look out for the old one the next night. So they returned home and reported. By the next night the river had swollen so as to make the fall into the trap perfectly safe. Immediately after dark Mr. R. and Sloaps were again on the spot—Sloaps on the trap, with his gun all ready, and R. sitting on one of the main timbers that supported it, holding the cable of the canoe in his hand. The night was dark, save here and there a beam from a star would struggle through the trees that lined the shore. At length here came the memoser, and no mistake, plunging, growling, and snapping. Said R., “He is coming.” “I hear him.” said Sloaps. “Be certain that you make a sure shot.” “Never mind; let him come, and I’ll give him goss!”

Closer and closer it came; and R. said that although he knew who it was, yet the darkness of the night, the angry growl, and the heavy plunges, all taken together, made it a frightful sort of business.

Just as the memoser reached the fall of the trap, Mr. R. threw the cable into the canoe, jumped into it himself, and made for the shore, screaming to Sloaps to save himself, if he could. Sloaps fired one barrel, but without effect. A moment more, and the other barrel was discharged. Still the monster was unhurt. Sloaps,

with a wild, despairing wail, threw the gun one way, and jumped as far as he could in the opposite direction into the river; but he had hardly struck the water before the memoser was in close behind him, almost ready to lay hold on him. He tried swimming, and jumping, and all kinds of modes, so as to get on, and finally reached the bank some twenty yards below the canoe-landing, but happened to strike it where a large sycamore-tree had thrown out a number of roots, which he took advantage of, and in an almost miraculous manner made his way to the top of the bank. To go to the path which led out from the canoe-landing would have been twenty yards out of his way, and as the memoser was almost up the bank, he concluded that nothing but a bee-line would save him, and that ran through a dark, swampy bottom, into which he plunged like a wild beast. He had already lost his gun and hat in the river, and had not proceeded far before he struck his foot against a log, and fell headlong, running his arms into the mud up to his elbows. Here he lost his shoes; but what of that? it only increased his flight. After leaving the swamp he had to pass through a narrow lane, in which a number of cows were lying, and aiming to spring over one of them, the cow at the same moment getting up, brought his feet in contact with her back, which turned him a complete somersault; but he was up and off in a moment. The gate was passed, and knowing the front-door was locked, and having no time to wait for it to be opened, he made for the back-door, but seeing the kitchen-door open, and it being a little nearer than the other, he pitched into the kitchen among the negroes, who were already in a state of alarm about the memoser, knowing that Mr. Sloaps and master had gone to try and kill it. Sloaps

was a frightful-looking object—no hat, no shoes, wet, and covered with mud. He was so out of breath that he could not speak; his lungs were working like an old rickety engine; all that he could say for some time was, “O law! Ah me!” The negroes, almost scared to death, began to scream, which brought in Mrs. R., who inquired, “What in the world is the matter?” By this time Sloaps had recovered sufficiently to speak a few words, and answered, “It came.”

“What came?” asked Mrs. R.

“The old one,” said Sloaps.

“Where is your gun?”

“In the river.”

“And where are your hat and shoes?”

He did not know.

“Where is my husband?”

“Ah!” said he, “it’s got him; the last time I heard him he was hollerin’ mighty weak.”

When poor Sloaps heard that it was all a trick, he sloped from that neighborhood.

When I am at home I have the honor to belong to an angling club, the members of which go once a year on a camp-angling trip into the iron hills of Tennessee. On a certain occasion, as we sat around the camp-fire, I related to the party the story of Mr. Sloaps and the memoser. There was one present who was a sort of fixture among us; his name was Dick—a servant belonging to a member of the club, generally known as Uncle Nick. Dick caught points of the story here and there, and being strongly tinctured with a love of the marvelous, it required no effort of his faith to believe it; and there were many things on the stream in which we were angling that would justify the idea that the memoser might be found there. The banks were very

much burrowed by the great number of amphibious animals which there abounded, and in the bluffs were numerous caves and dens. Within a few hundred yards of the camp was an old rickety mill, all tied up with strings, like a negro's gourd banjo, and connected with the machinery was an alarm. The mill ground so slowly that the miller, who was also a farmer, could not afford to keep any person waiting upon it; so when he had put up a turn he would go off to superintend his farming operations. When the grist was reduced to about a half bushel, the hopper would rise about one inch, bringing an old saw-blade in contact with the runner, and producing the most unearthly, incomparable, whizzing, hissing, grating sounds that have ever been heard by mortal ears.

