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THE HISTORY

W. R. Baird
OF

METHODISM IN KENTUCKY.

BY THE REV. A. H. REDFORD, D.D.

VOLUME II.

FROM THE CONFERENCE OF 1808 TO THE CONFERENCE
OF 1820.

Nashville, Tenn. :
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P R E F A C E .

TO THE REV. HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, D.D.,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

DEAR SIR:— Among the early Methodists in Kentucky, your grandfather and grandmother, Dr. Thomas Hinde and his wife, occupied a prominent position, and, by the purity of their lives and their devotion to the Church, contributed much to its growth and prosperity.

In the sacrifices, sufferings, and labors incident to the itinerant ministry, previous to the commencement of the present century, your noble father, the Rev. Williams Kavanaugh, bore a conspicuous part; while for more than half a century your sainted mother walked with Christ, and by the meek and quiet spirit which adorned her, shed a luster on the profession that she made.

To no family in Kentucky is the Methodist Church more largely indebted for its early success,

or the elevation to which it has attained, than that from which you are descended.

Your uncle, the Rev. Thomas S. Hinde, witnessed the great revivals for which the close of the past and the beginning of the present century were distinguished; and, entering the ministry at a later period, by his labors and his zeal, sowed the seeds of Methodism in many communities in the State, and then lived to see the abundant harvests they produced. To him we are indebted for the faithful and interesting records he has left of the trials and triumphs of the infant Church in the West. Without the accounts he has given of the early struggles of Methodism, of the great revivals—the glory of the Church—and of the success that crowned the labors of our fathers, we should be deprived of much that enriches the pages of Methodism in Kentucky.

Camp-meetings, those instruments of so much good to the Church, had twice gone into desuetude, when they were each time revived through the energy and perseverance of your excellent uncle, the Rev. Leroy Cole. As an ambassador of Christ, he stood for many years in the front ranks of the ministry in Kentucky, and by the holiness of his life, as well as by the persuasive power of his eloquence, pushed forward the victories of the cross.

Your cousin, the Rev. Edward L. Southgate, Sr., although an itinerant minister but a few years, attained to an eminence not common for so young a man, and in the retirement of a local sphere, exhibited a commendable zeal for the cause of Christ, until God called him home, leaving his mantle upon the shoulders of his son, now a member of the Kentucky Conference, wearing the entire name of his pious father.

Three of your brothers, (two of whom are now on the walls of Zion, the other in heaven,) in the bright morning of life, placed all upon the altar of the Church—their intellectual endowments, their piety, and their zeal; while, though you have no son, two of your nephews, now in the strength of early manhood, (one of whom bears your honored name,) are ministers of Christ.

Almost forty-six years have elapsed since you entered the ministry. At that period, the Methodist Church in Kentucky was poor, and the labors of the preachers arduous and severe. Divinely impressed with the conviction that it was your duty to preach the gospel of Christ, you identified yourself with the struggling cause, and unmoved alike by prosperity and adversity, you have battled in the cause of truth, side by side with the noble men who preceded you in the work, as well as with

those who have come after you, meeting unswervingly the oft-recurring trials that have confronted you, and with unwavering fidelity discharged the duties incumbent upon you.

Of all who entered the ranks before you, Isaac Collard—a patriarch among his sons in the ministry—alone remains in Kentucky; and of the *thirteen* preachers who were admitted on trial at the same time with yourself, the name of Newton G. Berryman alone appears in the list of the Appointments of the Kentucky Conference. With only a few exceptions, your predecessors and contemporaries have fought the last battle and entered upon eternal life.

You are associated with my earliest recollections. The first sermon I remember ever to have heard, was preached by you; and under the warm appeals you then made, my young heart was touched, and my first purposes formed to seek religion. I have never lost sight of you from that hour until now. Not only the high place you hold in the confidence and affection of the people of Kentucky, as an able and devoted minister of the gospel, but especially your success in winning souls to Christ, has afforded me unspeakable pleasure; and whether as a member of the Kentucky or the Missouri Conference, or occupying the responsible position of one of the Chief Pastors of the Church, to which you were

elevated by the suffrages of your brethren, and which you have filled with so much satisfaction to the Connection, you have ever held a warm place in my affections.

I therefore most respectfully beg permission to dedicate the Second Volume of this History of Methodism in Kentucky to you.

With my best wishes and sincere prayers that the evening of your life may be calm, as its morning and noon have been useful, and that after death you may enter upon eternal life, I remain truly your son in the gospel,

A. H. REDFORD.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 1, 1869.

HISTORY

OF

METHODISM IN KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE CONFERENCE OF 1808 TO THE CONFERENCE
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THE introduction of Methodism into England, through the instrumentality of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, was not the inauguration of a new

order of things in the religious world; it was simply the revival of that which had gladdened the hearts and blessed the homes of thousands, in every age of the Church.

Previous to the Christian era, mankind had been favored, from time to time, not only with the promise of the Messiah, but displays of divine power, rich and glorious, were seen and felt. At the time the Son of God made his appearance, a moral apathy rested upon the world. The Jews recognized the teachings of Moses and the prophets, yet among their various sects but little more than the "form of godliness" could be discovered. The public ministry of Jesus Christ was intended to arouse the people from their lethargy, and acquaint them with the highest privileges of a holy life. His ever memorable Sermon on the Mount not only embodies the great moral principles he came to establish, but teaches that there is a hidden life in Christianity, to be attained only by the pure and the good.

We have often been impressed with the little success of Christ's personal ministry. All the day long he "stretched forth his hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people." He was, however, laying the foundations of an edifice in which, in all time to come, the erring sons of men might find a shelter and a home. The day of Pentecost poured a flood of light upon the nations, never seen before. In Jerusalem, while Calvary was yet damp with the blood of the Redeemer, and before the populace had recovered from the shock of the tragedy that

had been enacted, in tones loud and shrill the voice of God was heard, through the lips of the apostles, warning the people of their danger and inviting them to the Saviour. The conversion of three thousand souls in a single day, was an event not only remarkable for the achievements of the moment, but as a pledge to the Church that Jehovah would preside over its fortunes and guarantee its success.

To trace the history of the Church in the apostolic age, belongs not to our design. In a remarkably short time, although confronted by the scorn of the Jew and the haughtiness of the Greek, the cross lifted its crest above the spires of Jewish synagogues and the minarets of pagan temples. Superstition and idolatry quailed before its power, and learning and science paid their homage at its feet, while systems of religion that had been embraced and revered for ages stood first abashed, and then surrendered to its sway. With no sword but that of the Spirit, it cut its way to the most obdurate heart; and with no other proclamation than "Peace on earth and good-will to men," beneath its softening influences thousands everywhere were melted to tenderness and tears.

The apostolic age of the Church was an age of revivals. The Acts of the Apostles contains a record not only of the discouragements and persecutions suffered by the early Christians, but of victories gained, of successes achieved, and of the extension of the kingdom of the Redeemer. The great revival under the labors of Wesley, that set all England ablaze, and gave birth to that form of

Christianity known as Methodism, was only the reëpearance of that religious influence and power by which the age of the apostles was distinguished. From time to time, with intervening shadows, these extraordinary demonstrations of divine power and goodness had blessed the Church. Methodism introduced no new truths. The doctrines of the total depravity of man's nature, redemption through Jesus Christ, justification by faith, and the direct witness of the Holy Spirit, had stood prominently in the foreground of the conquests of the Church in every age. The decay of the moral power of the Church at any period may be traced, not to the persecutions, however relentless, endured by the disciples of Christ, but to the rejection of one or more of these great truths.

At the time Methodism appeared, the Church had drifted away from "its original, spiritual simplicity," and grown "into a gigantic form of ecclesiasticism and ritualism." Without intending to be the founder of a new organization, but simply to correct the evils and produce a reformation in the Church at whose altars he had been dedicated to God in infancy, and of which he was a clergyman, Mr. Wesley entered upon the work of the ministry with untiring energy. Success crowned his labors. Since the days of the apostles, the interest awakened by his preaching had found no parallel in the Church.

"In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to Mr. Wesley, in London, who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and ear-

nestly groaning for redemption. They desired (as did two or three more the next day) that he would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come, which they saw continually hanging over their heads. That he might have more time for this great work, he appointed a day when they might all come together, which from thenceforward they did every week, namely, on *Thursday*, in the evening. To these, and as many more as desired to join with them, (for their number increased daily,) he gave those advices from time to time which he judged most needful for them; and they always concluded their meeting with prayer suited to their several necessities.

“This was the rise of the UNITED SOCIETY, first in *Europe*, and then in *America*. Such a society is no other than ‘*a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation.*’

“That it may the more easily be discerned whether they are indeed working out their own salvation, each society is divided into smaller companies, called classes, according to their respective places of abode. There are about twelve persons in a class, one of whom is styled *the leader*. It is his duty,

“I. To see each person in his class once a week at least; in order,

“1. To inquire how their souls prosper.

“2. To advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort, as occasion may require.

“3. To receive what they are willing to give toward the relief of the preachers, church, and poor.

“II. To meet the minister and the stewards of the society once a week; in order,

“1. To inform the minister of any that are sick, or of any that walk disorderly, and will not be reformed.

“2. To pay the stewards what they have received of their several classes in the week preceding.

“There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these societies, a ‘desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins.’ ”*

Such was the introduction of Methodism into England. Through the instrumentality of its illustrious founder, these societies increased until thousands were awakened and converted to God. No opposition daunted him, no amount of sacrifice and suffering impaired his zeal. Maligned and persecuted, he shunned no danger, but met each oft-recurring trial with the intrepidity of one who knows himself to be right.

Philip Embury and Thomas Webb were the first Methodist preachers in America; the former a local minister from Ireland, the latter a captain in the service of His Majesty, the King of England. Previous to leaving Ireland, Mr. Embury had labored success-

* Discipline, pp. 31, 32.

fully in a local sphere. "Without remarkable talents, he was esteemed not only an upright, but an intelligent youth."* Thomas Webb had already distinguished himself in the service of his king. "He wore a shade over one of his eyes—a badge of his courage. For he had been at the siege of Lewisburg, and had scaled with Wolfe the heights of Abraham, and fought in the battle of Quebec—the most important military event, before the Revolution, in the history of the continent; for by it the papal domination of France was overthrown in the North, and the country, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, placed under Protestant control, and opened for its great career in Christian civilization."†

At the time of the organization of the first class in the District of Kentucky, by Francis Clark, only twenty-three years had elapsed since Mr. Embury had landed in New York. Up to this period, the number of traveling preachers had increased to eighty-two, with a membership of thirteen thousand seven hundred and forty. Notwithstanding the success that had followed the labors of the apostles of Methodism in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, the great West, then almost entirely unknown, presented a field in which its triumphs should be more signal than those by which it had been previously distinguished.

In our former volume, we marked the steady prog-

* Stevens's History of the M. E. Church, Vol. I., p. 53.

† Ibid., pp. 57, 58.

ress of the Church in Kentucky, from the organization of the first society to the Annual Conference of 1808. The fourth General Conference assembled this year, in Baltimore, on the 6th day of May. The Western Conference, which embraced the work in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, and Mississippi, was represented by William McKendree, William Burke, Thomas Milligan, Benjamin Lakin, John Sale, Learner Blackman, Nathan Barnes, Elisha W. Bowman, John McClure, James Ward, and James Askin.

Since the General Conference of 1804, nothing had transpired that cast a deeper shadow over the Church than the death of Bishop Whatcoat. Elevated to the Episcopal office by the voice of his brethren, he fully met the expectations and wishes of the Church, during the few years he filled the responsible position.

Richard Whatcoat was the son of Charles and Mary Whatcoat, and was born in the parish of Quinton, Gloucestershire, England, February 23, 1736. His parents were pious, and instilled into the minds of their children the great lessons of Christianity.* At the age of twenty-one "he became a hearer of the Methodists," and on the 3d day of September, 1758, he was converted to God, and on the 28th of March, 1761, he professed sanctification.†

From the time of his conversion he became an active member of the society at Wednesbury, and

* Lednum, pp. 404, 405.

† General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 146.

rendered efficient service in the various capacities of "a class-leader, band-leader, and steward." In 1767, he began to hold religious meetings, and occasionally exhorted and preached to the people; and in 1769, he was presented before the British Conference, held at Leeds, as a suitable person to be admitted into the ministry, and was accepted. His first appointment was to the Oxford Circuit; his second, to the Bedford. In 1771, he was appointed to Enniskillen, in the north of Ireland. In 1772, he was sent to Armagh Circuit; in 1773, to Pembroke, and in 1774, to Brecknock Circuit, both in Wales. On the latter he remained for two years. In 1776, he was removed to Lancaster Circuit, and the following year to St. Austle, both in Cornwall. In 1778 and 1779, he traveled on Salisbury Circuit. In 1780, he was appointed to the Northampton Circuit; in 1781, to the Canterbury; in 1782, to the Lynn, in Norfolk county; and in 1783, to the city and Circuit of Norwich. In this charge he had for one of his colleagues Adam Clarke, the distinguished commentator.

At the British Conference which met in Leeds, in August, 1784, the condition and prospects of the American societies were duly considered, and it was thought necessary to send to their aid a fresh supply of ministers. Mr. Whatcoat was suggested by Mr. Shadford, as suitable for this work; and however great the surprise with which the suggestion first fell upon his ears, after mature deliberation and prayer he became fully impressed with the conviction that his future fortunes, as a minister, must be

identified with the Church in the new world. He was immediately accepted as a missionary, and early in September, 1784, was ordained both Deacon and Elder, by a Presbytery consisting of John Wesley, Thomas Coke, and James Creighton, and in company with Dr. Coke, near the close of the same month, embarked at Bristol, England, and after a passage of about five weeks, landed at New York on the 3d of November.

He was present at the Christmas Conference of 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church in America was organized. His first appointment in America was as Presiding Elder over a portion of the work in Delaware and Maryland. "In May, 1786, he was appointed to the same office for Kent, Talbot, and Dover Circuits," where he was very successful. In the following September he was changed to the Philadelphia Circuit, where he spent the remainder of the year. He was then removed to the Baltimore Circuit, where he labored three months, when he was appointed Presiding Elder for Alleghany, Bath, and Berkeley Circuits. His appointment for 1788 was in charge of a District embracing sixteen separate charges, including all the western part of Maryland and a greater part of Delaware. He continued to fill the responsible office of Presiding Elder until the Conference of 1791, when he was relieved from its duties for two years, during which he was stationed in New York and Baltimore. In 1793, he was appointed to a large District lying in Maryland and Virginia, over which he presided for three years, with slight

changes in the arrangement of the work. In 1796, he was appointed to a District which included some thirty counties in Virginia and North Carolina, on which he remained until the Conference of 1800.

In the various fields of ministerial labor, whether in Europe or America, that had been occupied by Mr. Whatcoat, he had, by his abundant zeal and untiring devotion to the Church, been successful in winning souls to Christ, and earned for himself a warm place in the affections of his brethren. Without educational advantages of a high character, by his application to study he had taken rank with the ablest ministers of his day; while the purity of his life enforced upon the people the sacred truths he so ably presented, and eminently fitted him for a higher sphere in the ministry than he had hitherto occupied.

The General Conference of 1800 was held in Baltimore, in the month of May. The wish of Dr. Coke to return to Europe, together with the feeble health of Bishop Asbury, made it imperative that the Episcopal Bench should be strengthened by the election of a new Bishop. On the 12th day of May, the Conference proceeded to the election. On the first ballot, the vote was a tie, Richard Whatcoat and Jesse Lee receiving an equal number of votes; on the second ballot, Mr. Whatcoat received fifty-nine, and Mr. Lee fifty-five.

As one of the chief pastors of the Church, the labors of Bishop Whatcoat were distinguished by the same industry and zeal that had rendered him so famous in the sphere in which he had formerly

moved. With Bishop Asbury for his model, and with a love for the cause of Christ eclipsed by none of his contemporaries, he passed through the vast territory assigned him, preaching constantly to listening thousands, inspiring the preachers to greater usefulness, and diffusing upon the Church the blessings of Christianity and the bright example of a holy life.

Previous to his elevation to the Episcopal office, he came to the West with Bishop Asbury. He was present at Masterson's Station, at the Conference in 1790—the first held in the Western country. His last visit to Kentucky was in October, 1805. The Conference for this year was held at Jesse Griffith's, in Scott county, and was the last held in Kentucky previous to his decease. His visits to the West, both before and after his election to the Episcopal office, were not only highly appreciated, but productive of excellent results. His preaching was with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. During this visit, it was apparent that his work was well-nigh done. His constitution was yielding fast to the heavy drafts that the labors of the ministry had, during a period of nearly forty years, made upon it.

He was present at the Baltimore Conference, on the 14th of March, 1806, after which he “made a tour through the Eastern Shore of Maryland, still preaching, and proceeding by short stages toward Philadelphia, where the Conference was to meet on the 14th of April. His last sermon was preached in Milford, Delaware, it is believed,

on the 8th day of April. The next day, as Bishop Asbury and his traveling companion, Joseph Crawford, were journeying toward Philadelphia, they overtook him, and he was taken into Bishop Asbury's carriage. On the way he suffered a severe attack of the gravel, which was a standing complaint with him, and his companions feared that he would immediately die." On reaching Dover, the capital of Delaware, "he found a home with his friend, the Hon. Richard Bassett, where he received every attention that the most generous hospitality and sympathizing kindness could render. For thirteen weeks the venerable man lingered in the utmost resignation and peace, and on the 5th of July, 1806, cast aside the earthly tabernacle, in the triumphant confidence that it was to be exchanged for a building of God. His remains were deposited under the altar of Wesley Chapel, just in the outskirts of Dover, and a marble slab placed in the wall, on the left of the pulpit, bearing the following inscription:

In Memory of the
 REV. RICHARD WHATCOAT,
 one of the Bishops of the
 Methodist Episcopal Church,
 who was born March, 1736,
 in Gloucestershire, England,
 and died in Dover, July 5, 1806,
 Aged 70 years.*

No man felt more deeply the death of Bishop

* Sprague's Annals, pp. 99, 100.

Whatcoat than did Bishop Asbury. While on an Episcopal tour, he “found a letter from Doctor Chandler, declaring the death of Bishop Whatcoat, that father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years — a man of solid parts; a self-denying man of God. Who ever heard him speak an idle word? When was guile found in his mouth? He had been thirty-eight years in the ministry—sixteen years in England, Wales, and Ireland, and twenty-two years in America; twelve years as Presiding Elder, (four of this time he was stationed in the cities or traveling with me,) and six years in the Superintendency. A man so uniformly good I have not known in Europe or America. He had long been afflicted with gravel and stone, in which afflictions, nevertheless, he traveled a great deal—three thousand miles the last year. He bore in the last three months excessively painful illness with most exemplary patience. He died in Dover, on the 5th of July, and his mortal remains were interred under the altar of the Wesley Dover church. At his taking leave of the South Carolina Conference, I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within a hundred and thirty miles—death was too quick for me.”*

“On the 30th of March, 1807, at the place of his tomb, Wesley Chapel, in Dover, Bishop Asbury made some funeral observations on the death of Richard Whatcoat, his faithful colleague, from 2 Tim. iii. 10: ‘But thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of

* Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., pp. 230, 231.

life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience.' 'That he had known Richard Whatcoat from his own age of fourteen to sixty-two years, most intimately, and had tried him most accurately, in the soundness of his faith, in the doctrine of universal depravity, and the complete and general atonement; the insufficiency of either moral or ceremonial righteousness for justification, in opposition to faith alone in the merit and righteousness of Christ; the doctrine of regeneration and sanctification; his holy manner of life—in duty at all times, in all places, and before all people, as a Christian and as a minister; his long-suffering—a man of great affliction of body and mind, having been exercised with severe diseases and great labors; but this did not abate his charity, his love of God and man, in all its effects, tempers, words, and actions; bearing with resignation and patience great temptations, bodily labors, and inexpressible pain. In life and death, placid and calm; as he lived, so he died. Richard Whatcoat was born in 1736, in Quinton, Gloucestershire, Old England, and became a hearer of the Methodists at twenty-one years of age; converted, September 3, 1758; sanctified, March 28, 1761; began to travel in 1769; came to America, 1784; elected Superintendent in May, 1800; died, at Dover, in Delaware, July 5, 1806.' '*

The death of Bishop Whatcoat and the return of Dr. Coke to England, left Mr. Asbury alone on the Episcopal Bench. Untiring as he was in his labors,

* General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 146.

his strength was not equal to the demands of the Church for Episcopal service. In every section of the work the Church was increasing in power, in influence, and in numerical strength. Various motions were made in the General Conference to increase the number of Bishops, one of which was, "that seven be added to the Superintendence."* It was finally decided to elect "one additional Bishop;" and on the first ballot William McKendree received ninety-five votes out of one hundred and twenty-eight, "and on the 17th of May, was consecrated in the Light Street Church, by Bishop Asbury, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Freeborn Garretson, Philip Bruce, Jesse Lee, and Thomas Ward."

In our former volume, Mr. McKendree passed in review before us. From his entrance into the ministry, in 1788, to the General Conference of 1808, when he was called by the voice of the Church to the Episcopal office, whether in charge of circuits or districts, no one of his compeers in the ministry was more abundant in labors, or more zealous in the prosecution of the work assigned him. In the West, where he had labored since the autumn of 1800, among the noble men by whose side he had battled in the cause of truth, he stood the center figure, towering like a colossus—the most commanding person in the group. Among them he was regarded as the leader of the hosts, while with the membership his name was a household word. His extraordinary labors in the West, together with the

* General Conference Journal, Vol. I., p. 80.

success that attended his ministry, gave him a prominence in the General Conference, while "such was the confidence inspired in his wisdom and integrity, in his zeal and prudence in promoting the cause of God, and such a halo of glory seemed to surround his character, that the finger of Providence appeared to point to him as the most suitable person to fill the office of a Superintendent."

On the day preceding his election, he was appointed to preach at Light Street Church. Nathan Bangs, who was present at the Conference, though not a member, heard him. He says:

"It was the first General Conference I had ever attended, and the name of William McKendree was unknown to me, and I believe also to many other junior members of the Conference. He was appointed to preach in the Light Street Church on Sabbath morning. The house was crowded with people in every part, above and below, eager to hear the stranger, and among others most of the members of the General Conference were present, besides a number of colored people, who occupied a second gallery in the front end of the church. Bishop McKendree entered the pulpit at the hour for commencing the services, clothed in very coarse and homely garments, which he had worn in the woods of the West; and after singing, he kneeled in prayer. As was often the case with him when he commenced his prayer, he seemed to falter in his speech, clipping some of his words at the end, and hanging upon a syllable as if it were difficult for him to pronounce the word. I looked at him not without

some feelings of distrust, thinking to myself, 'I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put into the pulpit this morning, to disgrace us with his mawkish manners and uncouth phraseology?' This feeling of distrust did not forsake me until some minutes after he had announced his text, which contained the following words: 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?' Jer. viii. 21, 22.

"His introduction appeared tame, his sentences broken and disjointed, and his elocution very defective. He at length introduced his main subject, which was to show the spiritual disease of the Jewish Church, and of the human family generally; and then he entered upon his second proposition, which was to analyze the feelings which such a state of things awakened in the souls of God's faithful ambassadors; but when he came to speak of the blessed effects, upon the heart, of the balm which God had provided for the 'healing of the nations,' he seemed to enter fully into the element in which his soul delighted to move and have its being, and he soon carried the whole congregation away with him into the regions of experimental religion.

"Remarking upon the objections which some would make to the expression of the feeling realized by a person fully restored to health by an application of the 'sovereign balm for every wound,' he referred to the shouts of applause so often heard upon

our national jubilee, in commemoration of our emancipation from political thralldom, and then said, 'How much more cause has an immortal soul to rejoice and give glory to God for its spiritual deliverance from the bondage of sin!' This was spoken with such an emphasis, with a soul overflowing with the most hallowed and exalted feelings, that it was like the sudden bursting of a cloud surcharged with water, and the congregation was instantly overwhelmed with a shower of divine grace from the upper world. At first, sudden shrieks, as of persons in distress, were heard in different parts of the house; then shouts of praise, and in every direction sobs and groans, and eyes overflowing with tears, while many were prostrated upon the floor, or lay helpless upon the seats. A very large, athletic-looking preacher, who was sitting by my side, suddenly fell upon his seat as if pierced by a bullet; and I felt my heart melting under sensations which I could not well resist.

"After this sudden shower the clouds were dispersed, and the Sun of righteousness shone out most serenely and delightfully, producing upon all present a consciousness of the divine approbation; and when the preacher descended from the pulpit, all were filled with admiration of his talents, and were ready to 'magnify the grace of God in him,' as a chosen messenger of good tidings to the lost, saying in their hearts, '*This is the man whom God delights to honor.*' 'This sermon,' Bishop Asbury was heard to exclaim, 'will make him a bishop.'

"This was a mighty effort, without any effort at

all—for all seemed artless, simple, plain, and energetic, without any attempt at display or studied design to produce effect. An attempt, therefore, to imitate it would be a greater failure than has been my essay to describe it, and it would unquestionably very much lower the man's character who should hazard the attempt, unless when under the influence of corresponding feelings and circumstances.”*

Mr. McKendree brought to the Episcopal office all those traits—vigor of intellect, purity of life, and inflexibility of purpose—that not only ennoble our race, but are the harbingers of success in any profession. A writer in the *Western Christian Advocate*, of July 24, 1835, says:

“No man, either learned or unlearned, ever saw Bishop McKendree without being struck with the dignity of his personal appearance. It was said by Johnson of Sir Edmund Burke, that if any man should meet him under a tree, in a shower of rain, he would at once conclude that he was in the presence of no ordinary man; and the same might have been said of Bishop McKendree. He was about the common height, and his form was finely proportioned. By his countenance were shown great mildness and intellectual vigor. His forehead was high and well formed, his eyes black,† very expressive, and somewhat protruded when looking upward, his eyebrows heavy, his mouth exceedingly intellectual, his chin square and well proportioned. His likeness is faith-

* Bangs's *History of the M. E. Church*, Vol. IV., pp. 200–202.

† Dr. Green, his traveling companion, says his eyes were blue.

fully given in the numerous engravings which are in possession of his friends; and I doubt whether a finer countenance—one more expressive of benignity, piety, firmness, and intelligence—has been seen in any age or country. In early life, Bishop McKendree had not the advantages of a classical education; but he employed a long life in the accumulation of useful knowledge. His acquirements were various, extensive, and accurate. With almost all the interesting topics of the day, and especially those connected with religion, he was well acquainted, and could converse on them with ease and fluency. He was deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, which were made the rule of his life; and both in his conversations and sermons, he showed that he had not only read them with care, but that they had been the subject of his profoundest meditation.

“The prominent characteristics of his mind were the power of analysis and the faculty of drawing correct conclusions. His process of reasoning was clear, simple, and conclusive. In the pulpit I have never seen Christian dignity, humility, firmness, piety, and persuasiveness so admirably blended, as in Bishop McKendree.

“He had neither learned nor studied in the schools the arts of eloquence, but he was learned in the school of Christ. Nature had cast his form in the finest mold, and the inspirations of his subject seldom failed to give him that power which enlightens the judgment and opens the fountains of the soul. Never had an orator less pretension

in his own estimation. While instructing others, you could see from his countenance and his whole demeanor that he was himself willing to be instructed. His mind was full of his subject, and his earnest endeavor was, in all meekness, to impart to every hearer all that he knew and all that he felt.

“I have often thought that his illustrations and language approached nearer the simplicity of the teachings of his Divine Master than any other preacher I have ever heard. He never indulged in rhetorical figures or uncommon words, but always used the most appropriate and the most simple language to convey his ideas. The eloquence, the power, was in the conception, the thought, the sentiment, and not in the words with which it was clothed. And what thrilling effect have I, and others who have heard him, witnessed from the bursts of eloquence with which his discourses abounded! You could see the thought kindle—his eye, his mouth, his countenance, his whole frame, seemed to be lighted up with more than human fires; and then, in a tremulous voice, soft as the evening zephyrs, would flow that beautiful stream of eloquence which carried upon its bosom the enraptured audience. None were willing or able to resist its force. Occasionally he would invoke the thunders of Sinai, and sometimes with such effect that dismay and terror would be depicted in the countenances of his hearers. On one occasion, at a popular meeting not many miles from this city, was this appeal made with such power as to fill the thousands who heard him with the utmost conster-

nation; and the orator, as if moved by compassion, released his hearers from the terror which had seized them, by thanking God that they were not yet subjects of hopeless torment. But this was not a strain in which he often indulged. His common theme was the love of God; and in so persuasive a manner did he commend this love to the hearts of his hearers, that I do not believe he ever preached a sermon in vain.

“Bishop McKendree was eminently qualified to fill the important station he occupied in the Church. It could not boast of a wiser or a better man. He had become closely identified with the early triumphs of Methodism in the United States, and with its rise and progress in the Western country. After the death of Bishop Asbury, he was looked to by the preachers and the people as the patriarch of the Church, and all seemed willing to be instructed by his experience and his piety. No man was better calculated to soothe excited feelings, and bring those heart-burnings which, from the imperfection of our nature, arise among the most exemplary and pious men, to a happy issue. And when the honor of the Church and the cause of God required firmness, no man was more immovable than Bishop McKendree.

“His intercourse with his fellow-men was such as became a Christian minister. He never for a moment forgot the responsibility under which he acted, for he seemed never to do or say any thing on which he could not ask the blessing of Heaven. While his soft and pleasing manners and intelligent

conversation were adapted to the most enlightened and polished society, he was equally beloved in every circle. He never suffered a favorable occasion to pass without recommending the religion of his Master; and I doubt whether he ever associated with any individual, or in any circle, whether large or small, without fixing in the mind of every individual a remembrance of his deep and unaffected piety. His remarks were indeed like bread cast upon the waters. Prayer—solemn, fervent prayer—was the element in which he moved and had his being.”

In speaking of the General Conference which convened on the 6th of May, 1808, in the city of Baltimore, and adjourned on the 26th of the same month, Bishop Asbury, in referring to the election of Mr. McKendree to the Episcopal office, says: “The burden is now borne by two pairs of shoulders instead of one; the care is upon two hearts and heads.”

On the first day of the following October, the Western Conference met at Liberty Hill, Tennessee. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present. At the Philadelphia Conference, which was held early in April, the Rev. Henry Boehm, a distinguished pioneer preacher, was appointed to travel with Bishop Asbury, and accompanied him in his tour to the West. On his way to the Western Conference, Bishop Asbury passed through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky, visiting the Churches and preaching, almost every day, the unsearchable riches of Christ. When unable, because of severe

“rheumatic affection, to either ride, stand, or walk,” he nevertheless preached to the people who visited him, lying on his bed. In referring to the Conference, he says:

“TENNESSEE.—*Saturday, October 1.* I began Conference. I preached twice on the *Sabbath-day*, and again on *Tuesday*. Our Conference was a camp-meeting, where the preachers ate and slept in tents. We sat six hours a day, stationed eighty-three preachers, and all was peace. On *Friday* the sacrament was administered, and we hope there were souls converted, and strengthened, and sanctified. We made a regulation respecting slavery: it was, that no member of society, or preacher, should sell or buy a slave unjustly, inhumanly, or covetously; the case, on complaint, to be examined for a member by the quarterly meeting, and for a preacher an appeal to an Annual Conference—where the guilt was proved, the offender to be expelled. The families of the Hills, Sewalls, and Cannon, were greatly and affectionately attentive to us.”*

At this session of the Conference, seventeen preachers were admitted on trial, eight of whom were appointed to fields of ministerial labor in Kentucky, namely: William Winans, William B. Elgin, David Hardesty, Richard Richards, Eli Truitt, James Blair, John Lewis, and John Watson.

Among the names that have become distinguished in the Church, that of William Winans merits an honored place. He was born in West Pennsylvania,

* Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., p. 290.

November 3, 1788. His childhood and youth were subjected to a severe and rugged discipline. "The poverty of a widowed mother rendered it needful that he should, at an early age, labor for his own support and that of the other members of her family. He was thus employed in the iron founderies of his neighborhood, where association exposed him to every form of vice, in which he learned to participate, and his boyhood was clouded with sin. Methodism, however, was sending its pioneers into that region, and his mother's house was the lodging-place of the preachers; and they often performed religious service there. He became awakened, and joined the Church as a seeker of religion. When about sixteen years of age, his family removed to the State of Ohio. He did not connect himself with the Church for more than three years after their removal. He was, however, brought again to see his sin and to deplore it. Here he reëntered the Church; and after some months of earnest prayer, he professed to find the forgiveness of sins, and receive the direct witness of the Spirit to his adoption."* At a night-meeting, on the 29th of March, while leading in prayer, he found the pearl of great price, and from this period dated his conversion to God. He was shortly after appointed class-leader, and on the 29th of August following, was licensed to exhort. After exercising his gifts as an exhorter for one year, on the 29th of August, 1808, he was licensed to preach; and at the Con-

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, Vol. I., pp. 760, 761.

ference held the ensuing October, he entered the itinerant field.

His first appointment was to the Limestone Circuit, as colleague to James King. This was the only field of ministerial labor in Kentucky on which he was stationed. In 1809, we find him in charge of the Vincennes Circuit, which included all the settlements on the Wabash and White Rivers, from the Indiana line to the Ohio River. A small society of forty-three members had been organized at Vincennes, probably under the labors of Jesse Walker, who had the previous year traveled the Illinois Circuit, which embraced a large portion of the Territory of Indiana. Under the labors of Mr. Winans, this membership was increased to *one hundred and twenty-five*.

It was during his connection with the Church at this point that Tecumseh, a celebrated Indian chief of the Shawnee tribe, accompanied by a number of his warriors, visited Vincennes, for the purpose of an interview with William Henry Harrison, at that time Governor of the Indiana Territory.* Dissatisfied with a treaty which had been entered into, the previous year, between Governor Harrison and the Miami Indians, by which certain lands on the Wabash were ceded to the Government, the object of the visit of Tecumseh was to seek the abrogation of the treaty. The interview took place in a grove of trees standing a short distance from the Governor's house, the Indian chief having ob-

* This interview was held in August, 1810.

jected to the conference being held on the portico, as proposed by Mr. Harrison. The inflexibility of Governor Harrison, together with his calmness and intrepidity, so fully aroused the martial feelings of the gallant chief, that for awhile fears were entertained that the meeting would terminate in a bloody massacre. Amid the excitement that such an occasion would produce, Mr. Winans evinced that coolness and courage by which, in after life, he was always distinguished. Unwilling, if his services and valor were needed, to be only a silent spectator, he ran to the house of the Governor, and obtaining a gun, posted himself at the door of the house, as the champion of the family. To the self-possession and determined courage of Mr. Winans, no less than to the calm daring of the chivalrous Governor of the Territory, (whose eye quailed not during the menacing demonstrations of Tecumseh,) may be attributed the peaceful termination of the interview.

At the Conference of 1810, held at Brick Chapel,* in Shelby county, Kentucky, commencing November 1, volunteers were called for, to go to what was then known as the "Natchez Country." Previous to this period, under the labors of Gibson, Floyd, Harriman, Amos, Blackman, Lasley, Pattison, Bowman, Travis, Axley, McClure, Harper, Henninger, and others, Methodism had been planted in that region. A District known as the Mississippi District, over which John McClure so efficiently presided, (comprising the Natchez, Wilkinson, Clai-

* The General Minutes call the church New Chapel.

borne, Opelousas, and Wachita Circuits, with a membership of *three hundred and ninety* whites and *one hundred and nineteen* colored,) had been formed.

The demand for ministerial labor in this department of the work was imperative. The country was opening to the gospel, and the facilities for enlarging the borders of the Church were constantly increasing. The sacrifices, however, that were to be made, and the privations to be endured, by the noble men who would identify their fortunes with the Church in Mississippi, as in other portions of our Zion at this early day, can scarcely be estimated by us who have entered upon their labors.

To the call for volunteers Mr. Winans, together with Sela Paine, promptly responded. Without delay they started to this far-off and destitute country, making the journey on horseback, through the wilderness, amid the bleak winds of winter. His first appointment was to the Attakapas Circuit. In 1811, he was sent to the Amite; but Providence directed his steps in another direction. "It was deemed advisable that, instead of going to that field of labor, he should endeavor to establish Methodism in New Orleans. A stranger, without money or patronage, he entered upon his work, preaching in his own hired house, and teaching a small school, in order to his own support and the payment of the rent of the room used as a preaching-place."* He remained in New Orleans about one year, when he returned to Mississippi, and was placed in charge of

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, for 1857, p. 761

the Wilkinson Circuit, with J. I. E. Byrd as his colleague. "In 1815, he was married to Miss Martha DuBose, a woman of great worth, of earnest piety, and sincere devotion to the cause of God." With his health greatly impaired by his immense labors and exposure, that he might recover it the sooner, he asked for and obtained a location. During his local relation to the Church, he devoted his time chiefly to school-teaching, for which profession his close application to study had well qualified him. In 1820, with his health sufficiently restored to enable him to reënter the Conference, he did so, and was appointed to the Natchez Circuit. From the Conference of 1821 to the Conference of 1825, he was the standard-bearer of the Mississippi District. In 1825, he was stationed in Washington. From 1826 to 1829, he presided over the Washington District, and the following year he was appointed Conference Agent. In 1831, he was left without an appointment, in consequence of ill health, and the following year sustained a superannuated relation. In 1833, he again appears in the effective ranks, as Presiding Elder on the New Orleans District, but the following year, with failing health, on the Wilkinson Circuit, as supernumerary. In 1835, he rallies again, and is appointed to Woodville. In 1836, in connection with John Newland Maffitt, he was Agent "to solicit funds for the Methodist Church in New Orleans." In 1837, he was reappointed to the New Orleans District. In 1838, we find him on the Natchez District, where he remained for four years. In 1842, he is again on the New

Orleans District, on which he continues until 1845, when he is appointed Agent of Centenary College. In 1846, he is reappointed to the Natchez District; and at the close of the second year, he is stationed at Woodville, and in 1849, receives his last effective appointment, as Agent for Centenary College. At the Conference of 1850, his name is stricken from the effective list, to be placed on it no more. At this Conference he obtained a superannuated relation, in which he remained until his death.

In the history of Methodism in Kentucky, the name of Dr. Winans will always be prominent. Although his labors and his life were devoted to the promotion of the cause of Christ, almost exclusively, in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama, as they now lie on the map; yet the single year he spent in Kentucky—the first in his ministry—left a lasting impression on the Church.

The bare recital of the labors of Dr. Winans, during a period of nearly fifty years, not only commands our admiration, but excites our surprise. Without regard to the sacrifices, labors, sufferings, incident to his life as a minister of Jesus Christ, during all this long period, he occupies the front ranks among his co-laborers; nor does he pause for a moment, until, with ruined health, he is no longer able to prosecute the work in which he had so long delighted. Colonel G. F. W. Claiborne, of Mississippi, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Stevens, says:

“He never sought inglorious ease; he never grew weary of well-doing; he never became selfish and worldly. With persevering and undaunted spirit

he labored on. The generation that witnessed his coming, and most of his colleagues, went down to the grave; and still his enthusiasm, and energy, and masculine intellect survived, and his spirit glowed like some eternal flame upon the altar of a ruined temple. Often have I seen him, on his tours of circuit duty, scarcely able to sit in the saddle, dragging himself into the pulpit, preach for two hours with surpassing power and unction, and then fall down, faint and exhausted, his handkerchief stained with blood; and for days thereafter motionless, hovering, as it were, between life and death. Thirty years ago, and at intervals since, he was thought to be in a rapid decline. He was afflicted with hemorrhages, bronchitis, derangement of the vital organs, and general debility; and physicians prohibited the excitement of the pulpit. But he would preach; he felt called of God to preach. And what changes he witnessed! In 1810, the work of the Mississippi preachers extended over what is now the territory of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama Conferences. There were but ten itinerants in this great field of labor, and the whole number of Church-members five hundred and nine. Now, in these Conference-bounds, there are more than three hundred itinerants, and between eighty and ninety thousand Church-members! The number of preachers has increased thirty-fold; the Church-members, upward of one hundred and sixty-fold! Nor is this all. The Mississippi Conference has contributed largely to the Memphis, Arkansas, Florida, and the Texan Conferences, and somewhat to the California Con-

ference. It has likewise sent forth missionaries to heathen lands, contributed nobly to the dissemination of the Scriptures, and has endowed schools and public journals, seminaries and colleges. In this great work William Winans has been, under Providence, mainly instrumental.”*

On the 31st of August, 1857, he sweetly breathed his last.

The Rev. Thomas Clinton, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. McTyeire, (now Bishop,) says:

“It was my privilege to be present when that great and good man, William Winans, closed his laborings and sufferings on earth, at half-past five o'clock P.M., 31st August. I then could see how to suffer as well as do the will of God. I have lived and labored with him these thirty-four years. When I bade him farewell, on the morning of the 22d August, I feared I never would see him again in the flesh. He, when aroused to consciousness, took hold of my hand with both of his, and looking at me with great earnestness, said, ‘My brother, pray that my faith fail not.’ On the 28th, when I visited him, I found that disease had so far prevailed over his mortal frame, he could not speak, and his mind appeared asleep. When aroused, he seemed to recognize his friends. I asked him if he knew me. He pressed my hand and looked tenderly at me, and I thought he tried to smile at the question. Then, for the sake of others, I asked him, if his faith was still strong at the near approach of

* Stevens's History of the M. E. Church, Vol. IV., pp. 409, 410.

death, to give me a sign by raising his hand; and as I let his hand go, he raised it up, and his look seemed to say, 'Could you doubt it?' To a familiar friend, shortly before his speech failed, he remarked, 'I have been a great sufferer, but not more than I deserved, nor so much, if I could have borne more.' '*

Directly after his death, Dr. McTyeire, then Editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, says:

"He had long suffered under a complicated disease of the kidneys, and for more than a month his life had been despaired of. He himself was not unaware of his condition, and in Christian faith and hope was expecting this change. On Monday morning, when his grandson, W. W. Wall, left him, his mind was in troubled sympathy with a weakened body: he did not recognize him. But previously to that time, and uniformly, he had expressed a willingness to live, to suffer on, or to die. . . . No smatterer nor pedant, he *understood* things, in their primary principles, classification, and ultimate bearings. Grasp, not dalliance, and a severe, concentrated attention, were his mental habits. He was not a mere logician, but something more—a reasoner. If the premises or technical processes were wrong, there was a height and breadth of faculty to correct the conclusion. As a divine, Dr. Winans ended where he began—in the Bible. Very directly from it he drew, in what he wrote, or

* New Orleans Christian Advocate, Sept. 12, 1857.

preached, or practiced. While that was his center, he had mastered a wide and choice circle of biblical literature. His volume of *Discourses* on fundamental subjects is an enduring monument. His fugitive publications are numerous, and deserve to be gathered up in permanent form. He was a student, notwithstanding his long rides and absences from home, in prosecuting the ministry. He wrote carefully and much. His autobiography is said to be nearly complete. He received the degree of D.D. first from Baton Rouge College, La., and afterward from Randolph Macon, Va.”*

His popularity and influence were not confined either to his denomination or to the Church in the South, where his labors had been chiefly bestowed; but his fame was coëxtensive with Methodism on this continent. Dr. Stevens speaks of him as “one of the most notable men of the American ministry,” and adds:

“William Winans became the most representative character of South-western Methodism. His last appearance in the North was at the memorable General Conference of 1844, in New York, where the secession of the Southern Church, on account of slavery, was initiated. He took a chief part in that controversy; for he had himself become a slave-holder, under the plea of domestic necessity. He was then, next to Peter Cartwright, the most unique man in the assembly; tall, thin, weather-worn, and looking the very image of a frontier set-

* New Orleans Christian Advocate, Sept. 5, 1857.

tlar who had worn himself lean by the labors of the field and the hunts of the woods. He wore no stock or neckerchief, his shirt-collar lay slouchingly about his neck, and his whole attire had the appearance of habitual neglect. And yet this rough backwoodsman was a Doctor of Divinity, and a voracious reader of light and polished literature, carrying around his District saddle-bags crammed with the works of the most popular writers. In discourse, he was most intensely earnest. The tight features of his face became flushed and writhed with his emotions, his eye gleamed, and his voice (strong but harsh) thrilled with a stentorian energy and overwhelming effect. In contrast with these traits (unrelieved as they were by a single exterior attraction) was a mind of astonishing power, comprehensive, all-grasping, reaching down to the foundations and around the whole circuit of its positions—not touching subjects, but seizing them as with the claws of an eagle. He threw himself on his opponent as an anaconda on its prey, circling and crushing it. It was a rare curiosity to critical observers to witness this rude, forbidding-looking man exhibiting in debate such a contrast of intellectual and physical traits. His style was excellent, showing an acquaintance with the standard models, and his scientific allusions proved him well-read if not studied in general knowledge.”*

It is with pleasure we linger around the name of this servant of God. We take leave of him with a

* Stevens's History of the M. E. Church, Vol. IV., pp. 411, 412.

brief extract from the memoir published in the General Minutes:

“From 1824, he was a member of the General Conference, and in almost all instances headed the delegation. In 1828, 1836, and 1844, periods of our history when the Church needed men of sound wisdom and uncompromising integrity, he stood up for her defense unmoved—for he was mighty, with more than Roman courage. Ay, with a martyr’s fidelity and self-sacrificing zeal, he came forth to sustain the Church or perish with her. He was a man of inflexible firmness, of untiring industry, of earnest piety, of vigorous intellect, of mighty faith in God—dignified, social, pure. In the early part of May, 1857, his already broken constitution began to give way under the violence of acute disease. His sufferings were intense, and yet he murmured not, he repined not. Bereft, for the most part, of the rapturous emotions of religious experience, his faith never failed him. Visions of glory passed before him, and from his dying couch he looked and saw the home where the weary with their risen Saviour rest, and exclaimed, ‘Ah! that is the best of all!’”*

William B. Elgin and Richard Richards, both of whom this year became itinerant preachers, after traveling six years, located. The ministry of Mr. Elgin, during the period of his connection with the Conference, was chiefly in Tennessee. His first appointment was to the Lexington Circuit, in Ken-

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, Vol. I., p. 761.

tucky, as colleague to Caleb W. Cloud. At the ensuing Conference, he was appointed to the Clinch Circuit, which spread over a large extent of territory, including Russell, Scott, and a part of Lee counties, in Virginia, and a portion of Tennessee lying north of the Holston River. The remaining four years were spent on the Nashville, Tennessee Valley, Lebanon, and Caney Fork Circuits.

The prosperity enjoyed by the Church, in these several fields of labor, under the ministry of Mr. Elgin, indicates the fidelity with which he discharged the trust committed to his hands. At a later period, he became connected with the Methodist Protestant Church, in which he was a useful minister until his death.

Richard Richards labored the first two years of his ministry in Kentucky. In 1808, he was appointed to the Green River, and the following year to the Hinkstone Circuit. In 1810, he was appointed to travel the Carter's Valley Circuit, in East Tennessee; but in 1811, he returned to Kentucky, and was placed on the Barren Circuit. In 1812, he was sent to Vincennes, Indiana, and in 1813, to Knoxville, Tennessee, and located at the close of the following Conference. We know but little of Mr. Richards after his location. In speaking of him, the Rev. Dr. McAnally says he was "a man of strong mind, well cultivated, and once of great popularity and usefulness. But alas! that bane of human society, strong drink, was his ruin. For many years he was out of the ministry and out of the Church. The present writer was his pastor

during the closing months and scenes of his life. He had returned to the Church with a wrecked fortune, a ruined reputation, and himself but the mere wreck of a man, and amid the bitterest tears of repentance and the keenest pangs of remorse, spent the last periods of life, and at last died, casting himself on the mercy of Him who died to save sinners.”*

John Lewis located after traveling four years. His fields of labor were Barren, Duck River, Henderson, and Green River Circuits. We regret that we have no information of him after he retires from the itinerancy.

Eli Truitt and James Blair each traveled three years, at the close of which they located. The appointments filled by Mr. Truitt were the Hinkstone, the Limestone and Fleming, and the Lexington Circuits. In 1815, he reënters the itinerant field, in which, however, he remains only two years, traveling the Brush Creek and Scioto Circuits, when he again retires to the local ranks. In 1832, his name reappears in the Minutes, in charge of the Church at Portsmouth, Ohio—the following year, on the Union Circuit. In 1834 and 1835, he sustains a supernumerary relation to the Conference. The following year, he is placed on the superannuated roll; and in 1837, we find him on the Washington Circuit; but he again locates in 1838. The Rev. Jonathan Stamper, in his *Autumn Leaves*, thus speaks of him: “I cannot forbear mentioning one more name in this connection, that of Eli Truitt. He

* *Life and Times of Rev. S. Patton, D.D.*, p. 145.

was a native of North Carolina, where he embraced religion in his youth. He came to this country at an early period, as a local preacher, but soon after his arrival joined the traveling connection, and labored as an itinerant for many years. The failure of his health compelled him to locate; but he still retained his zeal, and contributed much toward the success of the cause by his personal labors among his acquaintances. Being very agreeable in his manners and conversation, he was popular, and his house was always a pleasant home for the traveling preachers. In 1816, he sold his possessions in Kentucky, and removed to Ohio, where he entered into mercantile business. Through an unfortunate connection with a partner, he failed, and was reduced to poverty. After struggling some years with pecuniary difficulties, he at length freed himself from them, and again joined the Conference. He was sent a missionary to the Indians in Michigan, where in a short time his health failed, and he was once more obliged to give up preaching. He returned to Ohio, and after lingering a few years, died, leaving his testimony, that it is no vain thing to serve God. Brother Truitt was a worthy and useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. His name and works are gratefully remembered by many to this day, and many will rise up in the gates and call him blessed.”*

The appointments filled by James Blair were the Hinkstone and the Shelby Circuits, on the latter of which he remained two years. In 1820, he reënters

* Home Circle, Vol. II., pp. 103, 104.

the Conference, and travels Hinkstone Circuit. On the Journal of the Conference of 1821 we find the following entry: "A committee having been called to investigate certain charges preferred against James Blair, reported that they find said Blair guilty of said charges, and that he be suspended from all official services in our Church. And the report was adopted. Moved and seconded, that James Blair be expelled from the M. E. Church; which motion was unanimously agreed to by the Conference. And he noticed an appeal to the General Conference." We find on the Journal of the General Conference of 1824, the following records: "M. Lindsey presented certain papers, purporting to be the appeal of James Blair, which were laid on the table. Moved, etc., that the appeal of James Blair be now taken up. Carried; and the papers in the case and the Journal of the Kentucky Conference were read. The President, being called on to determine whether there is any appeal before the Conference, J. Blair having made no communication to the Conference, either personally or by any representative, decided that there is not. And the Secretary was directed to return the papers to the member who presented them, which was done."

Neither the entry on the Journal of the Kentucky Conference, nor on the Journal of the General Conference, conveys to us any idea of the character of the charges against Mr. Blair. No action of an Annual Conference is more painful to the members than to be compelled to exclude from their communion and fellowship a member of the

body. Associated with them in the work of the ministry, having participated in the sacrifices incident to the life of an itinerant preacher, the duty is a sad one, when the errors of a brother are such as to demand a penalty so extreme as expulsion; but afflictive as it is, the honor of the Church is dearer, far dearer, than the obligations of friendship or former associations.

The name of David Hardesty appears only for one year. His appointment was to the Danville Circuit.

John Watson was admitted on trial this year, and appointed to the Hinkstone Circuit, and the following year to the Wayne Circuit. His name then disappears from the Minutes; but in 1819, we find him again in the itinerant field, on the Salt River Circuit; after which he successively travels the Danville, Barren, Somerset, Fleming, and Hinkstone Circuits, until the Conference of 1825. As a minister of the gospel, although Mr. Watson had not taken rank with the more prominent members of the Conference, yet his preaching abilities were fair, and his ministry successful. During the year previous to the Conference of 1825, charges were preferred against him, and he was suspended from the ministry by a committee of his brethren. At the session of the Conference, which was held in Russellville, upon the presentation of the charges, after an impartial hearing of the evidence and the defense, the decision of the committee was confirmed, and he was expelled from the Church. Recognizing the justice of the verdict, he made no

complaint of the action of the Conference. His life, however, after this event, was exemplary. He settled in Hart county, and with unwavering attachment to the Church, without seeking admission into it, he regularly attended the ministry of the word. In the summer of 1840, he was invited by the preacher to return to the Church, and accepted the invitation; and until his death, which occurred July 1, 1849, he enjoyed the confidence of the community in which he resided, as an humble Christian. His end was peaceful.

Caleb W. Cloud, John Clingan, Thomas Kirkman, and John Henninger, had entered the itinerancy previous to 1808; but their names appear this year for the first time in Kentucky.

Caleb W. Cloud had preached four years before he came to Kentucky. His appointments were the Scioto Circuit in Ohio, the Wilkinson and Natchez Circuits in Mississippi, and the Holston Circuit in East Tennessee. In 1808, with William B. Elgin as his colleague, he was appointed to the Lexington Circuit, the following year to "Lexington Town," and in 1810, to the Lexington Circuit, (the station having again been placed in the circuit,) with Charles Holliday and Eli Truitt. At the close of this year he located. After his location, he settled in the city of Lexington, and engaged in the practice of medicine. During the few years in which he labored as an itinerant preacher, whether in Ohio, Mississippi, Tennessee, or Kentucky, his success compared favorably with that of his contemporaries; and in the retirement of a local

sphere, he was zealous, enterprising, and useful. In 1812, he became dissatisfied with the Church in which he had been so useful a minister, and withdrew from its communion. After his withdrawal from the M. E. Church, "he built a neat brick church on Main street, in the city of Lexington, in which he preached occasionally, as long as he lived. He remained out of our Church about twenty years, during which time he was generally esteemed to be a good man. While he was running an independent Church, his membership and congregation were both small, and gradually dwindled down to nothing. He returned to our Church about two years previous to his death. I have spread out before me an old Church-record, dating back to 1847, in which I find this entry: 'Rev. Caleb W. Cloud died in peace, May 14, 1850.'"*

John Clingan entered the Conference in 1806, and was appointed to the Guyandotte Circuit. In 1807, he succeeded Jesse Walker on the Illinois Circuit, and the following year came to Kentucky, in charge of the Licking Circuit. He remained in Kentucky but one year, when he was appointed to the Letart Falls Circuit, in Ohio. In 1813, he located, Zanesville being the last appointment he filled.

Thomas Kirkman became a traveling preacher in 1807; but his name does not appear in the list of Appointments until the Conference of 1808, when

* Letter to the author from the Rev. S. X. Hall, dated Lexington, Ky., December 8, 1868.

he is sent to the Livingston Circuit. At the Conference of 1809, his name is again omitted; but in 1810, we find him on the Cash Creek Circuit, and the following year on the Roaring River Circuit, at the close of which, impelled by feeble health, he located. After his location, he settled in the vicinity of Hopkinsville. His life was a reflection of the doctrines of the gospel of Christ. He was a preacher of only medium talents; but so consistent was he in his deportment, that he attracted many to Christ by his walk and conversation. More than twenty years ago he passed away, having lived to a good old age, an ornament to the Church and a blessing to the community in which he lived and died.

But few names stood more prominently before the Church in Kentucky, at this period, than that of John Henninger. He was born of German parentage, in Washington county, Virginia, in the year 1780. In the sixteenth year of his age, he embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the gospel, when only a youth he applied for and obtained license. For some time he sustained to the Church the relation of a local preacher; but finding this sphere too circumscribed for either his talents or his zeal, at the Conference of 1807 he became an itinerant.

His first appointment was to the Carter's Valley Circuit, in East Tennessee; his second, to the Danville Circuit, in Kentucky. In 1809, he was sent to the Opelousas, and the following year to the Clai-

borne Circuit, in Mississippi. In 1811, he returned to Tennessee, and was reappointed to Carter's Valley; and then successively traveled the Clinch, the Nashville, the French Broad, and the Knoxville Circuits. In 1816, he was the Presiding Elder on the French Broad District, where he remained for two years.

Worn out by constant exposure and unremitting labor, and unable to prosecute his high and holy calling, he retired to the local ranks, that he might resuscitate his prostrate strength, and enter again on the discharge of the duties to which he had pledged his energies and his life.

In 1825, we find him again in the itinerant field, the standard-bearer on the Knoxville District, on which he labors until the Conference of 1828, when he is transferred to the Washington District. In 1829, he is appointed Agent for Holston Seminary. In 1830, he is reappointed to the Washington District, on which he continues for four years. With declining health, he obtains a supernumerary relation, and is placed on the Washington Circuit; but slightly recovering his strength, at the following Conference his name appears again as Presiding Elder on the Washington District. But at the close of the year, he is placed on the superannuated list. With improved health, he rallies again, and at the Conference of 1837, he is once more appointed to the Washington District, on which he remained until the 23d of December, 1838, when he was called from labor to reward.

Although Mr. Henuinger remained but a single

year in Kentucky, by his expansive intellect, his burning eloquence, and fervent piety, he made an impression upon the community and the Church, that two generations have not effaced. While his talents ranked him with the first intellects of the State, his indomitable energy and extraordinary zeal made him more than equal to the hardships and sacrifices incident to the pioneer preacher. Attracted by the charms of his eloquence, hundreds everywhere crowded to his ministry and listened to the invitations of the gospel as they fell from his lips.

The Hon. Judge Pirtle, of the city of Louisville, at whose father's house Mr. Henninger often found a welcome home during his stay in Kentucky, in a letter to the author, says: "Mr. Henninger was an extraordinary young man, of powerful, subduing eloquence, and of good, calm judgment. His very name brings to me some of the most sublime memories of my life." So overpowering were his pulpit efforts, that the large assemblies that waited on his ministry would often arise from their seats and gather around the pulpit, eager to hear each word he uttered. Revivals of religion crowned his labors, and many were added to the Church through his instrumentality.

If the labors of Mr. Henninger resulted in blessing to the Church in Kentucky, he was no less successful in the fields he subsequently occupied. Whether in Louisiana and Mississippi, or in Tennessee, where he won his earliest trophies and gathered his latest laurels, he was "a workman that

needeth not to be ashamed." Wherever duty called, he obeyed the summons. Neither sickness, hardship, nor suffering, could move him from the aim and end of his noble life. Epistles known and read of all men were to be seen wherever John Henninger lived and preached.

The last year of his ministry was spent on Washington District, where he had previously labored for seven years. More than thirty years had passed since, with all the glow of early manhood, he had become an itinerant; but the trials and privations of these years had left their impress, and indicated that he was nearing his place of rest.

Previous to the illness (an attack of fever) which terminated his life, he entertained the thought that his pilgrimage was well-nigh ended, but no gloomy forebodings accompanied the impression. If life had its conflicts, he contemplated death as the termination of its great battle, and the glories beyond it as his heritage for ever. She who for twenty-three years had shared with him the privations and sacrifices incident to the life of an itinerant preacher at that early day, preceded him to the land of rest. They both lay in the same room, from whence they were soon to be carried to their graves. She, the mother of his children, who had been the light of his home and the joy of his heart, was rapidly approaching the margin of the river. Reaching her bedside with difficulty, he took her pale hand in his, equally emaciated, and said, "My dear, you are about to leave us. You have nursed me in all my sickness. I thought I should have gone be-

fore you and obtained the crown, but you will precede me and receive it first. I shall not be long coming after you. How is your mind?" She calmly replied, "I have nothing to fear or dread. My way is clear." Soon after this interview, which was on the 18th of December, 1838, she fell asleep in Jesus. Two days later, the messenger came again, and he who for more than thirty years had gone in and out before his brethren, charming thousands by his eloquence and carrying the tidings of salvation to the rich and the poor, surrenders his stewardship. His last illness was not protracted, but during the period he enjoyed uninterrupted peace. To the Rev. J. B. Dougherty he said, "We have fought side by side, but I shall now leave you. Preach my funeral. Bury my wife at the town of Cleveland, and tell them to leave a place for me by her side. There the plowshare shall not run over my grave. The town is a public place, and many of the preachers will pass there. I want them to call and see my grave; it may do them good." He took affectionate leave of his children, bestowing on them the last blessing of a Christian father. He was lifted to the couch on which lay the remains of his wife, before her interment, and imprinting affection's last kiss on her pale, cold lips, said, "Farewell, Jane, until the resurrection; in heaven we shall meet again." He spoke but little afterward. His last words were, "I die the death of the righteous."

In a former volume we made mention of James Gwin. In 1802, he was admitted on trial, and his

name stands in connection with Barren Circuit, formed by him during the year. He remained on the work only a few months, when the claims of his family compelled him to return home.*

Until the Conference of 1808, no farther mention is made of him; but in answer to the question, "Who remain on trial?" appears, with others, the name of Mr. Gwin. His appointment, in 1808, reads, "James Gwin, missionary." In 1809, he is sent to the Nashville Circuit; in 1810, to the Red River; and the following three years, he presides over the Cumberland District. In 1814, he is appointed to the Fountain-head Circuit, embracing a considerable portion of Southern Kentucky, on which he remained two years, at the close of which he located.

In 1823, he reëntered the Conference, and was placed in charge of the Nashville District. In 1824, he was appointed to the Caney Fork District, over which he presided for three years. In 1829, and 1830, and 1831, he was stationed in Nashville, the two latter years as *supernumerary*. From 1832 to 1836 inclusive, he superintended the African Missions in Nashville and vicinity.

In the Minutes of 1837, his name does not appear; but at the Conference of 1838, we have the following minute: "James Gwin, without an appointment, by vote of the Conference." †

* Vol. I., p. 407

† In the Journal of the Tennessee Conference, for 1838, we have the following record: "The character of James Gwin was taken under consideration. On motion, Resolved, that as Brother Gwin

In 1840, we find him a member of the Mississippi Conference, and stationed at Vicksburg with the Rev. P. Cooper. This was the last year of his life. He died at his residence near Vicksburg, on the 3d of August, 1841, about sunrise, aged seventy-two years.

It would be difficult to place too high an estimate on the labors of such a man. Settling in Tennessee in 1791, he embraced the earliest opportunity to join the Methodist Church. Under the ministry of Barnabas McHenry, when only "about seventy members of the Church were to be found," he says, "my companion and myself joined the Church."

From the time he entered the ministry, whether as an itinerant, or in a local sphere, he exhibited a devotion to the cause of Christ wherever he labored. A writer in the South-western Christian Advocate, of August 29, 1845, says:

"Brother Gwin was a powerful man in many respects. He was full six feet high, remarkably stout made, and had the appearance of a powerful man. His features were strongly marked, as though each lineament stood by itself; yet he was a fine-looking man. His appearance in the pulpit was commanding, yet free from austerity. His manner of preaching was somewhat desultory, but he generally made out what he took in hand. It was accompanied

is not present, and as no communication is received from him, by which we can know his intentions in regard to his future operations, and it being understood that he is in Louisiana, the Conference voted that no appointment should be given him."

with that fervid eloquence so characteristic of the early Western preachers, and which they seem to have bequeathed as a sort of hereditary legacy to their juniors. James Gwin was a real Western preacher, and when powerfully excited, he poured forth such a torrent of native and impassioned eloquence that his hearers were moved as the trees of a forest in a storm. Few men had traveled more extensively in the West than he, or been in more revivals of religion, or taken more persons into the Church. At a camp-meeting in Wilson county, Tennessee, he remarked in the stand, 'I have admitted *several thousand* souls into the Methodist Church, *but I never proselyted one from another Church.*' "

In revivals of religion, none of our fathers were more useful. An excellent singer—powerful in exhortation—highly gifted in prayer, and devoted to the work of doing good—he labored through a long life with a constancy that secured success.

We copy the following extract from a memoir written by the Rev. C. K. Marshall, D.D., and published in the South-western Christian Advocate, of August 28, 1841:

“He was taken with bilious fever, and suffered greatly for several days, when a violent chill seized him on Sunday morning, from which he was relieved with great difficulty. His system was too much prostrated with the ravages of disease, together with the wastes of time, to resist the shock.

“In view of this sad event, we may truly say, ‘A great man and a prince hath fallen in Israel this

day.' Few men in the South-west have filled a larger place in the public eye—perhaps none ever enjoyed a greater share of deep and enduring affection. He was possessed of great natural vigor, a strong, discriminating mind, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and a heart rich in the noblest sensibilities and virtues. All these advantages were rendered useful and efficient by habits of constant application to important studies, and devotion to the highest interest of his country, and the welfare of mankind. He was one of the earliest emigrants to the State of Tennessee, having settled there about 1788.

“Those were years of great peril, hardship, and privation. The Indians, restless, hostile, and constantly seeking for opportunities to plunder the property and destroy the lives of the inhabitants, rendered great vigilance and undaunted courage indispensable to the safety and defense of the settlers. For such an emergency Mr. Gwin was eminently qualified; and in these scenes of trial and dismay, he fully illustrated his patriotism, courage, and ability. When the battle of New Orleans was approaching, Gen. Coffee invited him to accompany the forces thither, in his ministerial capacity; which he did with the greatest cheerfulness. He performed the duties of chaplain with great zeal, ability, and universal approbation. To these duties, at his own request, Gen. Jackson gave him charge of all the feeble, sick, and wounded, which office he exercised with great advantage to both the army and the afflicted. Here the occasion gave ample room

for the more complete and mutual development of the peculiar virtues of Gen. Jackson and the Rev. Mr. Gwin, which drew them more firmly to each other's embrace, and seemed to stamp their attachment with unwavering durability. By these means his name and history became identified with the settlement, subjugation, defense, and progressive improvement of the South and West. But he appears in the character of a minister of the gospel, in a superior light. His sound judgment, love of the word of God, and clear apprehension of the scheme of redemption, joined with a heart overflowing with piety to God, and philanthropy for his fellow-men, directed by sound discretion, and sustained by a steady and growing ardor, made him capable, in no small degree, to exercise his high vocation with success.

“Few, if any, were ever more successful, in the South and West, in preaching the gospel and establishing Churches. A sense of duty was all that was necessary to urge him to the performance of the most laborious tasks, or the endurance of the greatest trials, or exposure to the most threatening perils. Such perseverance, fortitude, zeal, and godliness, we should conclude, would have rendered him eminently useful; and in this we are not mistaken. Thousands of the living and dead have blessed his name, as the shepherd whose endeavors ‘to seek and save that which was lost,’ were not wasted upon themselves. In the days of his vigor and entire devotion to the ministry, he was esteemed one of the most eloquent and effective pulpit orators. Many

of his powerful sermons, and the astonishing effects witnessed as the result of their delivery, are treasured in the memories of the sons of Tennessee and Kentucky, who speak of them and their author with the greatest admiration.

“Now he sleeps in death—but he died as he lived. He often said he would like to live a few months longer, to give himself entirely to private devotion and undisturbed meditation. He observed that he had been settling a new residence, and had been too much absorbed in it. ‘But,’ said he, ‘I die in peace; I have unshaken confidence in my Maker, and trust without doubt in Jesus Christ.’ These were the last words he uttered on the subject of religion, and they were nearly the last employed at all. Previously he had conversed on the subject of his condition and prospects at length. He was calm, unmoved, patient, resigned. His sufferings were great, but he bore them with true Christian fortitude, and died to enter that ‘rest which remaineth to the people of God.’ ”

The name of Miles Harper appears first in the Minutes of 1804. He spent his first year on the Red River Circuit, and the second he was appointed to the Lexington Circuit. He remained upon the Lexington Circuit only sufficiently long to become endeared to the Church, when he was summoned by Mr. Burke, the Presiding Elder, to take the place of Mr. Sellers on the Limestone Circuit, Mr. Sellers, the senior preacher, having been removed to another portion of the District. The Rev. Jacob Young, this year the junior preacher on Limestone

Circuit, in his Autobiography says: "This was a fortunate change. Harper was one of the most useful preachers I ever knew. Before he had gone once round, his praise was in all the churches. The congregation nearly doubled. As I followed him round, I could hear sinners crying for mercy at all his appointments, and the young people flocking to join the Church. Harper was an excellent preacher, and excelled in exhortation. He was one of the sweet singers of Israel. His lungs appeared never to tire. He had an elastic body, and his soul appeared to be in the work of God. Our first revival was at Limestone. It commenced the first time Brother Harper preached there, and continued through the Conference-year."*

The Limestone Circuit spread over a large extent of territory, and contained within its bounds twenty-three appointments, including Maysville, the neighborhood of Minerva, Augusta, German-town, Shannon, and Flemingsburg. In this portion of Kentucky, Methodism was fostered and flourished at this early period, to an extent that marked its progress in no other division of the State. At Flemingsburg it was eminently successful. Through this inviting field Mr. Harper passed as a faithful ambassador of Christ, preaching, exhorting, laboring with untiring energy in his high and holy calling. Thinking of nothing besides the work he was endeavoring to accomplish, we shall not be surprised at the success that followed his path. The

* Pp. 167, 168.

revival flame spread in every direction, until almost the entire circuit was in a blaze. At a camp-meeting held near Mills's Station, early in the summer, about one hundred were converted to God; and at the fourth quarterly meeting, held near Flemingsburg, (at which, to preserve order, a lease was taken on nearly one hundred acres of land,) a vast number united with the Church and many embraced religion.*

At the Conference of 1806, he was appointed to the Roaring River Circuit, and in 1807, to the Clinch Circuit, in East Tennessee. The same success that had made his ministry shine with such brilliancy in Kentucky, distinguished his preaching on these two fields. In 1808, we find him in charge of the Cumberland District, which embraced within its territory, in addition to the circuits lying in Tennessee, the Red River, Barren, Livingston, and Hartford Circuits—the three latter lying exclusively in Kentucky, and the former about equally divided between Kentucky and Tennessee.

Mr. Harper was eminently fitted for the responsible office confided to his trust. His brilliant talents, his commanding eloquence, his quenchless zeal, and above all his fervent piety, invested his quarterly meetings with an importance that could result only in blessing to the Church. This was his last year in Kentucky, but his name and his memory are still cherished in the State.

In 1809, he was sent to Natchez, and in 1810,

* Rev. Jacob Young's Autobiography.

was appointed Presiding Elder on the Mississippi District. From this period until 1829, with the exception of one year on the Nashville Circuit, his labors were bestowed on the Church in Mississippi. A few years, however, of this time were passed in a local sphere.

“ In nearly all the years of his itinerancy, especially the first five or six, the fruits of his labors were abundant. He was by nature an orator, and he cultivated his oratorical talents with extraordinary success. There was an unusual degree of unction and power in his public prayers and sermons. He seemed to be well acquainted with the avenues to the human heart, and many were brought to feel exquisitely under his sermons. The place where he made the greatest impression was in addressing a camp-meeting audience under favorable circumstances. For this his strong, clear, easy-flowing, and musical voice was well adapted. We will give one example of the effects of his ministry on such occasions. In 1829, he preached on Sunday at the camp-meeting at Spring Hill, in Jefferson county, Mississippi, at 10 or 11 o'clock A.M. His text was, ‘Return unto thy rest, O my soul.’ 1. He called our attention to the existence and attributes of the human soul. 2. That it was created to be holy and happy only in union and communion with God. 3. That it had been separated from its rest by original and actual sin. 4. That provision had been made for its return, and it was now invited to return. 5. The happy consequences that will follow its return, and the disastrous consequences that will result

from its not returning in due time to its intended rest. The whole discourse was deeply interesting, but under the fifth head he was surpassingly eloquent, especially in describing the eternal unrest of the lost soul. It could no longer claim the protection of God—could have no farther interest in Christ—could never again have any part in the sanctifying grace of the Spirit—had for ever lost all interest in the sympathies of both the Church militant and the Church triumphant; the very world upon which it had been accustomed to stand would ultimately be burned up; the heavens upon which it had been accustomed to gaze would pass away; the elements of the material heavens and earth would melt with fervent heat, and the doomed soul would be left to wander in hopeless despair amidst the blackness of darkness for ever. About the middle of his discourse, persons in various parts of the vast audience began to rise to their feet, one after another, until nearly the whole congregation was standing; then followed a gradual pressing inward, until by the time he was done most of his hearers were on their feet and as near him as they could well get. This is a sample of the overpowering eloquence with which he sometimes preached, and the divine unction that attended his ministry.

“But Miles Harper was not permitted to pass through life without some severe trials. He had some sharp points in his character that irritated and offended certain classes, especially the cold-hearted in the Church, and such as had no sympathy with religious excitement, and the obstinate and deter-

mined sinner without. Mr. Harper was inclined to be a rigid disciplinarian, and this displeased the habitually delinquent and refractory. In his sermons he often dealt with the short-comings of the Church-membership and the popular vices of the country with an unsparing hand. In the *matter* of this there was nothing wrong—in the *manner* of doing it, he may have been at times unnecessarily severe. But those who were not guilty themselves, nor wished to shield their families or friends in wrong-doing, were seldom offended at his plainness of speech.

“But there was a bitter cup for Mr. Harper to drink in his old age. In 1828, he was in charge of Washington, and the following year the country appointments were detached, and called Adams Circuit, and he was continued in charge of that portion of his former work, while Benjamin M. Drake was in charge of Washington. The two charges contemplated a union camp-meeting, and a consultation was incidentally held in the Washington portion of the work, and arrangements were made for holding the camp-meeting at a time specified without consulting Mr. Harper on the subject. In this he allowed himself to think he was treated with intentional disrespect, and in an unguarded moment made some remarks which got into the gossip of the country, and after passing through several editions, were construed into prevarication and falsehood. The excitement against Mr. Harper seemed to increase until the Conference met in Washington, in December, 1829, when he was

formally charged with the falsehood. It was no *count prejudicial* to his cause that the Conference met at Washington at that time, and that a number of the preachers boarded with those who were inimical to him, and were somewhat influenced against him before the case was investigated. The writer, who was President, does not yet see that the evidence was sufficient to depose an Elder in the Church; but such was the result. Those who admired and still had confidence in Mr. Harper, felt unutterable grief at his expulsion, while those who were opposed to him looked upon it as a triumph. When he came into Conference next morning to receive his sentence formally, he said 'that his feelings of anguish were unutterable, that morning, when he assembled his weeping family around his domestic altar, with an assurance that he was beyond the pale of the visible Church. He still affirmed himself innocent of any intentional wrong, but said he did not blame the Conference—they had voted in view of the testimony—the blame was somewhere else.' He alluded to the extreme view which the principal witness (upon whose testimony the whole matter mainly hinged) had taken of the unguarded remarks he had made about the appointment of the camp-meeting; and the Church delinquencies of that man afterward had a great tendency to restore Mr. Harper to the confidence of those who had voted against him at the time of his expulsion. He remained out of the Church about four years. He said he could not come back under the rule which requires 'confession and contrition,' as he was not conscious of

any intentional wrong. While out of the Church, he seemed to attend to all his private and family religious duties as punctually as before. He also continued to preach in various places to many who were willing and anxious to hear him. Early in 1834, he was invited by the pastor and a number of the leading members of the Church in Natchez to unite with them without 'confession and contrition,' which invitation was accepted; and as soon thereafter as it could be legally done, he was licensed to preach and restored to the office of an Elder. He was soon invited to occupy the various pulpits in his reach, and preached to the admiration of his old friends, though some modernized members of the Church seemed to have their minds made up not to like him.

"Mr. Harper had a very interesting family. Mrs. Harper belonged to one of the most intelligent, pious, and influential Methodist families in the South-west. Their children were lovely and promising. But the extreme ground taken by the majority of the Conference against Mr. Harper had a tendency to alienate his family from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to throw them from under the influence of her ministers. This was a consequence to be both expected and regretted. It was natural for them to sympathize with (as they esteemed him) the deeply wronged husband and father, but it was wrong in them to blame a whole denomination with what was done by a very few. Several of them, however, became worthy members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it is

devoutly hoped that this once happy family may yet all meet in heaven. Mr. Harper's old Tennessee co-laborers, who knew him while he belonged to the great Western Conference, appreciated him highly to the last, and called to see him in their occasional visits to the country. On his last visit to Mississippi, Bishop McKendree spent several days at his house, to the great delight of himself and family.

“After his return to the Church, Mr. Harper often regretted that he was not employed in the regular pastoral work, to which he had felt called of God in his youth, and in which he had spent the prime of his life. When he met with reverses in business, or suffered severe family afflictions, he allowed himself to fear that they were providential chastisements, because he was out of his legitimate calling.

“When the writer was Presiding Elder on the Sharon District, about 1838, Mr. Harper was invited to come on a visit to Mrs. Harper's near relations, in Madison county, at a time when he could be with us at two of our camp-meetings. He accordingly came, though the distance was one hundred and fifty miles from where he then resided. As he was now far away from the scene of his late trials, we determined not only to give him every opportunity to be useful, but to enjoy himself to the fullest extent in preaching. We accordingly called on him to preach at the most favorable hours, both in the day and night; and it was delightful to those who had heard him in manhood's prime, to see how com-

pletely he had come up to his former standard of eloquence and powerful preaching. The two camp-meetings he attended were both in the immediate vicinity of the old Nashville and Natchez Trace, down which he traveled through the Chickasaw and Choctaw tribes of Indians, in 1810, when he came as a missionary to Mississippi. On several occasions, he touchingly alluded to that lonely missionary trip through a natural and moral wilderness, in order to show what God had wrought for us in twenty-eight years. On one occasion, the eloquent old veteran seemed elated with the prospect of spending the evening of life happily engaged in his appropriate work. 'I am now,' said he, 'fifty-nine years old, and I feel that God is about to take the remnant of my days!' Soon after this, he removed from Washington to Tensas parish, Louisiana, where, in a few years, he finished his earthly pilgrimage. When a friend asked him, on his death-bed, how he felt in view of death, his laconic answer was, 'I feel peace!'

"Miles Harper would not have been esteemed a great man in some respects—not as a philosopher, metaphysician, logician, or merely as a literary character; but he was great in eloquence and declamation, and the power with which he approached the human heart through the medium of the gospel."*

The revivals of religion which like a flame of

* History of the Introduction of Protestantism into Mississippi and the South-west, by Rev. John G. Jones, pp. 127-133.

fire had passed over Kentucky, had at this period somewhat abated; nevertheless, in many portions of the State the Church was favored with displays of divine power which resulted in the conversion of hundreds. Not only was the Church at that time blessed with such men as Gwin, Harper, Ward, and Burke, in the itinerant ranks, but among the local preachers, the names of Henry Brenton, Benjamin Whitson, Amos Chitwood, and Elijah Sutton, (the first three of whom settled in what is now Trimble county, and the last in Henry county,) for their indefatigable labors will be held in everlasting remembrance.

As early as 1800, Henry Brenton, with his widowed mother, sought a home in Kentucky. He had lived in Pennsylvania, and before emigrating from that State had embraced religion, joined the Methodist Church, and received license to preach. He brought with him to his new home all the devotion to the Church for which the pioneer preachers were distinguished. He was instrumental in the organization of a flourishing society, (the first formed in Trimble county,) known for many years as Mount Tabor. He was a man of great vivacity, lively in his disposition, with a considerable talent for wit and repartee. Though not distinguished for a high order of talents, his pulpit labors were nevertheless highly acceptable. As a local preacher he was remarkable for his zeal, and often the entire congregation would be melted to tears by the pathos mingled with his appeals. At an early day he emigrated to Indiana, where he lived for many years,

adorning his profession by an upright and holy life, and then passed away to the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

Benjamin Whitson came to Kentucky from one of the Carolinas. Devoted to Methodism as the best form of Christianity, he not only regarded it a duty, but esteemed it a privilege, to present its claims and enforce its truths in the community among whom he had settled. Blessed with a superior intellect, and with an energy that was untiring, to which was added a holy life, he failed not to avail himself of every opportunity that was afforded to persuade the people to turn to God. It was while he was preaching on one occasion that a young man was converted, who afterward became one of the most distinguished local preachers in the State. The name of George Strother was a tower of strength in Kentucky for more than half a century. Mr. Whitson was a venerable-looking man, tall and slender, and with a commanding presence. Many of the earlier societies were formed through his labors. After residing in Kentucky for many years, he removed to Indiana, and settled a few miles below the city of Madison.

Amos Chitwood* was a man of deep piety, but of moderate talents as a preacher. He preached but seldom, but so pure was his life and so exemplary his deportment, that his influence led many to Christ. He remained in Kentucky but a few years, and also removed to Indiana, and located in the

* From a letter received from the Rev. Jeremiah Strother.

same community with Mr. Whitson. They both lived to a good old age, and died in great peace.

“Elijah Sutton* was born in Lancaster county, Va., on the 9th of August, 1772. When he was about eight years of age, his parents moved to Washington county, Pa. Here he remained till his twenty-first year, when he married the widow Parks, (whose maiden name was Martha Galbraith,) and two or three months afterward moved to Kentucky. He came with his family down the Ohio to the mouth of the Kentucky River, and thence along a trace through the pea-vines, with or near the present Newcastle and Carrollton road, from which he soon diverged and settled in what is now the north-eastern part of Henry county.

“While living here, he sought and obtained religion, and with three or four others united in society as Methodists, at Meeks’s Station, about two miles above Newcastle, on the Frankfort road. We may mention an adventure which is related as having occurred at this station. Some of the men of the station were plowing in a cornfield about a half mile from it. A young woman, Sally Meeks, rode to where they were plowing, to take their dinners to them. As she returned, she was attacked by Indians, who were lying in ambush awaiting her return. One threw a tomahawk at her, which

* He was the father of the Rev. Jesse Sutton, of Missouri Conference, of the Rev. Elijah Sutton, of Jefferson county, Ky., and of the Rev. John Sutton, a local preacher who died some years ago in Illinois.

stuck in a tree just before her. As she passed, she seized it and carried it into the station.

“The society increased, and a house of worship was erected about a half mile south of Newcastle. Father Sutton was licensed to exhort some eighteen months after he became a member of the Church, and two or three years after this was licensed to preach. He was ordained by Bishop McKendree, but at what time is not known. His place of worship was probably six to eight miles from his residence, yet he usually walked that distance to attend his meetings. After some years, however, he moved toward Newcastle, within two and a half miles of it. While living here, it is believed, the society was organized at William Galbraith’s, near by, probably about the year 1803. In 1807, he removed to the place (about four miles north-east of Newcastle) which was his home the remainder of his life—about fifty years.

“Shortly after the war of 1812, he rode the circuit a year, in Indiana, believed to be the Silver Creek Circuit. His place of crossing the Ohio was Westport, his Presiding Elder the Rev. Charles Holliday.

“Galbraith’s Meeting-house, afterward Mt. Gilead, was built, probably, about 1812; but remaining in an unfinished state for many years, (altogether, if not consecutively,) the meetings of the church were held at Father Sutton’s house. During this time a revival of considerable power occurred, in 1817, under the ministry of the Rev. S. Bacon. A few years afterward, (viz., October, 1822,) the great revival of this church commenced at one of Father

Sutton's meetings, at the house of Horatio Middleton, his next neighbor. The indications were such as to suggest the propriety of calling for mourners; the invitation was given, and four came forward, of whom the Rev. T. V. Bruce was one. This revival continued some three years—perhaps longer. Meetings were frequently held. Besides circuit-preaching followed by class-meetings, on other Sabbaths class-meetings were held, and prayer-meetings regularly twice a week, at different houses in the neighborhood. The power of God was frequently signally manifested in deep convictions, happy conversions, and the spirit of grace and supplication poured abundantly upon the Lord's people.

“The circuit-preachers, particularly the Rev. B. T. Crouch, labored efficiently during this revival, when present. But the circuit (then Shelby) being large, and the preacher's time, week-days as well as Sundays, nearly all occupied, they could not devote much time consecutively to one locality. The labor of conducting the meetings, therefore, devolved mainly upon Father Sutton, assisted by W. D. Green, T. V. Bruce, and others.

“We have an account of a singular case that occurred during this revival. An old man about sixty, and very dissipated and profane, came in a state of intoxication to a meeting at Father Sutton's house. When mourners were called for, he came forward with others and bowed at the mourners' bench. Some of the members of the Church were in favor of having him removed; but Father Sutton would not have him disturbed, but talked kindly to him,

though as in a state of intoxication—told him how he should do when he should become sober, etc. That night week he was at meeting again, perfectly sober, and a deeply convicted man. When mourners were called for, he was one of the number. In four or five weeks he was soundly converted, as his upright and pious course, to the end of life, abundantly testified. Nearly his whole family, too, were converted and added to the Church.

“Another incident may be mentioned. While Father Sutton and family were going to meeting, which was at the house of his neighbor already mentioned, his youngest son told him if he did not obtain the blessing that night, he thought he would never go again to the mourners’ bench. ‘My son,’ said he, solemnly, ‘beware how you make such promises.’ Meeting was about closing, the mourners leaving the bench, when Mother Bruce, perceiving the youth still lingering, bowed at his side, saying that she would agonize with him until the break of day, if he did not receive the blessing before. She engaged in earnest prayer with him, and soon he passed into the liberty of the children of God. This youth is now the Rev. Elijah Sutton.

“In the latter years of his life, owing to a bronchial affection, Father Sutton was almost entirely disabled from ministerial labor; yet he was faithful in his attendance on the means of grace—his place was seldom vacant at the house of worship. He was exemplary in his walk and conversation to the end of life. He was blessed with remarkable buoyancy of spirits; we do not remember to have

seen him otherwise than cheerful, but his cheerfulness was without levity. No harrowing remembrances of the past, no gloomy forebodings of the future, seemed to disturb him.

“He was quite a reader of the Bible and good books—an exercise the more pleasant and profitable, as he had quite a taste for knowledge, and a retentive memory. He seemed to have a presentiment of his death for a twelvemonth before it occurred. He frequently spoke of his departure as approaching. Between two and three weeks before his death, he was struck with paralysis, which rendered him almost insensible till the time of his departure. He fell asleep in Christ on the 8th day of August, 1857, aged eighty-five years and three days. His wife preceded him about nine years to the land of rest; and the greater part of a numerous family, all of whom were members of the Church, are doubtless sharing with him the joys of immortality.”*

Mrs. Martha Sutton, the wife of the Rev. Elijah Sutton, was equally zealous with her husband in promoting the cause of the Redeemer. Retiring and unassuming in her manners, her consistent and fervent piety shed a luster on her profession, and for fifty years made her a bright example. On the 10th of March, 1848, in the seventy-eighth year of her age, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

In the year 1808, William and Sarah Bruce† set-

* Letter to the author from the Rev. J. F. Strother, of Henry county, Ky.

† They were the parents of the Rev. Thomas V. Bruce, of Henry county, Ky.

tled in Henry county, in the neighborhood in which Mr. Sutton had located. They were converted previous to their emigration to Kentucky.

“William Bruce was the son of Elijah and Letitia Bruce, and was born in King George county, Va., June 1st, 1771. His parents died when he was about six years old; after this, he lived with his uncle, Joel Bruce, on the Potomac, at the mouth of Acquia Creek. His patrimony was early swept away by the depreciation of the continental money, into which it had been converted; hence his education was limited. While living there, he saw the British fleet pass up the Potomac, going to Alexandria. His Uncle Joel joined the army, and he was sent to carry him clothes, etc., while the army was *en route* to Yorktown to capture Cornwallis.