During our stay at this camp, we all agreed one night to go and fish awhile. A large portion of the club went to a favorite point some distance off, while Uncle Nick, Dick, and myself, went to the mill. The stream, pitching over the dam, had washed out a pool just below, in the form of nearly one-third of a circle. Uncle Nick took his position on the outer point of this circle, I about midway, and Dick close to the mill. Between Dick and myself, lining the water's edge, was a thick growth of sycamore-bushes about ten feet high, and communication between the two points was effected by a small path which lay near a rocky bluff. As night came on, the sun seemed to hasten as though he wished to get as far away as possible; the moon had gone round to see what the people in China were doing; the stars had put on mourning in the drapery of murky clouds; and there seemed to be no light in the world save the ghastly, flickering glare of Uncle Nick's tin lantern. Truly the night was inky black, and all nat-

ure seemed dead, except the roar of the water over the dam, and the rumbling of the old mill-wheel, which went reeling and staggering around like a drunkard. All at once the alarm commenced, and it occurred to me that it would frighten Dick if he did not know what it was; for the memoser story was fresh upon his mind. I looked over, by the aid of Uncle Nick's lantern, and there stood Dick, looking, with all the eyes and light that he had, in about the mill-wheel, whence the noise seemed to proceed. At length, turning toward his master, he said, "Massa Nick, do you hear dis ting here?" His master paid him no attention. He then thought I was the next best chance, and he asked me, "Do you hear dis ting?" At that moment there was a little breath of air, which seemed to increase all sounds, and I remarked, "Dick, it seems to be getting closer to you." That was enough; he dropped his pole, and dashed like a wild boar into the thicket; whether he went through, or over, or under the bushes, I could not tell. He was the worst scared negro I have ever seen, and to this day he believes that it was the memoser; nor could he ever afterward be induced to fish near that mill at night. On one occasion, when talking to him about going there to fish at night, he said that if he was taken there at all, he would have to be taken dead.

POETRY.

THE REV. S. D. BALDWIN, D.D.*

THE wing of death was o'er the city spread,
And anxiously the hearts of thousands throbbed;
While some had fled, as Lot, and left the plains,
In which, of old, devoted Sodom stood.
Others remained, but not without their fears,
For 'twas no common foe that might be met
With glittering sword, and spear, and shield.
The smile, the merry laugh of gladdened hearts,
Like injured friends, were seen and heard no more.
The bench, the box, the bar, were left alone,
The pris'ner to his gloomy cell returned,
And litigation's dusty hall was closed,
While strangely quiet grew the market-place;
The business man, with measured step, and slow,
In silent mood went to his place of trade;
And cautiously he oped his sullen door,
As though the foe in hidden corner dwelt;
And now with match or flaming taper lit,
To drive it forth he disinfectant burned.
Both thought and feeling were all kindred now,
And fell in line like soldiers under drill;
And every man by sad impulses knew
The thoughts and feelings of his neighbor's heart.
But some there were whose business 'twas to see
The sick, and such as friendless were,
Who lay within the monster's deadly grasp.

* Commemorative of his death by cholera, in Nashville, 1866.

The skillful master of the healing art,
The man of prayer and minister of God:
These, with the gloomy, slowly-moving hearse,
And such as to the grave went with their dead,
And those who bore prescriptions to the sick,
Mainly make up the signs of life without.
Thus passed the long, the sad, the weary days.
At night the pestilence in violence grew:
Men were afraid to sleep lest they might wake
And find themselves within its deadly grasp.
Protecting nostrums on each mantel stood,
And fires were kindled on the summer hearth,
And lighted lamps and jets were left to burn
Throughout the dark and lonely hours of night;
And prayers were whispered by unpracticed tongues.

But there was one who was well known by all
By his devotion to the sick and poor.
Nightly the ring of old McKendree's bell
Brought out the anxious multitudes to prayer,
And scores did at the sacred altar bow,
And prayed, and wept, and made their peace with God.
This faithful watchman stood on Zion's walls,
And long and loud the gospel-trumpet blew,
Complaining not until his strength gave way;
But still the sick, the poor, his presence claimed,
And consolation such as comes alone
From promises in God's most holy word;
And for their good alone he overdrew
Upon his time, his rest, his health, his strength.
The fell destroyer's power at length was staid,
The sick were mostly convalescent now,
And men began to feel the worst was past;
And now it was this faithful man of God
Was heard to say, "The calls on me are few;
The sufferers now," he said, "are lessening fast;
I hope and trust that I shall rest to-night."
At the appointed time he thanked his God,
And laid him down upon his bed to rest,