“In 1782, his uncle and he with him moved to Culpepper county, on the North Fork of the Rappahannock, about seven miles from Warrenton. From this place, in 1793, William and a cousin went to his Grandfather Doulin’s, in North Carolina, near Huntsville, in Surry county. He lived there one season, during which he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Vandever, whom he afterward married, viz., on the 2d of January, 1794, in Buncombe county, whither the family had removed the previous November. He bought a small farm there, in a valley of the Black Mountains, over which roamed the deer, wolf, and bear in great abundance. It was on the summit of these mountains that he heard the thunder rolling in the valley below him. Bear-tracks were thick along the path Sarah his

wife frequently traveled to her mother's, about a mile distant. Once while she was going on the mountain for the cow, having her child with her, the child cried, and the next morning they found a bear had tracked her from that point to the bars of the yard. After living here two years, they removed to Surry county again. Here he prospered in business and lived in the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

“The year 1800 is the date of the conversion of himself and wife. In the early part of 1803, he sold out in view of moving to Kentucky, having heard glowing accounts of that State. He started thither on the 1st of April, 1803. They had a long and fatiguing journey, crossing the Blue Ridge and Cumberland Mountains in their route—the latter at the ‘Gap’—and stopped on the waters of Dick's River, in Lincoln county, Ky. In the fall he moved to Wayne county, on Wolf Creek, in a canebrake. As soon as the opportunity was offered, they joined the Methodist Church, which was at Archie's, (a preaching-place at a private house,) in the edge of Adair county. Soon after, they received circuit-preaching into their own house, where it remained for some years.

“After living here five years, seeing no opportunity to educate his children, he determined to move again. Accordingly, he sold out in the year 1808, and moved to Henry county, Ky. Here he lived the remainder of his life. He was an active and devoted member of the Church, taking a deep interest in whatever concerned her prosperity. Soon after his removal to Henry county, he had a

meeting-house erected upon his land, which, however, was soon burned down. His house was ever a home for the preachers. He was an efficient worker in his sphere, in the revivals which blessed the Galbraith (afterward the Mt. Gilead) Church, of which he was a member. He was industrious, energetic, yet quiet, unassuming, conservative. He was joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer. And though the subject of a bronchial affection for many years, he lived to an advanced age; and as the evening shadows of life deepened, he rejoiced frequently in prospect of eternal rest in heaven. Calm and sweetly he fell asleep, and passed to the mansions of the blessed, just at the rising of the sun on the morning of the 4th of July, 1862, aged ninety-one years, six months, and three days. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!'

"His wife, Sarah Bruce, was born Jan. 3, 1777, in North Carolina. She was the daughter of John and Emily Vandever—one of a numerous family of children. She was married to William Bruce, Jan. 2, 1794. Her conversion, which was clear and powerful, occurred in the year 1800. Her convictions were deep and pungent, and in the joy that succeeded all nature seemed to participate. Its sounds were music in her ears, and it seemed clothed in robes of beauty and loveliness. The night after her conversion, at her suggestion, the family altar was erected, from which went up the incense of prayer and praise from warm and glad hearts.

"Though not blessed with the advantages of a good education, she was gifted in an unusual degree

in those exercises in which she engaged in divine worship. Her prayers, her acclamations of praise to God, when her soul did magnify the Lord and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour, will never be forgotten by many who witnessed them. She had a peculiar aptitude in directing the inquirer in the way of salvation, and inspiring the doubting and desponding with confidence and reliance. Hence she was eminently useful in revival meetings and at the bedside of the sick and dying.

“Mother Bruce’s mental characteristics were marked. She had a fine memory and a lively and strong imagination—the source of vivid conceptions and ready and often very impressive utterances. The cardinal truths of Christianity seemed to be incorporated into her very existence, and of course their verity never questioned. Having served the Lord in her generation, she died in the faith, Dec. 26, 1862, aged eighty-five years, eleven months, and twenty-three days.”*

Methodism owes its introduction into Trimble county chiefly to the family of Mrs. Brenton, of whose son we have already made mention. She was the sister of the Rev. Daniel and Gabriel Woodfield, to whom we alluded in our former volume. Mrs. Brenton was a member of the Church in Western Pennsylvania, where she had formerly lived. Her family consisted of herself, two sons, and two daughters. A small settlement had been formed on the ridge lying between Bedford and Carrollton,

* Letter to the author from the Rev. J. F. Strother.

about six miles from the former place, and in this community she located. In this neighborhood a Methodist meeting-house was erected, about the commencement of the present century. The increase of the population, together with the prosperity of the Church, soon demanded a more commodious house of worship, when the Mount Tabor Church took its place. As one of the great centers of early Methodism in Kentucky, the Mount Tabor Church sent out a salutary influence into all the surrounding country. Farley's Church, built a few years later, (afterward known as New Hope,) as well as Mount Nebo, Mount Pleasant, Bethel, and other places of worship in the county, were indebted for their erection and much of their prosperity to the original society at Mount Tabor.*

John Pirtle † joined the Church this year under the ministry of John Henninger, was soon licensed to preach, and became one of the most eminent and useful local preachers in the State.

He was a Virginian—a native of that beautiful valley bounded by the Blue Ridge, the North Mountain, the Potomac, and the Shenandoah. He was born in Berkeley county on the 14th of November, 1772. When quite young, he removed with his father's family from Berkeley to Washington county, on the North Fork of Holston River, and near Abingdon. In this county, when twenty-one years of age, he was married to Amelia Fitzpatrick, a native

* Letter to the author from the Rev. Jeremiah Strother.

† He was the father of the Hon. Judge Pirtle and of the late Rev. Claiborne Pirtle, M.D., of Louisville, Ky.

of Hampshire county. They determined at once to come to Kentucky. We make an extract from a letter written by their son, in 1840, in answer to an invitation to be present at the celebration of the first settlement in the State, on the 24th of May, at Boonsborough, on the Kentucky River:

“In those days it was the habit for persons who intended to come to this country, to rendezvous, for fifty miles or more around, at some place appointed, and travel in company, with arms in their hands. My parents, who had been recently married, very young, had come to one of these points of meeting, and found they had mistaken the day—that the company had gone two days before. But as they had set out to come to Kentucky, and had received the blessing of their friends at the home they had wept for at parting, they resolved that they would not then turn back—*they would come to Kentucky*; and accordingly my father, with his rifle on his shoulder, on one horse, and a pack under him, and my mother on another horse, and a pack under her, traversed the solitary wilderness and crossed the mountains alone—not on the ‘old wilderness road,’ but along the old wilderness *path*—till they came to Crab Orchard. Then every rustle in the leaves, or crack of a stick in the deep woods, might well have been taken for the whereabouts of the prowling savage.”

He settled in Washington county, in Kentucky, where he brought up a large family of children, all of whom became members of the Methodist Church, but one.

He was a man of natural eloquence, of impressive personal presence; and it was said by the celebrated Barnabas McHenry that his voice was the best he had ever heard.

He was a man of very expansive and vigorous mind—well trained and methodical. He had remarkable talent in mathematics; and especially he delighted in astronomy—that difficult science. The Rev. Marcus Lindsey, in preaching his funeral-sermon, said that his was the strongest intellect he had ever known.

“He had the highest appreciation of the importance of the Methodist plan of bearing the gospel by their itinerant ministers—unlearned as many were then—to the inhabitants of Western villages, and, above all, to those simple-hearted, unartificial, good, poor people, that lived in the cabins in the woods. Their spiritual needs made a voice from Macedonia—‘Come over and help us.’

“In 1809, he connected himself and his family with the Methodist Episcopal Church; and from this time his house was a preaching-place on the circuit, and a home for the preachers during his life, and for many years after his death.

“The same year he labored extensively in enlarging the work in Kentucky, and contributed, by his powerful intellect, largely to the growth and prosperity of the Church.

“By his remarkable zeal and earnest sermons, and his other work in the Church and out of the Church, he did much to strengthen it and widen its influence in the region within his reach. Nor was

he a bigot. Devoted as he was to his own Church, he loved Christianity wherever he found it.

“His neighbors were about half of them Catholics; and although he was so strict a Protestant, he lived in such esteem with the Catholics, that when his funeral-sermon was to be preached on Sunday, some weeks after his death, (as was the custom in those days,) the Catholics forebore to go to mass that day, but came to hear the sermon in honor of their deceased Protestant neighbor.

“His last illness was very long. His eldest son, who arrived the day before his death, talking with him—for he still conversed freely—asked him if he felt willing to die: he replied that he would rather stay longer with his family, if it were the Lord’s will, but that he was ready to go. That night, 29th of March, 1826, he reclined in death as calmly as in health he had laid his head upon his nightly pillow.”

This was a year of great prosperity to the Church. At the Conference of 1808, the Green River, the Cumberland, and the Fleming Circuits were formed, and during the year Samuel Sellers and Jacob Truman extended their labors into Henderson county, and organized the Henderson Circuit, and reported it at the ensuing Conference. In the northern and central portions of the State we behold the indefatigable Ward, like a flame of fire, traversing his extensive District, laboring with apostolic zeal, diffusing the light of a holy life, and in strains of earnestness inviting sinners to Christ, success crowning his efforts, and revivals following his

labors; while in Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, Miles Harper is passing from place to place, now defending the doctrines of the Church, and then in thunder tones denouncing sin; or again kneeling beside the humble penitent at the altar of prayer, or mingling his shouts with those just converted to God—everywhere as the leader of the hosts—inspiring the preachers with zeal, and infusing new life into the Church. Under these gallant leaders the Church prospered, and hundreds were converted to God.

At the close of this year, the white membership amounted to seven thousand and eleven, and the colored to four hundred and eighty-four, being an increase over the previous year, in the former, of *six hundred and sixty-one*, while in the latter there was a decrease of *forty*.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE CONFERENCE OF 1809 TO THE CONFERENCE
OF 1811.

The Conference of 1809 held in Cincinnati—Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—Samuel Hellums—Charles Holliday—Henry McDaniel—Samuel West—John Travis—Joshua Oglesby—Gabriel Ament—Green River District—Sandy River Circuit—Increase of membership—Conference of 1810 at Brick Chapel, Ky.—Asbury and McKendree present—Marcus Lindsey—James G. Leach—Matthew Nelson—Caleb J. Taylor—Baker Wrather—Nathan Pullum—Samuel S. Griffin—John Johnson—Manoah Lasley—Thomas Lasley—John Crane—Benjamin Edge—Samuel Sellers—Cumberland Presbyterian Church organized—Increase in membership.

THE Conference for 1809 was held in Cincinnati, commencing September 30. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present. Passing through the State of Ohio, Bishop Asbury says:

“*Sabbath, 24.*—I spoke in the new chapel in Millford: Brothers Lakin and Boehm also spoke. I feel the importance of the approaching Conference. At Brother Gatch’s, on *Monday*, I filled up the day in planning, writing, and reading. We visited Andrew McGuire’s family. Preached on *Wednesday*—the house was full, and the weather excessively warm: *faint yet pursuing*. My aid is absent amongst the Germans. I lodged at McCarmut’s.

Thursday I stood up at Columbia, and gave them a talk on Matt. vii. 7-12: the heat was extreme. Fair Cincinnati brought us up. The house here is enlarged and the society has increased. Our Brother West is sick, and cannot come to the Conference: many of our brethren will be absent. *Friday*, humiliation-day. Muskingum District will have four camp-meetings. At Kauhaway there were one thousand people present; at St. Clairsville three thousand souls at least; at Rush Creek nearly as many. In Miami District seventeen camp-meetings in the year; in Scioto Circuit four; Hockhocking, two; Deer Creek, two; Mad River, three; White Water, two; Cincinnati, two; and White, two.

“*Sabbath, Oct. 1.*—Brother Blackman preached at nine o’clock, Brother McKendree at twelve o’clock, and Brother Burke at three o’clock. There were, it is judged, three thousand souls on the ground. I may add, that the list may be complete, seventeen camp-meetings for Indiana District. I thought it proper to render an account of all I had received, and all I had expended, on the road: all *given* away came out of my own pocket. More of camp-meetings—I hear and see the great effects produced by them, and this year there will be more than ever.

“*Sabbath, 8.*—I preached in the morning, and in the evening I also spoke again by way of exhortation. The Conference closed its labors, and the members separated on *Monday.*” *

* Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., pp. 321, 322.

Leaving Cincinnati after the adjournment of the Conference, he traveled through Kentucky, visiting Mount Gerizim in Harrison county, "lodging at Whitaker's," preaching at "Martin's Meeting-house," and "spending the night at Major Martin's." Passing "on through Richmond, and over the Long Hill," he reached Tennessee on the 19th of October, preaching almost every day along his route.

At this session of the Conference, among those admitted on trial we find the names of Samuel Hellums, Charles Holliday, Henry McDaniel, and Samuel West, whose appointments for this year were in Kentucky.

Samuel Hellums was an itinerant preacher six years. He traveled the Hinkstone, Clinch, Fleming, Little Miami, Little Sandy, and Danville Circuits. He located in 1815, but at a later period in life reëntered the Conference, and traveled on the Hinkstone and Little Sandy Circuits, and then sustained a superannuated relation for three years, but located again in 1833. He was a good man.

Charles Holliday was born in the city of Baltimore, Nov. 23, 1771. His parents, James and Mary Holliday, were members of the Presbyterian Church, and not only carefully trained their son in the doctrines and moral influences, but educated him in reference to the ministry, of that denomination. The loss, however, of his parents, before he attained to manhood, led to the abandonment of the idea of entering upon the profession for which he was designed.

“In the month of May, 1793, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Watkins, a lady of good understanding and sound and discreet judgment, who afterward became a devoted, pious, and faithful Christian. The day after they were married, they, in company, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and commenced family devotions the same evening.”

We are not advised as to the time Mr. Holliday made a profession of religion, but he received license to preach, in 1797, as a local preacher, in which relation he faithfully served the Church, until the session of the Western Conference in 1809, when he became an itinerant. His first appointment was the Danville Circuit. In 1810, he was placed in charge of the Lexington Circuit, with Eli Truitt and Caleb W. Cloud for his colleagues, where he remained for two years. In consequence of declining health, Mr. Truitt was compelled to retire from the field when the year was only half passed, leaving this large and responsible charge in the care of Mr. Holliday, as Mr. Cloud was also unable to preach constantly.

At this period the Lexington Circuit “extended in length from the Kentucky River on the south to the Licking River on the north, embracing Woodford, Jessamine, Fayette, Scott, and Bourbon counties, and all the southern and eastern portions of Harrison county;” and was large, not only in its boundaries, but in the number of appointments also, there being twenty-eight in four weeks. These were filled in twenty-two days by preaching twice in a day.

“One neighborhood, in the hills of Beaver Creek in Harrison county, was famous for its zeal and religious fervor. Three or four local preachers among them were distinguished for their energy and perseverance in the cause of God; and the history of their conversion is so singular, that I make no apology for introducing it here. They, with some others who had long been companions in wickedness, and engaged in every kind of sport and folly, were collected together to spend the Christmas holidays. It was proposed that, in derision, they should hold a Methodist meeting, and one of the number was singled out to preach. He got up, and gave out for his hymn,

Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more, etc.;

and they joined in singing it, after which all knelt down to pray. That over, the preacher took his text in the almanac, and commenced his sermon by telling them they were a pack of ungodly sinners, and if they did not repent, they would all go to hell! After a little, a wonderful excitement seized him; a torrent of awful warnings flowed from his lips, as if the spirit of some powerful preacher was using him against his will for a mouth-piece. Strange to relate, he became powerfully convicted under his own preaching, and started to run, but fell at the door. His audience, greatly alarmed, attempted to make their escape, but fell beside their preacher. All joined now in genuine cries for mercy, and every one of them obtained a sense of pardon before they left the spot.

“This was followed by a glorious revival of the work of God. These men now labored as zealously for Christ as they had before done for the devil. They were men of great natural courage, and one of them had been known far and near as the *Blue Tick Devil*; but now the scale was turned, and Peter Monical was an undaunted hero in the army of Israel. These men have all passed away, and, as far as I can learn, were faithful until death. In the number were the two brothers Monical, Giddings, Mullens, and Wagoner. I am not certain that the latter was one of those engaged in the mock-meeting, but he belonged to that revival, and was afterward a good and useful man. Here was one of those instances in which God uses the instrument of sin for its destruction, and snatches almost from the clutches of the enemy of souls those who had apparently given themselves up to work wickedness.” *

Upon the retirement of Mr. Truitt from this circuit, his place was supplied for the remainder of the year by the removal from the Fleming Circuit of a young man, then traveling under the Presiding Elder, who afterward became one of the most distinguished preachers in the State.

In 1812, he was appointed to the Shelby Circuit; in 1813, to the Salt River District, where he remained for three years. “In July, 1816, being bereaved of his pious and faithful wife, who left him with nine children, he found it necessary to locate.”

* Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, Vol. I., p. 271.

In 1817, he was reädmitted into the Conference, and appointed to the Cumberland District, in the Tennessee Conference; and in 1821, he was placed in charge of the Green River District, Kentucky Conference, on each of which he remained for four years.

The labors of Mr. Holliday in Kentucky, whether in charge of Circuits or Districts, were greatly blessed to the Church. On the Danville, Lexington, and Shelby Circuits, his ministry was owned and blessed. For the office of Presiding Elder he was eminently qualified. His fine executive talents, his marked ability in the pulpit, whether in defending the doctrines and peculiarities of Methodism, or enforcing its practical and experimental truths, together with the kindness and gentleness he showed toward the younger preachers in his District, rendered him a universal favorite as a Presiding Elder during his stay in Kentucky.

In the autumn of 1825, he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, and appointed to the Wabash District, on which he remained until the General Conference of 1828, when he was elected Book Agent at Cincinnati. In this relation he served the Church until 1836, when he was appointed Presiding Elder of Lebanon District, Illinois Conference; and in 1838, we find him in charge of the Alton District, on each of which he remained two years. In 1840, he was appointed to the Lebanon District, on which he continued four years. Unable longer to perform the arduous duties of a Presiding Elder, yet unwilling to lay aside the harness, at the Con-

ference of 1844 we find him on the Grafton, and in 1845 on the Carlinville Circuit. At the close of this year, unable longer to prosecute his labors as an itinerant, he is placed on the superannuated roll, on which he continues until relieved by death. "He attended the Conference in Quincy, in September, 1849. On his way to that Conference he was attacked with disease of the kidneys, from which he never recovered. Although his sufferings in this, his last illness, were extreme, he frequently exulted in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which enabled him to bear so much suffering without complaining. He retained his reason to the last. It had been his practice for thirty years to pray three times a day in his family, and from his devotional spirit we wonder not that his sun of life set in great peace." *

For nearly thirty years the name of Henry McDaniel was familiar to the Church of Kentucky as a preacher of the gospel. Previous to his conversion, he was a very reckless and unpromising youth, ignorant and unlettered, and his manners of the most uncouth and rustic order. At a revival at Ebenezer, in Clarke county, he was awakened and converted to God. The Rev. Williams Kavanaugh, at that time teaching school in the neighborhood, discovered in him the elements of genius and promise, and offered him the advantages that education would confer, and gave him such training and instruction as inspired him with confidence in him-

* General Minutes, Vol. IV., pp. 528, 529.

self, and rendered him eminently useful, in after life, as a minister of Jesus Christ.

No Church in Kentucky gave to the itinerant ranks, in early times, so many preachers as did Ebenezer. Of these Mr. McDaniel was the first to enter the field. Entering upon the duties and labors of an itinerant at a period that "tried men's souls," amid the privations and sufferings to which he was exposed, he adhered to the path of duty, never turning aside from the pastoral work only when his health was too much impaired to exercise its functions. His first five years in the Conference he traveled the Salt River, the Hinkstone, the Limestone, the Danville, and the Shelby Circuits. The long rides he had to perform, together with his abundant labors and the constant exposure to which he was subjected, made heavy inroads upon his constitution, and compelled him, at the Conference of 1814, to ask for a supernumerary relation. His health continuing to decline, at the following Conference he was placed on the superannuated list, where he remained for two years. With his health slightly improved, in 1817 he returns to the effective ranks, and is sent to the Limestone Circuit, but at the following Conference again takes a superannuated relation. The next year he was placed on the effective roll, and at the Conference of 1819, he was appointed to the Georgetown Circuit, with instructions to interchange pulpits with Nathanael Harris, who was in charge of Lexington Station. Useful in the several charges he had filled, he was eminently so while in this

field. Under his ministry, Georgetown was visited with a gracious revival of religion, the first of any extent with which the labors of the Methodist ministry had been blessed at this point. Sixty persons were added to the Church.* In 1820, he was stationed at Georgetown and Lexington with the eccentric William C. Stribling, and the following year in Louisville. At the Conference of 1822, he was appointed to the Danville Circuit, after which his name no more appears on the effective roll. At the Conference held in Danville, Ky., in the autumn of 1838, he asked for a location, soon after which he removed to Illinois, where, a few years ago, he ended his pilgrimage in great peace.

The ministry of Samuel West was confined almost entirely to the State of Ohio. His appointment for this year was to the Shelby Circuit, the only field occupied by him in Kentucky. He located in 1824, and still lives not far from Cincinnati, at the advanced age of eighty years, in the enjoyment of good health. In the early days of his ministry he was an acceptable and useful preacher, and in the zenith of his strength was a minister of superior talents.

Among the pioneer preachers, no one of his contemporaries surpassed John Travis in labors and sacrifices. During the eight years of his connection with the Western Conference, he traveled extensively in Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

* Letter to the author from the Rev. J. R. Deering, dated July 12, 1867.

He was born in the State of South Carolina, Nov. 3, 1773. In early manhood he emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in what is now known as Crittenden county. Awakened under the preaching of the gospel, he sought the pardoning mercy of God, and when converted, joined the Methodist Church. Impressed with the conviction that he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry, "conscious of the hardships of early frontier itinerancy, he cast his lot with that holy and self-sacrificing band of faithful ministers who composed the old Western Conference."

In 1806, his name appears for the first time in the list of Appointments, and his field of labor the Territory of Missouri. Only two years had elapsed since the erection of Missouri into a territorial government, when John Travis, as a missionary of the cross, first pressed its soil. No minister of Jesus Christ had borne the message of salvation to the people of that new and interesting Territory. To him belongs the distinguished honor of being the first to carry beyond the Father of Waters the tidings of a Redeemer's love. At the time of his entrance upon this distant field, there were only about sixteen thousand persons in the Territory, including the Indians, only a part of whom were civilized. The tide of emigration, however, had set in with a strong current toward the setting sun, chiefly from Kentucky and North Carolina, and each succeeding month augmented the population. To these people, scattered over a vast extent of country, young Travis went, and both by his public

ministry and private life invited them to Christ. At the ensuing Conference he reported, as the fruit of his labors, two circuits—the Missouri and the Maramaek—the former with fifty-six members, and the latter forty-four. At the following Conference he was appointed to the Wilkinson Circuit, in the Mississippi District. Cloud and Pattison had both preceded him in that difficult field of labor. With commendable zeal he entered upon his work, and with tireless energy he prosecuted the duties of an evangelist, and reports an increase in the membership at the close of the year. It was but seldom in that early period of the history of the Church that a preacher, however useful, was continued for a longer time than one year on the same circuit. At the Conference of 1808, we find him on the Roaring River Circuit, spreading over a large territory, embracing Overton, Jackson, and a part of Smith counties. In 1809, he returns to Kentucky, whence he had gone only three years previous as an itinerant. His appointment is to the Green River Circuit, where he remains for two years. He afterward travels Livingston, Dover, and Holston Circuits, when failing in health, he located in 1814. The failure of his health superinduced this change in his relation. For many years he practiced medicine, and was useful as a physician. With unwavering attachment to the Church, he continued during his life to give his energies to its welfare. Not only was he an able defender of its doctrines and usages, but his life, sanctified by grace, shed a constant influence for good. His last

illness was brief. The religion which had so often cheered him during a pilgrimage of nearly half a century, offered him sweet consolation in his last moments. "As long as he was able to speak, he gave constant assurance to his family and friends that the Lord whom he had long served was with him, and that the gospel he had preached to others was the power of God to his salvation."* He died November 11, 1852.

With this year the labors of Joshua Oglesby closed as an itinerant preacher. His last appointment was to the Fleming Circuit. During the five years he had traveled, he was not surpassed in either his zeal, or the sacrifices he made to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, by any of his contemporaries. Worn down, however, by the severity of his labors, he was forced to yield to the stern law of necessity, and to seek for the restoration of his health in a more circumscribed sphere. He was located at his own request.

Among the laymen in the Church at this period, Gabriel Ament† was prominent. He was born in 1760, in Germany, on the waters of the Rhine. His father, Henry Ament, was an extensive ship-builder, and the possessor of an ample fortune. Of Roman Catholic parentage, he was educated for the priesthood, and in reference to the episcopate. At the age of fourteen he entered college, and when

* Nashville Christian Advocate, April 14, 1853.

† He was the father of the Rev. T. W. Ament, of the St. Louis Conference, and the grandfather of the Rev. Wilbur L. King, of the Louisville Conference.

only eighteen years of age, graduated with distinguished honor. Immediately after leaving college, he entered a theological seminary, preparatory to the profession on which he expected to enter.

At this time Germany was raising troops, and as was the custom, a press-gang was empowered to levy on every young man they might meet, and press him into military service for life. Having been pressed into the service, he resolved, if possible, to elude them. Making his escape, he endeavored to seek a conference with his father, but not being able to find him, he went on board a vessel, bound for Holland, and informing the captain, with whom he was acquainted, as to the danger to which he was exposed, he kindly concealed him in an empty hogshead to prevent his arrest. On reaching Holland, he found a vessel about to embark for America, and taking passage, after a tedious and perilous voyage, he landed in the city of Philadelphia. Brought up in affluence and wealth, he found himself in a strange land without a dollar, and with another young German who accompanied him to this country, he was sold to the highest bidder for three years to pay his passage. He was purchased by a Protestant gentleman, who, on discovering that he was a young man of cultivated mind and manners, manifested the most intense interest in his welfare, and afforded him every opportunity to investigate the comparative merits of Romanism and Protestantism. The investigation led to the renunciation of popery, for which he was afterward anathematized in Philadelphia in 1789.

From the kind gentlemen who had purchased three years of his time, he was afforded many facilities for making money, and in eighteen months he was able to redeem the remainder of the period of his servitude.

In 1790, he emigrated to Kentucky, then sparsely settled, and in 1792, married Miss Metcalf, the daughter of John Metcalf, and the sister of ex-Governor Henry Metcalf, of Kentucky. Early in the present century he attended the ministry of Samuel Pollard, a local preacher in the Methodist Church, (the first he ever heard,) and became a convert to Methodism, and, with his wife, a short time afterward was received into the Church.

From the time he became a Methodist, a life of usefulness lay before him. In exhortation and prayer he was highly gifted. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. McKendree, at that time the Presiding Elder in the Kentucky District, he accepted, though with great reluctance, the office of class-leader. Although highly educated, he spoke the English language very imperfectly, and hesitated on this ground to accept the position. To use his own language, he said to Mr. McKendree, "I dose not speak de Englis plain—da dose make fun of me." As early as 1805, he removed from Bourbon county, and settled in Barren, at a place called the "Blue Spring Grove," immediately on the road leading from Lexington to Nashville, at which place he kept a house of public entertainment.

With no Methodist preaching nearer than Glasgow, a distance of twelve miles, he regularly

attended church at that place. In 1807, a local preacher by the name of Cushinberry settled in Barren county, about eight miles from Mr. Ament's. Invited by him, he made an appointment to preach at his house, and the following year his house became a preaching-place, and around him was raised up a flourishing society of Methodists in the Barren Circuit. From this time until his death, his house was the Methodist itinerant's home, and a place of rest and welcome for the preachers of all denominations.

“He was a great lover of the Church. His doors, purse, and heart, were always open to assist in carrying on the good work. His manners were simple and honest, and his conversation sometimes quite amusing. On one occasion, while he lived in Barren, a number of preachers, on their way to a Conference in Nashville, had stayed with him two or three days. After they passed on, Henry B. Bascom called. Brother Ament had never seen him before, though he had often heard of him, for his fame had gone out through all the Churches. Bascom, as usual, was dressed handsomely, and Ament never suspected him of being a Methodist preacher until he (Bascom) began to inquire if such and such preachers had been there.

“‘Vy, are you a breacher?’ asked the old man.

“‘I pass for one,’ was the answer.

“‘Pray, vat is your name?’

“‘Henry B. Bascom.’

“‘To be sure,’ said Ament. ‘Vell, vell; if I had

loaded mine gun, and vent to shoot a Methodist breacher, and you comed along, I never should have snapt at you for vun.'

"Sometime afterward he went to hear Bascom preach, and was so enraptured with the sermon, that after it was over he went up to him, and said, 'Vell, Broder Bascom, ef you always breach dat vay, you may veer just such coat as you please.' He was ever after a great friend and admirer of the wonderful orator.

"The old man was a great stickler for Methodism, and seldom went to hear those of other denominations preach. One of his neighbors, strong in the Baptist faith, once said to him,

"'Mr. Ament, why do you not come to hear our preachers?'

"'Vell, look, I vill tell you. I have a good orchard dat bears great, large, yellow, rich pippins, and you have vun orchard dat bears noting but leetle, knotty, sour crabs: vould not I be a fool to leave my good, mellow pippins, and go to eat your leetle sour crabs? Now, for de same reason dat I vould not quit my orchard for yours, I don't go to hear your breachers; for ef I vas to go, I vould not be bleased vith de sour crabs of Calvinism, and of course I stays away. Do you not tink it is right for me to stay vere I gets de best fare?'" *

In 1818, he removed from Barren to Greene county, and settled one mile from Greensburg, where he remained until his death, which occurred

* Jonathan Stamper, in Home Circle, Vol. III., pp. 364, 365.

January 10, 1850, having attained to ninety years. As in the noonday of his manhood he gave his energies to the advancement of religious truth, and the promotion of the welfare of others, so in the evening of his pilgrimage he was revered by all who knew him. Among the last acts of his life was to select and mark the spot where he wished to be buried. His end was joyous.

At the Conference of 1809, the Green River District first appears in the Minutes. It was formed chiefly by a division of the Kentucky District. On this District we find William Burke, already distinguished for his ability in the pulpit, as well as for the vastness of his labors. The eloquent Blackman, too, had been transferred from the Holston, and was placed in charge of the Cumberland District, which extended far into Kentucky, while James Ward still presided over the Kentucky District. The town of Lexington, which had been formed into a station in 1803, but was embraced in the circuit at the ensuing Conference, was again detached from the Lexington Circuit, and placed under the pastoral care of C. W. Cloud. The Sandy River Circuit also appears in the Minutes this year for the first time, with Benjamin Edge as the preacher. At an earlier period, however, Methodism had been introduced, through the instrumentality of local preachers, among the hardy pioneers who had settled along the banks of the Big and Little Sandy Rivers.

There was an increase this year in the white membership of *seven hundred and forty-five*, and in the colored of *one hundred and twenty-eight*.

The Conference of 1810 was held at the Brick Chapel, in Shelby county, Kentucky, about four miles north-east of Shelbyville. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both in attendance.

“*Thursday, Nov. 1.*—Began Conference in great peace and good order. *Friday*, day of humiliation and fasting. I preached in an open house to a cold auditory. Conference progressed well; there were twenty-six admitted.

“*Sabbath, 4.*—Bishop McKendree preached, and I finished the meeting with an exhortation. There were elders and deacons ordained in the work. On *Thursday* I preached—speaking long, and with great plainness. We have minuted ninety-five as stationed. There is an increase of four thousand members within the bounds of this Conference. I have sold my sulky, and purchased a horse, that I may more easily wind my way through the wilderness to Georgia. The reward of my toils is not to be found in this world. *Friday*, came to Philip Taylor’s. *Saturday*, to Springfield hills, a long, heavy ride.

“*Sabbath, 11.*—My mind enjoys great tranquillity. Bishop McKendree preached in the morning, the Presbyterians at twelve o’clock, and I spoke in the evening. There have been unpleasant times for the Presbyterians and Methodists; but they are more united now—their ministers appoint meetings for each other. *Monday*, we rode to Noah Lasley’s, on Green River. To Ament’s, twenty-five miles. *Wednesday*, twenty-five miles to Gatton’s. My body, I find, is still flesh: my mind enjoys great peace. *Thursday*, a damp, heavy ride brought us

in, about three o'clock, to James Gwin's. Whilst riding along, my soul enjoys sweet and intimate communion with God. The advantages of being on horseback are, that I can better turn aside to visit the poor; I can get along more difficult and intricate roads; I shall save money to give away to the needy; and, lastly, I can be more tender to my poor, faithful beast. *Friday*, rested, fasted, read, wrote letters. *Saturday*, visited James McKendree, lately from Virginia." *

Among the twenty-six admitted on trial, referred to by Bishop Asbury, are Marcus Lindsey, Matthew Nelson, Caleb J. Taylor, James G. Leach, Samuel S. Griffin, Nathan Pullum, and Baker Wrather.

Among the names that were prominent in the Methodist ministry in Kentucky whom we can first remember, that of Marcus Lindsey ranked high. He was born in Ireland, December 26, 1787, but came to America with his parents when about ten years of age.† His father settled in Kentucky, on Licking River, near Leach's Station, where he remained until the Indians disappeared from the State, when he removed to a farm on the road from Newport to Falmouth, about seven miles from the former place. The mother of Marcus Lindsey was a member of the Baptist Church, and was endowed with a superior intellect; her mind was richly stored with knowledge, and she was distinguished for her enlarged and liberal views in reference to other Christian Communions.

* Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., pp. 350, 351.

† Letter to the author from Hon. T. W. Lindsey, of Frankfort, Ky.

Favored with educational facilities enjoyed by but few young men of his day, and blessed with a great mind, it had been his own purpose—added to the wishes of his family—to prepare for the bar. His legal attainments were sufficient for him to have entered upon the practice of law, with flattering prospects of success before him. About the time he had completed his studies, he was awakened, under the Methodist ministry, to a sense of his condition as a sinner, and sought and obtained mercy. He soon became impressed that the path of duty invited him to a higher and nobler work—the preaching of the gospel. Brought up in the lap of plenty, he entered the Conference when he knew that sacrifices and suffering would confront him at every step. Listening only to the voice of duty, he faltered not. On one hand there were spread out before him the evergreen fields of wealth, of honor, of ease; on the other, a life of toil, of privation, of want, presented itself to his view; but “he conferred not with flesh and blood,” but “chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, because he had respect to the recompense of the reward.”

At the Conference of 1810, he became an itinerant, and was appointed to the Hartford Circuit, with the sweet-spirited Blackman for his Presiding Elder. In 1811, he was sent to preach the gospel of Christ to the hardy settlers along the waters of Sandy River. In 1812, he was appointed to the Little Sandy, when he formed that circuit. The hardships endured by the missionary in that moun-

tain region, nearly sixty years ago, can scarcely now be conceived of by us. Mr. Lindsey murmured not. If he swam the swollen streams, amid the piercing winds of winter, or slept on the snow-carpeted earth—as he often did—he uttered no complaint. He had put his hand to the plow, and dared not look back. A dispensation of the gospel had been committed to him, and whether his mission led him to the homes of want, or the mansions of wealth, he faithfully discharged his duty.

At the Conference of 1813, he was appointed to the Union Circuit, in the State of Ohio, and the following year to the Marietta, where he remained for two years. In these fields of labor his ministry was greatly blessed—hundreds were added to the Church. Among the many brought to Christ through his instrumentality, while traveling the Marietta Circuit, was John Stewart, a colored man, “who went out as the first missionary among the Wyandotte Indians. Stewart had been a very dissipated man, and, in one of his drunken fits of delirium tremens, he had started to the Ohio River to drown himself. On his way he had to pass by the place where Lindsey was holding meeting. Being attracted by the sound—for Methodist preachers generally cry aloud, and spare not—he drew up, and stood by the door, where he could distinctly hear all that was said. The preacher was describing the lost sinner’s condition, his exposedness to death and hell; and then he presented the offers of mercy, showing that Jesus died for all, and the worst of sinners might repent and find pardon. It

was a message of mercy to that poor, forlorn, and ruined soul. It turned his feet from the way of death to the path of life. He returned to his place, and falling upon his knees, he cried for mercy. God heard the poor Ethiopian's prayer. While piteously he pleaded for mercy, salvation came to his heart. At the next meeting he was found at the church, sitting in the back corner, but clothed, and in his right mind. When the invitation was given to persons to join the Church, he went forward, and the preacher received him and instructed him more perfectly in the way of the Lord. He had received some education, and was enabled to read and write. Like most of his brethren of the African race, he was an admirable singer, possessing a voice of unusual sweetness and power, and he took great delight in singing the hymns and spiritual songs of the Church. Some time after his conversion, he became greatly exercised on the subject of preaching. So intense and all-absorbing became his thoughts on the subject, that he could neither eat nor sleep. He was continually engaged in reading the Bible and in prayer for weeks. His long fasting and almost ceaseless vigils were broken by a vision which he told us came to him one night. Whether awake or asleep, he could not say; but in the transition, he heard a voice distinctly saying, 'You must go in a north-westerly direction, to the Indian Nation, and tell the savage tribes of Christ, your Saviour.' He had this vision for three successive nights.

“It is said that dreams indicate the mind's anxie-

ties, and it is highly probable that the things which engross the mind by day continue to occupy it by night—at least so far as to give a bent and coloring to the thoughts when the outward senses are locked up in sleep. This being the case, then, from the fact that Stewart was greatly exercised on the subject of preaching, we may be led to infer that his vision, or dream, was but a part of his call to preach the gospel. The only thing wonderful and extraordinary in the dream, is the specific nature of the call, designating, as Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia, the very place to which he should go. Now that revelation is exhausted, and the Bible is to be regarded as a finality on all subjects pertaining to belief and duty, we have but little faith in dreams, or 'spiritual communications,' so called, as constituting any part of the rule of faith or practice. The sure 'word of prophecy,' which God has given us, will, if understood and followed, guide us into all the ways of truth and righteousness.

“Stewart was poor, and destitute of friends, with the exception of the Methodists, who received and treated him as a brother; but, even among his brethren, who could he get, by any possibility, to believe that he was called to go on a mission to preach the gospel to the Indians? Firmly impressed, however, with the belief that the dispensation of the gospel had been committed to him, he made all the preparation his circumstances would allow, and, with his Bible and hymn-book, started out, not knowing whither he was going, save that the vision directed him to the north-west. Abra-

ham, when called from Ur of the Chaldees, had, doubtless, much greater faith when he entered upon his journey than this sable son of Ham; but there was not less uncertainty in regard to the unknown destination. Stewart continued his travels; and hearing of the Delaware Indians, on the Muskingum, he directed his course thitherward. When he arrived among them, he commenced singing, and praying, and exhorting, but it was in an unknown tongue. The peaceful Indians gazed upon the dark stranger with silent wonder, but were not moved by his tears and entreaties. Being impressed that this was not the tribe to which he was called, he hurried on. After a fatiguing journey, he arrived at Pipetown, on the Sandusky River, where he found a large concourse of Indians engaged in feasting and dancing. They were in the very midst of their wildest mirth and revelry when he appeared among them. Being a dark mulatto, he attracted their attention, and they gathered around him, and asked him to drink of their fire-water; but he too well knew the fatal effects of the deadly draught to allow it to pass his lips. At this refusal the Indians became angry, and were beginning to manifest signs of hostility; but he commenced, in a clear, melodious voice, singing one of the songs of Zion. Its strains rose above the din and uproar of the multitude. They were strangely enchanting, and, like the voice of Jesus on stormy Galilee, they calmed the tumult of passion which threatened his destruction. The war-dance and song ceased: the multitude gathered around him, and hung upon

his lips in breathless silence, as if enchanted by the sound. When he ceased, he fell upon his knees, and poured out his heart to God in prayer for their salvation. There stood by him an old chief who understood his language, and as word after word escaped his lips, he interpreted it to the listening hundreds. When his prayer was ended, he arose and exhorted them to turn away from their drunken revelry and Indian ceremonies, to the worship of the true and living God, assuring them that if they continued in this course they would be forever lost. As the earnest entreaties of the colored preacher were communicated by the old chief, many were deeply impressed with the truths which he uttered, and the work of God might have then and there at once commenced, but for the interference of Captain Pipe, the head chief, who became violently enraged, and, brandishing his tomahawk, swore if he did not cease he would kill him on the spot. John ceased his exhortation, and turned with a sorrowful heart away. Being ordered to leave immediately, on pain of death, he again started out upon his journey, and, guided by an invisible hand, he went to Upper Sandusky. Here he found another band of Indians, and among them a black man named Jonathan Painter, who had been taken prisoner by them at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, in Virginia, when a boy. He was a good interpreter. With this man he soon became intimate, and procuring his services, he went with him to attend a great Indian festival. When he arrived, he begged permission to speak to the assembled multitude;

but they paid little attention to his request. He still pleaded for the privilege, for his heart burned to tell the wandering savage of Jesus and his love. After much entreaty, through his interpreter, they agreed to let him speak to them the next day. The time and place of meeting were fixed, and when Stewart, with his interpreter, appeared, how was his heart chilled and discouraged only to find one old Indian, by the name of Big Tree, and an old Indian woman, called Mary! To these, however, he preached Christ and the resurrection. God attended his word; and though small and feeble was the beginning, yet the labors of Stewart were blessed. He continued to hold forth, as opportunity favored, the word of life to the Wyandottes, and as the product of so feeble an instrumentality, the mission to the Wyandottes was established by the Church." *

After an absence of three years, Mr. Lindsey returned to Kentucky, and was elevated to the responsible position of Presiding Elder, in which he remained until the last year of his life. He spent, at different times, five years on the Salt River District, three years on the Green River, four years on the Kentucky, one on the Ohio, and three on the Cumberland.

Possessed of indomitable energy and untiring zeal, his mission divine, and his heart and herculean faculties consecrated to the service of God, his entrance upon the work of the ministry was wel-

* Finley's Sketches, pp. 388-392.

comed by the Church, and his career was destined to be brilliant. Early morn found him in his study investigating the great truths of the gospel, and in a few years he became eminent among his brethren. His person commanding, his manners prepossessing, his voice strong, full, and musical, and familiar with all the doctrines of the word of God, he wielded a mighty influence for good wherever he went, and he went almost everywhere throughout Kentucky. The labors of his noble life were spent principally on large and extensive Districts, for which he was well qualified. Thoroughly acquainted with the government of the Church, an executive officer of high rank, with pulpit abilities scarcely equaled—with a zeal that was almost boundless, a fine singer, powerful in exhortation and prayer, and devoted to the exercises of the altar, his quarterly meetings were at once invested with the highest importance.

Mr. Lindsey was styled a doctrinal preacher. No man was more familiar with the doctrines of the Church than he, and all who knew him, ranked him among the ablest polemics of the day. In controversy he indulged not in those asperities which so often dishonor the pulpit when opposing the views of others; but “with thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” the weapons of truth wielded by him “were mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error.”

The errors of Calvinism, as well as the exclusive views held by the Immersionists, in regard to the subjects, the mode, and the design of baptism, dis-

turbed the quiet of the Church in Mr. Lindsey's day; but before the potent weapons of truth, as wielded by him, they melted away as melts the snow before the rising sun. He laid his premises, marshaled his proofs, and drew his conclusions—and the sea of controversy was calm. He was also an excellent practical preacher—in fact, he excelled in every department of ministerial work. Beneath the rich and pathetic appeals that fell from his lips, sinners saw “the exceeding sinfulness of sin,” and turned to God.

In the autumn of 1832, he was appointed to the Shelbyville* and Brick Chapel Station. The appearance of the Asiatic cholera in the old world awakened fearful apprehensions in the minds of many in this country, and as its march shortened the distance between it and the United States, the stories of its fearful ravages blanched many a countenance with terror. From the time that Mr. Lindsey first heard of this fearful scourge, he entertained the thought that he would be numbered among its victims. In September of 1832, it made its appearance in the city of Louisville. At the Conference held in Harrodsburg, in October, 1832, the Presiding Bishop proposed to appoint him to Louisville. The long and valuable services of Mr.

* It was during his pastoral oversight of the Church in that lovely village, that I first made his acquaintance. I was then a child. During a protracted illness of my father, his visits were frequent to our house. His pious counsels, and earnest prayers in behalf of my father, not then converted, as well as the kind admonitions he gave to me, greatly endeared him to our family, and made a lasting impression on my young heart.—AUTHOR.

Lindsey to the Church made it proper that he should be consulted in reference to his appointment. Willing as he had always been to accept any position assigned him, while he offered no serious resistance to the appointment that had been suggested, he expressed a preference for Shelbyville, and offered as the reason, that he had strange apprehensions in reference to the cholera, and that Shelbyville had not been and would not probably be visited by it.

He entered upon his work at Shelbyville with a zeal seldom equaled, and never surpassed. Immense crowds flocked to his ministry, and received the gospel from his lips. If he vindicated the doctrines of Christianity, error paled and trembled before the power of truth; if infidelity met his withering glance, it stood speechless, and offered no resistance; if he made his appeals to the ungodly, and told them of their doom, Sinai trembled to its base, while we almost heard the thunder of Jehovah's anger, or saw the lightning's vivid flash, and the home of the lost. If he dwelt on the rewards of the blessed, the crown of immortality appeared in view. In his pastoral labors he visited the homes of wealth, and sought out the places of poverty, affliction, and sorrow; while he did not neglect the rich, yet among the poor of his charge he was constantly found, ministering to their comfort, kneeling around their humble altars, and offering to them the sweet consolations of the cross. The whole community admired, honored, loved Marcus Lindsey.

The family of Mr. Lindsey did not remove with him to Shelbyville, but remained on his farm in Washington county, about fifty miles from his charge. The summer of 1833 will long be remembered in Kentucky. The fearful cholera had come, "and the angel of death had spread his wings on the blast," and from city, village, and hamlet went up the melancholy wail of sorrow: many hearts were burdened, and many tears bedewed the cheeks of weeping ones bereft of those they loved. The impression that he would fall by the scourge was so fastened upon his mind that nothing could efface it. In the month of February before his death, he wrote on one of the inside doors of his family-room, in a bold, strong hand—which can yet be read—"I shall die with cholera in the summer or fall of 1833," and then signed his name.*

Although more than thirty-five years have elapsed, we remember his last sermon to the Church in Shelbyville. The cholera had reached the neighborhood in which his family resided—his neighbors were dying, and he could not stay away. The parting scene was a sad one. "Duty and affection call me to my home," said he. "My neighbors are dying, with none to offer them the consolations of religion, or to speak words of comfort to the bereaved and sorrowing. I may see you no more, and think I will not; but I commend you to God, and bid you farewell." His words were few—the entire audience was in tears.

* Letter to the author from Mr. Lindsey's daughter, Mrs. Catherine H. Wilson, of Lebanon, Ky.

On his arrival at home, all he had heard was fully realized: the scourge was passing through the neighborhood, and the rude foot-prints of death were to be seen all around—and yet there was no abatement. If Mr. Lindsey, in view of his presentiments, had been cautious when danger was afar off, now it was at hand, he threw off all reserve, and met each oft-recurring peril with a calm and fearless intrepidity. As an angel of mercy he passed through the community, by day and by night, visiting the sick, praying with the dying, and pointing their fading eyes to the “land afar off.” Many families mourned their loved and lost. His family, too, put on their deepest weeds of mourning. The strong arm on which they had leaned was palsied in death. Marcus Lindsey was no more!

Worn down by his unremitting attentions to others, he lived but a short time after he was attacked by cholera; but those few hours were crowded with joy and triumph to the dying saint. Looking upon the little group around him, he turned to his weeping wife, and said, “I had hoped to live to help you with these little ones, but God has called me home.” To a little daughter he said, “My child, meet me in heaven.” These were his last words.

He is buried in a beautiful grove near Thomas’s Meeting-house, where his family worshiped at the time, about six miles from Lebanon. On the stone at the head of his grave is the following inscription:

Sacred
to the memory of
THE REV. MARCUS LINDSEY,
minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
He filled that office twenty-three years, with dignity.
He died a most triumphant death,
July 27, 1833,
aged 45 years, 7 months, 1 day.

On the first day of the following September, a sermon was preached on the occasion of his death, in Shelbyville, to a large audience, by his intimate friend and fellow-laborer, the Rev. Jonathan Stamper.

The loss of Mr. Lindsey was deeply felt by the Church in Kentucky; for a great man had fallen in Israel, in the prime of his life, and in the midst of his usefulness. Mr. Lindsey "was deformed in both hands from his birth. His right arm and thumb were perfect, the hand small, but well shaped, with only two fingers, one large, the other small, grown together and bent from the knuckles: his left arm was deformed from the elbow; it was flat, and two or three inches shorter than the other. His left hand was rather smaller than the right, with only a thumb and one finger, both exactly alike; they were about two and a half inches long, and bent at the knuckles without nails."* His personal appearance was commanding; in height fully six feet, of herculean frame, and weighing over two hundred pounds. His hair was black, his complexion dark, with a high forehead and brilliant

* Letter to the author from his daughter, Mrs. Catherine H. Wilson,

black eyes. His nose was very large, and his mouth delicately formed. He was a member of every General Conference, from the time he was eligible until his death.

James G. Leach, who also joined the Conference this year, was born February 25, 1782, in Queen Anne county, Maryland, six miles east of Centerville, on Chester River. His father was a member of the Baptist Church, and his mother an Episcopalian. At the age of seven years, he made a profession of religion, and from that time ever afterward dated his conversion to God.

His first appointment was to the Licking Circuit, on which he remained only until the second quarterly meeting, when he left it of his own accord. From this period until the Conference of 1815, he served the Church as a local preacher, when he was reädmited, and appointed to the Salt River Circuit. He continued to travel as a preacher until 1823, when he located, serving successively the Shelby, Breckinridge, Salt River, Jefferson, Mt. Sterling, and Fleming Circuits.

After his location, he settled at Carlisle, where he engaged in the practice of medicine. He remained at Carlisle until 1837, when he removed to Maysville, where he remained only a few months, when he returned to Carlisle. In March, 1839, he came to Jefferson county, and settled about ten miles from Louisville, where he remained until his death, which occurred February 19, 1866.

Dr. Leach was a good man, though distinguished for eccentricities, that marked his career through

life. His moral and Christian character challenged criticism—his hospitality was equal to his resources, while his zeal for the Church prompted him to the utmost exertion for its welfare. His talents as a preacher, though not of a high grade, were respectable, while his eccentricities often impaired his usefulness. On one occasion he was preaching, in the city of Lexington, on the foreknowledge of God, and took the absurd position that God does not foreknow all things. In the course of his sermon, he said, “Can any Calvinist make me believe that God, from all eternity, knew that at such a time a child should be born, and that his name should be James G. Leach; that he should be remarkable for his sprightliness; should be converted at seven years of age; should start to school at a certain time; should learn more rapidly than any other pupil; at such a time should enter college; should outstrip all his fellows, and graduate with the highest honors; at such a time should enter the ministry, and become one of the most eminent preachers in the Church; at such a time should study medicine, and become distinguished in that profession? No; all the Calvinists in the world could not make me believe that God foreknew all that.”

During a long life, he maintained a Christian character, and passed away in great peace.

Matthew Nelson traveled only four years. His appointments were the Limestone, Hinkstone, Salt River, and Jefferson Circuits. During the few years he labored as an itinerant, he was both zeal-

ous and useful. When the Methodist Protestant Church was organized, he entered that Communion, and remained in it while he lived. He was a good man. For many years he lived in Spencer county, Ky., an example to the community. Previous to his death, he removed to Tennessee, where he peacefully closed his life.

Near the close of the past century, a remarkable man made his appearance in the West. He was a Methodist preacher, and his praise was upon every lip. Distinguished for his refined manners, his masterly intellect, his great zeal, and his uncompromising devotion to the Church, he was welcomed wherever he went. Such was Caleb Jarvis Taylor.* He was a native of Maryland, and was born in St. Mary's county, in 1753. His father, James Taylor, was an Irishman by birth, but emigrated at an early day to America, and, with his family, was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Caleb J. Taylor, having been favored with a good English education, left home when a youth, and engaged in teaching school. After an absence of a few years, he returned, not only a Protestant, but a Methodist, with authority to preach. "He embraced religion while he resided in Washington's Bottom, near a place called Perrypolis, in Virginia or Pennsylvania." † In 1791, on the 2d of October, he was married, in Alleghany county, Penn., to Miss Craighead, one of his pupils,

* He was the grandfather of the Rev. W. F. Taylor, of the Kentucky Conference.

† Methodist Magazine, Vol. II., p. 191.

who was at the time in her thirteenth year. A short time after his marriage he came to Kentucky, and settled in Mason county, about one mile from Washington. Henceforward he was destined to be a representative man in the Church in the wilderness.

He organized the society at Matheny's Meeting-house, afterward known as Mt. Gilead, three miles from Paris, in 1792. The first members were Daniel Matheny, James, Elijah, Matthew, and Paris Howard, with John Whitaker and the Baker family. This was one of the early centers of Methodism in the West, from which a salutary influence went out into the surrounding country. In the struggles of the Church, toward the close of the century, he was one of its prominent defenders; and in the revivals that prevailed in Kentucky in the commencement of the present century, he not only bore an active part, but was one of the principal instruments. To his poetic genius the Church was indebted, at that period, for many of the spiritual songs that fanned the sacred flame of that great revival. "These songs partook of the spirit of the work, and entered into a description of it." He and John A. Granade were styled the Western poets. "While Mr. Granade's composition would be sung, on the one hand—'See how the Scriptures are fulfilling'—we would hear Taylor on another subject:

Come and taste along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation—

Again, we would hear sung Mr. Granade's Zion's Light:

Arise, O Zion! rise and shine;
 Behold thy light is come;
 Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
 To take his exiles home.
 His trumpet's sounding through the sky
 To set poor captives free;
 The day of wonder now is come,
 The year of jubilee.

“While Taylor chanted to the gentler muse—

Precious soul, while Jesus calls thee,
 Rise and follow his command;
 Rise and leave your sin and folly,
 Fly to Christ, the sinner's friend.
 Hear his heralds loudly sounding,
 Free salvation in his name,
 Pard'ning grace and love abounding,
 Through the merits of the Lamb.

“The people among whom this great work of God was carried on partook of a martial spirit. They were in possession of a country by the valor of their arms and their military achievements. Hence Granade sung—

Ye soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,
 Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms;
 The trumpets are sounding: come, soldiers, and see
 The standard and colors of sweet liberty.

“Taylor—

Hark! brethren, don't you hear the sound?
 The martial trumpets now are blowing;
 Men in orders listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing.
 Bounty offered, joy and peace;
 To every soldier this is given;
 When from toils and war they cease,
 A mansion bright, prepared in heaven.

“Granade—

Ye weary, heavy laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore ;
 Ye travelers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
 Through chilling winds and beating rains,
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you—
 Take courage and be bold.

“Taylor—

While sorrows encompass me round,
 And endless distresses I see,
 Astonished I cry, Can a mortal be found,
 That's surrounded with troubles like me?
 Few hours of peace I enjoy,
 And these are succeeded by pain ;
 If a moment of praising of God I employ,
 I have hours and days to complain.

“It is true, that the compositions of our poets will not bear severe *criticism* ; nor will they be prized by the classic scholar for that *polish* of style attributed to poets renowned by fame. But if Ossian could sing to the ‘whistling wind,’ and echo to the ‘craggy rock,’ our poets, elevated by a loftier theme, sung the Redeemer's grace in the wilderness, where all nature was called to sing his praise ! It was well it was so : no other composition of poetry suited the taste of these people so well ; and public approbation has given its full sanction to them, as they have been read, sung, and prized by all classes of Christians throughout the United States.” *

Mr. Taylor was also the author of a pamphlet,

* Thos. S. Hinde in Methodist Magazine, Vol. XI., pp. 189, 190.

entitled, "News from the Infernal Regions," and of a queer book, styled, "The Black Brotherhood"—productions that attracted considerable attention.

We regret that our materials are too meager for us to do justice to the memory of this excellent man. We copy extracts from two letters written by him—the first to his cousin, Mr. Jenefer Taylor, about the year 1806: "I only recollect you as a child; and you remember me as a young man. But our situations are materially changed. You are now in the meridian of life; busied in its pursuits, and (perhaps) pleased with its prospects; while I am traveling down its declivity toward its close, admonished by gray hairs and wrinkles that I must shortly enter by the gate of death into a world unknown, where the greater part of my former acquaintance and relations are gone.'

"In another letter of about the same date, (as I suppose,) he writes to his cousin, Mr. William Evans, (I presume of the same county, but no date or direction given): 'Should you receive these lines, they may bring to your recollection that there was a person called Caleb Jarvis Taylor, who had the honor of being related to you, and frequently the pleasure of your company. The honor he still retains, but the pleasure is now circumstantially denied. I sometimes, indeed, in an hour of seclusion from the world's affairs, imagine myself a welcome visitant at your house, or accompany you in your little excursions of fishing, fowling, etc., and talk to you of our former *past times*, till reason represses the airy flights of fancy, and tells me that I

am yet in Kentucky, and may probably never pass its bounds. Should we now meet accidentally, I suppose we should scarcely recollect each other; for I am told that time has improved your person, while her rude hand has been by no means favorable to mine, having bowed my head somewhat lower than nature had placed it, and strewed upon it the *honors* of age pretty liberally. A late corpulency has, indeed, prevented the existence of many wrinkles; but this is, upon the whole, of no great advantage, as it has loaded my limbs with about fifty weight of useless or superfluous flesh. I am also informed that you have a wife, and have in her proved the truth of Solomon's assertion, That he who findeth a wife, findeth a good thing. They say yours is handsome, sensible, and virtuous—an assembly of qualifications which seldom meet in the same person. I have also a wife; and though she may not possess the above qualities in as great a degree of perfection as yours, yet I suppose she is far better than I deserve.

““I am too busily engaged in procuring a sufficient support for my family, to spend time in visiting the land of my nativity, though, like most old men, it gives me pleasure to think on it, and my few surviving friends who are yet its inhabitants.’ ” *

The preachers who knew him, speak of him in highest terms. Jacob Young, in his Autobiography, refers to him as a local preacher of high stand-

*Thos. S. Hinde in Methodist Magazine, Vol. XI., pp. 190, 191.

ing. At the Conference of 1810, he offered himself for the itinerant work, and was accepted. He was only a member of the Conference two years. His appointments were the Fleming and the Limestone Circuits, on both of which revivals of religion crowned his labors. He located at the Conference of 1812, and removed to Campbell county, Ky. In 1815, we find him traveling, under the Presiding Elder, on the Licking Circuit, which embraced the town of Newport, where a small society had been organized in 1811. Though a member of the Conference only two years, he was frequently an itinerant preacher, traveling circuits under the direction of the Presiding Elder, and only ceasing when the wants of his family demanded the replenishing of his empty purse. On the morning of the 6th of June, 1816, after a painful illness, he closed his eyes in death.

How often it has been our privilege to record the triumphant deaths of our fathers in the ministry! Pleasant as it is to see them linger on the shores of time, that they may behold the noble edifice erected by their toil; yet when they pass away, to hear words of triumph falling from their dying lips, affords us joy indeed. Death found Caleb J. Taylor ready. The last words he uttered were notes of triumph. He died shouting the praises of God.

Baker Wrather traveled the Danville, Cash River, Abingdon, Dover, and Nashville Circuits. In 1816, he was expelled from the Conference.

The names of Nathan Pullum and Samuel S. Griffin also appear for one year on the Minutes:

the former is appointed to the Wayne, the latter to the Limestone Circuit.

Two other names that were prominent in the history of Methodism in Kentucky, belong properly to the present chapter—John Johnson and Thomas Lasley.

But few men have attained to a greater or more deserved popularity as a preacher of the gospel in Southern Kentucky than John Johnson. He was born in Louisa county, Va., Jan. 7, 1783. He had the misfortune to lose his father when he was only a few months old, leaving his mother with four children, in destitute circumstances, to struggle with the trials incident to the great battle of life. He had no early educational advantages. He grew up to manhood without being able to read or write: he learned the former by firelight after working hard all day. In 1803, he emigrated to Tennessee, with his widowed mother, and settled in Sumner county. A cart drawn by a single horse was the only conveyance for the family and their baggage, in their removal to their new home. Mrs. Johnson was a lady of deep piety. Immediately after the death of her husband, she erected in her house a family altar, on which, with her children, she offered the morning and evening sacrifice, and whose fires never went out, so long as her sight enabled her to read the word of God.

In the year 1807, a series of prayer-meetings was held in the neighborhood in which she resided. At one of these meetings, in the latter end of May, John Johnson became deeply convicted of

sin, and, on the 3d of June, was happily converted to God.

The circumstances of his conversion were remarkable. At the time of his awakening, "he became satisfied that it was his duty to commit himself wholly to the service of the Lord, by openly avowing his determination. The opportunity soon offered. He was at a religious meeting, and seizing a favorable moment, he arose in the congregation and declared his sense of the evil of sin, and his intention to seek a deliverance from it. Addressing himself to his unconverted friends, he said, 'I am determined to save my soul. If you will go with me to heaven, I will be glad of your company; but if you will not, I now bid you an everlasting farewell; for, by the help of God, I will not go with you to hell.' He then exhorted the unconverted to flee the wrath to come, and hasten to the Saviour. While thus exhorting, Christ was revealed in his own heart, the hope of glory." *

Ten days later, he was received into the Church by the Rev. Jacob Young, at that time in charge of the Nashville Circuit. From the time of his conversion, he felt it to be his duty to consecrate himself to the work of the ministry. Without education, and unfamiliar with the world—save in its ruder aspects—difficulties confronted him, before which one possessed of less resolution would have surrendered. The night succeeding his con-

* Western Christian Advocate, May 26, 1858.

version, at a prayer-meeting held at the same place, he related his Christian experience, and before he had finished it, one shout after another broke forth from the assembly, and one sinner after another pressed to the altar, crying for mercy, while Mr. Johnson himself exhorted, prayed, and sang. From that time he was selected as the leader of the meetings.

Unable to read without first studying the lesson, after working hard all day, he would apply himself at night for hours, that he might become sufficiently familiar with a chapter of the Holy Bible, to read it with some degree of ease, in conducting public meetings. Frequently, when unexpectedly called upon to lead prayer or class-meetings, the task of reading was so difficult, that "the people said it was painful to hear him try to read; but that he talked so earnestly, they loved to hear him talk."

Not aware that any license was necessary to invest him with authority to publicly exercise his gifts, he went forth in all the surrounding country, calling sinners to repentance. Informed by his pastor that his course was irregular, he consented to receive license to exhort. A short time afterward, he was licensed to preach; and serving the Church in the capacity of a local preacher for a few months, he was employed by the Presiding Elder to travel as junior preacher on the Nashville Circuit, until the Annual Conference should convene.

At the Conference of 1808, held at Liberty Hill, Tenn., he was admitted on trial. Judging from

outward appearance, no young man of less promise had offered himself, or been accepted by the Western Conference. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing. His wife, in speaking of him when she first saw him in 1813, says: "I was much diverted at his appearance. He wore a wool hat which had once been white, and which he afterward told me he had worn for seven years—a drab overcoat, with very wide cape, and arm-holes, but no sleeves, and short, of the heaviest and roughest kind. His pants were of bottle-green corded cloth, with a patch of black broad-cloth on each knee, one a foot, and the other a foot and a half long, with the legs slit up at the bottom for about eight inches, and the corners lapped over and pinned very tight around the ankles. His hair was nearly a foot and a half long, his face dark and weather-beaten, his brows black and heavy, and his countenance the most solemn I ever beheld."

If such was the personal appearance of Mr. Johnson five years after he became an itinerant preacher, he was scarcely less attractive when he offered himself to the Conference. His first appointment was to the Hockhocking Circuit, in Ohio, as colleague of Benjamin Lakin; his second, the White Oak Circuit, in the same State. His labors on these two circuits were very arduous. In the former were *thirty-five* preaching-places, to be visited every four weeks; but he was rewarded with success.

At the Conference of 1810, he first appears in Kentucky, and is appointed to the Sandy River Cir-

cuit. This circuit lay in the mountain region, and "extended from the head-waters of the Kentucky River to the mouths of the two Sandys—a distance of five hundred miles, with two additional appointments in the State of Ohio, in what was called the French Grant." In 1811, his appointment was to the Natchez Circuit. A journey of seventeen days on horseback carried him to his distant field of labor.

In these various charges, it would be difficult to recount the sufferings endured by this faithful minister of Christ—often swimming on horseback the swollen streams, or sleeping in the dense forest, with none but his "kind Preserver near." But unremitting as had been his labors, and though numerous the privations he endured, he was more than remunerated. True, pecuniary compensation was small; it however required but little to supply his wants. During these four years, wherever he preached there were seals to his ministry. While traveling the Sandy River Circuit, he attended a camp-meeting in Virginia. His want of polish, his coarse attire, and his great reserve, while they attracted attention, were not calculated to make a favorable impression as to his ability in the pulpit, on the minds of either preachers or people. Several of the most distinguished preachers of the Church were present. Day after day came and went, and the pulpit was filled by able ministers, but with no good result. Under able sermons and heart-searching exhortations, the vast audiences remained unmoved. Sermons, exhortations, prayers,

and hymns, seemed all in vain. John Johnson had not been invited to preach. To have placed him in the pulpit, would have risked too much. The meeting was about to close. It surely could do no harm, at so late an hour, to extend the courtesy of the pulpit to the young Kentuckian. He is invited, but his modesty induces him to decline. They had not even heard him converse until now. His conversation wears a charm. The Presiding Elder insists. "I did not come here to preach, but to enjoy this blessed means of grace," he replies. Other preachers join in the invitation, and once more, for the last time before the tents are struck, the people are summoned to the stand. The Presiding Elder and preachers, still fearing a failure, retire to the preachers' tent. Young Johnson ascends the pulpit and kneels in silent prayer; he reads his hymn, and then in fervent strains leads the public devotions. Another hymn, and then he announces his text, (Dan. ii. 44,) "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

He entered upon the discussion of his subject with caution, but at the same time with the ease of one who is master of the situation. He progressed in the investigation, discussing each point as it naturally presented itself, like "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed," exhibiting that strength, discrimination, and compass of intellect, for which he was ever afterward distinguished. His voice, at

first harsh and unpleasant, warmed with the subject, until it became soft as the evening zephyr. His peroration was overwhelming. The Angel of the covenant was present. The heavenly shekinah rested over the encampment. Joy thrilled hundreds of hearts and shouts of rapture filled the air, and sinners crowded to the altar crying for mercy. Preachers and people gathered around him, and pleaded with him to remain and preach. The meeting was protracted, and more than one hundred souls were converted to God.

In these four years, Mr. Johnson had improved his advantages by close study. The minister who is determined to gain knowledge will succeed; no difficulties can prevent him. Obstacles lessen as the resolution to overcome them grows stronger. Not only in his long and solitary rides, but by the brilliant light of the pine-knot, he mastered volume after volume; so that by the time he was ordained Elder, he was familiar with the poets and conversant with the several branches of English literature, and had made considerable proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages.

From this period, Mr. Johnson took rank with Lakin, Sale, Page, Blackman, and Oglesby, and was regarded by many as the most remarkable preacher in the West. In 1812, he is appointed to the Nashville Circuit, then embracing twenty-six preaching-places. In 1818, he is appointed to Nashville Station, where he remains for two years—having traveled successively, since the close of his labors on the Nashville Circuit, the Livingston,

Christian, and Goose Creek Circuits, and the Livingston Circuit again.

While he was stationed in Nashville, the Rev. Jeremiah Vardeman, a Baptist preacher of great popularity and commanding talents, and the most successful proselyter in the West, made a tour through Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, not only vindicating the peculiar views of his own branch of the Church, but bitterly denouncing other Christian denominations. He made Nashville in his route, and there, indulging in the bitterest invective, dealt his heaviest blows against the Methodist Episcopal Church. He threw down the gauntlet and defied any Methodist preacher to defend the doctrines he professed to believe. Mr. Johnson heard him, and accepted the challenge.

A religious controversy between disputants of different denominations often excites an entire community. The next day, Nashville was in commotion. Large crowds were to be seen threading their way to the place of worship, to hear Mr. Johnson's reply to Mr. Vardeman. The hero of the Hermitage, accompanied by the Hon. Felix Grundy, was in the audience. They had accompanied Mr. Vardeman. Calm and self-possessed, Mr. Johnson arose and announced his text, (1 Cor. x. 15,) "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." We need not say that the points involved in the controversy were fully met and discussed with marked ability. Calling up the Greek phrases that had been brought upon the tapis, the day before, by his learned opponent, he exhibited a mastery

over that language that elicited the surprise of all. He discussed the subjects, mode, and design of baptism, with a skill that evinced his extensive learning and great research. He referred to the introduction, rise, and progress of Methodism, the good it had accomplished in the world, and the results that were yet to follow in its train. Attacked though it had been with relentless hate, and though persecuted it may be to the end of time, to-day it stands forth with lofty mien, offering its blessings to mankind, and through the ages to come it will be the Rose of Sharon in the desert wastes of human life. The Baptist preacher arose to leave, but Mr. Grundy, holding him by the hand, bade him stay. For more than three hours, in rapt silence, that vast assembly hung upon his lips, eager to catch each falling word. The triumph was complete, and henceforth the name of John Johnson was the synonym of success in religious controversy.

On the following morning, Mr. Vardeman left Nashville, Tennessee, for Hopkinsville, Kentucky, having first announced, through the Nashville press, that he would on a certain day commence a series of sermons in Hopkinsville, on the three following points—the Mode of Baptism, the Final, Unconditional Perseverance of the Saints, and Methodist Church Government—and inviting any Methodist champion to be present and defend Methodism. Three days later, in the Court-house at Hopkinsville, might be seen Mr. Vardeman occupying the seat used by the Judge in time of Court, singing,

“ In Jordan’s tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse.”

Attracted by his wide-spread fame, the audience crowded the house to overflowing. Two men are pressing through the crowd, and a stillness like the hush of death pervades the assembly. John Johnson and Peter Cartwright walk upon the platform ; and after shaking the hand of the Baptist champion, Mr. Johnson, in compliance with the notice in the Nashville press, offers himself for the defense of Methodism. Mr. Vardeman, however, refuses to debate the points at issue. For three successive days he deals his heaviest blows against Methodism, and no one is permitted to respond. As calm as a summer evening, Mr. Johnson occupies a seat near the speaker. The last sermon in the series has been delivered, and Mr. Johnson announces that on the following day he will reply, and he invites Mr. Vardeman to be present.

The intelligence of his triumphant defense of his Church in Nashville had reached Hopkinsville, and never had so large an audience assembled there as on the day fixed for Mr. Johnson’s reply, and never was victory more complete. For five long hours he handled his opponent with the ease with which a giant holds an infant, now defending his own Church from the attacks made upon it, and then, in irresistible argument, showing the weakness of the system that had been offered in its stead. The high position that Methodism has held in

Hopkinsville from that period, demonstrates how ably it was vindicated on that occasion. Mr. Vardeman's career closed in Southern Kentucky.

In 1820, we find John Johnson on the Red River Circuit; in 1821, on the Hopkinsville Circuit; and in 1822, he was stationed at Hopkinsville and Russellville. In 1823, he was stationed in Louisville; in 1824, in Maysville. The three following years, he sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference; but in 1828, his strength rallied, and he was appointed to Hopkinsville. In 1829, he was again superannuated, which relation he sustained for two years. In 1831, he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Green River District, and in 1832, of the Hopkinsville District. In 1833 and 1834, he was superannuated, and located at the Conference of 1835.

We need not record, that in all these charges Mr. Johnson was faithful, useful, and beloved by the Church. Wherever he labored, he defended the doctrines and usages of the Church with such signal ability, that the impressions he made on the community have never been effaced. While presiding over the Hopkinsville District, in 1833, he preached in Greenville against Calvinism. His description of it was in language so vivid and life-like, that in response to the exclamation from the pulpit, "Behold the monster!" the entire audience simultaneously arose to their feet and looked to the rear of the church, expecting to see it.

He had but few controversies with ministers of other denominations, because but seldom could a

man be found so unwise as to enter the arena with him. During the same year to which we have just referred, one of the most able and accomplished Campbellite preachers traveled through Southern Kentucky, on a tour of preaching. For several days he had preached at Princeton, to crowded audiences. He announced that on the "Lord's day" he would preach on the mode of baptism. Not only the Methodists, but the Pedobaptists generally, were anxious that Mr. Johnson should be present, and the report was rife in the community that he would attend. Up to the hour of the commencement of service, no intelligence was heard of him. Much apprehension that he would be present was felt by the friends of exclusive immersion. The service was opened, and the preacher announced his text, and proceeded with great boldness to advocate his theory. A man in rough apparel was seen threading his way through the house, in search of a seat: he found an humble one. The Pedobaptists felt relieved, yet the preacher knew not of Mr. Johnson's presence. At length the attention of the Methodists especially was invited to the consideration of an argument that none, he said, could resist—a positive statement of the word of God, that people had been immersed. "Hear it!" he exclaimed, as the sound of his voice rolled through the assembly: "'Therefore we *have been* buried with him by baptism into death.' Will you longer doubt?" he cried. A husky voice from a remote portion of the house responded, "'Therefore we *are* buried with him by

baptism into death.' The *present tense* of the verb *to be* is used, and not the past." There was no mistaking that voice. The preacher trembled from head to foot, and in a few minutes took his seat, without finishing his sermon. After the congregation was dismissed, Mr. Johnson arose, and introducing himself to the stranger, said, "I owe you an apology for having interrupted you, but you quoted the Scriptures incorrectly. If you did not know better, I reckon it was right to tell you; and if you did, it was not improper to expose you." The preacher made no reply.

After his location, he moved to Illinois, and settled in Mount Vernon. "In his local capacity, he served the Church as health and strength would permit, till confined by his last protracted affliction. His disease was an affection of the heart, and confined him to his room nine weeks before his death.

. . . As a Christian, Brother Johnson was consistent, exemplary, and deeply devoted. 'Holiness to the Lord,' appears to have been his motto. Of this every pious person was readily convinced. When he was heard to pray in the congregation, he prayed like one in the habit of communion with God. He bore his last affliction with patience, sometimes shouting for joy in the midst of his sufferings, and died in great peace, testifying, as his flesh and heart failed, that God was the strength of his heart and his portion for ever."* He died at his home in Mount Vernon, April 9, 1858.

* Western Christian Advocate, May 26, 1858.

As far back as 1804, the name of Thomas Lasley is recorded in the Minutes of the Conferences. He was the son of Manoah Lasley, a local preacher who contributed largely to the planting and training of Methodism in the Green River country. The grandfather of Mr. Lasley came from England to the colony of Virginia at an early day, as a professional school-teacher. Among his children were two sons, John and Manoah, both of whom were local preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of highly respectable talents. John Lasley, the elder, lived and died near GreenSpring, in Virginia, where he had been distinguished for his usefulness and was greatly beloved by the Church. Manoah Lasley, the younger of the two brothers, married, quite early in life, Miss Mary Wash, belonging to a prominent Methodist family in Virginia, and herself a member of the Church. Remaining in Virginia until 1795, he decided to seek a home with his family, then quite large, in the wilds of Kentucky. On the 12th day of November of this year, he stopped on the banks of Green River, near by where Greensburg now stands.

The nearest point where Methodist preaching had been established was at Thomas's Meeting-house, in Marion county, about forty miles distant, to which his family went once a month to class-meeting and circuit-preaching. Deprived, to a great extent, of religious privileges, he erected an altar in the first tent he pitched on the banks of Green River, and there offered morning and evening prayers to God.

Struggling with the adversities incident to pioneer life, he nevertheless preached wherever a door was opened, and formed a class whenever he had an opportunity. When Jacob Young formed the Wayne Circuit, in 1802, one of the first places at which he found a small class was the house of Manoah Lasley; and to the efficient coöperation of this excellent man and minister Mr. Young was greatly indebted for the valuable service he rendered him in the formation of that circuit.

Mr. Lasley died at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He lost a proper conception of every thing besides the religion of Jesus Christ. He retained his knowledge of God and his love for the Saviour to the last moment of his life.

Thomas Lasley was the third son of Manoah Lasley, and was born in Virginia, March 31, 1782. Although impressed from early childhood with the importance of religion, it was not until the year 1800, when that extraordinary revival, of which we gave a particular account in our former volume, was sweeping through Kentucky and Tennessee, that he became sufficiently awakened to seek the pardoning favor of God. About this time he was converted. Feeling it to be his duty to preach the gospel, "he went to a small country school six months, where he learned to write, and also gained some knowledge of figures." At a quarterly meeting held for the Barren Circuit, June 12, 1804, he was licensed to preach, and was admitted on trial in the Western Conference, held at Mount Gerizim, in Harrison county, Kentucky, commencing the 2d day of the

following October. His first appointment was to the Nollichuckie Circuit, in the Holston District.

At the Conference of 1805, held at Griffith's, in Scott county, the Bishop called for volunteers for Louisiana and Mississippi. For the former, E. W. Bowman offered his services, and was accepted; and with Caleb W. Cloud and William Pattison, Mr. Lasley volunteered for the work in Mississippi—Learner Blackman and Nathan Barnes being already in that country. The printed Minutes for this year fix the appointment of E. W. Bowman on the Opelousas Circuit, which Mr. Lasley informs us (in the *Western Christian Advocate* of August 7, 1840) is incorrect. His appointment was to New Orleans. An interesting account of their journey from Kentucky to their distant fields of labor is left us by Mr. Lasley:

“October 2, 1805, the Western Conference was held in Scott county, Ky., where the proposition was made by the Bishop for a volunteer to Louisiana. To this call E. W. Bowman tendered his services, and was accepted. At the same time there was a call for three volunteers for the Mississippi work, to coöperate with Brothers Blackman and Barnes, who were already there; and Brothers C. W. Cloud, Wm. Pattison, and myself were accepted, and received our appointments for two years.

“Having received our appointments to our several fields of labor, we started and continued our journey together, passing through Kentucky and Tennessee to the frontier settlements, where we halted to make arrangements for our wilderness tour.

Being well mounted, and the weather good, we got safely through the wilderness in thirteen days, packing provisions for ourselves and horses, which stock was entirely exhausted two days before we reached the inhabitants of Mississippi. I need not say that we had a good appetite for our next meal, after a fast of two days; but I will say that we fell to work like half-famished dogs over a dead carcass. I should have remarked elsewhere, that the Conference above alluded to, out of the little funds on hand, appropriated one hundred dollars to Brother Bowman in this new field of labor, and fifteen dollars to each of us, to bear our traveling expenses a distance of one thousand miles.

“Immediately on reaching the inhabitants in Mississippi, Brother Bowman parted from us, and continued his journey to New Orleans, his point of destination. He remained there for several months, weathering the storm of opposition, surrounded by almost insurmountable difficulties, and using every effort in his power to rally around the peaceable banner of our dying Saviour the citizens of this wicked city; but failing in success, and his funds almost exhausted, he was compelled to leave the city, which he did with much reluctance. Notwithstanding he had failed in the above most desirable enterprise, his undaunted courage and patient fortitude still sustained him. Feeling the responsibility of his commission, and the hallowed missionary fire in his heart, he sought for new fields to unfurl and plant the standard of the cross. Accordingly, he left the city and crossed the Mississippi a little

above, and forced his way through the swamp about one hundred miles, encountering extraordinary difficulties in the way—sometimes traveling by land and then by water, and again *in* the water, until finally he forced his passage to the head of Attakapas Bay. Here he struck the coast of Opelousas, and found himself again upon high land. He now determined to visit all the popular American settlements which were promiscuously scattered throughout this land of destitution. Penetrating north-eastwardly, he visited many settlements, and preached wherever he could get congregations. Here and there he would meet with a forlorn emigrated Methodist. This was somewhat cheering to his heart on the one hand, and excited his sympathy on the other. Glad at any time to shake the hand of a brother, yet to meet one under such circumstances, to him was joy mingled with fear for his condition. He passed on to the Red River settlements, and thence eastwardly to the Catahoola settlements, opposite Natchez, separated by a swamp of sixty miles in extent. He now reported the destitute condition of the country through which he had traveled, together with the rough sketch of a circuit which might be formed there, and subjoined his earnest pleadings that one of us in the Mississippi would volunteer for that country the ensuing year; meanwhile announcing his intention to go to the Wachita settlement, which was then advancing rapidly by emigration. Notwithstanding his health was much impaired, he went, and found a more densely populated settlement than any in which he had preached,

forming a small circuit, where he traveled the following year. Brother Blackman, receiving the communications from Brother Bowman near the time of the session of the next Western Conference, called all the preachers together at a popular meeting appointed for the purpose, at which time he presented the communications from Brother Bowman, and pressed the claims of the citizens of Opelousas, urging that one of our number must volunteer for that country. The preachers present were all older than myself, and I left it to them first to respond to the call. Each one declining to go, it was finally a question between Brother Blackman and myself, the force of which I felt most powerfully. Counting the cost, and willing to become any thing that I might win souls to Christ, I answered in the affirmative, and the ensuing year found me at my post in Opelousas.

“It will be seen, (bound Minutes, page 395,) ‘Where are the preachers stationed this year? Ans., etc.—Wachita, Thomas Lasley; Opelousas, E. W. Bowman.’ The reverse of this is true. It should have read, Wachita, E. W. Bowman; Opelousas, Thomas Lasley—and this arrangement under the superintendence of L. Blackman. Having received the appointment for Opelousas, I made the necessary arrangements for my departure, and in a few days started for that country. Traveling through the Mississippi Territory, at the close of the second day I reached the house of a Brother Biggs, living in the bounds of West Florida, where I met a warm reception and a comfortable night’s lodging.

I felt myself a stranger destined to a foreign point, and that I needed much grace for the work. This night I spent in prayer that God would be with me and prosper me in this undertaking. Being greatly encouraged, I re-pursued my journey early next morning, and after traveling hard all day, I reached the ferry-house, where I was to cross the Mississippi. Here I tarried for the night, and soon found myself in a family that neither feared God nor regarded man. I was, however, permitted to rest in peace. The next morning I crossed the great Mississippi at sunrise, landing about one mile below the mouth of Red River. Having now before me forty-five miles to the first settlement on the Azorial Island, and about thirty-five through a swamp, which fortunately was dry, late in the evening I reached the house of a Mr. Baker, a prominent settler on the island. This island is formed by a stream issuing from a lake in the swamp, which running to the margin of the highland, divides; one-half, flowing northward, empties in the Red River above; the other half, running eastward, empties in below—thus forming a settlement of highland thickly populated. Mr. Baker, having heard of my coming, bade me a hearty welcome, and although in a state of intoxication, treated me with becoming civility, while his whole family strove to make me happy. It being arranged that I was to preach the following Sabbath, messengers were dispatched to notify the settlers that preaching would be at Mr. Baker's. The principal part of the settlers came together, and I endeavored to preach in

the true spirit of my mission. In this my first effort in my new field of labor, the power of God was felt in the congregation. At the close, I made an appointment to preach again at candle-lighting, at another house close by, at the request of the family. Here I met a serious, attentive congregation, which seemed to receive the word gladly. Many wept bitterly on account of their sins, and I was enabled to rejoice that I had not labored in vain. Before dismissal, I announced to them that I would meet them again in three weeks, and promised to spend much of my time with them. Early on Monday morning I left for the Bayou Schicow settlement, a distance of forty-five miles, and thirty-five of this through a dismal swamp.

“Intending not to advert to my personal difficulties and sufferings, only so far as may bring to view some special act of Divine Providence, visibly displayed for my protection and support, perhaps no period in the history of my travels will present a more striking instance than this day’s travel. Suffer me to give it in detail. Accompanied by a young man as a pilot, we journeyed together for six or eight miles, his object being to put me in the right trail through the swamp. This done, we parted, and I persevered alone for several miles. Coming to a slough in which the mud appeared very deep, I dreaded the attempt to pass, but seeing no way of avoiding it, I plunged into it, and my horse sinking under me, was unable to extricate himself from the mud. I immediately alighted, and took my saddle-bags on my arm. My horse,

thus unencumbered, made a powerful struggle and released himself, and soon gained the opposite side. Wending my way onward, and thankful to Providence for the difficulty overcome, I arrived at a large, deep, muddy creek, which I supposed to be about sixty or seventy feet wide, where, ever and anon, the alligators rising to the surface of the water, rendered the prospect still more gloomy. Summoning all the fortitude I possessed, and committing myself to the care of God, I fastened my saddle-bags to my shoulder, and plunged into the stream. Reaching the opposite shore, I found the mud deep and the bank steep, and felt confident that my horse could not rise with me. Hence I sprung from him and gained the bank, which my horse endeavoring to ascend, his hind feet sunk in the mud, and he fell back again into the water. Recovering again, he made the second effort, at which time I threw my weight on the bridle, and he reached the bank, pitching forward and falling with one of his fore legs doubled under him in such a manner as to cripple himself. Not being able to put his foot to the ground by several inches, I was apprehensive that he had slipped his shoulder, and of course would not be able to travel from that place. My condition was the subject of reflection—far from home, a stranger in a strange land, in the very midst of an ugly swamp, no human help to afford relief, while the poor animal stood trembling under the agony of pain. For a few moments I almost despaired, but throwing myself on my knees before God, I committed my cause into his

hands, and prayed most earnestly that he would heal my horse and bless me with courage. Feeling within myself that he had heard my prayer, I arose from my knees and found my horse perfectly sound, and immediately recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord. As the shades of night closed upon me, I found myself in the most extensive prairie I had ever seen. But the beautiful queen of night soon made her appearance above the waving grass, and uprising into the heavens, reflected her borrowed glories through the dark curtains of night on my pathway, until I arrived at a habitation, where I was admitted to a shelter for the night. In addition to the family, I found eight or ten soldiers, returning from an expedition on the Sabine, under the command of General Wilkinson, and who like myself had found shelter for the night. I endeavored to sow the good seed of eternal life among them, trusting God for the increase, and left an appointment for my return. Next morning I started to visit the adjoining settlements, lodging for the night at a Mr. Lum's. On the day following I reached Hayes's settlement, the most interesting part of Opelousas, and met with a Brother Foreman and wife, members of our Church, who received me joyfully. I held a meeting with them, and I hope not in vain. Leaving a Sabbath appointment with them, I started for the Red River settlements, having a wilderness before me of sixty-five miles. I had to rest in the deep forest alone for the night, but my God was there, and I had nothing to fear. Alexandria, on the banks of Red

River, was the next point in which I unfurled the banner of the cross. For many miles around this town is the most fertile country I ever saw, and some parts of it are thickly settled with a mixed population of French, Spaniards, and Americans. Ascending the rapid bayou, I made an appointment at a Mr. Griffin's, where I was ultimately enabled to form a class. My next point was the Catahoola settlements. Here I established two appointments—one at Brother Wiggins's and the other at Brother Bowie's, whose wife I found to be one of the excellent of the earth. I am sorry that their son is the inventor of that most dreadful weapon called the Bowie-knife. With this young man I was then acquainted—at that time a civil young man.