But ere the rosy dawn he woke and found
The dark-winged angel's shadow o'er him spread:
He felt the deadly damps, and he was sick—
The faithful minister of God was sick.
From lip to lip the sad news passed along,
And ere the day grew old this truth was known
Throughout the Church, and far beyond it flew,
For all that knew him loved him ardently,
And few there were to whom he was not known.
Physicians to his side in haste repaired,
And thought with care he soon would be relieved.
This was the holy Sabbath of the Lord;
The church-bell loudly rang, as was its wont,
To herald forth the blessed hour of prayer:
The faithful shepherd did not meet his flock—
They hoped and prayed that he might soon be well;
But on the morrow he grew worse again.
The Church and all his friends were anxious now,
And as one heart the common feeling shared;
Uncalled physicians quickly came, and went,
And tarried long beside the good man's bed;
While in the mart, and all along the streets,
Each man you met with deepest interest asked,
How stands the case with our loved pastor now?
The growing interest reached the city's heart,
And orders came that no disturbing wheels
Should by his dwelling pass, that he might rest;
While softly those within, with feet unshod,
Passed gently through his room and round his bed;
While those who gifted are with power to heal
Each symptom watched, with unabated care,
His tongue, his skin, his breathing, and his pulse,
And warmed his blood with artificial heat,
And scathing blisters drew, but all in vain.
The foe was now intrenched, and had the range,
And could not be by human power dislodged;
E'en faithful prayer was unavailing now.
Death was the sick man's wish and God's decree!

'Twas said at length, His strength is giving way,
His skin is growing cold, his breathing short,
His weak and struggling pulse more faintly beats,
While the chilled blood is stealing round the heart,
In circles constantly diminishing.
Now hastened to his side a long-tried friend,
To whom for years he had united been
By ties which naught but Christian friendship makes,
And bowing down beside the sick man's bed,
They thus together talked, and wept, and prayed.
"How is my brother now?" he kindly asked.
The man of God then oped his languid eyes,
Inclined his head, and recognition gave,
And to the question, "Dost thou suffer much?"
In gentle tones, "Not much," was his reply.
"How is the inner man, th' immortal soul?"
With heavenly smile, "In perfect health," he said;
"Ah! all is right in that department now."
'Twas then a sleepless friend, who vigils kept
By day and night, with more than brother's care,
Softened his lips with a few drops of wine,
To give him strength and aid his feeble speech.
When this was done he calmly spoke these words:
"I'll drink it in my Father's kingdom new—
The fullness of that promise is unknown!"
And then we prayed that God would safely lead
His faithful servant through the vale of death.
A silence now ensued—the sick man lay
With eyes intent on objects seen by none
Save those whom God hath blessed with gifted sight.
A friend then ask'd, "How are thy thoughts employed?"
"Expanding glories of the future state
Are full in view," he said; "I see them now!"
His eyes now calmly closed, he spake no more.
Then every sense was shut on earthly things,
And opened on his mansion in the sky;
He now was standing on the flowery mount,
Viewing the land of Beulah and the scenes beyond—

The throne of God, the pilgrim's final home.
 'T was here he met God's angels from above,
 And heard his Saviour call, Up higher come!
 He dropped the sickle from his trembling hand,
 And gathering up his numerous sheaves,
 And with the victor's shout upon his tongue,
 He passed beyond the everlasting hills,
 And only left his shattered tent behind.
 But still we have his dust; it sleeps beside
 The dearly loved companion of his youth.
 They were united while they lived on earth,
 And not divided are they now in death.

THE REV. ELISHA CARR.

WELL done, faithful pilgrim, thy labors are o'er;
 No longer shalt thou o'er a fallen world weep;
 Thy prayers and thy teachings, we'll hear them no more;
 Thy day's work is done, its reward thou shalt reap.

We'll miss thee, my brother, we'll miss thee at prayer;
 Thy voice round the altar we'll ne'er hear again;
 To our home in the dust thou wilt no more repair;
 Thou art gone to the land of the blest to remain!

You'll be missed by the orphans, you'll be missed by the poor;
 For advice and for comfort they'll now look in vain;
 Your footprints no more we shall trace to their door,
 Where sorrowing hearts are throbbing with pain.

You'll be missed by the children, the lambs of the fold;
 They knew you, and loved you, and hung on your word;
 They'll treasure your counsels as jewels of gold,
 While mem'ry shall cherish the lessons they've heard.