“Having thus laid out my field of labor, upward of three hundred miles in circumference, I returned to the island, where I found an anxiously inquiring people. I remained three days with them, preaching both night and day, and I hope not in vain. I was enabled to form a small class at this place. During this visit to the island, I received a message from Judge Dawson, requesting me to call upon him. I immediately repaired to his residence, about thirty miles distant, and found him at home, and met with a warm reception. His first business was to assure me of his protection and assistance to forward my designs in the amelioration of the condition of the wretched sons and daughters of Adam. He laid before me the inefficiency and want of law toward civilizing the country—especially the im-

portance of guarding against the unhallowed concubinage almost everywhere existing in his District. We petitioned the Legislature on this subject, praying for action, which met with success, and thus gained one more step toward civilization.

“Having concluded my business with the Judge, I made for Opelousas, filling my appointments at several places by the way. At Hayes’s settlement I met an interesting congregation, to whom I preached, read our rules, and exhorted them with many words to ‘flee the wrath to come.’ After preaching several times, both night and day, I left for the Red River section of my work. Here I found an attentive people, and somewhat encouraged. My next prominent point was the Catahoola settlement. I was enabled to form small classes at Brothers Wiggins and Bowie’s. From this I went to the island, and found the society in a good spiritual condition, some two or three having found peace with God through a Redeemer. Having now my work before me, my soul was in it, and I was constantly engaged; and, I thank God, I had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number happily converted to God by faith through a Redeemer.

“In this work I continued until the latter end of June following; and here I most gladly would have spent my days, laboring and suffering among the people. But the Presiding Elder had written to me to leave. My resources for support were all exhausted, my clothing literally worn out, and I was compelled to go. This was a trying scene with us all. But giving them some assurance that my place would

be filled, I closed my labors and took my final leave of Louisiana. Members, forty.

“If it should be asked, why I have not given a more particular account of my personal difficulties and sufferings in that country, suffice it to say, that I went there expecting to suffer, and that I found the grace of God sufficient for me—and to him be all the glory. Permit me to add, that in no part of the history of my life was I ever more blessed than in this field of labor. And this day, I cheerfully hope to see some of the fruit of my labor in heaven.

“And now, taking leave of this subject, I will say that I have been dependent alone on memory for the narration I have given. While I am unconscious of any error in the above, doubtless many things of importance have been forgotten. I have endeavored to present before the public a simple statement of facts, without aiming to please the fancy of any. It is now submitted to the inspection of others, and what may be its ultimate fate, is with me a matter of no concern.”*

“In the fall of 1807, he returned home to Kentucky, but was not able to meet the Conference, which sat in Chillicothe, Ohio. At this Conference he was elected to Elder’s orders, but was not ordained until some time afterward. This year, his name stands on the Minutes for Red River, a most delightful circuit, which embraced all or most of that beautiful country between the lower Green and Cumberland Rivers, partly in Kentucky and partly

* Letter of the Rev. Thomas Lasley in the Western Christian Advocate, Aug. 7, 1840.

in Tennessee. This appointment was gratefully received by the jaded missionary, and on it he spent a successful and happy year—recruited his health, and met the next Conference, Oct. 1, 1808, at Liberty Hill, Tenn. Here he took another missionary appointment, and went to Letart Falls, of the Ohio River. Around the Falls he explored the country to a great distance, and formed a circuit of most ample dimensions—had a glorious revival, and received into the Church one hundred souls. This was a year full of thrilling incident, for which we have no room at present.

“Sept. 30, 1809, Conference met in Cincinnati, and he was appointed to travel with Bishop McKendree. His journal of this year is mostly preserved, and possibly we may furnish some interesting extracts from it hereafter.

“Conference met in Shelby county, Ky., Nov. 1, 1810, whence he is appointed to Danville Circuit—a beautiful country, but a heavy charge—a white membership of eight hundred, and a territory large enough for a Presiding Elder’s District; but God was with him, and in him—Wm. Burke his Presiding Elder, and Baker Wrather his colleague. They had a glorious revival on parts of the work, and returned a net increase of near a hundred white members. This year is also marked in his history by his marriage to Miss Susan, daughter of Ambrose and Rhoda Nelson, and sister of Revs. Thomas and Matthew Nelson, two of Nature’s noblemen, and both members of the Conference. She was young, but a deeply pious lady. Like himself, a

devoted Methodist, an itinerant from principle, she never changed in that regard, nor ever failed in her duty, as the companion of an itinerant Methodist minister. If need be, she would work all night, as well as all day, to prepare his clothes, rather than he should fail to meet his appointments. Permit me to add, this was my dear mother, faithful until the 16th of August, 1853, when she died in the Lord; and 'verily her works do follow her.'

"In the fall of 1811, Oct. 1, Conference met in Cincinnati. At this session the Western Conference arranged its own division into the Ohio and Tennessee Conferences. In the division, my father fell into the Ohio Conference, and was reappointed to Danville. This year closes the history of his early itinerancy; for notwithstanding the Conference had divided the circuit, it could not reduce his labors, for he only knew that he had done his duty when he had exhausted his strength. The revival which was partial the year before now became general, and a large increase was brought into the Church. But excessive labors produced hemorrhage of the lungs, and came near terminating his life and labors at once.

"At the first session of the Ohio Conference, Oct. 1, 1812, held at Chillicothe, he located, having spent the prime of his manhood in the service of God and the Church—having received nothing, in a manner, from the people—forty dollars the highest—and from that down to not a farthing, save the year after his marriage, Danville Circuit paid him sixty dollars quarterage.

“He now took measures to settle his family near his father’s residence, and returned to his favorite avocation, that of cultivating the soil. The God of providence favored him, notwithstanding, about two years afterward, his house, with all its contents, was burned up, and that on a Sabbath day in February, when he was miles distant preaching the gospel, and his family attending meeting in the neighborhood. But now the Lord raised him up friends that he had not known as such before; and aside from inconvenience, he really suffered no loss, but rather gained; and instead of complaining, had a right to rejoice in the doings of Providence, and to hold on his way.

“As a local preacher, he was much engaged and extensively useful, until December, 1828, when the Rev. John Fisk, that burning and shining light, fell from the walls of Zion. At the request of the Rev. Marcus Lindsey, Presiding Elder, he took charge of Lebanon Circuit, and filled out the Conference-year. His labors were crowned with great success. But he closed the year with a violent attack of fever, which brought him nigh to death; but unceasing prayer was made by the Church, and his useful life was prolonged.

“After this, his general health improved, and he was able to make ample provision for his family.

“In the fall of 1835, he entered the Kentucky Conference, in an effective relation, and was appointed to the charge of Greensburg District, which he filled with great acceptability and usefulness for two years. But his health failing again, he asked

a supernumerary relation, and, after a few years, located.

“He then retired to his small but well-cultivated farm, to spend the evening of his days in the bosom of his family. He continued to serve the Church in the capacity of a local minister with more than ordinary success. In fact, his labors, whether local or traveling, were sometimes excessive. To give a single instance: In our early youth, we knew him to keep a monthly appointment at Burksville, on the Cumberland River, about forty-five miles from his residence, and that for a number of years, and without remuneration.

“We have now done with his ministerial labors for the present, and turn to his religious and moral character. In him it was impossible to distinguish the man from the minister. He was *strictly*, almost *severely*, Methodistic; and whether at home alone, or abroad in society, in the church or court-yard, he was essentially and consistently the same. He carried his religion into every circle of life, and aimed to fill every place and every relation in a manner becoming him as a pious man and minister. But his piety did not injure his social qualities. He was cheerful without levity, and serious without sadness. His feelings were warm toward his friends; and his affections, chastened and refined by religion, rested upon his family. He greatly enjoyed their society, until, by the marriage of his children and the death of our dear mother, he was left solitary and alone. He then felt himself an old man, and resolved to ‘set his house in order,’ be-

lieving that his days were accomplished and his end not far distant.

“He fully arranged his secular business, and then visited all his children, save a daughter, (Mrs. Mary Henry, of McKinney, Texas,) and closed the round of his visit and the toils of his long and eventful life with his daughter, Mrs. McMillen, in full prospect of a bright and endless future in heaven—being preceded to that good world by our dear mother and two sons—Thomas, an infant of two years, and the Rev. William Lasley, of the Louisville Conference, an excellent man and minister of Jesus Christ. Thus he has left his loved ones on earth to meet in heaven those he had loved and lost.

“Speaking of his end, and why he should die at that place, he said, ‘God will have it so, that these people may see how an old Methodist preacher can die.’ After which he said but little. A numerous family and many friends deeply mourn his departure from earth; yet we praise God that he died at his post—his armor on, sword in hand, and doing valiant service in Immanuel’s cause. For myself, I feel that death separates, but cannot disunite us. To our dear parents death is abolished: it is no more death, but a sweet departure—a journey from earth to heaven. They are our parents still, and we are still their children—one family in memory, in spirit, and in hope. They yet dwell with us in sweetest, fondest recollections. We, too, are yet with them in the bright anticipations of reünion in the upper sanctuary of God.”*

* Rev. M. N. Lasley in Nashville Advocate, April 23, 1857.

He died at the house of his son-in-law, M. McMillen, in McMinnville, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1857.

John Crane was born in 1787, in Eaton's Station, two miles below Nashville, Tennessee. His father, Lewis Crane, "was among the first-fruits of Methodism in the Cumberland Circuit." He was a man of deep piety, and "made a dedication of all he owned" to God. His eldest son, John, "was converted when eight years old. He had lived in the midst of a revival eight years before he started to preach. I have seen him stand on some eminence, before he was nine years old, with five or six thousand people round him, and exhort for two hours. He carried the spirit of revival wherever he went. His race as an itinerant was very short, but successful. He turned many to righteousness, and was a burning and a shining light in the Church, and is doubtless a star in the kingdom of glory."*

Exhibiting remarkable talents and zeal, he was regarded as promising much of usefulness to the Church, while he was impressed that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance. At nineteen years of age he became an itinerant preacher. His first appointment was to the Holston Circuit, in 1806; but at the expiration of six months, he was changed to the French Broad Circuit, where his labors were greatly blessed. In 1807, he was appointed to the Deer Creek Circuit, in Ohio, as colleague of Benjamin Lakin. His appointment in 1808 was to the Cold Water Circuit, in the Indiana District, where

* Rev. Jacob Young's Autobiography, p. 186

his exposure was great, his labors constant. The following year, he was sent to the Missouri Circuit; in 1810, to the Green River, and in 1811, to the Duck River Circuit.

It is with emotions of pleasure that we linger around the name and memory of such a man. Entering the ministry when only a youth, possessing talents of a high order, distinguished for his eloquence and untiring zeal, and with a life blameless and pure, none of his contemporaries promised greater usefulness to the Church than he. Whether the path of duty directed to Eastern Tennessee, to the State of Ohio, to the Territories of Indiana and Missouri, to Kentucky, or to the charge on which he closed his labors, he was a successful minister of Jesus Christ. Wherever he labored, attracted by his youth, his zeal, and his commanding talents, hundreds waited upon his ministry and were brought to the Saviour. The Duck River Circuit was his last appointment. Here immense congregations waited upon his ministry, and "by day and by night" he persuaded them to be saved.

"He continued to travel and preach till the end, or near the end, of January, or about the 1st of February, when he ceased from overmuch fatigue and a very severe cold, which terminated in an inflammation of the lungs; and about the 14th of February, death sounded the retreat. He died at the house of Mr. Mitchell, on Duck River, with much confidence in the Lord.

"Not long before he expired, he died away, and it was thought his spirit had fled; but in a little time

he revived, and cried out, 'What hath brought me back? I have been on the very margin of heaven.' About three hours before he left the world, his father arrived. He said, 'O father, I love you, but I have a Father in the kingdom of heaven; I shall soon be with him. I have not a doubt of my acceptance with God. My body will soon be laid low in the dust, but this mortal shall put on immortality.' He exhorted the people around him to meet him in heaven, while he with calmness bid them a last and long farewell."*

We referred to Benjamin Edge and Samuel Sellers in our former volume. The first appointment of Benjamin Edge was in 1804, to the Licking Circuit. In 1805, he was sent to the Roaring River Circuit; in 1806, to the Hartford Circuit; in 1807, to the French Broad Circuit. In 1808, he was a missionary in the Mississippi District, and was appointed to Opelousas Circuit, La.; in 1809, to Sandy River Circuit; in 1810, to Salt River Circuit; in 1811, to Patoka Circuit; in 1812, to Cape Girardeau Circuit, (then in the Tennessee Conference;) in 1813, to the Breckinridge Circuit; in 1814, to the Richland Circuit; in 1815, to the Livingston Circuit.

During the period through which he had passed as an itinerant, up to this date, he had labored not only in Kentucky, but also in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Missouri. The Livingston Circuit was the last he traveled in Kentucky. In 1816, we find him on the Lee, and in 1817, on the Powell's Val-

* General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 221.

ley Circuit, in East Tennessee; and in 1818, he is selected by Bishop McKendree to travel with him through his Episcopal District. In 1819, he is appointed to the Tennessee Valley Circuit; and the following year, worn down by the incessant toil of sixteen years, he sustains a superannuated relation to the Conference.

In 1821, he was transferred to the Virginia Conference, in which he spent the remnant of his days. The first six years of his connection with the Virginia Conference, he rendered effective service; but in 1827, his constitution had become so much impaired that he was placed upon the list of the superannuated, to remain until he should be called to his reward on high.

He attended the session of the Conference held at Norfolk, on the 10th of February, 1836, and died in that city soon after the close of the session.

We close the sketch of this excellent and faithful minister with the following letter addressed to us by the Rev. W. A. Smith, D.D., dated St. Louis, Mo., March 21, 1868: "I remember old Brother Edge, (Benjamin,) but only as a good and very eccentric man. He died in Norfolk, a few days after the close of a Conference session there. I was the preacher in charge at the time—gave him good quarters, where he was well taken care of, but was too busy to give him my personal attention. He had every attention, however. I think I was absent from the city when he died. The family with whom he stayed were greatly interested in him, and were, I think, both edified and comforted by the last

hours of a truly good man, though unknown to fame.”

Samuel Sellers was admitted into the Western Conference in 1805. He spent the first four years of his ministry in Kentucky, on the Limestone, Hartford, and Danville Circuits, having traveled on the Hartford Circuit the second and fourth years. At the Conference of 1809, he was appointed to the Claiborne Circuit, in the Mississippi District. The following year, he was returned to Kentucky, and placed on the Barren Circuit. In 1811, he travels on the Nollichuckie Circuit, in the Holston District, and the four years succeeding, presides over the Mississippi District. At the close of his labors on Mississippi District, he located. We, however, find him again in the Conference the following year, and appointed to the Wilkinson Circuit, in Mississippi; but at the Conference of 1818, he again located.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church was organized in 1810, “near the Cumberland Mountains and River—hence its name. About the year 1800, a great interest was manifested on the subject of religion in that region, and as there was a deficiency of ministers, the Transylvania Presbytery licensed Messrs. Anderson, Ewing, and King to preach, although they had not been educated for the ministry. In 1803, the Cumberland Presbytery was formed, and by it these three persons were ordained, and several others received as candidates for the ministry. These young men for the most part discarded the doctrine of reprobation. Objections were urged against their admission by some of the

members of the Presbytery; and at their instance the Synod appointed a commission to examine them on literature and theology. The Presbytery, however, refused to submit the young men to the examination; whereupon the commission cited the older members to appear before the Synod, and prohibited the newly admitted ministers from exercising their functions. The latter party then formed themselves into a council, and acted in this capacity until the General Assembly decided against them, when, in 1810, they formed themselves into an independent Presbytery. They adopted the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and Discipline—dissenting, however, from the latter in not making a classical education a *sine qua non* qualification for the ministry; and from the former in maintaining ‘that there are no eternal reprobates; that Christ died not for a part only, but for all mankind; that all infants, dying in infancy, are saved through Christ, and sanctification of the Spirit; that the Spirit of God operates on the world, or as coëxtensively as Christ has made the atonement, in such a manner as to leave all men inexcusable.’ ”*

This year was one of extensive revivals. Nearly every charge was visited with the outpouring of the Spirit of grace. The increase was *eleven hundred and twenty-five*, of which one hundred and eighteen were colored.

* Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary, Enlarged—Southern Edition—p. 288.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE WESTERN CONFERENCE OF 1811 TO THE SESSIONS
OF THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1812.

The Conference held in Cincinnati—Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—Shadrach B. A. Carter—Charles Bonwell—John Caliman—William Hart—Thomas D. Porter—Benjamin W. Rhoton—Jonathan Stamper—John Phipps—James Dixon—Francis Travis—Thomas Nelson—William Pattison—Elisha W. Bowman—Joseph Oglesby—Charles Sherman—Henry Robertson—William Duff—Mrs. Harriet Ingram—Anthony Thompson—Reuben Wallace—Albrittain Drake—Stephen and Hannah Scobee—Reuben Landrum and Wife—William and Susanna Owen—Major Charles Pelham and Wife—Benjamin Durham—Increase in membership.

THE session of the Western Conference for 1811 was held in Cincinnati, commencing October the 1st. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present. On Saturday evening preceding the Conference, the Bishops reached Cincinnati. Bishop Asbury in his Journal says:

“*Sunday, Sept. 29.*—I preached and ordained M. Geohagom, Michael Rouse, J. Voice, D. Anderson, J. Evans, J. B. Finley, Thomas Nelson, S. West, Alexander Cummins, Samuel Hellums, Samuel H. Thompson, John Manley, Francis Travis, John Brown, Abraham Hunt, John Clark, R. Rowe, B. Vanpelt, I. Smith, and Joshua Holland. We have been five days sitting in Conference: there has been

weighty and critical business before us, but we wrought with industry and good order.

“*Sunday, Oct. 6.*—I preached; Bishop McKendree preached, as did others, and our labor has not been in vain. We occupied the market-house as well as the chapel. *Friday*, after a session of ten days, our Western Conference rose. I had little trouble about the stations—I heard of no complaints. There were one hundred and two preachers—one hundred of whom are stationed: we lack twenty-two. *Saturday*, resting, and in prayer.

“*Sunday, 13.*—I preached once more in the chapel: it was a farewell warning to the preachers. I met the society, baptized some children, and visited the sick. *Monday*, we took to horse, and came away to Falmouth, forty-two miles. Our pack-horse is lame. *Wednesday*, we came on to Martin Hitt’s. *Thursday*, arrived in the night at Colonel Johnson’s—a forty-miles’ ride to-day. *Friday*, a ten-miles’ ride in the night, added to our day’s ride, made fifty miles to Pitman’s. *Saturday*, we came in, in an awful storm, to Johnson’s.

“**KENTUCKY.**—*Sunday, 20.*—We found the Cumberland rising. We rode twenty-five miles to White’s, and rested. *Monday*, to Cheek’s. *Tuesday*, to Conway’s. It is hard labor, but God is with us. *Wednesday*, to Louisville. *Thursday*, we started at seven o’clock, and came in at seven o’clock in the evening, and have made no great headway. We put up at L. Bostwick’s. The work of the Lord hath been manifested here. My afflictions of body are very great—the Lord is pleased to humble

me: *perfect through sufferings!* The Lord's will be done! *Thursday*, I preached at Louisville, in great affliction of body; but it was a liberal season: glory be to God for that! *Friday*, a heavy ride to Waynesborough; stopped at Colonel Milton's. It is as warm as July. *Saturday*, after preaching in the old church, I retired to the house of the late Henry Moore, deceased. Wrote a very serious letter to Samuel Dunwoody, on his taking the charge of the Mississippi District. What a field is opened, and opening daily, in this New World!"*

At this Conference, Shadrach B. A. Carter, Charles Bonwell, John Caliman, William Hart, Thomas D. Porter, Benjamin W. Rhoton, and Jonathan Stamper, were admitted on trial.†

Shadrach B. A. Carter, Charles Bonwell, and John Caliman remained in the Conference but a single year. Mr. Carter was appointed to the Somerset Circuit, Mr. Bonwell to the Jefferson, and Mr. Caliman to the Danville.

For the time that he was a member of the Conference, no one performed his duties as a preacher with greater fidelity than William Hart. His first appointment was to the Henderson Circuit, at that time spreading over a large tract of country. In 1812, he was appointed to the New Madrid Circuit, in Missouri, where he was eminently useful. At the Conference of 1813, we find him on the Stone's River Circuit; in 1814, on the Clinch, and in 1815,

*Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., pp. 374, 375.

† Twenty-three were admitted on trial, but we only mention those who received appointments in Kentucky.

on the Tennessee Valley, all in the State of Tennessee. His health declining, at the next ensuing Conference he was placed on the supernumerary list. Recovering his health, in 1817, he is appointed to the Jefferson Circuit in Kentucky, where he remains for two years. The large circuits he had traveled, together with the exposure to which he was subjected, had already told fearfully upon his constitution, and rendered it imperative that he should retire from a work in which he had been so happily and usefully employed. At the Conference of 1819 he located.

Thomas D. Porter spent the first six years of his ministry in Kentucky. His first appointment was to the Licking Circuit, where, through his instrumentality, large numbers were added to the Church. In 1812, he traveled on the Lexington Circuit with William Pattison, and in 1813, on the Cumberland.

At the Conference of 1814, his appointment was to the Jefferson Circuit, while William McMahan had charge of the Shelby. In consequence of an expressed wish of the people, the two circuits were united, and thus both charges were favored with the ministry of these two zealous and useful preachers of the gospel. The extraordinary success that crowned their labors this year is happily recorded by Dr. McMahan, in his "Recollections of Early Life and Manhood:" "Several excellent camp-meetings" were held, at which "many professed religion." With the "preachers and people great peace and good-will prevailed," and "they lived and labored together in Christian love and confidence;"

and at the close of the year, the circuit presented a "prosperous, sound, and healthy condition." In 1815, we find him again on the Lexington Circuit, where he had previously traveled, having for his colleague John Tevis, one of the best men that ever lived; and the following year on the Salt River. This was his last appointment in Kentucky.

In 1817, we find him on the Holston Circuit, where he labors with energy and success. In all the appointments he had filled, he left behind him the savor of a good name.

At the Conference of 1818, he was called to a more responsible position in the Church. The fidelity with which he had discharged his duties in the several circuits on which he had traveled, together with his talents as a preacher, plainly indicated the propriety of placing him in charge of a District. He was appointed to the Tennessee District, having associated with him Robert Paine, (now Bishop,) Ebenezer Hearn, Joshua Boucher, Thomas Stringfield, Thomas Maddin, and William McMahan. On this District he remained for three years, preaching like one who felt that he must give account to God. His health failing, at the close of his third year on the District, he was compelled to seek for rest in a supernumerary relation, and at the Conference of 1822 he located.

Dr. McMahan speaks of him as "a most excellent man, young, handsome, modest, talented, pious, and exceedingly zealous and useful."*

* Memphis Christian Advocate, May 10, 1860.

The remainder of his life was spent in the local ranks. "He died many years ago in Texas, singing with his last breath, 'There's nothing true but heaven.'"*

Benjamin W. Rhoton was an itinerant preacher for five years. His appointments were the Hinkstone, the Limestone, the Fleming, the Licking, and the Danville Circuits. He "was born in North Carolina, May 12, 1792—professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1807. Soon after his connection with the Church, he felt that he was moved of the Holy Ghost to the work and office of the Christian ministry. He was licensed to preach, and in 1811, was admitted on trial into the traveling connection. His first appointment was to the Hinkstone Circuit, in Northern Kentucky. He was ordained deacon in 1813, by the venerable Bishop Asbury, and was ordained elder by Bishop McKendree in 1818. As a minister of the gospel, Dr. Rhoton was earnest, zealous, and quite effective. He was blessed with a sound mind, a vivid imagination, and a much more than ordinary range of mental vision. He had very clear and comprehensive views of the plan of salvation, God's method of saving sinners by faith in Jesus Christ, wherein his righteousness is revealed and glorified.

"The Doctor accumulated a rich and varied store of theological, biblical, scientific, and general literature, which adorned and gave his pulpit efforts

* Memphis Christian Advocate, May 10, 1860.

a classical finish, which was seldom surpassed. Though familiar with the commonplace doctrines and subjects of Christian theology, he dwelt with a peculiar and sacred pleasure on the more abstruse and sublime doctrines of the Christian Scriptures. The being and revealed attributes and perfections of the mysterious Divinity were subjects of much thought and investigation in his theological pursuits. This train of thought and mental pursuit were manifested in his sermons, but more particularly by the awfully sublime appeals to the perfections and unsearchable nature of God, which generally characterized his addresses to the throne of grace. During the last few weeks of his life, his mind seemed almost absorbed with the subject of eternity—its awfulness as an attribute of God, and as an attribute of man as to his future. At times, by faith, he seemed to stand on the plains of the celestial Canaan, wrapped in the visions of a boundless future. The rolling cycles of eternity seemed to sweep on, and yet the scene was boundless and unsearchable. Often, in the midst of such mental excursions or flights of fancy within the range of the Christian's faith, his bounding heart would kindle into flames of love, and he would give vent to his feelings in shouts of praise to God.

“But we return to his history. In 1815, he united in marriage with Miss Martha Jeffries. The next year he located, and entered upon the practice of medicine. In 1827, he graduated, and received his diploma as M. D. at Transylvania, Lexington, Ky. During his residence in Versailles, he had for

years an extensive and lucrative practice. In 1835, Mrs. Rhoton died. In 1836, he united in marriage with Mrs. Margaret Peters, who shared the joys and sorrows of life with him till separated by death.

“Dr. Rhoton was eminently pious. Converted to God when but a youth, while at secret prayer, he was enabled, by the constant use of this and other means of grace, to maintain, by the help of God, an unimpeachable Christian character during his entire life.

“The last year of his earthly pilgrimage he was confined to his room by affliction, suffering the will of God, and patiently waiting till his change should come. The most of his time was spent in prayer, praise, and exhortation—exhorting his family and friends to be faithful and prepare for a home in heaven. At six o’clock, Thursday morning, February 26, 1863, the weary wheels of life stood still, and the triumphant spirit passed to its eternal home on high.”*

But few men in Kentucky ever held so warm a place in the affections of the Church as Jonathan Stamper. The bare mention of his name awakens memories of the past, and carries us back to scenes we would never forget. We have already made mention of his parents, Joshua and Jane Stamper. He was born in Madison county, Ky., April 27, 1791. He says:

“When I was nineteen years of age, a camp-meeting was appointed to be held about eight miles

* Extract from a funeral-sermon preached in Georgetown, Ky., by the Rev. H. J. Perry, March 22, 1863.

from my father's residence. A number of the young people, mostly females, of the society in the neighborhood, expressed a great desire to attend it. Among these was my sister, who had embraced religion when quite a small girl. I had the most unbounded confidence in her piety, and always strove to gratify her wishes by accompanying her to church, whether far or near. She asked me if there could be any way devised for them to get to the meeting. I replied that there was one way, and it was quite an easy one: if they would promise to pray for me, I would take them in the wagon. They pledged themselves to do so, and I prepared the wagon, in which we all rode to the campground, where we erected our tent.

“It was a time of great power. The people of God were revived, and many sinners awakened and converted. I listened with attention to the word, and, ere I was aware, found my cheeks suffused with tears. I left the ground, and retiring to the woods, wiped my eyes, braced myself up to the extent of my power, put on as cheerful an air as possible, and walked back to the camp. Determined to hide my feelings, I said to the girls, on entering the tent, ‘I am afraid you have forgotten your promise to pray for me, because the Bible says that the prayer of faith shall be answered, and you see that I am not yet converted.’ This remark was, of course, only meant for a mask. With a sad heart and guilty conscience, and seeking the most solitary spot that could be found, I gave vent to my feelings in the bitter tears of repentance. When the trum-

pet sounded for preaching, I arose, and making my way back to the encampment, joined the congregation. It seemed to me that the preacher was reading the secrets of my heart, and exposing to the assembled multitude all its wickedness. The prophet said to *me*, 'Thou art the man!' and soon, losing all self-control, I cried aloud for mercy. When the invitation was given, I was the first one at the place of prayer, and faithfully availed myself of that blessed privilege whenever it was offered during the continuance of the meeting. Many were converted on my right hand and on my left, but there seemed to be no mercy for me. Before we left the ground, I joined the Church as a seeker of religion, persuaded that by so doing I should place a barrier between myself and the world, and more effectually loosen the ties which bound me to my gay companions. This proved to be a correct view of the matter, and I would urge it upon all seekers of religion, who really intend to persevere until they obtain the blessing. A membership in the Church of Christ is a wall of defense around them; they are thrown into the society and possess the confidence of those who care for their souls, and such associations have a tendency to stimulate them to greater and more constant religious efforts.

"At the close of the meeting we returned home; and while the greater portion of the company 'went on their way rejoicing,' I was disappointed and sorrowful. The burden of sin rested heavily on my spirit, and I feared the allurements and

probable opposition of a giddy world. My father and mother met us with tears of joy, and assured me that I would, in due time, realize the blessing of pardoning mercy, if I persevered in seeking it. I uniformly attended the meetings held in the neighborhood, and spent much time in prayer, but fell into the common mistake of looking too much to the deeds of the law for justification, and failing to obtain it, began to regard myself as too great a sinner to hope for the mercy of God. I became discouraged; my heart grew hard, and Satan tempted me to give up the effort, and seek relief for my wounded spirit in the pleasures of the world. But having felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, I was afraid to do this, and so the struggle went on until I reached the end of my own strength, and was made conscious of my utter helplessness and dependence upon the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

“At the end of three months another camp-meeting was held, to which I had looked forward with absorbing interest, as the time and place when I might find the blessing so long and so ardently desired. While there, no opportunity was neglected: the first on my knees at the altar of prayer, I waited hour after hour, and day after day, but could find no relief. As on the former occasion, the work progressed with great power, and souls were awakened and converted at every coming together. The impression took hold upon me that I was doomed to be lost; and, no longer able to weep, I retired to the woods to mourn over my

dreadful condition. I looked up, and the silent heaven seemed to frown upon me: I looked down, and the earth beneath had a voice to condemn; the trees, the grass, and every object in nature stood forth as witnesses against me; the soft evening breeze, as it fanned my cheek, seemed to whisper the curses of God against the sinner; and, overwhelmed with mental darkness, almost despair, I threw myself upon the ground, and groaned aloud in anguish that words could not speak.

“I left the place of my bitter lamentation, and returned to the encampment. A preacher was inviting mourners to the altar. I paused, and inquired of myself, ‘Am I a mourner, such as are invited to come forward for the prayers of the Church?’ Then this thought came: Surely there is no being in the universe who needs intercession more than I do; it will make my condition no worse to go, and it may be that God will yet pity and forgive. The very thought presented to my view the goodness of God in an enlarged and affecting light; hope sprang up; my heart melted into tenderness, and my eyes overflowed with tears. I did not wait to walk—I ran. I fell prostrate on my face, and cried, ‘Lord, if it be possible to save a wretch like me, O save me, for the sake of Jesus!’ In a moment I apprehended the fullness of the atonement in Christ; I saw how God could be just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in Jesus; and claiming an interest in the sinner’s Friend, instantly felt the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. My burden was removed, my guilt ab-

solved, my sorrow turned into joy, and my lamentations into praise.

“If my anguish was excessive before, my joy was inexpressible now. I could give vent to my feelings only by shouting aloud the praises of God. Every object I looked upon seemed to be praising him: the leafy branches of the grove in which we worshiped seemed laughing with joy in the silvery moonbeams: the stars in their silent beauty seemed to speak forth the Saviour’s praises: every face glowed with rapture: the whole creation wore a new and lovelier aspect, and all seemed to unite in one universal anthem of praise to God and to the Lamb. Love, love to God and man, filled my soul to overflowing. I talked to all I met about the love of God in Christ Jesus, and exhorted them to seek the Lord. I saw such a fullness in the atonement, and such freedom of access through its merits, that I was astonished at myself for not having comprehended it sooner. So clear and powerful were my views, that it seemed to me I could convince the most unbelieving, and felt deeply impressed that it was my duty to invite them to this fountain for sin and uncleanness.”*

In the autumn of 1810, he entered upon a life of usefulness to the Church as a preacher of the gospel. A vacancy had been reserved on the Fleming Circuit, to which he was appointed by the Presiding Elder. He remained on the circuit about six months, meeting with the discouragements that so

* Jonathan Stamper in Home Circle, Vol. I., pp. 109, 110, 111.

frequently fall to the lot of the young preacher, when, in consequence of the failure in the health of Eli Truitt, on the Lexington Circuit, he was removed to that field of labor. Reluctant to leave a people whose indulgence and kindness he had shared so largely, he nevertheless yielded to the wishes of his brethren, and entered upon the labors of his new work. The kindness of Charles Holliday, the senior preacher, added to the forbearance of the Church, and, above all, the success that attended his ministry, encouraged him in his work—and, at the following Conference, he offered himself, was admitted on trial, and returned to the Lexington Circuit. In portions of this charge there were seasons of refreshing. Two camp-meetings were held, the first in Jessamine county, in the month of May, and the second in August, at Robertson's Camp-ground, in Bourbon county. Thirty persons professed religion at the former, and forty at the latter. The unquiet condition of the country, however, during this Conference-year, greatly impeded the progress of the Church. In June, 1812, the American Congress declared war against Great Britain, while the Indians had commenced hostilities on our Northern frontiers. "The treachery of the British Government, and the cruelties of the savages, were themes of conversation in all circles, producing an excitement among the people which tended greatly to destroy all religious influences, and create a sad state of morals throughout the country."

On the 7th of the previous November, the mem-

orable battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, in which the gallant and eloquent Colonel Jo. Hamilton Daviess, and other distinguished Kentuckians, had fallen. News, too, had reached Kentucky that Fort Harrison, on the Wabash River, had been attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians, and the massacres of white families by the Indians, previous to the treaty made by Gen. Wayne, were too fresh in the memory of the people of Kentucky, for them to be idle spectators at a time like this. "The popular passion for war blazed with such fury, that scarcely any opposition was perceptible." The young men in every portion of the State were offering themselves for the campaign. Born at a period when families lived in block-houses, and familiar not only with the stories, but a participant in the sufferings incident to frontier life, young Stamper joined the expedition. They rendezvoused at Lexington, and took up their line of march from that city on the 1st of September, 1812. Occupying the position of a chaplain, he acquitted himself while in the army as became a minister of Jesus Christ, preaching whenever an opportunity afforded, and leaving "upon hundreds of minds an impression in favor of religion."

The Conference of 1812 was held during his absence, and he was appointed to the Big Sandy Circuit. On the 1st of December, he started for his field of labor. In summing up the results of this year's work, he says: "My labors on this circuit were hard, and attended with various success.

There were often times of great excitement, and what would usually be called revivals of religion; but so volatile and unstable were the subjects of these excitements, that no lasting effects were produced. Often, in the short space of three weeks, many that professed religion, and shouted as if they were in the suburbs of heaven, went back into their former profligacy. I was led to fear that no permanent good could be affected among these people; but time has proved the contrary. Through the blessing of God upon the persevering efforts of the early preachers, the Church is now prospering in most parts of that mountain region. The gospel took effect upon the rising generation, many of whom have become substantial members of the Church.”*

In 1813, he was appointed to the Licking, and in 1814, to the Limestone Circuit, on both of which God blessed his ministry. At the Conference of 1815 he located. He reëntered the Conference in 1817, having traveled the previous year on the Lexington Circuit, under the Presiding Elder. Revivals of religion distinguished his labors all around the circuit. “At a camp-meeting at White’s Meeting-house, in Harrison county,” there was a great revival. “The town of Cynthiana had long withstood the gospel. Although repeated efforts had been made by all denominations of Christians, no one of them had ever been able to gain a foothold in the place, which at this time

* Jonathan Stamper in Home Circle, Vol. I., p. 502.

was given up to pleasure and dissipation. The people felt themselves secure in their sins, and, like Gallio of old, 'cared for none of these things.'

"On the Saturday night of the camp-meeting, there was an immense concourse of people present, and the altar became so crowded that the mourners were like to be trampled upon. Brother Thomas Hinde was there, and assisted very much in carrying on the meeting. He said to me: 'If you will go up on the green above the seats, fix benches for the mourners, and form a ring of old members to guard them from the crowd, I will take them up from the stand.' The arrangement was made, and, when I gave him the signal, he came with the mourners, some fifty in number. As they entered the ring, the power of God fell upon the assembly in a most extraordinary manner. Just at this moment, a band of thirty young men, who had come from town with the avowed purpose of breaking up the meeting, made their appearance. They marched in rank and file, their captain being armed with a bottle of whisky. As they advanced to the mourner's circle, the power of the Holy Spirit met them, and they fell like men in battle; some in their tracks, others after running a little distance; but not one escaped. In twenty minutes the work had become so general over the encampment, that it was impossible to tell where the most good was being done.

"I have never before or since witnessed so great a display of Divine power. It seemed as if there was almost a visible manifestation of the Holy

Spirit; and the most reckless sinners turned pale and trembled while they felt its awful presence. The work continued all night without abatement. Scores were converted; and not less than two hundred persons were seen crying for mercy. The camp broke up on Tuesday; but the people carried the sacred fire which had been kindled there into their respective neighborhoods. A meeting was commenced immediately in Cynthiana, under the direction of Father Cole, which continued until largely over one hundred were added to the Church in that hitherto wicked place.

“This revival pervaded the neighborhoods of Mount Gerizim, Ruddle’s Mills, Pleasant Green, Millersburg, Whitaker’s Settlement, and many other places. In the space of six weeks, not less than twelve hundred persons professed religion. The work was deep and genuine, comparatively few falling back. Hundreds who are now in heaven were converted at that time, and a dozen ministers were brought out among the fruits of this mighty visitation.”*

We next find Mr. Stamper on the Hinkstone Circuit, and then on the Brush Creek, in the State of Ohio, in both of which revivals crowned his labors.

In 1819, he was appointed Presiding Elder over the Muskingum District, which “extended from the mouth of the Little Scioto to within a few miles of Wheeling, embracing both sides of the Ohio River.” We also find him a prominent mem-

* Jonathan Stamper in Home Circle, Vol. II., p. 168.

ber of the General Conference of 1820. He had attained to eminence in the Church, and henceforward he will appear as a leader in the ranks.

In 1820, he is placed in charge of the Salt River District, extending from the Cumberland Mountains to the city of Louisville. Here he remained for two years. Leaving his wife and children at his father-in-law's, he entered upon his work at once. The following spring he removed his family to Shelbyville, Richard Corwine being in charge of the circuit. In referring to Shelbyville, he says:

“After becoming acquainted with the state of things in this vicinity, I determined to preach a series of sermons on the points of difference between Methodists and Calvinists. The cause of my determination was simply this: the Methodists had been completely down-trodden by Calvinistic preachers, who made a point of assailing our doctrines and usages in almost every sermon. Our people had become disheartened, and were rather disposed to bow down and submit to this petty tyranny, without resistance or defense. Such a state of things did not at all comport with my ideas of justice or duty. One Presbyterian and two Baptist preachers, all famed for talent, had occupied the ground. These three men seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that the Methodists would tamely submit to be mauled and ridiculed at their pleasure.

“I commenced my series, and crowds came to hear. The above-mentioned ministers attended, to take notes and make large threats; but I continued my course, regardless of all that was said. At the

close of one of my sermons, the following notice was handed me:

“Mr. Stamper:—Please publish to your congregation, that on this day four weeks, Rev. Silas Toncray will preach in the Baptist church, in reply to the discourses delivered by you against the doctrines of grace, commonly called Calvinism.’

“I announced the notice, with the following remarks: ‘I do not consider this the best or fairest way of conducting this matter. Mr. Toncray and Mr. Waller have heard my arguments. Those arguments are now fresh in the minds of the people, and if a reply is intended, this is the time for it. Mr. Toncray is welcome to the use of my pulpit, and I am the more anxious to hear him this evening, because it will be out of my power to attend at the time specified in the notice. I claim it as a right, that I shall be present to defend myself.’

“‘We feel disposed,’ said Mr. Waller, ‘to make our own arrangements in our own way.’

“‘I hope, then,’ replied I, ‘that you will have candor enough to make the appointment at a time when I can be there.’

“‘That, said he, ‘is your own lookout: we shall not hinder you from being present.’

“‘Still,’ I insisted, ‘as you say you will not hinder me, ‘I hope you will so arrange the time that I can be with you.’

“The answer was, ‘We feel disposed to follow our own course in this matter, and it is our opinion that no one has a right to dictate either when or where the reply shall be made.’

“I rejoined that I did not dispute their right or power to do so, but hoped that the congregation would claim the right to look upon them as cowards, seeking to skulk from a fair investigation of the points under discussion. To this Toncray very quickly replied, that he was not afraid to meet me anywhere upon those points. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘act like a man, and give me a chance to defend myself.’

“This brought them to a stand; and seeing that if they did not agree to meet me fairly, their cause would suffer, they, after counseling together a moment, begged to be excused on that evening, adding that they would be ready at any other time.

“‘Will to-morrow at ten o’clock do?’ I asked. The answer was affirmative, and I then announced to the people that Mr. Toncray would reply to my discourses in that house at the hour agreed upon.

“The appointment flew as if on the wings of the wind. As early as nine o’clock in the morning, the people were seen coming in every direction, anxious to witness the contest. Toncray and Waller were a little late; but when they came, I met and conducted them to the pulpit with all the politeness at my command. When we were seated, Mr. Toncray turned to me and asked,

“‘What course are you going to pursue?’

“‘I think that is clear from what passed yesterday. I understand that you are to answer my discourses, confuting my arguments if you can, and that I have the liberty of replying when you are done.’

““I do not understand it so. My understanding is, that the matter will end with my remarks. I object to your replying, and you shall not do it.’

““But I will.’

““You shall not.’

““I will.’

““You shall not; and if you persist, I will not say one word.’

““You can do as you please. If you will not preach, I will. This congregation shall not be disappointed; and just as certainly as you occupy the pulpit, I claim the right of replying.’

“Brother Corwine, who was sitting in the stand with us, turned to me and said, ‘Stick to it, Brother Stamper; it is your right, and you must not relinquish it under any circumstances.’

“After a few moments’ pause, Mr. Waller said to his discomfited friend, ‘Don’t back out: you can prevent his replying.’

““How?’

““Do you take the stand, and occupy it all day: you can keep him out in that way, if in no other.’

“Toncray took his advice, refrained from beginning as long as he could, and then talked five hours and a half!

“I felt insulted by this attempting to take advantage of me, and when he got through, arose and told the congregation the whole affair from beginning to end. There was not time for me to say much, but I noticed a few of the gentleman’s arguments then, and pledged myself for a full answer subsequently. I assured Mr. Toncray that he should

be duly notified of time and place, and furthermore promised that I would not treat him as he had treated me on this occasion.

“One of his strong points, which I noticed, was the case of Judas Iscariot. Toncray affirmed that this man was a devil from the beginning, being appointed by our Lord in view of the part he should act. In connection with this, he remarked that the eternal purposes of God in the redemption of the world could never have been accomplished without a traitor; that Judas was predestinated to that part, and did what God had determined he should do. In answer to this I said: ‘If Judas fulfilled the commission assigned him by the Almighty, he was a good and faithful servant, and was certainly approved of his Master for his obedience. It would be a reflection upon the Divine integrity to suppose that he would be assigned a special work, and then sent to hell for doing it. Furthermore, if one traitor was necessary in making up the twelve apostles in the commencement of the gospel ministry, it is not unreasonable to conclude that God yet has need of traitors in the same ratio: if they were necessary in carrying out the gospel ministry in the apostolic age, they are equally so in carrying out that ministry in all ages. If the clergy has to lie under this censure, I do not see why this community has not a right to say that Mr. Toncray is a Judas as well as to say it of any other minister. If they should charge him with this, he would have no right to complain, but should content himself to be hanged, and go to his own place,

seeing that he had accomplished the end for which he was born. Judas and Mr. Toneray would have one thing in common to console them in hell, if the doctrine you have heard to-day be true; and that is, that they were both damned, not for doing their own will, but for doing the will of God!