You'll be missed by the prisoners in gloom, and alone,
 Your counsels and prayers they will no longer hear,
 With promises bright and as cheering as noon,
 When no other friend or comfort was near.

You'll be missed by the widow, with lone bleeding heart,
All crushed by bereavement, in grief left alone,
While her throbbing breast heaves as tho' pierced with a dart,
While the bright sun of life set in darkness at noon.

THE REV. G. W. D. HARRIS, D.D.*

FORTY-EIGHT years ago I saw him stand
Amid his brethren in the house of God,
To pledge himself to God's most holy cause,
To bear the tidings of redeeming love
Unto a world that by transgression fell;
And to each question asked he answers gave
Which proved to all that he had been with God,
And had been chosen to proclaim his word;
And heaven and earth agreed, as with one voice,
To send him forth a herald of the cross.
And then and there he put his armor on,
And, sword in hand, he rushed into the fight,
And ne'er put off his sword, or armor by,
Till Heaven said, "Well done! it is enough!"
He was well suited to his holy work;
He bore the marks of manhood in his prime;
His head was clear, his heart was right with God.
His will, that gives support to other powers,
Was strong as is the pure and hammered steel.
He sought no easy berth from toil and strife,
But pressed the center of the common foe.
He made no terms with sin but to repent,
And in the name of Christ a pardon find.
With flesh and blood he never did confer,
Or flee the burdens which his brethren bore.
In action he was true as truth itself,
And yet he was as just as he was true.
It may be said he was a leader born—
Prompt in command, but ready to obey.

* Written on the occasion of his death.

To save the lost was his intense desire;
 And to accomplish this he wavered not
 Because of length of road, or winter's day.
 He plunged the streams, and braved the stormy blast,
 To preach the gospel to the humble poor;
 No firmer hand ere grasped the battle-flag.
 He feared not wicked men nor savage beasts,
 Nor changed his course to follow beaten paths;
 He was a leader, and spied out his way.
 Uncertain sounds his trumpet never gave,
 Nor wasted strength in battling with the wind.
 His voice was strong and clear, his manner grand;
 His words were chosen well—each in its place—
 The burden of his theme the cross of Christ.
 He warned the sinner of his dreadful end,
 And lit the pathway of the child of God
 With Heaven's promise of a rich reward.
 He labored not in vain: God was with him,
 And from his trump rang notes of victory.
 But when I saw him last on Zion's walls,
 His locks were thin, his native strength well spent.
 He blew a bugle-note of victory;
 It was his last; his work on earth was done,
 And ere one week had passed away and gone,
 He heard the call from labor to reward.
 He sowed in tears, but now he reaps in joy.
 His parchment, now as free from blot or stain
 As the untrodden snow from polar skies,
 He rendered up, and in its stead received
 A fadeless crown of life at God's right-hand.

 LONELINESS.

I WOULD not be a lonely star,
 Of ancient birth and brilliant light,
 To shine alone on empty air
 The live-long night.

I would not be a lonely flower,
 Of odor sweet and lovely hue,
 To rest my head on some lone bower,
 And drink the dew.

I would not be a lonely dove,
 Of plumage soft and plaintive song—
 O had I not a friend to love,
 Life would be long!

I would not be a lonely saint,
 Though heaven itself should be my own;
 Without a friend my heart would faint,
 Thus left alone.



LINES ON LERISSA HUGHES.

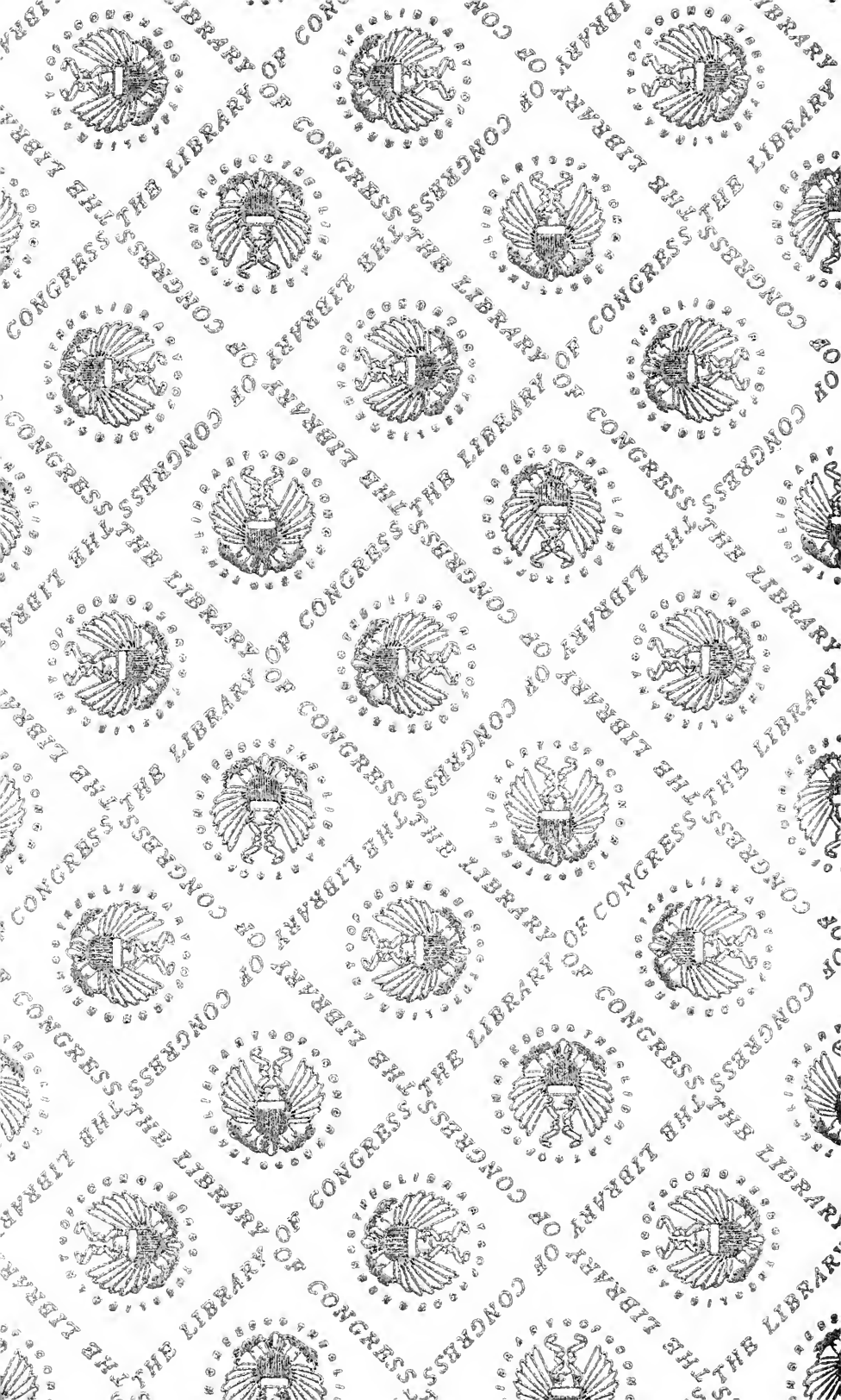
THE mountain-oak within its native wood,
 How strong its trunk! how deep it dips its roots
 Among the ancient rocks or solid earth,
 Like anchors cast within the ocean depth,
 To hold the bark amid the raging storm!
 See how it lifts its proud, defiant head,
 With arms unfolded wide to catch the breeze,
 Or drink the dew, or kiss the light of morn!
 It withered not because of summer's heat,
 Nor did it fail amid the winter's cold;
 It rocked beneath the heavings of the storm,
 But yet its well-laid anchors held it fast,
 And yielded not, but still the storm defied.
 At last there came a worm of shapeless form,
 Appearance mean, contemptible in size—
 Fit food for the young sparrow in its nest—
 Which, unobserved and slow, its work began,
 Inserting in the veins of the proud oak
 A subtle virus of a deadly kind,
 And soon it withered, drooped, and died away;

Defying long the storm, died by a worm.
These thoughts came to my mind the other day,
As I beheld the father of Lerissa.
She was his last, the darling of his life;
Her presence cheered his heart and smoothed his brow,
The center figure in his household group;
But since Lerissa passed from earth away,
To sing among the saints that dwell in light,
The strong man who had braved the storm of life,
And never quailed in presence of the foe,
Has failed at last; his manly head is bowed.
To him the birds have ceased to sing their songs;
Each lovely flower droops on its parent stem;
The light of day passed from his door away,
Because Lerissa left his earthly home.
Kind father, now lift up your drooping head—
Lerissa dwells within your Father's house;
You see her not, but she 's Lerissa still;
You'll find her where the saints and angels dwell.

THE END.

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