“It was between five and six o’clock when the services closed, after my announcement that on the next Sunday week I would reply more fully to Mr. Toneray.

“The ball was now fairly in motion. The people were waked up, and began to think and read for themselves. Methodism from this hour held up its head in that region, its advocates being greatly increased and emboldened. Our Calvinistic friends felt somewhat disconcerted, and complained that we should have the impudence to attack the doctrines of the Reformation as taught by Calvin, Beza, and others; but we held on our course steadily, saying but little, and hoping and praying for the triumph of truth.

“Mr. Cameron, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was a Scotchman by birth and education—a generous-hearted man, but uncommonly impulsive in his temper, over which neither he nor his friends had any control. Being a strong Calvinist of the old school, he felt a concern for the safety of his favorite scheme, and thought it incumbent on him to come to the help of his Baptist brethren. When the day came for my reply, Mr. Cameron dismissed the congregation at what was called the Mud Meeting-house, a few miles in the country,

came to town under whip and spur, and reached the church just as I arose to commence. He pressed through the crowd, took a seat, and prepared to take notes.

“I took up the subject that day in regular order, from the doctrine of decrees down to the final and unconditional perseverance of the saints, and occupied about three hours in its investigation, during which a death-like silence reigned throughout the assembly. After getting through the arguments against Calvinism, I proceeded to lay down the plain articles of Calvinism and Methodism in their undress, side by side, telling the congregation that they might inspect them at their leisure, and make what comparisons and deductions they chose.

“I read the first two articles agreed to by the Synod of Dort. My old friend Cameron could contain himself no longer, and rising to his feet, shouted out, in his broad Scotch dialect:

““Stop, Mr. Stomper! Stop, Mr. Stomper! I do not want this large congregation to go away and believe we hold such damnable doctrines. Mr. Stomper has dressed Calvinism in rags, and set the dogs after it!”

“At this, Philip Taylor, who was a magistrate as well as a local preacher, arose and commanded order, telling Mr. Cameron that he was disturbing the peace of the congregation. I urged Mr. Taylor to sit down, and turning to Mr. Cameron, assured him that he should have full liberty to say what he chose, without fear of being considered a disturber. This softened him into kindly thanking me for the

courtesy shown, and I immediately asked him whether I had read the articles aright.

“‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘but they need explanation, and that you have not given.’

“‘I think an article of religion which has been signed by a grave synod, ought to be so definite as to render explanation unnecessary.’

“‘Well, Mr. Stomper, after all you have said, we do not differ so widely. You tell us that we must believe in order to justification, and I tell you that he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.’

“‘Yes, Mr. Cameron, but your doctrines carry some horrible consequences after them, from which ours are happily freed.’

“‘None that I can conceive,’ was his reply.

“‘Will you permit me,’ I said, ‘to ask you two or three plain questions?’

“‘Yes, sir; and I will answer them. If I had a glass of water, and my Bible, I would show beyond contradiction that Mr. Stomper is wrong.’

“Some one handed him a glass of water; and, after he had drunk, I asked the following question:

“‘Do you believe that God has made it possible for all men to be saved?’

“‘Certainly I do.’

“‘Do you believe that Jesus Christ purchased redemption for all men?’

“‘No; I do not believe any such thing.’

“‘Will you please to tell me, and this congregation, how those may be saved for whom Christ did not die, and for whom he procured no redemption?’

“The old gentleman, at once seeing the dilemma into which he had fallen, flew into a perfect rage, and declared that he was not bound to answer any such question. His Presbyterian brethren ran to him and begged him for God’s sake to be silent, or he would injure the cause, and ruin himself. But he cried out at the top of his voice, ‘Let me alone! I will say what I please!’ and so he made his way to the door, followed by his beseeching brethren, while the congregation was in a paroxysm of laughter at his violence. Hundreds followed him from the church to the public square, where he lectured half an hour before his friends could quiet him.

“I finished the reading of the articles, and called on Messrs. Toncray and Waller for a reply, but they declined making any.

“Mr. Cameron published that he would answer my sermon on the ensuing Sabbath in the Presbyterian church. I wrote him a note, requesting the privilege of being there to defend the doctrines of Methodism; but he said to the messenger, ‘Tell Mr. Stomper I consider him a gentleman—he treated me as one; but tell him I have such a devilish temper, I can’t bear it, and he must excuse me for not granting his request.’

“It was circulated about that I had been denied the privilege of hearing him, and the leading members of the Presbyterian Church determined to stay away, so that he had only about twenty persons in the house. Thus the controversy ended between Mr. Cameron and myself. We were upon the most friendly terms to the day of his death, and I al-

ways respected him for his honesty and simplicity of character. His impulsiveness almost amounted to a disease, but he was perfectly ingenuous and without malice; so that if he flew into a pet with me, it was soon over, and he was kind as ever.

A lamb that bore anger as a flint bears fire:
When much inflamed, it shows a hasty spark, and straight is cold again.

“Perhaps one cause of his great irascibility was his being a bachelor. A want of the softening and winning influences of a wife, often causes men to become soured with the world, and fancy themselves undervalued and neglected. The old gentleman long since bade adieu to earth, and I hope is resting in Abraham’s bosom.”*

In 1822, he traveled the Augusta District; in 1823, is appointed Agent for Augusta College, and in 1824, is again appointed to the Augusta District, on which he remains for four years. Following him in his labors, we find him in charge of the Cumberland and the Kentucky Districts—then filling the Shelbyville, Louisville, Danville, and Harrodsburg Stations—then in charge of the Augusta, Greensburg, and Shelbyville Districts.

At the session of the Conference of 1841, he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, and was stationed at Springfield, where he remained for two years; the following two years he is the pastor of the Church in Quincy.

As a member of the General Conference of 1844,

* Jonathan Stamper in Home Circle, Vol. II., pp. 523-526.

in the controversy that led to the division of the Church, he took his position with the Southern Delegates. This rendering him unacceptable to the Illinois Conference, he asked to be re-transferred to Kentucky, where he met with a most cordial reception.

After his return to Kentucky, his first appointment was to the Agency of Transylvania University. He next served the Maysville District for two years as Presiding Elder. In 1848, he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, and stationed in Jefferson City; but his health failing him, he was placed on the superannuated list at the following Conference. In that relation, in 1850, he was again transferred to the Kentucky Conference, and continued on the superannuated roll until the autumn of 1858.

Since 1850, although a superannuated member of the Kentucky Conference, he had resided at Decatur, Ill., where he owned property. Through the earnest solicitation of prominent members of the Illinois Conference, in 1858 he became a member of that Conference, and was stationed in Decatur. At the close of the year, his health was too feeble for him to continue on the effective roll, and hence he was again placed on the superannuated list. Reluctant to yield to the encroachments of age, and anxious to die in the effective ranks, he again accepted an appointment, and for two years traveled on the Mechanicsburg Circuit. At the Conference of 1862, he was again placed on the list of superannuated preachers, on which he continued until the final summons called him from labor to reward.

Among the last expressions that fell from his dying lips, were, "My hope is in Jesus; he is precious to my soul; I love him; I will praise him. I have been an unfaithful servant, and I am needy and unworthy; but there is a fullness in Jesus that diffuses and spreads itself abroad, covering the entire field of my wants, and in that fullness I rejoice. Glory to God! my work is done. I am almost home." He died in Decatur, Ill., on the 26th day of February, 1864.

It has been with pleasure that we have followed this eminent man of God through the long period of his ministry. For fifty-four years—forty of which were spent in Kentucky—he stood in the front ranks of the Church, as a faithful, useful, and gifted minister of Jesus Christ. Jonathan Stamper was a great man, in all that constitutes true greatness. "He was one of the finest pulpit orators of his day: God made him an orator. On camp-meeting occasions, congregated thousands have hung with rapt delight upon his ever-varying strains, amazed at the richness, beauty, strength, attractiveness, and glory of Divine truth, or swayed by his mighty reasonings, or convulsed with fear and dread, or melted into tenderness and tears; or lifted to their feet, or hurled prostrate to the ground, when he discoursed to them of the judgment of the last day, of the glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour Jesus Christ, of the lost soul, or of the triumphant entrance of the soldier of the cross into his rest."*

* General Minutes for 1864, p. 191.

In Kentucky, no man was better known than Jonathan Stamper. He traveled and preached all over the State. We heard him often. From our early childhood until he took his final leave of Kentucky, we many times sat beneath his ministry. We cannot forget him. We remember him once at a camp-meeting near Shelbyville. Day after day had faithful men dispensed the word of life, and many had found the "peace that passeth understanding." The excitement had subsided, and quiet rested on the encampment. Jonathan Stamper, then in the full strength of manhood, ascended the stand. It was the quiet hour of evening. All nature was calm; scarcely a leaf of the forest was rustled by the passing breeze. He opened the service with singing and prayer, and then announced his favorite theme—the final judgment.

He entered with calmness upon the investigation of the subject, gradually leading his hearers from point to point, until he held over them a complete mastery. Showing the necessity of a general judgment, that men may be rewarded or punished for all their works, he summoned those who had lived and passed away, of every generation and every clime, from earth and sea, and those living now, including the vast assembly to whom he was preaching, to appear before the Judge, to hear the final sentence. In every direction, as far as human eye could reach, vast crowds seemed pressing to the place of judgment. Not only the living of every land, but from the gold-paved streets of the city of God, and passing out through its jeweled gates,

myriads "whose robes had been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," coming to receive unfading crowns; while from the realms of black despair, with flames of fire dripping from their burning fingers, unnumbered thousands approached the judgment-seat to hear their final doom. A hush, like the stillness of death, permeated the congregation, as crowns were distributed, or the ungodly chased away to the "blackness of darkness for ever." Then heightening his rich and mellow voice, and throwing his whole soul into the appeal, he pleaded with those who heard him—who, though on the precincts of hell, were yet outside—to turn and live. Commotion was seen in every direction. More than one hundred persons pressed to the altar and pleaded for mercy.

"Among the people where he spent the evening of his life, he was cherished as a patriarch, and was happy in his family and Christian relations. His funeral was one of the largest that ever occurred in the city of Decatur. A neat marble monument, with an open Bible, marks his last resting-place."

John Phipps had entered the Conference in 1810, and was appointed to the Flint Circuit. In 1811, he travels on the Wayne Circuit, and the next year we find him on the Claiborne Circuit, in Mississippi. In 1813, his name is not in the Minutes; but at the following Conference, he is appointed to the Roaring River Circuit, and in 1815, to the Green River Circuit, and he locates at the close of the year.

Mr. Phipps is still living, at Hartford, Kentucky, a local minister in the Church.

James Dixon was admitted on trial in 1810, and appointed to the Tuscarawa Circuit, in Ohio. In 1811, he came to Kentucky, and traveled on the Green River Circuit; in 1812, on the Illinois; in 1813, on the Goose Creek; in 1814, on the Knoxville; in 1815, on the Claiborne and Natchez Circuit. He was then superannuated until the Conference of 1819, when he was sent to Knoxville, and the following year to Knoxville and Greenville, where his health failed him. At the following Conference, he was placed on the superannuated list, on which he remained until the winter of 1849, when he was called away by death.

“James Dixon, this year appointed to Knoxville, was in many respects a remarkable man, and one who, subsequently to this, was the subject of a most remarkable providence. He was an Irishman by birth, finely educated, and highly gifted. At this time he was in the prime and vigor of manhood—an able preacher, and an able exponent and defender of the doctrines and polity of the Church to which he belonged. He was once led into a protracted controversy, which was carried on through the public prints, with the celebrated Dr. I. Anderson, of the Presbyterian Church—one of the ablest ministers that Church ever had in Tennessee, and one who, no doubt, felt it to be his duty to oppose, with all his ability, the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Church; and, in justice to his memory, as well as to the truth of history, it must be said, if

such were his duty, he was faithful in the discharge of it. A portion of the published matter in the controversy alluded to is in the possession of the present writer; and, whatever Dr. Anderson and his friends may have thought of the result, Mr. Dixon and his friends had no cause to regret the controversy had been thrust upon them, or to feel ashamed of the manner in which he had conducted it, or of the results which followed. This year he acted his part well. The next year after this, he was sent to Natchez, where his health failed, and for two or three years he was on the list of superannuated preachers. In the fall of 1819, having been partially restored to health, he was again sent to Knoxville, and at the Conference for 1820, he was appointed to Knoxville and Greenville; but, during the year, he was suddenly stricken down with apoplexy, or epilepsy, and for a remarkably long period remained helpless, and almost entirely unconscious. After some weeks, during which he was with great difficulty kept alive, he was restored to consciousness, but not to a recognition of anybody or any thing around him. He had forgotten his own name—forgotten the names and faces of his most intimate friends—forgotten how to read—forgotten even the letters of the language—forgotten every thing. Nor did he ever recover, to any considerable extent, what he had then lost. He learned his letters, learned again to read, and slowly recovered a part—but only a small part—of what he had been by disease bereft. Some eight or ten years after his first attack, he had so far recovered as occasion-

ally to give a short exhortation at religious meetings, and a few times attempted to preach. Later in life he became worse, his affliction exhibiting much more of mental derangement—sometimes going off into frenzy, then into dementation. At last, his friends were under the painful necessity of sending him to an asylum, where his sufferings were, a few years ago, ended by death.”*

Francis Travis was appointed to the Hartford Circuit this year, having previously traveled on the Deer Creek and Fairfield Circuits, in Ohio. In 1812, we find him on the Fountain Head, and in 1813, on the Livingston Circuit. He located at the Conference of 1814.

Thomas Nelson was the brother of Matthew Nelson, of whom we have made mention, and preached successfully and usefully during the seven years he was an itinerant preacher. He entered the ministry in 1809, and was appointed to the White Water Circuit, in Miami District. The next year he is sent to the Rapids, in the Mississippi District. In 1811, his name first appears in Kentucky, on the Madison Circuit; in 1812, on the Silver Creek Circuit, in Indiana. He returned to Kentucky in 1813, and traveled the Danville Circuit. The following year, he is in charge of the Salt Creek Circuit, in Ohio, but returns to Kentucky in 1815, and is appointed, with Benjamin Lakin, to the Hinkstone Circuit. This year his health failed, and at the ensuing Conference, he was placed on the superannuated list. As

* Life and Times of Rev. S. Patton, D.D., pp. 146-148.

a preacher, he was very faithful. Some time after this, he went to Arkansas, and has never been heard of since.

William Pattison located in 1813. He came to Kentucky in 1811, and was appointed to the Shelby Circuit, and the next year to the Lexington Circuit. The territory he occupied before he appears in Kentucky, shows that he labored and suffered much for the Church. He entered the Conference in 1803, and traveled on the Scioto Circuit, in Ohio; in 1804, on the Guyandotte. In 1805, he was one of the noble band who volunteered for the Mississippi Territory, where he remained for two years, traveling the Claiborne and Wilkinson Circuits. In 1807, he was returned to the State of Ohio, and appointed to the Fairfield Circuit. At the close of this year, he was sent to East Tennessee, where he remained for three years, traveling the Holston, the Nollichuckie, and French Broad Circuits. The man who performed such labors ought not to be forgotten.

The names of Elisha W. Bowman and Joseph Oglesby are too dear to the Church in the West to to be passed over slightly. They were both eminent men, and periled not only health, but life itself, to plant and to promote the cause for which they labored and suffered.

Elisha W. Bowman was born in Virginia, December 25, 1775, and came with his father to Madison county, Kentucky, when only a child. The son of a local preacher, he was taught from his childhood the lessons of piety, and in early life he made a

profession of religion. At sixteen years of age he was licensed to preach, though he did not become an itinerant until the Conference of 1801. His first appointment was to the Scioto and Miami Circuit, in the North-western Territory, as successor to Henry Smith. The following year, the circuit was divided, and Mr. Bowman was appointed to the Miami Circuit. In 1803, we find him on the New River, and in 1804, on the French Broad Circuit, in East Tennessee.

At the Conference of 1805, Learner Blackman, who had traveled the previous year on the Natchez Circuit, made an appeal to Bishop Asbury for ministerial aid for the Mississippi Territory. With Lasley, Cloud, and Pattison, Mr. Bowman offered himself for this difficult and dangerous field. His appointment was to New Orleans.*

Reaching New Orleans, "as the point of his destination, he made the best possible arrangements he could for entering upon his work. He found, however, at that time, the American population sparse in the city, and commenced his mission under rather gloomy prospects. And indeed he soon found that he was to meet with much opposition; for in addition to the wickedness of the place, and the influence of Catholicism, a Mr. A. Pignon, an apostate Methodist preacher, was ahead there before him. He also entered his opposition. With insurmountable difficulties, Brother Bowman

*The Minutes say Opelousas. See letter of the Rev. Thomas Lasley, p. 150.

continued struggling to raise up the standard of Methodism in this missionary field during the winter and spring, but finding his way so completely hedged up, and with all the rest, his little resources nearly exhausted, and no prospects for success, he finally, with much reluctance, took his leave of the city."*

Mr. Bowman did not remain in New Orleans quite so long as Mr. Lasley supposed, as we find him at Opelousas on the 29th of the following January. He was, however, the first Methodist preacher who unfurled the flag of Christianity in the Crescent City. A letter written by him to the Rev. William Burke, Lexington, Ky., dated "Opelousas, January 29, 1806," and post-marked "Natchez, Miss.," will be read with interest:

"DEAR BROTHER:—These pages will inform you that I found a safe passage through a perilous wilderness to the city of Orleans. The city lies extremely low, the surface of the river being as high as the streets, and is kept out by a levee which is cast up immediately on the bank, and from its low situation it is as filthy as a hog-sty. As for the settlements of this country, there are none that are composed of Americans.

"From Baton Rouge, the Spanish garrison, which stands on the east bank of the Mississippi River, down two hundred miles, it is settled immediately

* Letter from the Rev. Thomas Lasley, in Nashville Christian Advocate, April 17, 1846.

on each bank of the river by French and Spaniards. The land is dry on each side about forty, and in some places fifty rods wide, and then a cypress swamp extends each way to the lakes, and will never admit of any settlements until you cross the lakes to the east and west.

“When I reached the city, I was much disappointed in finding but few American people there; and a majority of that few may truly be called the beasts of men. There are a few families that are called respectable, and these are Episcopalians, and they have a preacher of their own, a Mr. Chase, from Baltimore, [afterward Bishop Chase, of Illinois.] He arrived in this city about the time I left the Conference.

“Mr. Watson, the gentleman to whom I was recommended by Mr. Asbury, had left the city early in the fall, and had gone home to Philadelphia. I went to the Governor, and told him my business to that place. He promised me protection, and told me I should have the Capitol of the city to preach in, which he said should be at my service. My appointment was published for the next Lord’s day; but in the interval I found that the parson and his people were not very well pleased. On Sunday, when I came to the Capitol, I found the doors all locked, and the house inaccessible. I found a few drunken sailors and Frenchmen about the walks of the house, and I preached to them in the open air. In the evening I heard that my Episcopalian brethren were at the bottom of all this.

“The next day I went to the Governor and Mayor

of the city, and informed them how I had been treated: they then promised me to issue an order for the house to be opened and placed at my service. The next Sunday, when I came with my landlord and a few others, we found the doors again locked, and I again preached to ten or twelve persons in the open air. I went again to the officers, but got no satisfaction. In the evening, as I passed along the street, I heard them pouring out heavy curses on the Methodists, and saying, 'He is a Methodist: lock him out;' and they told me plainly I was not to have the privilege of the house. One of the officers told me that the Methodists were a dangerous people, and ought to be discouraged. I asked him what harm the Methodists had done: he said they were seeking an establishment. I told him it was an unjust censure: he got into a passion, and I left him. The next Sunday I preached to a few straggling people in the open street.

"The Lord's day is the day of general rant in this city: public balls are held, merchandise of every kind is carried on, public sales, wagons running, and drums beating; and thus is the Sabbath spent.

"I sought in vain for a house to preach in. Several persons offered to rent me a house, but I have not money to rent a house. My expenses I found to be about two dollars a day for myself and horse, and my money pretty well spent. I tried to sell my horse, but could not get forty dollars for him. Thus I was in this difficult situation, without a friend to advise me. I was three hundred miles

from Brother Blackman, and could get no advice from him; and what to do I did not know. I could have no access to the people, and to go back to Natchez is to do nothing, as there was a sufficient supply of preachers for that part; and to leave my station without Mr. Asbury's direction was like death to me, and to stay here I could do nothing. But by inquiring, I heard of a settlement of American people about two hundred miles to the west and north-west. By getting a small boat, and crossing the lakes, I could reach the Opelousas country; and as I was left to think by myself, I thought this most advisable. I accordingly, on the 17th day of December, shook off the dirt from my feet against this ungodly city of Orleans, and resolved to try the watery waste and pathless desert.

“I traveled fifty miles up the Mississippi River, and crossed to a river that forces itself out of the Mississippi, and runs into the sea in a south-west direction; down which river I traveled fifty miles, and then turned a western course fifteen miles, through a cypress swamp, to the lake. Here the mosquitoes like to have eaten up me and my horse.

“Here are a few Spaniards living on this lake. I got two large canoes of them, and built a platform on them, on which I put my horse. I hired two of the Spaniards to go with me across the lakes, for which I paid them thirteen dollars and a half, and through the mercy of God I had a safe passage through four lakes and a large bay. Here I saw an old Spaniard boiling salt on a small island. I landed a little south of the mouth of the river

O'Tash. Here a few Frenchmen are living at the mouth of this river, and a few American families are scattered along this bay and river, who came here in the time of the American war, but not for any good deeds they had done. I have now three dollars left, but God is as able to feed me two years on two dollars, as he was to feed Elijah at the brook, or five thousand with a few loaves and fishes.

“I traveled up the west side of the river O'Tash eighty miles. The land is dry immediately on the banks of this river, and about twenty rods wide, with cypress extending to the sea-marsh. On the east side of it are lakes and swamps. Eighty miles up there is a large French settlement. A few families of Americans are scattered among them, but I could not find two families together.

“I then passed through a small tribe of Indians, and then crossed the Vermilion River, which runs into the sea in a south-west direction. Here I had a fine sea-breeze. The next day I reached the Opelousas country, and the next I reached the Catholic church. I was surprised to see a pair of race-paths at the church-door.

“Here I found a few Americans, who were swearing with almost every breath; and when I reprov'd them for swearing, they told me that the priest swore as hard as they did. They said he would play cards and dance with them every Sunday evening, after mass! And strange to tell, he keeps a race-horse! in a word, practices every abomination. I told them plainly, if they did not quit

swearing, they and their priest would go to hell together.

“About twenty miles from this place, I found a settlement of American people who came to this country about the time of the American war. They know very little more about the nature of salvation than the untaught Indians. Some of them, after I had preached to them, asked me what I meant by the fall of man, and when it was that he fell. Thus they are perishing for lack of knowledge, and are truly in a pitiable condition. I have to learn them to sing, and in fact do every thing that is like worshipping God. I find it also very difficult to get them to attend meetings; for, if they come once, they think they have done me a very great favor.

“About thirty miles from here, I found another small settlement of English people, who were in as great a state of ignorance as the above; but I get as many of them together as I can, and preach Jesus Christ to them. O, my God! have mercy on the souls of this people.

“I find the people very much dissatisfied with the American Government, and we have a constant talk of war. The Spaniards are fortifying themselves all round the coast; and three-fourths of the people hope they will get this country again. This I hope will never be the case.

“Three-fourths of the inhabitants of this country, I suppose, are French. And as to the country, it is entirely level, and, I suppose, three-fourths prairie. The people are rich in cattle. They have from one to two or three thousand head of cattle to

a farmer; and, notwithstanding their large stocks, you might with ease carry on your back all that you could find in many of their houses.

“It is now the 29th day of January, and, from the great quantity of rain that has fallen, and the low situation of this country, it is almost everywhere in a flood of water. Every day that I travel, I have to swim through creeks or swamps, and I am wet from my head to my feet; and some days, from morning till night, I am dripping with water. I tie all my plunder fast on my horse, and take him by the bridle, and swim sometimes a hundred yards, and sometimes farther. My horse’s legs are now skinned and rough to his hock-joints, and I have the rheumatism in all my joints. But this is nothing.

“About eighty miles from here, I am informed, there is a considerable settlement of American people; but I cannot get to them at this time, as the swamps are swimming for miles; but as soon as the waters fall, I intend to visit them. I have great difficulties in this country, as there are no laws to suppress vice of any kind; so that the Sabbath is spent in frolicking and gambling.

“I have now given you a faint idea of my travels, the country, and the people. Let me now tell you how it is with my soul. What I have suffered in body and mind, my pen is not able to communicate to you. But this I can say: while my body is wet with water and chilled with cold, my soul is filled with heavenly fire, and longs to be with Christ. And while these periods drop from my pen, my soul

is ready to leave this earthly house, and fly to endless rest. Glory to God and the Lamb! I can say that I never enjoyed such a power and heaven of love as I have done for a few days past. I have not a wish but that the will of God may be done in me, through me, and by me. And I can now say with St. Paul, that 'I count not my life dear unto me, so that I may save some.' I feel my soul all alive to God, and filled with love to all the human family. I am now more than one thousand miles from you, and know not that I ever shall see you again; but I hope to meet you one day on the banks of Canaan, in the land of rest.

"I am your affectionate brother in the bonds of a peaceful gospel, ELISHA W. BOWMAN."*

With a once strong constitution completely wrecked, in the fall of 1807 he returned to the home of his childhood, once more to mingle in the scenes that had so often delighted him. At the Conference of this year, he was appointed to the Hinkstone Circuit, with Joseph Oglesby for his colleague, and the next year he was sent to Nashville. Unable longer to perform the duties devolving upon a traveling preacher, at the close of his year on the Nashville Circuit, he sought for rest in a superannuated relation. After sustaining this relation for two years, with his health partially restored, he entertained the hope that he might once more success-

* Rev. H. N. McTyeire, D.D., in a memoir of Richmond Nolley, in *Biographical Sketches of Eminent Itinerant Ministers*, pp. 254-260.

fully devote himself to the work he loved so well. He reported himself as able to take an appointment, and was placed in charge of the Knox Circuit, in the Muskingum District. But his hopes were delusive. He no longer remained on the effective roll. Having studied medicine during the period in which he sustained a superannuated relation, when no longer able to perform the duties of an itinerant, he located, and practiced his profession, in which he became eminent. He settled first in Clay county, Ky., where he remained until 1834, when he removed to Estill county, and there spent the remainder of his life. So soon as he settled in Estill county, his house became a regular preaching-place, there being no church in the neighborhood. Beneath his hospitable roof the weary itinerant always found sweet repose.

Not unmindful of his ministerial obligations, in his relation to the Church as a local preacher he labored with untiring industry, but seldom allowing a Sabbath to pass without preaching a sermon, while at the same time he contributed to the extent of his ability to the support of the itinerant preachers who served the Church where he resided. Endowed with a high order of talents, and his mind thoroughly disciplined, and devoted to the welfare and anxious for the prosperity of the Church for which, in the morning of his life, he had labored so faithfully and suffered so much, and familiar with its doctrines and polity, he stood forth the uncompromising champion of its priceless principles and the successful defender of its faith.

Dr. Bowman was an able as well as a useful preacher. The evening of his life was characterized by the same zeal for the cause of God that had distinguished its morn and its noon. The last two years before his death, he preached more frequently than common. On the 3d day of October, 1845, he breathed his last.

Joseph Oglesby was born in Virginia, on the 3d of July, 1782. When he was only a child, his father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Jefferson county. He embraced religion in 1800, and joined the Methodist Church; and though only eighteen years of age, he immediately began to call sinners to repentance.

He was admitted on trial two years later than Dr. Bowman, and succeeded him on the Miami Circuit. In 1804, he is appointed to the Illinois, and in 1805, to the Little Kanawha Circuit. His first appearance in Kentucky as an itinerant is in 1806, and he is appointed to the Shelby Circuit. The following year we find him on the Nashville Circuit, as predecessor to Bowman. "In the following June he was sent to Duck River, to form a circuit in that wilderness country, where he was remarkably successful, and gathered into the fold many sheep that were lost." In 1808, he travels on the Maramack Circuit, in Missouri, and locates at the next Conference.

During the first six years he spent as an itinerant preacher, his fields of labor were in Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. His circuits embraced the territory now covering Districts, and

some of them as large as that included in an Annual Conference.

In the Maramack Circuit his sufferings were intense. He suffered with hunger as well as cold, "often lying out in midwinter. These exposures brought on pleurisy, which for a time threatened his life. It was followed by extreme debility and pulmonary symptoms. His Presiding Elder, Samuel Parker, advised him finally to desist from traveling, leave his circuit, and try to reach his home, which he did; and, apparently near death's door, this worn-down, emaciated itinerant reached his father's house in June, 1809, where he suffered much during the summer." At the following Conference he requested a location.

In 1811, with his health improved, he reëntered the Conference, and spends two years in Kentucky, on the Salt River and Flemingsburg Circuits. In 1813, we see him in Ohio, on the Mad River Circuit, and in 1814, on the Cincinnati and Miami Circuit. Influenced by the loss of health, he located again in the autumn of 1815.

He was reädmitted into the Indiana Conference in 1832, and for several years served the Church efficiently, both on circuits and as a Presiding Elder. For several years previous to his death, he sustained a superannuated relation, and devoted himself to the practice of medicine, having studied that profession. Married to an excellent lady, his children grew up around him an honor to the instructions and care he had bestowed. While he sustained a superannuated relation, he preached as often as his health would permit.

During the winter previous to his death, he made his home in Louisville, Kentucky, with his youngest son. The week before his death, he visited Madison, Indiana, where he had lived the most of his life. While in Madison, on the Sabbath evening, he preached a deeply interesting sermon from the words, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." At the close of the sermon, the audience came around him, eager to press his hand. He preached no more. He returned to the house of his son, in Louisville, "and was immediatly taken sick. He lingered on until Saturday night, March 20, 1852, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus." Such was the character of his disease, that he could converse but little; yet he was able to express his trust in the Saviour.

As a preacher, he ranked with the more prominent men in the Church. Without the advantages of early education, by his close application and untiring industry he attained to eminence as a minister of the gospel. In religious controversy he was a master. Although sometimes metaphysical, yet his sermons were generally practical and experimental. He was a man of an acute mind, ready utterance, and an able divine.

The names of the men in the itinerant ministry who stood at the helm at this period, in Kentucky, have already been recorded. Besides these, in every portion of the State were local preachers distinguished for their intelligence and zeal, and in the

laity men and women who adorned their profession by the purity of their lives, and by their zeal were blessings to the communities in which they lived.

In the introduction of Methodism on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where Charles Sherman was born and brought up, it met with much opposition. The Rev. Freeborn Garretson had an appointment to preach at Charles Rider's,* a relative of Mr. Sherman, and the first man who opened his doors for Methodist preachers in Somerset county. A mob threatened him, and appeared at his appointment, for the purpose of preventing religious worship. Determined to protect the preacher, even at the risk of his own life, accompanied by Zacher Nelson, a man of equal resolution with himself, Mr. Sherman made his appearance at the place of worship, and announced to the mob that he was there for the purpose of protecting Mr. Garretson, and would do so at any hazard. The coolness with which Mr. Sherman stated his purpose, quieted the mob and induced them to hear the sermon. The result was, Charles Sherman, Zacher Nelson, and several of the rioters, on that occasion professed religion and joined the Church. Both Sherman and Nelson became preachers. About the commencement of the present century, Mr. Sherman came to Kentucky and made it his home. He settled in Jefferson county. Though not a preacher of the first order of talents, he was always acceptable to the people.

* Charles Rider was an uncle of Dr. James Goslee, of Henry county, Kentucky.

His life was an exemplification of the truths of religion. Christianity shone with brightest luster in his constant walk and conversation, and through his instrumentality many were brought to the Saviour. He died of dropsy, in 1827, and was buried about fourteen miles south-east of Louisville. His end was peaceful.

Henry Robertson came with his wife to Kentucky in 1804. In 1792, when only sixteen years of age, he was converted and joined the Methodist Church, in Virginia. He settled first in Bath county, where he was distinguished for his good sense, his excellent moral character, and his deep piety. Fervent in his zeal, he rendered valuable aid to the preachers in their responsible work. In 1818, he removed to Fleming county, near Flemingsburg, where, by example and precept, as a class-leader, exhorter, and local preacher, he was eminently useful, and aided much to build up the Church of Christ. On the 28th of August, 1833, he died in holy triumph, but his memory and name are still fragrant in the Church.*

No one of the pioneer families contributed more largely, at this early day, to the prosperity of the Church in Kentucky, than William Duff's. He married Miss Ficklin, in Fauquier county, Va. About the commencement of the present century, he came to Kentucky, and settled in Mason county. He opened his house as a preaching-place, and as

* He was the father of the Rev. Samuel L. Robertson, of the Kentucky Conference.

a home for itinerant preachers, and there amid its quietude they found comfort and rest. By the light of a holy life, as well as by his beneficence to the Church, he advanced its prosperity. Enforcing in his family a strict religious discipline, he lived to see all his children who attained maturity, members of the Church. He saw his devoted wife stricken down by his side, and one of his children after another fall into the grave, until, like the sturdy oak that had survived the storm, he stood solitary and alone—and yet no murmur escaped his lips. Trusting still in Jehovah's strong arm, he reposed his hope of eternal life on the precious promises of the gospel, and contemplated the reward that awaited him. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Harriet Ingram, an accomplished and pious lady, was the last of his children to pass away. She died in Germantown, Kentucky, May, 1845, in the full prospect of the heavenly inheritance. A few years later, in the eighty-third year of his age, he fell asleep. "One of the happiest reflections I have is, that I opened my house to the itinerant Methodist preachers. I believe, under God, that it has housed them all in heaven, where I soon shall meet them," were among the happy expressions that fell from his dying lips.

About the same time that William Duff settled in Mason county, Anthony Thompson emigrated from Pennsylvania, and located in Daviess county, on Green River. The portion of Kentucky in which he made his home was both a natural and a moral waste. The sound of the gospel had never

broken upon its solitude. His house, however, was found by Methodist preachers, to whom he gave a cordial welcome. Their ministry was not in vain: his household were all brought into the Church and converted to God, and three of his sons became eminent in the ministry—one of whom, the Rev. James L. Thompson, was with him during his last illness. He died in Daviess county, Ky., May 21, 1834. His last words were, “I know I love Christ, and he loves me. I come, Lord, at thy bidding.”

In 1809, Reuben Wallace* emigrated from Bath county, Va., and settled in Green county, (now Taylor,) about one mile from where Campbellsville now stands. He was a member of the Methodist Church long before he left Virginia, and brought with him to his new home an uncompromising zeal for the cause of God. He remained in Kentucky until the autumn of 1833, when he removed to Missouri, and settled near Independence, where, on the 15th of December, 1858, in the eighty-second year of his age, he departed this life, in the Christian's hope.

It was during the same year that Albrittain Drake † came from North Carolina to Kentucky. “He was born a subject of Great Britain, in the colony of North Carolina. His parents were members of the Established Church, and at an early age he was baptized in that Church.” Although im-

* He was the father of the Rev. Thomas Wallace, of St. Louis Conference.

† He was the father of the Rev. B. M. Drake, D.D., and of the Rev. Silas Drake.

pressed in childhood with the subject of religion, his failure to seek it may be attributed to the pernicious influence of the doctrine of Election, which he had unfortunately embraced.

When only fourteen years of age, the Revolutionary War broke out; "and at the age of fifteen he became a volunteer in his country's service," and "served under the standard of General Greene to the close of the war."

The neighborhood in which he was brought up was visited by Thomas Humphries, a Methodist missionary, and through his instrumentality he was awakened and converted to God, and soon became prominent in the Church, holding the offices of steward and leader. In Kentucky he selected the Green River country as his future home, and settled in Muhlenburg county. Although both the Hartford and Livingston Circuits had been formed previous to this time, neither of them came within his reach. For more than twelve months he never saw a Methodist preacher. A wedding in the neighborhood at length favored him with the privilege. "The young gentleman to be married lived at some distance. When the company was assembled, the bridegroom made his appearance, accompanied by a venerable-looking man in plain dress. Before they got within a hundred yards of the house, I heard an involuntary exclamation from my father, 'There is a Methodist preacher!' He could not wait until the company arrived, but set out to meet them. His feelings only allowed him to ask the stranger whether he was a Methodist preacher:

he then held the hand of Father Kennerly and wept." *

Mr. Drake opened his house at once, and invited Mr. Kennerly to make an appointment, which he did, bringing with him Peter Cartwright, then a young preacher in charge of the Livingston Circuit. A society was immediately formed, which became a center of Methodism, and sent out a holy influence into all the country around.

"On the 8th of November, 1835, Mr. Drake was attacked with influenza, but on the third day seemed much relieved. But the symptoms were deceptive. The fourth morning his sleep was unusually profound, and very soon it was discovered that it was the precursor of his final repose. On the fifth morning, in the presence of all his family in that part of the country, his continued (apparently) sweet slumber became the sleep of death, without one sigh or struggle. His mind was in most perfect exercise as long as he spoke, and he expressed Christian resignation and confidence." †

But few men among the laity in the Methodist Church, in Kentucky, have been more devoted to its welfare, or more beloved for the many excellences of his life, than Stephen Scobee. He was born in Virginia, Jan. 7, 1773. On the 12th of March, 1795, he was married to Miss Hannah McKee, who was two years his junior. In the autumn of 1795, he came to Kentucky, and settled in Clarke

* Rev. B. M. Drake, D.D., in *Western Christian Advocate*, Feb. 12, 1836.

† *Ibid.*

county. In 1810, Mr. Scobee and his wife were both converted, and joined the Methodist Church. The family altar was immediately erected, and on it holy incense was ever after offered at morn and at eve, Mrs. Scobee always leading in the devotions on Sabbath morning.

For more than fifty years Mr. Scobee sustained to the Church the responsible position of a class-leader, and discharged the duties of the office with the ease and readiness of one familiar with the path in which he was leading his brethren. He was one of the best class-leaders we ever knew. He was a sincere Christian, both at home and abroad, carrying with him into every circle the luster of a holy life. His children all became religious. His youngest son* was converted in the tenth year of his age, while bowing at his mother's lap, and his father addressing the throne of grace.

Mrs. Scobee was not less zealous for the cause of Christ than her excellent husband. Unassuming in her manners, and timid in her nature, she was, nevertheless,

Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

Happy weeks in childhood we spent in their Christian home, and learned from their precepts and example many lessons we have never forgotten. In 1825, they removed to Shelby county, and settled about eight miles north-east of Shelbyville, where they lived many years.

* The Rev. J. S. Scobee, of the Louisville Conference.

They have passed away. They both died in Henry county, Ky., at the residence of Colonel Christian Scobee—Mrs. Scobee on the 14th of July, 1855, and her husband on the 26th of December, 1866. Their last hours were full of triumph.

In the autumn of 1810, a family of deep piety, and remarkable for their zeal, came from Virginia. After spending the winter in Boonsborough, early in the spring they removed to Clarke county, about ten miles east of Winchester, where they settled for life. They were Methodists before they left Virginia, and both the husband and wife were connected with the best Methodist families of that State. Reuben Landrum was the son of a Methodist preacher, while his wife was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Bibb, a prominent Virginia family. Locating in a neighborhood in which Methodism had been previously introduced, their house became a home for the preachers, and a sanctuary for the Lord. Ardently attached to the Church, and gifted in prayer, as well as an excellent singer, Mr. Landrum coöperated with the preachers in advancing the interests of the Church. For many years he filled the office of a class-leader—which, though humbler than that of a minister, is scarcely less responsible. He and his excellent wife lived to glorify God. They gave two sons to the work of the ministry,* and after spending each a long life in the service of the Church, they were called

*The Rev. William B. Landrum, now a member of the Kentucky Conference, and the Rev. Reuben W. Landrum, who located several years ago.

to the inheritance of the blessed—the husband on the 22d of May, 1848, and his wife on the 24th of August, 1863. Their memory is precious.

Among the early Methodists in Shelby county, the names of William and Susanna Owen are kindly remembered. William Owen was born in Virginia, near Prince Edward Court-house, on the 18th of June, 1776. In the autumn of 1783 or 1784, his father, Bracket Owen, with his family, emigrated to Kentucky, and settled at Harrodsburg Station, and the following spring removed to Shelby county. William Owen joined the Methodist Church, at the Brick Chapel, in 1804, and was one of the first class organized in Shelbyville in 1809. As a member of the Church, from the time he sought its communion, he was active, zealous, and useful. Holding the office of a class-leader, although he lived some distance from town, we never knew him to disappoint his class. Neither the rains of summer, nor the chilling blasts of winter, detained him from the house of God, or the place of prayer. In the love-feast, although remarkably diffident, he was always prominent in bearing his testimony to the excellency of the gospel of the grace of God. To the seeker of religion he was a kind and successful instructor: in the class-room his prayers were fervent, and his exhortations pathetic, and sometimes powerful; while from his deep blue eyes would fall the gentle tear, as he urged his brethren to greater fidelity. A safe counselor to the preacher, his advice, though never obtruded, was often sought. Overshadowing all was a life of

unblemished purity, that everywhere declared him to be a follower of Jesus Christ. He died at his home in Shelby county, on the 27th of September, 1856, in full assurance of a blessed immortality.

His wife's maiden name was Susanna Cardwell. She, too, was a Virginian by birth, and was born near Charlotte Court-house, on the 28th of July, 1779. Her father came to Kentucky in the autumn of 1792, and settled in Shelby county, and, with his wife, was a member of the class organized at the Brick Chapel.

She was married to William Owen on the 29th of August, 1797, and joined the Church with him in 1804. During the long years of her connection with the Church, her gentleness of spirit, her pure and unsullied life, and her love for the Saviour, won for her the affection of the Church, and the confidence of all who knew her. We would expect her death to be peaceful—it was more: it was joyful and triumphant. She died on the 23d of January, 1850.

Another name, too prominent to be forgotten, is that of Major Charles Pelham. He was born in Boston, but was brought up in Williamsburg, Va., his parents having left Boston when he was only nine months old.

Mr. Pelham passed through our Revolutionary struggle, entering it at the commencement, and remaining in it till the close of the war, and received a pension for his services while he lived.

In 1790, he came to Kentucky, and settled in

Mason county, where he spent the remainder of his life. We regret that it was not in the early morn of life that this distinguished man became a servant of God. He had more than passed his three-score years when he was awakened and converted. During the revivals that prevailed throughout the State in 1811, in the "sear and yellow leaf" of life, he became a member of the Church. His wife was a lady of great personal accomplishments, an intellect highly cultivated, fine conversational powers, and of deep piety. They were not only the center of every circle, giving an additional charm to society, but they exerted an influence in the Church that led many to Christ. Major Pelham died in 1829, in the eighty-second year of his age; and his wife in 1851—both in the full assurance of a home in heaven.

Among the prominent Methodist families in Kentucky, none have exhibited more unvarying devotion to the Church than the descendants of Major Pelham. With characteristic liberality and fervent piety, they have ever been found among its warmest supporters and brightest lights; and in the recent struggle that convulsed this nation, none were braver than his grandson, Major John Pelham, the gallant youth, who, on the 17th of March, 1863, fell in the battle of Fredericksburg, while nobly performing his duty.

The History of Methodism in Kentucky would be incomplete if the name of Benjamin Durham* was

* He was the father of Judge M. J. Durham, of Danville, Ky.

omitted. He was born in Mecklenburg county, Va., on the 28th of June, 1778. His father, John Durham, emigrated to the District of Kentucky in 1781, and bears the distinguished honor of having been the first class-leader in the West—a position which he held with dignity until the close of his eventful life in 1817.

Brought up with the pioneers of the country, Benjamin Durham was early made familiar with the hardships, the trials, and the dangers to which the settlements were exposed. Reared in the Church, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Durham did not enter its communion before he attained to his majority. It was early in the present century, that, under the ministry of Hezekiah Harriman—one of the noble men who suffered so much to plant Methodism in the West—he was awakened and converted to God. From the time he made a profession of religion until God called him home, he was perhaps the most active and zealous layman in the Church in Kentucky. With his life fully consecrated to God, and to the service of the Church, he knew of no labor too severe to be performed, or of any sacrifice too great to be made, in its interest. If a new preacher was to be introduced to the circuit, Mr. Durham would travel with him from appointment to appointment; if indications of a revival of religion were seen in any community within his reach, he was there to encourage by his presence and his prayers; and if difficulties arose in the Church between the members, he became the reconciler of their differences. Before the erection

of a church in his neighborhood, his house for many years was the temple where God was worshiped. His benevolence was not governed by his ability, but by the wants of the Church. In the erection of the first church in his neighborhood—built upon his land—he paid one-fourth the expense of the building; and when a larger church was required, he undertook its erection, and, almost unassisted, he completed the house.

One of the most popular camp-grounds in Kentucky, where hundreds were converted, was on his land. His house was a home for preachers and their families. He often persuaded them to remain with him during their ministry on the circuit, and at the close of the year would refuse any remuneration.

He was a man of tall, athletic frame, more than six feet high, and capable of enduring much labor. In the Church his usefulness could not be estimated. He sang sweetly, prayed with fervor, and exhorted with great effect. In reference to him, in a letter to the author, Mrs. Jane T. H. Cross, who knew him well, says:

“In looking at some persons, one could almost fancy that emanations, more ethereal than those from the central fires of the earth, had been thrown off from the soul, and gradually hardened into that appearance which we call the body. The strong arm appears but an extension of the will, the bright and burning eye a crystalization from the warm affections of the heart, and the evanescent mirthfulness, rising as an exhalation from the soul, cou-

denses in the cold atmosphere of the world, and forms itself into the mobile lip.

“Mr. Ben. Durham was one of those whose outer man bespeaks the inner. He had a strong arm, a strong voice, and a strong will. He is one of my first recollections, and appeared to my childish eyes the concentration and embodiment of Methodism. He belonged to that class of people so genial in their nature, so outspoken, so ready to throw themselves *en rapport* with those around them, that every one feels inclined to claim a relationship, and ‘Uncle Ben.’ was but a natural substitute for the more formal ‘Mr.’

“He was tall—I should say, from recollection, quite six feet two inches, if not more—and gave one the impression of power, his frame being clothed with muscle, but disdaining the superfluity of fat. He looked like one who had grappled life with no slight hug. I do not think that, with Stilling, he would have sat down by the road-side, and said, ‘The hour is come in which that great promise of the great Redeemer is to be fulfilled in me—The hairs of your head are all numbered.’ He would doubtless have remembered the promise, or something similar, and would have trusted it; but in the meantime, he would have been digging with his pocket-knife for roots, or looking over the ground for acorns. With such natures as his, work treads very close upon the heels of faith. His hair was brown and cut short; his eyes, set deep in the head, were, I am inclined to think, of a dark gray. His teeth were large, and firmly set in the jaw; his

mouth uncommonly large, and whether in conversation, in laughing, or in singing, used with a right good will. He often laughed standing, as if to do homage to a cheerful sociality.

“He was a man of ardent and enthusiastic nature, his emotions easily touched, and while half crying and half laughing beneath the heart-eloquence of some earnest preacher, his ugliness was beautiful. He was not without the power, either, of moving others. On one occasion he attended a Presbyterian meeting in Danville. President Young and others were preaching to attentive listeners. The large church was crowded. Mourners were called to the ‘anxious seat.’ There was a pause. Mr. Durham rose to his full height and poured forth ‘The Old Ship of Zion,’ like ‘the sound of many waters.’ It swept over the congregation and bore the people with it. In a continuous stream they came to the ‘anxious seat.’ Then was there rejoicing in heaven and on earth over repentant sinners.

“The next day they sent to Mr. Durham for the notes of the song he had sung. He laughed. They might as well have sent to the Libyan lion for the notes by which he roared. He could sing the song until he melted the hearts of the people into fountains of tears; he could sing it until he wafted them right into the port of heaven; but as to the ‘so-la-fa-me,’ he did not trouble himself.

“He was a man of enlarged hospitality. The ministers made their abode with him. His friends were welcomed to a home that was always made

inviting by the care of his tidy wife; and she, the wife, always moved about the house with her priceless ornament, 'a meek and quiet spirit.'

"The 'olive plants' around his table did not sprout out into useless redundancies, but were kept properly pruned and trained. Of this, after-years showed the advantage.

"The Durham tent at 'the Durham camp-ground' was as open as the house, being a place where 'men did congregate,' and women too.

"To have a quarterly meeting without Mr. Durham was rather a sorry business, and a camp-meeting without him was not to be thought of.

"He was a praying man, his wife was a praying woman, and a niece—of his wife, I think—who lived with them, was a wonderfully praying woman.

"And so they went on, in their quiet, Methodistic way—terribly dull to theater-loving people; but, from all we can see, it appears to have been safe; and now, I presume, *they are satisfied.*"

His death was as calm as his life had been useful. His son, Judge Durham, in a letter to the author, says: "He died suddenly, June 5, 1847, of paralysis. About two years previous, he had a partial stroke, which affected him a short time. On the morning he died, he and I were proposing to go a-fishing, when he was struck suddenly, and died in twenty minutes, and before any medical aid could be procured. My mother and one of my sisters were alone present. Death came upon him without a moment's warning. He did not speak after he was taken."

It would afford us pleasure to record words of triumph falling from his lips, in the hour of his departure; but he had so often in life borne his testimony to the saving power of grace, that we needed not this additional evidence to assure us that he has entered upon eternal life. He was missed by the Church, for they loved him much; but he has left behind him the savor of a good name; while his children, all members of the Methodist Church, arise and call him blessed.

It is impossible to estimate the influence that was exerted by the pious men and women whose names we have recorded. Located in different portions of the State, in the communities in which they lived and died, beneath their fostering care, the Church was built up, and "blossomed as the rose."

Priests in their own families, their children, with scarcely an exception, were, through their instrumentality, brought into the fold of Christ, and their descendants, now scattered throughout Kentucky and other States, wherever found, occupy not only high social positions, but are the pillars of the Church.

No previous year, since the introduction of Methodism into the West, had the Church been so prosperous as the present. Revivals, to which there had been no parallel, made this year memorable in the history of the Church. The work, too, was enlarging in every direction. In many portions of the State not previously noticed, Methodism had been planted, and was growing as a fruitful vine.

“About the year 1802, a man named Smith came into Lewis county as a missionary, and commenced preaching in a small school-house on the waters of Cabin Creek, near where the Bethel Church now stands. He died not many years since, a member of the Baltimore Conference. A few Methodists preceded him in his visit, and had located in this vicinity: he immediately organized them into a regular society. Among them were William Cordengly, William Watkins, Hezzie Plummer, and Jonathan Grover. Others were soon added, and among them was Ruth Bur-riss, my maternal grandmother.

“The first house of worship for Methodists in this county was built by this small society, about the year 1804, nearly a mile and a half from the site of the present church. It was built of round logs, and covered with boards, held in their proper places by weight-poles: the upper and lower floor were both laid with puncheons, or logs split in halves; it had also what was familiarly known in those times as a ‘cut and clay chimney.’ The society soon discovered that they had selected an ineligible location, and a few years after, replaced this rude structure by a better house, which was erected within a few feet of where the present church now stands, and this again by a still larger and more commodious building, about the year 1819 or 1820, to accommodate the rapidly-increasing membership. In this third house many of the early pioneer Methodist preachers labored with success. William Burke, Miles Harper, Jacob Young, and

Hector Sanford, together with most of their coadjutors, preached the word of life and salvation here to large and earnest audiences. Several camp-meetings were held in this locality, one within the period of my own recollection. Methodism early took a firm and lasting hold upon the hearts of the citizens of this community, and has always been largely in the ascendancy over all other religious beliefs. Many extensive and powerful revivals of religion have marked the history of the Church at Bethel, since the labors of Smith.

“In 1858, the fourth church-edifice was built by this society, which is an elegant and substantial frame house, thirty-five feet in width, and forty-five feet in length. It was dedicated by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, by whose agency principally it was built, while Presiding Elder of the Maysville District.

“This society has always been the head and center of Methodism in the county; it is, therefore, the principal appointment of the Lewis Circuit.”*

In the Minutes of 1811, while the Green River District, under that name, disappears from the list of Appointments, the Salt River and the Wabash Districts are introduced for the first time—the former confined to Kentucky, and four circuits of the latter lying in the western portion of the State. Four new circuits are also mentioned—the Madison, Jefferson, Somerset, and Christian. A Methodist church—the first house of worship erected in Louis-

* Letter to the author from the Rev. J. W. Fitch, of the Kentucky Conference.

ville, then a small village of fifteen hundred inhabitants—was built this year, and may yet be seen, (1869,) on the north side of Market street, between Seventh and Eighth streets.

The increase in the white membership was *three thousand three hundred and ninety-two*, and in the colored, *one hundred and sixty-four*, being more than two hundred per cent. larger than any previous year. In the Kentucky District, embracing the Lexington, Limestone, Fleming, Licking, and Sandy River Circuits, the increase was nearly one thousand; while the other portions of the State shared equally in the extraordinary work.

“In 1811, a local preacher, whose name was Isal, or Esal, and one by the name of Harvey, formed a class at Joseph Arnold’s, near the mouth of Pond River, in McLean (then Muhlenburg) county, composed of Gen. Stephen Ashby, Joseph Arnold, Arthur Slaton, John Arnold, Hannah Arnold, William Farth, Margaret Farth.”*

Early in this year, under the ministry of Charles Holliday, the first class was organized in Versailles, in the house of Mrs. Payne. The members were Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooke.† About the same time, a small class was formed at the house of H. Lyons, in Shelby county, near Simpsonville.

Camp-meetings, which had resulted in so much good to the Church, and had for several years been

* Letter to the author from the Rev. J. L. Edrington, of the Louisville Conference.

† Letter to the author from Mrs. Judith V. Cooke, one of the class.

discontinued in most communities, had been revived, and to their influence the Church at this period was indebted, in a great measure, for its unparalleled prosperity.

The landmarks of the Church, too, were clearly defined, and strictly observed. Not only was the duty of private prayer constantly enforced, but an altar, on which were offered the morning and the evening sacrifice, was erected in every home, and no one was regarded as worthy of Church-fellowship, who, if the head of a family, failed to worship with them at the family altar. It but seldom occurred that a member of the Church declined to pray anywhere, when called upon to do so. "Why is it," said a minister of another Church, to the Rev. John Ray, "that all the members of your Church pray, both in public and in their families?" "They practice," was the pertinent reply.

Notwithstanding the rapidity with which the Church was increasing, it is a fact worthy of record, that in but few of the towns in the State had Methodism been introduced. Churches had been organized in Russellville, Hartford, Louisville, Versailles, Shelbyville, Lexington, Maysville, Flemingsburg, and Newport. In several of these places the societies were small—indeed, none were in a prosperous condition, except those in Lexington and Flemingsburg. A small class had been formed a short distance from Newcastle, from which Jacob and Benjamin Young, and Samuel Parker had gone out into the itinerant ministry; but none had been organized in the village of Frankfort, the capital of

the State: it had not even a house of worship. Of this city Bishop Asbury, in passing through Kentucky in 1810, says: "Came by lowly-seated Frankfort. Here are elegant accommodations provided for those who make the laws, and those who break them; but there is no house of God."

Methodism, however, was rapidly advancing, and acquiring strength and influence among all classes of society. The progress it had made since the commencement of the century was truly gratifying to the men who were spending

—their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

In 1800, the Kentucky District, while it extended into the North-western Territory on one side, and on the other into East Tennessee, had in it only four circuits in Kentucky—the Limestone, Hinkstone and Lexington, Danville, Salt River and Shelby—to which eight preachers, including the Presiding Elder, were appointed—with a white membership of sixteen hundred and twenty-six, and a colored membership of one hundred and fifteen. In the short period that had intervened, the circuits had increased to twenty-one, the preachers to thirty-one, and the white membership to twelve thousand two hundred and sixty-five, and the colored to eight hundred and ninety-four. These results were not attained without much labor.

In our former volume, we referred to the controversy between Mr. Burke and a minister of the Baptist Church. The frequency and severity with which

the views held by the Methodist Church in reference to the subjects and mode of baptism, were attacked from the pulpit, called for their vindication. The gifted Burke was stationed in Cincinnati, but Gwin, Axley, and Oglesby, and others, who were standing in the front of the battle, were ready to accept the issue. In every portion of the State heavy attacks were made, but they were resisted with an ability so marked, that they fell pointless at the feet of truth. These controversies contributed largely to the prosperity of the Methodist Church.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE SESSIONS OF THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1812 TO THEIR SESSIONS OF 1813.

The Western Conference divided—The Ohio Conference: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—Elijah McDaniel—Presley Morris—John Dew—John Collins—Daniel Fraley—John Cord—William McMahan—David Young—The Tennessee Conference: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—John Allen—James Porter—Thomas Nixon—Benjamin Malone—John Bowman—John Manley—Samuel King—Joseph Foulkes—Reuben Medley—Eli Hobbs—George Strother—Decrease of membership.

At the General Conference of 1812, the Western Conference was divided into two Conferences, to be known as the Ohio and Tennessee Conferences; the former embracing the Salt River, Kentucky, Miami, and Muskingum Districts, together with "that part of the work within the oversight of the Baltimore Conference, lying north-west of the rivers Ohio and Alleghany;" the latter to include the Holston, Nashville, Cumberland, Wabash, Illinois, and Mississippi Districts.

The rapidity with which the Church was spreading over the West, demanded this division of the Western Conference.

The Ohio Conference not only included a larger portion of the territory of Kentucky than the Ten-

nessee, but it embraced within its jurisdiction a large majority of the membership. In the ministry, among the men who had become distinguished in Kentucky, we find Jacob Young, David Young, Samuel Parker, Benjamin Lakin, Joseph Oglesby, James Ward, Charles Holliday, and William Burke, in the Ohio Conference; while in the Tennessee are James Axley, John Henninger, Learner Blackman, John Johnson, James Gwin, and Miles Harper.

The session of the Ohio Conference was held in Chillicothe, commencing on the 1st day of October. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present—the former in the “sear and yellow leaf” of life, yet active in the business of the Conference, the latter in the prime of manhood.

At this Conference, Elijah McDaniel, Presley Morris, and John Dew, were admitted on trial. Elijah McDaniel was appointed to the Jefferson Circuit, but only remained in the Conference one year. The name of Presley Morris, who was his colleague on the same circuit, disappears from the Minutes after 1814, but in 1823, he reappears, and continues in the Conference until 1825, when he located.

John Dew was born in the State of Virginia, on the 19th of July, 1789. He embraced religion and joined the Church in early life. In the twenty-third year of his age he entered the Conference. He spent the first three years in Kentucky in traveling the Salt River, Jefferson, and Madison Circuits, when he was removed to the Guyandotte Circuit, in Virginia, and the subsequent year to the

Holston Circuit. He located in 1817, but in 1823, he was reädmittid in the Missouri Conference, in which he continued to travel until 1827, when he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, in which he continued until 1834, when he located. He remained in the local ranks until the Conference of 1836, when he was again reädmittid, and appointed President of McKendree College. At the ensuing Conference, we find him on the Carlisle District, and the following two years on the Lebanon District, which was the last appointment he filled.

On the 5th of September, 1840, ten days before the Illinois Conference (of which he was a member) assembled, he closed his pilgrimage. His illness was brief, but his death was peaceful. As a minister, he "was able and useful; as a man, he was honest; as a citizen, he was public-spirited; in the domestic circle, he was kind and affectionate; as a Christian, his walk and conversation recommended the religion of the meek and lowly Redeemer."*

The names of John Collins, Daniel Fraley, John Cord, and William McMahan, though they had previously become eminent preachers, appear for the first time this year in Kentucky.

John Collins was appointed this year to the Limestone Circuit, the only charge he ever filled in Kentucky. He was born in Gloucester county, New Jersey, on the 1st of November, 1769. "In 1794, he was awakened by a severe affliction, which brought him apparently to the verge of the grave,"

* General Minutes, Vol. III., p. 149.

and was converted the following October. Soon after his conversion, feeling it to be his duty to preach the gospel, he was regularly licensed. Among the first-fruits of his ministry were the members of his father's family, nearly all of whom were converted to God. He was also instrumental in the conversion of the family of his wife—among them, her brother, the Rev. Learner Blackman, whose labors and character we portrayed in our former volume.

During the period he was a local preacher, he traveled extensively in New Jersey, and labored with but little intermission as a minister of Jesus Christ. Learner Blackman, in referring to a sermon he heard him preach in the commencement of his ministry, says: "To human appearance, he could not have manifested more zeal, and spoken with greater earnestness, if he had stood in sight of a dissolving universe. The people seemed appalled, as if thunder-struck, and I cannot compare his preaching to any thing that seems to answer the description, except thunder rolling through the concave, accompanied with repeated flashes of lightning, that caused a constant glare."

In 1804, Mr. Collins removed to Ohio, and settled in Clairmont county. Not contented, however, in a local sphere, in 1806, he made application for admission on trial into the Western Conference, and was accepted.

After spending six years in Ohio as an itinerant, he was appointed to the Limestone Circuit, in Kentucky, and located at the close of the year.

Wherever he preached, like a burning light, passed around his circuit, dispensing blessings on the people. Extensive revivals of religion swept through the country, like a flame of fire, wherever he labored.

He continued in the local ranks only four years, when he was reädmittted into the Ohio Conference. His anxiety to be useful would not allow him to remain in any position that would deprive the Church of his useful labors.

In reëntering the itinerant field, he brought with him the burning zeal and untiring energy that had previously made him so famous. His first appointment was to the Scioto District, on which he continued three years. His quarterly meetings were distinguished as "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Everywhere God crowned his ministry with blessings to the Church.

"During the great revival of religion in Chillicothe, while Mr. Collins was Presiding Elder of the Scioto District, he devoted all the time that he was not necessarily employed in the other parts of the District, in forwarding the work in Chillicothe. The town was at this time in the circuit, and had circuit-preaching but once in two weeks. But the magnitude of the work, and the great increase of the membership, required for it the constant labors of a pastor. The Presiding Elder, seeing the necessity of the case, erected Chillicothe into a *separate pastoral charge*, and took the senior preacher (Rev. William Swayze) from the circuit, and placed him in charge of the new station thus created, and

employed another to fill the vacant place on the circuit. Father Collins's arrangements for carrying on the revival, and his management of it while in town, were exceedingly judicious and successful, exhibiting his great skill and experience in this department of ministerial labor. He rendered every practical aid, both in the pulpit and in the pastoral work. His preaching, which has always been distinguished for being plain, practical, and pointed, was, on these occasions more especially, delivered 'in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;' and, at times, were fine specimens of true pulpit eloquence.

"At one of his quarterly meetings about this time, (in March, 1819, we believe,) his sermon on Sabbath morning was an unusually fine effort. He seemed to have received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost, and to be newly commissioned as an ambassador of the Most High. His text was: 'Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' His description of the office of an 'ambassador,' and of the nature of the embassy, in the text, was lucid and convincing, and fully prepared the audience for the enforcement of the exhortation: 'We *pray you* in Christ's stead, *be ye reconciled to God.*' In this part of his discourse, he exceeded himself, and poured upon his congregation, in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, such a stream of impressive and impassioned eloquence, as thrilled every heart, and awakened the consciences of several stubborn sinners who had

never before showed any signs of feeling. Some of these, 'who came to scoff, remained to *pray*' when the congregation was dismissed, and trembling under strong emotions, seemed transfixed to their seats, unable to leave.

"The meeting was protracted more than an hour after the benediction, in prayer with the penitents, and in exhorting the trembling sinners to be reconciled to God; very few of the congregation retiring until the close of the prayer-meeting, and even then, with evident reluctance.

"Returning from the meeting, the writer was overtaken by a very intelligent Presbyterian gentleman of the town, who was present at this meeting, and heard the sermon. He seemed lost in deep thought; and, after walking some twenty or thirty paces along side, he turned to the writer, and very earnestly asked him:

"'Who is that minister?' (meaning the one who preached.)

"'That, sir, is the Rev. Mr. Collins.'

"'Well, Mr. W——,' continued he, after a pause of nearly half a minute, 'that is the most eloquent, evangelical, and apostolic sermon I ever heard!''*"

Mr. Collins continued in an effective relation to the Conference, filling the various charges to which he was appointed, until the Conference of 1836, when he was placed on the superannuated list, on which he continued until called to his home on

* Life of Rev. John Collins, by Judge McLean, pp. 33-37.

high. His death occurred in Maysville, Ky., August 21, 1845.

Whether he traveled extensive Districts, or performed the duties of a pastor in the crowded city, he was everywhere an humble, pious, energetic, and useful minister of the New Testament. We remember to have seen him a few months before his death; and as we looked upon his genial face and snow-white head, we thought him the most venerable man we had ever met.

“The last moments of this man of God were truly interesting. His death was as peaceful as his long life was pious. His setting sun was without a cloud. His last words were, ‘Happy! happy! happy!’ and all was still. The spirit joined its convoy, and is now safely arrived in the abodes of the just.

“The long and eventful life of Brother Collins is made up of many important and interesting events. His history is identified with the history of the West. His usefulness as a preacher is unsurpassed in Western Ohio. As a successful pastor, we never knew his superior. His philosophic turn of mind eminently qualified him to meet the objections of skeptical minds, and many of this class have reason to rejoice that they were blessed with his instructions. He possessed a strong and vigorous intellect, a quick and clear perception. His lively imagination enabled him to employ the whole field of nature to illustrate the truths of grace.”*

Daniel Fraley, whose name appears this year in

* General Minutes, Vol. III., pp. 650, 651.

Kentucky, had entered the Conference in 1810. His first two appointments were to the Illinois and Cold Water Circuits, both in Illinois. In Kentucky, he traveled the Madison and Salt River Circuits. In 1814, he was sent to the Pickaway, and in 1815, to the White Water Circuit, both in the Ohio Conference. At the Conference of 1817, he located.

John Cord was born in Harford county, Maryland. We have no information either as to the date of his birth or the religious influences under which he was brought up. In 1806, he embraced religion, and after spending some time as an exhorter and local preacher, he became a traveling preacher in 1811. His first appointment was to the Missouri Circuit, in Missouri, and his second to the Cumberland, in Kentucky, after which he traveled extensively in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri, until the autumn of 1819, when, in consequence of a heavy loss by fire, he felt it to be his duty to locate.

After two years in a local relation to the Church, he reëntered the Conference, and continued to travel and preach the remainder of his life. He died on the 23d of March, 1827, in the full hope of life and immortality.*

William McMahan was born in Dumfries, Prince William county, Virginia, on the 16th of December, 1785 or 1786.† His father was an Irishman; but, dis-

* General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 573.

† The family-record was burned; hence the time of the birth of Dr. McMahan is uncertain.

satisfied with the oppression of the land of his birth, he emigrated to America about the time of our Revolutionary War, and identifying himself with the struggling cause, followed its fortunes to the end of the conflict. His mother was a native of Maryland, and her maiden name was Ratcliffe.

In the early childhood of William McMahan, his father removed to Hampshire county, Virginia, and settled on the south side of the Potomac River, where he soon died, leaving a widow with six sons and four daughters. Without the sunshine of worldly fortune, the early life of William McMahan was passed amid scenes of disappointment and trial. The deep piety, however, of his widowed mother impressed his heart in childhood, and the "words of prayer and praise," the first words he "ever heard fall from her lips," were never effaced from his memory. Under the ministry of the Rev. James Ward, the Presiding Elder on the Greenbrier District, he was awakened, and in February, 1810, was received into the Church by the Rev. Saul Henkle, and the following May, at a camp-meeting held "near Old Town, on the North Branch of the Potomac, in the State of Maryland," he was converted to God. He was appointed class-leader by Peter Cartwright, and soon began to exercise his gifts and graces in class and prayer-meetings. Convinced that he ought to preach the gospel, he accepted a license to exhort from the Rev. James Quinn, the Presiding Elder of the Muskingum District. With no other authority from the Church, he immediately began to preach; and his ministry was blessed

not only in the awakening and conversion of many, but in "a glorious revival" of religion.

He was soon licensed to preach, and was placed with David Young on the Marietta Circuit, embracing "twenty-six appointments," some of them in Virginia.

At the Conference of 1811, held in Cincinnati, William McMahan was admitted on trial. He was one of five brothers who became Methodist ministers, one of whom, (Richard Ratcliffe McMahan,) in 1809, fell in the pulpit, in the State of Ohio, while holding up the "consecrated cross." His end was triumphant. At the time Mr. McMahan came into the ministry, the first generation of preachers in the West were in the strength of their manhood. He enjoyed the companionship of the men who had planted the Church in the wilderness, and not only received from their own lips rehearsals of the sufferings they had endured in their heavenly Master's work, but he himself became an active participant in trials and privations. He brought into the ministry the genius and the sparkling wit which have rendered him the center of every circle in which he has moved, and the eloquence and holy unction by which his ministry has been distinguished for nearly sixty years.

His first appointment was to the Silver Creek Circuit, in Clark's Grant, in the Territory of Indiana. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought November 7, and "produced excitement everywhere in the Western country; and as much of the Silver Creek Circuit was frontier, the people were much

alarmed, and built block-houses and forts in many parts of the country, so that the preacher had to take his gun and go from station to station, to preach to the people of his charge and their fellow-citizens.”*

Laboring under disadvantages and meeting with obstructions that would have driven from his work one less resolute, Mr. McMahan prosecuted his ministry amid the dangers that surrounded him. It was during this Conference-year that the giant tread of the earthquake was felt throughout the country. “The elements were combining to alarm the fears of the guilty and to excite Christians to earnest prayer and holy lives. The earth was shaking and ‘rocking to and fro like a drunken man,’ the comet was glaring fearfully in the heavens, and the infuriated Indians were murdering the frontier inhabitants.”† Onward pressed this young and zealous evangelist, until revivals crowned his labors everywhere, and the membership in his circuit increased from three hundred and eighty-one to five hundred and fifty-five.

At the Conference of 1812, Mr. McMahan was sent to Kentucky, where he remained for four years. His first appointment in the State was to the Hinkstone Circuit, from which he was removed in the spring to the Limestone Circuit, to supply the place of John Collins, “who had been compelled to retire for a short time, on account of his domestic

* Rev. Allen Wiley, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

† Rev. Dr. McMahan, in *Memphis Christian Advocate*, March 1, 1860.

matters." He then traveled on the Lexington, the Shelby and Jefferson, and the Fleming Circuits. These "fields of labor embraced within their extensive bounds nearly all that part of the State which at that time was known as Old Kentucky, including Lexington, Paris, Mt. Sterling, Maysville, Cynthiana, Nicholasville, Danville, Harrodsburg, Bardstown, Shelbyville, and Louisville."

During the few years in which Mr. McMahan preached in Kentucky, he was remarkably useful. Under his ministry thousands were awakened and converted; and when his labors closed in the State, he not only left behind him the savor of a good name, but he was followed by the blessings and the prayers of thousands.

At the Conference of 1816, he was transferred to the Mississippi Conference, to take charge of a District. He started on his journey with Bishop Roberts. He was taken sick at Nashville, and not being able to prosecute his journey, was transferred, by Bishop McKendree, to the Tennessee Conference, and appointed to the Nashville Circuit. Since then he has been one of the master-spirits of the Church in the Tennessee and Memphis Conferences, in the latter of which he is now (February, 1869) a superannuated member.

"Few men during the present century have exercised a greater influence upon Methodism in the South than Wm. McMahan. Consecrating himself to God in his early manhood, he has not, for fifty years, turned aside to serve tables. In Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, he has wielded an influ-

ence at once wide-spread, powerful, and pure. His administrative talents have never been surpassed—not even by our most able Bishops. At Quarterly Conferences he conducted business with accuracy and dispatch. When difficulties arose—as they often did—his quick eye at once discovered the path of egress, and his guiding hand pointed to a safe issue. A look from his clear gray eye would arrest intemperate language, and illustrative anecdote would at once pacify any turbulent disposition. At our camp-meetings he was the presiding genius. He was at once the legislative and executive power. His rules to preserve order were wisely selected, firmly and prudently declared, and rigidly executed. No disorder was allowed, even in the earliest times, and among the most uncultivated people.

“He marshaled his forces with a skill which gave to every one the position in which he could do the most for the cause. The best singers were employed to conduct this very important part of our devotions. The exhorters and class-leaders were so posted as to make the deepest impression and tell most powerfully on the success of the cause. Even the mothers in Israel—the noble band of pious, praying women—had each her work, under the leadership of one whose mind suffered nothing to escape him, and who alternated at once to concerns the grandest and to affairs the most minute. In the altar, around the tents, and through the neighboring forest, all felt the presence of William McMahan. He was a ruling spirit among all classes, and with all people. Social, dignified,

witty, full of anecdote, he was the delight of every circle, and the life of every company. In labors he was most abundant, in energy he was untiring, in zeal he was most fervent, in communion with God profound, sincere, and constant. He preached in block-houses, in soldiers' tents, in the cabins of negroes, and among the red men of the forest. He preached in the cities to congregations the most refined, and in our Western wilds, among our hardy pioneers; and wherever he preached, the power of God attended him.

“In the early portion of this century, he was almost without a peer in the pulpit. He had a fine command of language, possessed a vigorous imagination, and had a clear conception of divine truth. As a defender of the faith, he was clear, strong, and almost irresistible. Against infidelity he not only brought down the strongest arguments, with more than sledge-hammer force, but he brought to bear the most blighting sarcasm and most withering ridicule.

“Few men ever possessed greater versatility of genius. He was logical, lucid, illustrative, argumentative, observative, narrative, solemn, satirical, and hortatory. Below the medium height, compactly and stoutly built, with a large, round head, a very low, broad forehead, from which the hair was kept combed smoothly back, and beneath which shone out eyes of piercing power, he at once commanded the respect of all that heard him. The ignorant negro, the savage Indian, the wild hunter, the adventurous pioneer, and the man of high at-

tainments, were alike awed into respect in his presence. With a strong and commanding voice, which in his earlier and maturer years rang out like a trumpet, he proclaimed the gospel of the Son of God 'with demonstration of the Spirit and with power.' He was a deeply-experienced Christian, and he often alluded to his own glorious experience of our holy religion. One of his most effective sermons was on the text, 'Ye must be born again.' He had studied and matured the subject, until his mighty intellect grasped it in all its sublimity, spirituality, and power. He had done more than this. His heart had felt, in all its significance, the power of the new birth. He had been born again. He had rejoiced in the testimony of the Holy Ghost. He had attested, in his own heart and life—in his own precious experience—the truth of the doctrine which he preached. The sermon was often repeated, but it never lost its power: it was the great felt truth that carried conviction to the hearts of those that heard him. Such preaching—at once intellectual, spiritual, simple, profound, instructive and touching, argumentative and hortatory—served at once to edify the Church, and to turn many to righteousness. He was the mighty and honored instrument in the hands of God of establishing Methodism in North Alabama, on a basis as solid as it was profound—of carrying the gospel to the Indians, and of giving a glorious impulse to the cause in West Tennessee and North Mississippi. He still lives, at an advanced age, strong in faith, and full of the Holy Ghost. Ruined

in his finances, feeble in health, but still cheerful, still hopeful, he exemplifies the truth and beauty of our holy religion.”*

We referred to David Young in our former volume. For more than fifty years his name was familiar to the Church, as a faithful and useful minister of Jesus Christ. He entered the ranks as an itinerant in Kentucky, where he spent the first two years, after which, with the exception of one year on the Nashville Circuit, his ministerial labors, protracted through so many years, were bestowed on the people of Ohio. Such a man as David Young belongs not to any one Conference, but to the entire Church.

“He was among the distinguished men who were commissioned by God to the great work of planting Methodism in the South-west. He early took and nobly sustained a conspicuous position. He came down to us from another generation, outlived most of his fellows, and leaving behind him no journal of his life, little can now be gathered of his early history. According to the Rev. James B. Finley, he was born in Bedford county, Virginia, March 7, 1779; but, according to Bishop Morris, in Washington county, Virginia, March 9, 1779.

“Mr. Young’s parents were pious Presbyterians, who early taught their boy the Lord’s Prayer, the Creed, and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms. In a letter to Mr. Finley he says: ‘Among the

* Letter to the author from the Rev. R. H. Rivers, D.D

earliest recollections of my life, the thoughts of invisible beings and agencies were the most common and important. The beings called God and Devil, the places called Heaven and Hell, the things called Death, Judgment, and Eternity, were the subjects of my childish meditations thousands of times before I was five years old.' At the age of seven, he was taken by his parents to a prayer-meeting, where, during the first prayer, he was so deeply convicted of sin that he wept bitterly. Mr. Young's father was a wealthy farmer, and possessed, for the times, a large and valuable library. This was David's delight, and so entirely engrossed him, that his father, coming suddenly upon him as he sat reading in the field, said, sharply: 'David, you plow too little and read too much.' So well had he cultivated his mind, that, at the age of twenty-one, we find him at the head of a Grammar-school in Tennessee. Attending a quarterly meeting, his convictions became so pungent that he cried aloud for mercy. For twenty-seven days he continued to agonize in prayer, but found no relief. In this state of mind, verging on despair, he attended a protracted meeting, and, on the 19th of September, 1803, he was enabled by faith to cast himself wholly on the merits of Jesus, and realize redemption through his most precious blood. Of the genuineness of his conversion he retained a blessed assurance down to his last hour. With his conversion came the settled conviction that he was called of God to the work of the Christian ministry. Nor did he hesitate; for soon we find him, in company

with James Ruckle, appointing meetings for prayer and exhortation. God owned their labors, and one hundred and fifty that year were converted. Nor did these convictions stop with himself, for in the midst of his labors he received the following document:

“‘TO DAVID YOUNG:—You think it your duty to call sinners to repentance. Make full proof hereof, and we shall rejoice to receive you as a fellow-laborer.

LEWIS GARRETT.

“‘Sept. 7, 1805.’

“This, be it remembered, was his admission into full membership into the Church, his license to exhort, his license to preach, and his only recommendation to the traveling connection. In the fall of this year, he was received into the Western Conference, and appointed to Salt River Circuit, but was soon changed by the Elder, and put in charge on Wayne. In 1806, he traveled Livingston Circuit. At the close of this year, he was elected and ordained deacon. In 1807, he was appointed to Nashville, Tenn.; in 1808, to White Oak, Ohio. At the close of this year, he was ordained elder by Bishop McKendree. In 1809, he was appointed to Merrimack Circuit; in 1810, 1811, to Marietta; in 1812, he was appointed Presiding Elder of Muskingum District, where he remained three years; in 1815, 1816, to Ohio District. During the year 1816, he united in marriage with Mrs. Sarah McIntyre, in whom, to use his own language to the writer, on the day of her burial, ‘he found an ad-

viser, a comforter, a helper in the work of God and in the way to heaven.' From 1817 to 1821, he sustained a superannuated relation; in 1822, that of a supernumerary; in 1823, 1824, he was Conference Missionary; in 1825, he was appointed to Zanesville Station; in 1826, to Lancaster District, where he remained four years: From 1830 till 1833, he was superannuated. In 1834, he traveled Cambridge Circuit. In 1835, he was appointed to Zanesville District, where he remained four years. In 1839, he was superannuated, and sustained this relation till the close of his life.

“In person, Mr. Young was tall, straight, and well proportioned: in movement, easy, dignified, and graceful. His head was large, and covered with a luxuriant suit of golden hair, which he uniformly wore flowing from his shoulders. His forehead was broad and high; his eye full, and deep blue, which, when he was excited, flashed and sparkled with the fires of genius. To all of which may be added, he had a stern and manly countenance. His manners were those of a finished Southern gentleman of the old school. Mr. Young was a man of great mental vigor. He had a mind large enough to grasp what was great and strong in his themes; acute and logical enough to trace and comprehend their most minute bearings, and classical enough to discover and present all that was beautiful in them. Hence, as a critic and reviewer, he had few equals. He was a constant reader, possessed a tenacious memory, had fine conversational powers—hence, up to the last, on all topics, whether

political, scientific, or ecclesiastical, he conversed freely, and was ever interesting and instructive. Mr. Young was always himself: he had a mental and moral identity, and could no more be another in character, opinion, or action, than in form and feature. Hence, by some, he was regarded as eccentric, which, when put into plain English, means Mr. Young had the courage, upon all subjects and at all times, to think, speak, and act for himself. He copied no man in tone, gesture, or action. He followed in the wake of no man's opinions blindly. When he settled an opinion, it was intelligently done, and seldom needed to be done over again. By many Mr. Young has been regarded as a stern and severe man. Doubtless, among his prominent characteristics were decision and firmness; and few who knew him best, and loved him most, can doubt that if he had cultivated more fully, and exercised more broadly, his social powers, he would have been far more useful as a minister of Christ. As an orator, according to the united testimony of those who knew him in his palmiest days, he had few equals. In style, he was clear, logical, and chaste—when roused, grand and overwhelming. He was always equal to the occasion. His voice was musical, his enunciation distinct, and, as a reader of the Holy Scriptures and Communion-service, I have never met in our own, or a sister Church, his equal. He was fifty-three years a member of an Annual, and six times a member of the General Conference. His love for the Church of his choice has never been questioned.

In youth he thoroughly studied and heartily embraced the peculiar doctrines and usages of Methodism. His attachment to them grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and only reached its maturity in his green old age. Even amid the severe and protracted sufferings which were the portion of his last years, his eye was upon her movements, and his ear ever open to catch the notes of her triumphs. Around those of 1858 did the old man's soul and prayers linger with grateful emotions. Upon one occasion, he said to the writer: 'Sir, the standard of experimental religion will never be as low again in this world as it was in 1857.' His love for the Church moved his pen while writing his last will, in which he bequeathed her most of his fortune. His last words to the writer were: 'I am calmly, though through great physical suffering, nearing my better home.' He died Nov. 15, 1858, aged seventy-nine years." *

The Tennessee Conference for this year met at Fountain Head, on the 10th day of November.† Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present, though the latter presided throughout the session. John Allen, James Porter, Thomas Nixon, Benjamin Malone, and John Bowman were admitted on trial.‡

The name of John Allen only appears in the Minutes for this year. He was appointed to the

* General Minutes, Vol. VII., pp. 189, 190.

† Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., p. 399.

‡ Seventeen were admitted on trial, but we mention only those who traveled this year in Kentucky.

Hartford Circuit.* His name does not appear on the Journal of the Quarterly Conference of the Hartford Circuit; we therefore think it probable that he was not able to reach his work.

James Porter traveled eleven years, one of which was in Illinois, five in East Tennessee, and five in Kentucky. He commenced his labors in Kentucky, on the Wayne Circuit, this year, and in 1822, he closed his work as an itinerant preacher in the same field. We know but little of him, only what we find in the Minutes. The appointments he filled in Kentucky, besides the Wayne, were the Somerset, Hartford, and Fleming. On the Wayne Circuit, the last to which he was appointed, he sustained a supernumerary relation. On the Journal of the Kentucky Conference of 1823, we find the following record: "James Porter was examined and approved, and, at his own request, located."

Thomas Nixon only traveled the Somerset Circuit in Kentucky. His labors, after the first year, were devoted to other portions of the Church, chiefly in Mississippi. The appointments he filled, as they appear in the Minutes, indicate that his was a life of toil. He located in 1834.

We have already alluded to the useful life and happy death of Benjamin Malone.† He was an itinerant preacher from 1812 to 1824. In Kentucky he traveled the Green River, Hartford, Christian, Lebanon, Wayne, and Lexington Circuits.

* From the Journal of the Tennessee Conference of 1813, we learn that he died, during the year, "in the triumphs of faith."

† Vol. I., p. 422.

He also traveled the Clinch, Nollichuckie, and Roaring River, in Tennessee. He located in 1824, having sustained a superannuated relation the previous year. He was useful in the ministry, and only retired from the effective ranks because of the failure of his health.

The name of John Bowman belongs to the Holston Conference, in the bounds of which he spent so many years in the ministry. His name appears but a single year in Kentucky. His appointment was the Breckinridge Circuit. John Manley, Samuel King, and Joseph Foulkes were appointed to fields of labor this year in Kentucky, though they had previously become itinerant preachers.

The name of John Manley first appears in the Minutes of 1809, when he was appointed to the Hockhocking Circuit, in Ohio, with Benjamin Lakin. The second year of his ministry he was removed to Tennessee, where he remained two years, traveling the Dixon, and Red River and Goose Creek Circuits. In 1812, he was placed on the Livingston, and located at the ensuing Conference.

Samuel King traveled two years in Tennessee before he came to Kentucky. In 1812, he was appointed to the Barren Circuit, and located at the Conference of 1813.

Joseph Foulkes was born in Monmouth county, N. J., on the 30th of August, 1786. His parents were from Wales, and were members of the Moravian Church. His mother, however, became a Methodist, and, under her pious instruction, her

children became impressed with the importance of religion, two of whom, William and Joseph, became useful Methodist preachers.* Before he was seventeen years old, Joseph made a profession of religion, and joined the Methodist Church. We do not know at what time he began to exercise his gifts in public, but we find his license to exhort renewed in 1810. He was licensed to preach June 22, 1811; and at the following session of the Western Conference, was admitted on trial, his Brother William having joined the Philadelphia Conference the previous April.

His first appointment was to the Elk Circuit, in the Nashville District. The following two years he traveled in Kentucky, on the Henderson and Hartford Circuits. Prostrated in health, he was unable longer to prosecute his labors as an itinerant, and at the Conference of 1815, he asked for a location. He settled in Logan county, a few miles north of Russellville; and, on the 25th of September, 1816, he was married to Miss Sallie Marshall, a pious and amiable woman. He remained in Kentucky until 1820, when he removed to Illinois, laboring with energy as a local preacher, and, by his labors in the pulpit, and the piety of his life, contributing much to the prosperity of the Church. In 1825, he became a member of the Illinois Conference, and was appointed to the Shoal Circuit, on which he remained for two years, at the close of

* William W. Foulkes was a member of the Philadelphia Conference from 1811 to 1816, when he located.

which he located. In 1835, we find him again in the itinerant field, in Illinois, in charge of the Alton Circuit; but, with impaired health, he located at the ensuing Conference. In 1837, he returned to Kentucky, and settled near Kennerly Chapel, in Logan county, where he spent the remainder of his life. In this community he lived for a quarter of a century, a laborious and successful local preacher, and where his name and memory will long be fragrant.

One who knew him well says: "His call to the ministry was fully established, by the success that crowned his efforts in the various departments of ministerial labor. His talents were above mediocrity. He spoke with fluency; and although his preaching was generally of a practical and experimental character, yet he was perfectly familiar with the doctrines of the Bible. His literary attainments were not such as to entitle him, in modern parlance, to the name of a learned man; yet his mind was well stored with useful knowledge. He was uncompromising in his fidelity to his own branch of the Church, and deprecated every departure from the old paths." On the 3d of May, 1863, he slept with his fathers. His last illness, though not protracted, was attended with severe suffering; but his mind was kept in perfect peace. His last moments were full of triumph.

All along the lines of Methodism in Kentucky, we see men, who, though not able to devote all their time to the service of the Church, are, nevertheless, exerting an influence for good that can scarcely be

measured. In the most destitute portions of the country—regions on which the light of truth had not before fallen—we find them dispensing the word of life. In the homes of want they are the messengers of mercy, and by the bedside of the dying, harbingers of good.

Such were Reuben Medley, Eli Hobbs, and George Strother.

Reuben Medley was born in Madison county, Va., on the 29th of May, 1785, and was converted at a camp-meeting in 1807. In 1809, he came to Kentucky, having married a few years before his emigration. He first settled in Franklin county, but afterward removed to Lawrenceburg. In 1820, he again changed his home, and settled at Chaplin, in Nelson county, where he remained until the 28th of June, 1853, when God called him home. In the several communities in which he resided in Kentucky, he was a useful minister of Jesus Christ. "As a preacher, he was very superior—a man of some learning, of great research, and of constant application, while nature had blessed him with that gift so rare—the power of oratory; for he was a natural orator. His library was sufficiently large to be a wonder in those days; nor did it lie neglected, but from it he brought forth things new and old, by which to explain and enforce the Scriptures. In the doctrines of the Church he was well versed, and could present them, especially baptism, in a strong and pleasing manner; while at reproof, instruction, and persuasion, he was equally happy."*

* Letter to the author from the Rev. George T. Gould.

Eli Hobbs* was born in Maryland, in 1761. He came to Kentucky at a very early day, and settled in Nelson county. Exposed to the dangers of frontier life, he became familiar with its privations and sufferings. He formed one of the class at Ferguson's Chapel, the second house of worship (Methodist) erected in the District of Kentucky. While his labors were not as unremitting as some of his contemporaries, he was, nevertheless, distinguished for his usefulness as a preacher of the gospel, and for his devotion to the Church. "If you ask the aged men of the community in which he lived and died, who was the *best* man that had ever lived at Chaplin, they will answer, unanimously, Uncle Eli Hobbs. For more than twenty years he was never known to be the least out of humor, while his life was equally correct in every other particular. He never came to the church, but before entering, he retired a little way apart in the thicket to pray; and so regular was he in these devotions, that the grass never grew in the path which he made. Being a man of wealth and influence, and withal so good a man, the amount of good which he did will never be rightly measured until the day of final awards. He died at his home near Chaplinton, March 11, 1830. He came to his death by inflammatory rheumatism, brought on by exposure to cold. He closed his own eyes, and died calmly and peacefully in hope of the life to

* He was the grandfather of the Rev. H. N. Hobbs, of the Louisville Conference.

come. His physical man was rather low and well set, about five feet eight inches in height, with a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds; while a round, ruddy, cheerful face, set off by black hair and eyes, completed the picture. A marble slab marks the place where his ashes sleep in the Chaplin grave-yard; but doubtless many redeemed souls are his memorial before the throne of God."*

Among the local preachers of Kentucky, none who have lived were more abundant in labors than George Strother. Although he did not become a preacher until he had reached the meridian of life, there were but few men, even in the itinerant ranks, whose labors were more unremitting for the Church than his.

"He was born in Culpepper county, Va., February 14, 1776. He was the second son of John and Jane Strother. In his eighteenth year, he was a volunteer to fight 'the Whisky Boys' of Pennsylvania. In his twentieth year, he married Miss Mary Duncan, daughter of James and Seeny Duncan, in his native county. In May, 1796, he and his father, with their families, started for Kentucky, then in its original and romantic wildness. They voyaged on a flat-boat from Red Stone Old Fort, on the Youghiogheny River, and landed at Limestone, (Maysville,) Ky., after a tedious and perilous journey. Their first home was near Paris, Bourbon county, Ky., where they remained for six months. George thence removed to what is now Trimble

* Letter to the author from the Rev. George T. Gould.

county, and settled near Corn Creek, where he resided until his decease, on the 29th of July, 1864. There he built a mill, made purchase of lands, and commenced that life of industry, frugality, and hospitality, which ever after characterized him.

“His ancestors were strict, pious Protestant Episcopalians, and his father had a church of that denomination on his farm. George, in his earlier days, rather inclined to the Baptist Church. His religious convictions, under the influence of pious instruction and parental example, began in early childhood; but he did not unite himself to the Church until he had been married several years. His first deep and fixed religious impressions were received at Paris, Ky., under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Todd, of the Presbyterian Church. It was at the great Cane Ridge meeting that these religious convictions became more pungent and lasting. After his removal to Corn Creek, he opened his house as a place for preaching, and while listening to the message of mercy from the lips of an able, earnest, faithful local preacher, he obtained ‘the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins.’ Thus was he blessed, like Obededom, because the ark of the Lord rested in his house.

“He was converted about the year 1803, and joined the M. E. Church. After this, he met with much opposition from his connections by marriage, and especially his companion. Methodism was looked on with contempt by many even of nominal Christians, and to unite with the Methodist Church was

considered a personal and family degradation. He with steady purpose pursued the path which divine truth and love had marked out for him. Soon the opposition of his wife gave way, and she became a fellow-traveler with him to the heavenly Zion; and in the fear of God and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, having served the Lord for about forty-seven years, reached the better land a few years before her loved and honored husband.

“The family altar was erected soon after he gave his heart to God, and its fire never went out while he had breath to keep it burning, for nearly three-score years. With God recognized and worshiped, with the dwelling and its inmates consecrated to the Most High, we are not surprised that three of the sons are preachers of the gospel, and all the children in the fold of Jesus. His intelligent piety and qualifications for usefulness soon began to develop themselves, and he was made a class-leader, then an exhorter, then licensed to preach, then ordained to the office and work of the ministry. Thus he passed regularly through that most excellent, practical, Methodist school of divinity, whose course consisted mainly in the Hymn-book, Discipline, and Bible, with Wesley, Fletcher, and Watson, as the Rabbi; but sitting with them at the feet of the great Teacher, and drinking in largely the teachings of the Holy Ghost, and the personal experience of the power of Christ to save. His first license as an exhorter is dated Oct. 13, 1810, signed by William Burke. His first license to preach bears date Sept. 19, 1812, Brick Chapel,

Shelby county, Ky., signed by James Ward. The last license to preach is signed by Marcus Lindsey, and dated Shelby Circuit, Sept. 20, 1817. He was ordained deacon July 7, 1818, and ordained elder by Bishop Soule, Oct. 17, 1826.

“Thus was George Strother a preacher of the gospel for more than half a century. During that period he was active, zealous, eminently useful. He was held in high estimation for his pure, Christian character, and honored of God for his zeal and fidelity. His memory and record become the inheritance of that Church for which he labored, and in whose fold he died.

“It is with the writer of this sketch a labor of love—an humble but grateful memorial of personal affection and indebtedness to George Strother—to present the prominent features of his character and life, and the true reasons of the success which attended his ministerial labors, and the holy veneration in which his name is held.

“George Strother was truly a great man in his day and sphere. His greatness was the regular development of mind and heart in harmonious proportion, under the light of revealed truth. He was educated in the school of Jesus. His early educational advantages, through schools and books, were limited; but he educated himself, and acquired a very accurate judgment, cultivated a pure, elevated taste, and developed a nicely-discriminating reasoning power. He was a man of thought—close thought. Though his range of authors was limited, yet his books were well selected, and thor-

oroughly studied. Agricultural and mechanical works were, next to his religious books, his chief study—as immediately connected with his secular business. He had a very correct knowledge of history and kindred subjects, and was at home in every thing connected with our own history and government as a nation.

“Religious books were his delight, and his familiarity with those giant-thinkers, Wesley, Watson, Fletcher, showed itself in his modes of thought, feeling, and life. His mind was enriched with holy acquaintance with divine truth; his heart was the home of faith and love; his will bowed its knee before the will of God; and his life, reflecting the great truths of Christianity, was dedicated to humanity and Christ.

“Early in his Christian history he recognized the principle, that personal labor and sacrifice for Christ are the most forcible exponents of individual love for the Saviour, his Church, and his cause on earth. In all the various relations he held to the Church and to society, he exhibited marked fidelity and punctuality. As Recording Steward of Shelby Circuit, he would often ride as far as forty-five miles from his home, regardless of circumstances, to attend the quarterly meeting.

“George Strother was the apostle of Methodism (which, when presented in its purity, is but the synonym for the highest development of Christianity) in that part of Kentucky where he resided. He had studied her doctrines with his Bible before him, knees bowed in prayer, and his soul experiencing

their truth and power. It was a struggle to give up the religious preconceptions and preferences of his youth for another Christian denomination. When, after careful and prayerful examination, he embraced the distinguishing doctrines of the Methodist Church, and had experienced the rich blessing of the 'witness of the Spirit,' his heart was fixed in opinion and affection, and his life consecrated on her altar. He was an intense lover of Methodism, in her beautiful symmetry, whether of truth to light up the soul and adorn and direct the life, or her providentially devised arrangements to cultivate and occupy the world as Christ's 'parish.' He was no bigot; yet it was a holy conviction, a vital principle with him, not to admit of any compromise with the purity of her doctrines, the excellency of her usages, and the salutary discipline of his beloved Church. Persons of all religious denominations, and non-professors, admired and revered his Christian firmness. He preached what his Church taught and believed fearlessly, affectionately—showed the Scripture rock-basis on which the truth rested, and, most of all, impressed his hearers that he enjoyed that precious salvation which he offered to others, and was walking in that heavenly road in which he exhorted them to travel. His prudent, well directed zeal, while it was denominational, at all times rose above mere sectarian policy and aims, and fully comprehended and ever recognized the supreme honor of Christ in the conversion of souls and the spread of Scripture holiness.

“His appearance in the pulpit was commanding,

his eye black and piercing, his voice mellow and deep. His action was simple, yet with the grace of unstudied nature. He impressed you with his clear, strong, scriptural presentations of the gospel truth. There was a candor, affection, earnest sincerity, which marked the man. They were written on his brow, they breathed forth in his tone. You could not help the conviction that the preacher understood thoroughly and felt deeply the message of God he delivered as his servant. He was an eloquent preacher. His clear intellect lighted up his subject with beauty, and the soul, warmed with love, spoke through the flashing eye and the deep-toned words which told of Christ, and peace, and heaven. He was logical, not by the rule of the books, but in strong conception, close discrimination, and clear, convincing presentation of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' He clearly and forcibly, fully and tenderly stated his subject, expounded, illustrated, and enforced it, relying on the power of truth to impress the mind and sanctify the heart, through the attending influences of the Holy Ghost. His voice often trembled, and the eloquent tears fell like rain, when he urged sinners to Christ, or allured God's saints toward their glorious heaven. He was pointed, direct—called sins by their right names. There was edge, point, power in his discourses, that moved and led the hearers to truth and Jesus.

“He preached, in all its distinctiveness, Methodist theology, with its rich privileges, joys, and hopes; yet there was not the least tinge of intoler-

ance or bigotry, but the admitted, felt presence of a pure, loving, catholic spirit.

“He loved the class-room, the love-feast, and with the simplicity of a child, and the humility of a genuine Christian, he was ever ready to tell his experience in the school of Christ.

“Revivals of religion were the atmosphere in which his soul delighted. The tears of the penitent were glistening jewels of purest luster to his eye, and the rejoicings of the convert were music to his ear, second only to that of the redeemed in heaven. What a skillful, experienced, successful worker for God was he when the mourners were at the altar! A suitable passage of Scripture bridged the dark gulf for the penitent, over which he stepped into the land of peace and love. A sweet verse from our inimitable hymns helped faith tremblingly to embrace Jesus. Fearful doubt gave way, as this man of God told the mourner in Zion how to give up all and find all in believing. Short, pointed, burning exhortations directed or awoke the zeal and effort of the Church, cut the sinner to the heart, or aroused the poor backslider from his sleep of death. Especially potent were those prayers, so humble, so trusting—a child of God talking to his Father in heaven, quoting precious, blood-besprinkled promises in the name of Jesus—gushes of gratitude for love divine shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost—earnest appeal to the mercy of God through his Son—confident claiming of a present, mighty answer to prayer.

“Father Strother was the traveling preacher’s

true friend. It made no difference with him, who was the circuit-preacher. 'The Conference had sent him'—that was enough; he was 'our preacher,' and as such, must be respected, sustained, and supported. The preacher found a generous, cordial, Methodist-preacher welcome at his hands, and was treated as a brother beloved.

“Father Strother was an itinerant local preacher, ready to go with the circuit-preacher from appointment to appointment, or to fill the pulpits not occupied by the regular pastors. He would often leave his business at home, and spend days and weeks in protracted meetings. He regarded class-meetings as the training-schools of the Church, the altar-fires of piety, the great sources of instruction and development in correct theory and practice of piety. These means of grace, so signally blessed for more than a century, were with him the theological schools of the Church, the great breakwater against backsliding, the developer of the talents and graces of the membership, the places where God called and gave incipient training to his ministers.

“In his religious intercourse, there was nothing harsh, Pharisaic, dogmatic, or pretentious; but he appeared to you as he really was, gentle yet firm, loving yet decided—a man who had fixed opinions and plans, yet ever courteous and respectful of the opinions of others. He was in the evening of his life more and more imbued with the spirit of 'that disciple whom Jesus loved;' and as his strength failed, the fruits of his piety became more mellow

and fragrant under the sunlight and dews of heavenly love.

“The writer of this sketch can never forget George Strother. His home was, in all the depths of its meaning, a preacher’s home. His name is an ever present remembrancer of our boyhood ministry, the poetry and blessing of our first circuit—the centenary year of Methodism, when the undivided Church placed its offerings on one altar, and amid the glorious records of a hundred years of God’s care for his Church, and the almost numberless trophies hanging on the Saviour’s cross, shouted the high praise of God—a year of mighty revival power and glory. Father Strother was the friend of our youth—kindly soothed our fears, gave us a father’s advice, and prayers, and blessing, rode with us from appointment to appointment, showed us a deference as the preacher the Conference had sent, helped to plan and build churches. His brain, his hand, and his pocket were ours. We can never forget that hospitable home, that kind family, that altar-place, that well-worn family Bible, the sermons we tried to preach beneath his roof, those class-meetings with a present Jesus and overshadowing Spirit, those times of revival grandeur when over six hundred were converted to God, those sermons, exhortations, prayers, songs, of that honored man of God, those magnificent camp-meetings—all, all are painted on our soul.

“Father Strother not only held the confidence and respect of the community generally, but he was beloved by the young. They prized his society.

He was genial in his manners, had a rich fund of anecdotes, and facts, and incidents, which he related with such simple grace as to render them attractive and impressive. There was so much interest manifested for the happiness of those around him, such an unostentatious exhibition of the lovely virtues of true religion, blended with matured judgment and large information, that all hearts were won to him.

“Such was his popularity in his own neighborhood, when it was known that he was to preach, the crowd gathered. They knew that they would get the pure gold of the gospel from the hands of him whose life adorned its doctrines. He was called to preach the funeral-sermons of persons of all denominations, and until he could no longer answer the calls, it was almost as much expected that the marriage ceremonies of his vicinity would be performed by him, as that the clerk of the court must issue the license. The poor and the suffering found in him a true friend, like the Master, drying their tears, soothing their heart-griefs, and ministering to their wants.

“He was a very modest man. You had to know him well, to find out the excellences of his mind and heart.

“He was interested in all that interested the Church. He kept himself posted in all the Church-enterprises, and, as far as was in his power, gave them all a liberal support.

“His life was a beautiful picture, in which the lights and hues of divine grace were blended to

bring out the lovely image of Christ the Redeemer. His green old age illustrated the soothing, divine supports of true piety. His death was a gentle, undisturbed falling asleep in Jesus.

“The writer of this imperfect sketch had the sad pleasure of preaching the funeral-sermon of that venerable man of God. Never did a larger crowd convene in that region on the holy Sabbath, than gathered to pay their heart-felt respect to the memory of so noble and so good a man. Men of all ranks, members of all the Churches, hoary age and youth, met to acknowledge and regret the loss of Father Strother. It was indeed the burial of a father. He has left his impress on his works. His history is written in the grateful hearts of survivors, and in the memory of God. ‘God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.’”*

The war of 1812, whatever may have been its beneficial results to the nation, exerted an unfavorable influence upon the morals and religious condition of the West. During the period through which it lasted, and until the people had time to recover from its shock, the Church continually declined in numerical strength. The invasion of Upper Canada by General Hull, which resulted in the surrender of his army, produced an unprecedented excitement in Kentucky. The martial spirit blazed forth in every community. Not only did the young men of the State offer their services to the Govern-

* Letter to the author from the Rev. W. H. Anderson, D.D., of the Louisville Conference.

ment, but those who had reached the meridian of life fell into the ranks. In many communities, every man who was capable of bearing arms became a volunteer. Does it produce any surprise, that the Church at this period declined in numbers? The decrease of this year was *fourteen hundred and thirty-six* whites, and *eight* colored.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE SESSIONS OF THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1813 TO THEIR SESSIONS OF 1815.

The Ohio Conference held at Steubenville: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—Jacob Hooper—John Somerville—James McMahon—Daniel D. Davison—The first class organized in Georgetown—Mrs. Sarah Tomlinson—The Tennessee Conference held at Rees's Chapel: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—John Schrader—Isaac Lindsey—Samuel H. Thompson—Samuel Brown—Claiborne Duvall—Peter Cartwright—Decrease in membership—The Ohio Conference of 1814 meets at Cincinnati: Bishop Asbury present—George Anderson—Russell Bigelow—William Adams—Leroy Cole—Richard Tydings—William Dixon—Francis Landrum—R. C. Hatton—Oliver Carver—John G. Cicil—Samuel Parker—The Tennessee Conference for 1814 held at Kennerly's Chapel: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—George McNelly—William F. King—Jesse Hale—Thomas Bailey—Haman Bailey—Nicholas Norwood—Robert and Sarah McReynolds—Buck Creek and Mt. Pleasant Churches—Mrs. Mary Martin—Farther decrease in membership.

THE Ohio Conference for 1813 was held in Steubenville, Ohio, commencing on the first day of September. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both in attendance. Passing through Chillicothe and West Union on the 15th of the month, Bishop Asbury reached Maysville (then called Limestone.) He says:

“*Wednesday*, we came to Limestone, where I consecrated our new house by bearing testimony to the truth of God, on Luke xix. 10. I saw the foundation of our new house in Paris with the more pleasure because of the interesting little history attached to it. An honest brother had failed in business, moved away, recovered his loss, came back, paid his creditors, and moved a subscription to build, and is now building a Methodist chapel.

“*KENTUCKY, Sabbath, 19.*—I preached in our enlarged Ebenezer church, in Clarke county. Once more I see Dr. Hinde, from the other side of the flood, rejoicing in Jesus. He will never again, I presume, put a blister on his wife’s head to draw Methodism out of her heart. This mad prank brought deep conviction, by the operation of the Spirit of God, upon his soul. His children, some of them, already rejoice with him, having the same joy, and faith, and hope. We came rapidly through Danville to Muldrow’s; next day to Thompson’s; next day to Wallis’s; and next day to Father Bracken’s, near the camp-ground. What a flight we have had!

“*Sabbath, 26.*—I preached in the camp. Our ride from Steubenville has been through pleasant rains, welcome to the before-parched earth. We read the word of God, and prayed in every house in which we stopped. The tavern-keepers were kind and polite, as Southern folks should be—and, as Southern folks ought not to be, they were sometimes two sheets in the wind. O that liquid fire! The thing I have for some time greatly feared is come to pass—

the Creek Nation have taken up the hatchet. Unhappy people! The whites will take vengeance, cruel vengeance on them, for their barbarous warfare on unoffending women and children. O God, save thy people from the rage of the heathen!"*

Ten preachers were admitted on trial, of whom Jacob Hooper was the only one appointed to Kentucky. His field of labor was the Shelby Circuit, as the colleague of Henry McDaniel.

John Somerville, who closed his pilgrimage in Lawrence county, Penn., on the 6th of October, 1850; the gifted and eloquent James McMahan, who, after a ministry of fifty years, fell from the walls of Zion, on the 30th of October, 1860, shouting with his last breath, "*Safe!*" † and Daniel D. Davisson, received appointments this year in Kentucky.

Although, during a ministry protracted through so many years, only a single charge was filled by each of them in Kentucky, yet, by their zeal and devotion to the Church, they were chosen instruments of good.

Mr. Davisson still lives, (Feb. 10, 1869,) an honored member of the Cincinnati Conference. In speaking of him, the Rev. John F. Wright, D.D., says:

"In passing through Dayton, on the first of October, I called to see this venerable patriarch of the Church—a superannuated member of the Cincinnati Conference, now in his eighty-third year. I found him very feeble in body and mind. As soon

* Journal, Vol. III., pp. 422, 423.

† He died in Morrow county, Ohio

as his memory enabled him to realize the presence of one who had been his compeer and fellow-laborer for forty-seven years, he seemed greatly elated. The interview with him and his aged wife continued some forty-five minutes. He seemed anxious that prayers should be offered up. Some of the precious words of Jesus, taken from the fourteenth chapter of John, were read, and while we united in prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving, he heartily responded 'Amen!' and praised the Lord fervently.

"He was reminded of 1829, when he labored on London Circuit, and I the Presiding Elder. 'London,' said I, 'was then a small village; now the increased inhabitants are able to accommodate the large Ohio Conference, which commences its annual session there to-day, and I am now on my way to visit our friends of that body.' I then asked, 'What message have you to send to them?' He replied, full of emotion, 'Tell them I am still striving to reach that better world, and that I hope to meet them all in heaven.'"

Gratifying as it would be to us to record the labors and achievements of these noble men, their history more properly belongs to other portions of our common heritage: however, we acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe them.

It was under the ministry of William McMahan, and during this year, (1814,) that the first class was organized in Georgetown. Mrs. Sarah Tomlinson* opened her house for the preaching of the

*She was the mother of the Rev. J. S. Tomlinson, D.D.

gospel, and was the first person who joined the Methodist Church in that village. She was a woman of rare intellect, fine judgment, marked prudence, and undissembled piety. Familiar with the Scriptures, while never obtruding her views upon others, she was able to vindicate, in the private circle, the peculiar doctrines of Methodism, so frequently assailed at that period. Never assuming a dictatorial style, unbecoming "woman's sphere," she always deemed it proper to avow her love for the Saviour, on all suitable occasions.

She was present at class-meeting, in the enjoyment of health, on Sabbath, the 8th of June, 1833; and, after referring to her present enjoyments and future prospects, she said: "I am now well; but before this time to-morrow, I will be in heaven." The cholera had just appeared in the village: she was attacked with it an hour afterward, and on the following morning, with the exclamation, "Victory! victory!" this gifted and pious woman passed through "the valley of the shadow of death."

The Tennessee Conference was held at Rees's Chapel, commencing Oct. 1. The Journal of the Conference shows that Bishop McKendree presided, though Bishop Asbury was also present. Bishop Asbury says in his Journal:*

"TENNESSEE.—We came to the Tennessee Conference. I lodged under the hospitable roof of Mother Roscoe. Our progress daily was great, and made in great peace and order.

* Vol. III., p. 423.

“*Sabbath, October 3.*—I preached, and ordained about twenty deacons. We rose on the 6th instant, finding very few difficulties objected to the stations. The families in the neighborhood have not been left unvisited; and we hope our prayers and exhortations will not be in vain to and for the Walkers, the Maxeys, the Saunderses, the Reeses, the Blackmans. Will it be believed that the *races* agitate the public mind notwithstanding the alarms of Indian wars? If, in the midst of such terrors, the people will not forsake the race-course, why should the people of God neglect to frequent their meetings? In this case they may learn from the example of sinners. The Tennessee Conference were not willing to let the Bishops go to the Mississippi Conference. *Sabbath, 10,* I preached at John McGee’s.”

Fifteen preachers were admitted on trial, but John Schrader was the only one of them appointed to Kentucky. He remained in the State but one year, traveling the Henderson Circuit. He located in 1821, after having worn himself out in the service of the Church. A reference to the charges he filled impresses us with the sacrifices he made, and the sufferings he endured. Vincennes, Blue River, Missouri, Vincennes and Harrison, Spring River, Indian Creek, and Corydon, were the fields of his labor.

The names of other preachers appear for the first time in Kentucky, but their ministry had been previously bestowed on other sections of the Church.

Isaac Lindsey, Samuel H. Thompson, Samuel

Brown, and Claiborne Duvall, were faithful preachers of the gospel.

Isaac Lindsey traveled eight years, and located in 1816. The only appointment he filled in Kentucky was the Somerset Circuit. He was a good and useful man. "Mr. Lindsey settled on Cumberland River, some twenty miles above Nashville, where he remained till his death. He was murdered, some five or six years since, by a man named Carroll, the murderer supposing him to have money in his possession. Carroll was afterward apprehended and hung. Mr. Lindsey maintained a good character, and was lamented in his death."*

Samuel H. Thompson joined the Western Conference in 1809, and was one of the most indefatigable amongst the preachers of that period. He traveled this year in Kentucky, on the Christian Circuit. He died on the 19th of March, 1841. His last moments were full of triumph. Before his appointment to Kentucky, he had labored in Ohio and in East Tennessee. He subsequently labored in Missouri and Illinois. He was a member of the Illinois Conference at the time of his death, and to the labors of no preacher is the Church in that State more indebted than to Mr. Thompson's.

Samuel Brown was born in Tennessee, Nov. 1, 1780. His wife, whom he married on the 13th of May, 1806, was the daughter of an excellent and pious local preacher, by the name of Watt, who resided in the Southern portion of Kentucky. We are not advised as to the the time Dr. Brown made

* South-western Christian Advocate, March 5, 1847.

a profession of religion: it is, however, probable that, through the influence of his wife—who was a lady of deep piety—he sought religion, and became a member of the Methodist Church.

He was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference in 1812, and traveled the Red River, Green River, and Barren Circuits. He located in 1815.

Although Dr. Brown continued in the itinerant field for so short a time, there were but few men who accomplished more for the Church in that period than he. He labored with an assiduity and preached with a fidelity that embalmed his name and his memory in the hearts of thousands; and after his location, he was one of the most industrious local preachers in the State. For many years before his death, he resided in Brandenburg, where he practiced medicine, maintaining at the same time a high Christian character, and contributing by his ministry to the growth and prosperity of the Church in that pleasant village.

His house was always a home for the itinerant preacher, and his unwavering devotion to the Church was evinced in the constancy of his labors in its behalf. “He died in Brandenburg, on the first day of May, 1840, in great peace, rejoicing in hope of a glorious immortality. Just before he died, he called his family around his bed, gave them his parting blessing, and bade them farewell. About his last words were, ‘Meet me in heaven. All is well. I shall soon be at rest.’” *

* Letter to the author from his son, Dr. Erasmus O. Brown, of Louisville, Ky.

Claiborne Duvall entered the Conference at the same time with Dr. Brown. He was born in Harrison county, Va., on the 4th of January, 1788. When six years of age, his father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Danville, where he resided for five years, when he removed to Green county. In 1811, while traveling on a tour, with Thomas Lasley, in Green county, he embraced religion. His social and educational advantages were superior to those enjoyed by most young men. Brought up in the lap of indulgence and ease, he no sooner became the subject of the converting power of the gospel, than, feeling it his duty to devote himself to the work of the ministry, he resolved to enter the ranks. At the Conference of 1812, he was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Roaring River, and in 1813, to the Barren Circuit. In 1814, his field of labor was the Henderson Circuit. During this year, he extended his ministry into Union county, and earned the distinction of planting Methodism in that delightful section of the State. In 1815, he traveled on the Christian Circuit, and located at the close of the year.

We cannot but regret that preachers who promised so much to the Church as Samuel Brown and Claiborne Duvall, were induced to retire from the active duties of the pastoral work. However much they differed in the matter and manner of their preaching, they were both men of extraordinary genius, and of fine pulpit attainments. If the former was set for the defense of the Church, and either enforced the truths of Christianity, or de-

fended the doctrines held by his own denomination with marked ability, the latter excelled in zeal, persuading, by his eloquence and tears, the ungodly to be saved. They have both passed to their reward on high. Claiborne Duvall breathed his last in Union county, Ky., September 13, 1834.

One of the most *unique* characters in the Methodist ministry presided this year over the Green River District. He entered the field, as an itinerant, as early as 1804, and was appointed to the Salt River and Shelby Circuit. He subsequently spent two years in Ohio, and then returned to Kentucky, where he labored on circuits for five years, when he was appointed to the Wabash District, embracing portions of Indiana and Kentucky.

Peter Cartwright was born in Amherst county, Va., Sept. 1, 1785. His father emigrated to Kentucky at a period when not only the journey from Virginia was a hazardous one, but when Kentucky was an almost unbroken wilderness, offering neither shelter nor safety from the savages who hunted upon its fertile grounds.

The family first settled in Lincoln county, but, as early as 1793, removed to Logan county, and located nine miles south of Russellville.

We have already referred to the privations and dangers to which the early settlers were exposed. Brought up amid these trials, confronting difficulties at every step, and naturally of a bold and intrepid spirit, young Cartwright early exhibited those traits of courage and daring that have distinguished him through a long and eventful life.

His mother was a pious woman, and member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and although her early instructions and example seemed lost upon her prodigal son, yet, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was powerfully awakened and converted to God. In alluding to this event, he says: "Divine light flashed all around me; unspeakable joy sprung up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I was in heaven: the trees, the leaves on them, and every thing seemed, and I really thought were, praising God."* In June, 1801, he joined the Methodist Church. In the spring of 1802, he was licensed to exhort, and in 1803, began to preach. We have already referred to the fields of ministerial labor he occupied previous to the Conference of 1813, when we find him on the Green River District, where he remained for three years; after which, he was appointed to the Christian Circuit. In 1817 and 1818, he traveled on the Red River, and in 1819 and 1820, on the Christian Circuit. In 1821, he was appointed to the Cumberland District, on which he remained for three years. This was the last field he occupied in Kentucky. At the following Conference, he was transferred to the Missouri Conference, and was appointed to the Sangamon Circuit, in Illinois; and at the formation of the Illinois Conference, the following year, he became connected with that Conference, and continues a member of it to the present time, (February, 1869.)

But few men in the West have labored with more untiring energy in the ministry than Peter Cartwright. At the time he entered the Conference, the circuits were large and accommodations poor, and a very small pittance was all that could be expected for the support of a preacher. While traveling the Cumberland District, he often returned home, "worn and weary," from his quarterly meetings, and in order to support his family, would work his fields by the light of the pale moon. Prompt in meeting his appointments, it was but seldom that he disappointed a congregation. Devoted to the Church of which he was a member and a minister, he boldly defended its peculiarities and advocated its doctrines. He became in Kentucky, before he left the State, a "terror to evil-doers," administering reproofs with unsparing hand.

Whether we consider the extent and severity of his labors, the privations he endured, the humble support he received from the Church, the fidelity with which he performed his duties, or his deep devotion to the cause for which he was laboring, he was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries.

It is true, there was much in Mr. Cartwright of which we would gladly have divested him. If we admire the boldness with which he defended the Church, we would have preferred the employment of milder epithets toward his adversaries. If we approve of his preservation of order in the house of God, we would remember his reproofs with greater pleasure, if they had been administered more in the spirit of meekness. With less of the

temper of resentment that so often distinguished him, he would have been more useful as a minister of Christ; nor can it be concealed that his peculiar views, as well as his manner of expressing them, on the subject of domestic slavery, not only greatly impaired his usefulness, but arrested the advancement of the Church. We have already referred to the injury Methodism sustained in Kentucky, in an earlier period of its history, by the unfortunate legislation of the Church on this question. It is equally true, that at this period, we find a few of the preachers of whom Mr. Cartwright was the acknowledged leader, by their interference with slavery—a civil institution—greatly embarrassing the progress of the Church in the portions of the State in which they labored, and keeping out of its communion many families of influence. It is probable that the loss of his power in the State—the result of his interference with this question—had much to do with his asking to be transferred to another field.

We again report a decrease in our membership, of whites, *two hundred and forty-five*, and of colored, *fifty-three*. The war with Great Britain was still raging. Their employment of savages on our Northern frontiers to aid them in a merciless warfare, had aroused the worst passions of the people, and in every portion of the State houses were draped in mourning: the sons of Kentucky had fallen on every battle-field.

The Ohio Conference for 1814 met at Cincinnati, on the 8th of September. John Sale presided over the Conference, as Bishop Asbury, though

present, was not able to do so. Bishop Asbury says in his Journal:*

“*Sabbath, September 4.*—I made a feeble attempt at Lebanon, on 2 Pet. iii. 14. I also spoke last night. *Tuesday*, we arrived in Cincinnati. There is distress everywhere—in the Church, and abroad in the United States. I have discharged blood in coughing.

“*Monday, 5.*—I made an attempt to speak a few words on Phil. ii. 2–5. We have progressed in our Conference business very well, although deprived of the presence of the Bishops to preside. Bishop McKendree had been thrown from his horse, and was severely wounded in his hip and ribs. John Sale presided with great propriety. We lost two days by impeachment of elders; one of whom, in vindication of his character—injured as he thought—had not done it becomingly: there was a more excellent way. The other case was that of S. P——r, who had checked the administration of one whom he had employed for a time. These investigations were painful to our feelings, and gave rise to some sturdy debating. On *Friday* I retired to bed with a chill and fever. John Sale finished the plan of the stations from a general draft I furnished him. We closed our labors in peace. One thing I remark—our Conferences are out of their infancy: their rulers can now be called from amongst themselves. The dividend of the Ohio Conference was seventy-four dollars to the unmarried, and one hundred and forty-four dollars to the

* Vol. III., pp. 433, 434.

married preachers and their wives. But two hundred dollars were drawn from the Book Concern, and fifty of that sum were returned. I have preached. We lodge at William Lines's. The news has reached us of the descent of the British in Maryland, and the burning of the public buildings at Washington."

After the close of the Conference, Bishop Asbury crossed over into Kentucky. He thus refers to his passage through the State:*

"*Monday, 12.*—We hasted away, as the river was still rising: night and necessity housed us at Norton's—next day to Fisher's. We dined in Georgetown at the Eagle Tavern, and after our meal called the family to prayer. The landlady was a finished lady in her manners, and kind as she was clever. Peace, peace, peace be upon her!

"*Wednesday, 14.*—I gave a serious charge to the Widow Ratcliffe and her family: the venerable man of the house has gone to rest. *Thursday*, at Edward Talbot's. The gloomy days of J. B——r, B——m, W. B——e, are over: peace is restored, a society increased, a family blessed with a son a preacher; a house is built, and a society united in Shelbyville. For all these we give glory unto thee, O God!

"*Friday, 16.*—To Miller's in haste. *Saturday*, we came through Bardstown to Elizabethtown, Hardin county, so called after my serious friend, Colonel Hardin. I traveled many miles with Brother Har-

* Journal, Vol. III., pp. 434, 435.

din toward Lexington, when he was going up to take his command. He was very solemn: a martyr to Indian massacre, I doubt not but that he went to glory. We lodged at the house of Stephen Rawlings, son of Stephen, formerly of Back Creek, Berkeley county, Va. In the year 1776, I preached in the grandfather's house.

“*Sabbath, 25.*—I preached the funeral-sermon of the wife of Stephen Rawlings. In this family of Rawlingses I have officiated for three generations, and have witnessed their profession of religion. May they continue to be in Christ to the latest posterity! We reached McGatchin's on *Monday*: it is all love and union here: two of the children have joined the society. The Woodsons, at the ferry, were very friendly: they are antipedobaptists.

“*Tuesday, 27.*—We were kindly entreated to stop by our Sister Gatwood, and were well entertained. The dust and heat are oppressive, and I am sick.

“*Wednesday, 28.*—At Major Bibb's. Twenty-six years past I was at a Brother Williams's, Prince Edward county, Va.—a brand plucked from the burning.”

Of those admitted on trial, George Anderson, Russell Bigelow, and William Adams received appointments in Kentucky. George Anderson was appointed to the Fleming Circuit, but his name after this year disappears from the Minutes. But few men have attained to a greater popularity in the Church than Russell Bigelow. He was born in Chesterfield, Cheshire county, N. H., Feb. 24, 1793. In 1814, he entered the Conference, and was ap-

pointed to the Hinkstone Circuit, the only field he occupied in Kentucky. His labors in the ministry after leaving Kentucky—which embraced a period of more than twenty years—were confined to Ohio. In whatever department of the work we find him, he labors with earnestness and success. Whether in charge of circuits, stations, or districts, he never yielded to the heat of summer or the piercing winds of winter, but was heard to say, that in nineteen years, he had never disappointed a congregation.

In 1832, he visited Chillicothe, and preached in the Methodist Church, then under the pastoral charge of J. McD. Matthews. In speaking of Mr. Bigelow, and his visit to Chillicothe, he says :

“I had heard him occasionally before, but on this occasion he seemed to surpass himself. He preached with such energy and power, that the whole membership of the Church were roused to new zeal and earnestness, and the impression did not subside during the year. I have heard McKendree, George, Roberts, Bascom, Durbin, Simpson, and many others, preach great and powerful sermons, but never did I hear preaching attended with such divine power as Bigelow’s. I do not remember the texts from which he preached, and I am sorry I did not take notes of the sermons, but the general impresson of them remains. He entered into his subject with all his heart. He chained the attention of all his audience. He proved his propositions by the clearest and most forcible reasoning. The judgment of his hearers was entirely convinced before he dismissed the

theme. But along with this forcible reasoning there was the deepest feeling. His soul seemed to be in communion with the great God, from whom he received the divine unction. His words penetrated the hearts of sinners, producing the deepest conviction of sin, and they fired the hearts of Christians with heavenly joy. The divine presence seemed to overshadow the assembly. No one was afraid to speak, or pray, or praise. Convicted sinners came in crowds to the altar for prayers, and young converts rejoiced from a sense of pardoned sin. The heavenly fire was so infused into the whole Church, that the good work went on to the close of the year, and some will for ever praise God that they heard Bigelow on that occasion."

Mrs. L. L. Hamline says of him : *

"I never saw the illustrious Summerfield. He was a star of great beauty as well as brilliancy, and seemed to throw off his rays with such rapidity as to exhaust their very source. But, no ! it was not exhausted — Summerfield now adorns a higher sphere. Others may have lingered longer to gild the night, but none ever described a more shining course.

"Bigelow, of Ohio, was also consumed of his own ardors. He had none of Summerfield's grace of manner ; but he spake with 'words that burned,' and with a spirit that was resistless. What a mind was his ! But seldom was so precious a jewel deposited in so plain a casket. My imagination com-

* Ladies' Repository, Vol. III., pp. 247, 248.

compares him to St. Paul. I know not what was the thorn in the flesh—some have suggested that it was his diminutive personal appearance. If so, the apostle must have been a Bigelow; or rather, to preserve the proper order of the comparison, Bigelow was a Paul. I wish you could have seen and heard our ‘backwoods’ orator. Accustomed as you are to elegance in the pulpit, you would have smiled to see it occupied by a man of low, irregular figure—brown and sunburnt complexion—a mouth considerably toward one side of his face—of extremely rustic attire, and a manner as unpolished as his person. But disposition to smile would have given place to veneration for God’s gifted messenger; then, perchance, your tears would have coursed in rapid succession at his pathetic appeals in behalf of the Man of sorrows—the sinner’s Friend; then you would have been overwhelmed by the weight of argument brought to bear upon the truths of the gospel; and, finally, you would have retired quite transformed in all the desires and purposes of your heart.

“You will better appreciate the character of Bigelow, and his power in the pulpit, from the following facts: A very eminent member of the bar (an Episcopalian) once said, ‘I never heard Bigelow preach without going away resolved to be a better man.’ A Presbyterian minister, once the Moderator of the General Assembly, remarked at his funeral: ‘It can be said of few men without profanity, but it may safely be averred of Bigelow, as of his Lord and Master, that he went about doing

good.' When he felt that life was ebbing to its finish, though he feared not death, yet he longed to live, that he might still proclaim the love of Christ to perishing sinners; but his work was accomplished, and he was taken to his reward."

On the 1st of July, 1835, in the city of Columbus, Ohio, he finished his course with joy.

At no period of the history of Methodism in Kentucky, have men who attained to greater eminence in the pulpit appeared, than between the years 1810 and 1820. Amongst the names around which gather so many excellences, we take pleasure in recording that of William Adams. He was the "son of Simon and Cate (Wren) Adams, was born in Fairfax county, Va., June 29, 1785. He was a nephew of William Watters, the first native American traveling preacher. His father was a member of the Church of England, but his mother was a Methodist. His father migrated to Kentucky in 1786 or 1787, and settled in the neighborhood of Lexington; and when Benjamin Ogden came to Kentucky as a missionary, he made the house of Simon Adams one of his preaching-places, having become acquainted with him while they were both performing military service in the Revolution. The father of William had been well educated, and was a member of the Territorial Legislature; and he gave his son such advantages as the neighborhood furnished, though they secured to him nothing beyond a good English education, upon which, however, he engrafted much more extensive attainments in after-life.

“William Adams, being piously educated, was early the subject of religious impressions, and was converted in the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his age, about the time of the memorable revival which took place in Kentucky, near the commencement of the present century.”*

In 1814, he became a traveling preacher, and never turned aside from the work until released by death. His first appointment was the Salt River Circuit. In 1815 and 1816, he traveled on the Jefferson; in 1817, the Danville and Madison; in 1818, the Franklin; 1819, the Shelby; 1820, he was returned to the Jefferson, and in 1821, he traveled the Lexington.

At the Conference of 1822, he was appointed to the office of Presiding Elder, and placed on the Salt River District, on which he remained for three years, when he was changed to the Kentucky District, where he labored for four years. In 1829, he was appointed to the Ohio District, which extended from Franklin county to the lowest extremity of Ohio and Daviess counties. In 1831, he was relieved from the arduous duties of the presiding-eldership, and stationed in Lexington, but at the following Conference, we find him on the Harrodsburg District, where he remains two years. In 1834, he received his last appointment, which was to the Lexington District..

His “whole ministry was marked by great labor and self-denial. His first circuit was more than four hundred miles around; but he traveled it once

* Rev. J. W. Gunn in Sprague's Annals, p. 562.

in six weeks, preaching at some thirty places, and not unfrequently preaching twice or three times each day for weeks together. And this was but a fitting introduction to the twenty or more laborious years that followed. The country was then new and rough, and the wants of himself and his family were very inadequately provided for ; but nothing could damp the ardor of his resolution, so long as he was privileged to see the work of the Lord prospering in his hands—and this blessing seems rarely to have been withheld from him. In many parts of Kentucky there are still found those who connect with his faithful labors their hopes of the better life.”*

Bishop Bascom says of him :

“He had naturally a strong mind, and it was well stored with valuable information. To no mean pretensions of scholarship, especially as it regards English literature, he added an admirable store of theological attainments; and few men have appeared upon the same theater, whose every-day performances, throughout the year, ranked higher than those of William Adams. Although seldom overpowering in the pulpit, he was always lucid, strong, and convincing. His manner was singularly suasive and impressive. His moral and religious worth was universally known and appreciated among those who enjoyed his acquaintance. Grave and serious in manner, he was at the same time cheerful and amiable. Studious and laborious

* Rev. J. W. Gunn in Sprague's Annals, p. 563.

in his habits, he was always social and accessible. He lived beloved, and died regretted, by all who knew him well, and especially by those who knew his value as a member, and for many years the Secretary, of the Kentucky Annual Conference."

"As an unexceptionable and faithful gospel minister; as a prudent, safe, and wise ecclesiastical counselor; as a judicious, circumspect, and model Presiding Elder; as a disinterested, faithful, and affectionate friend; as a dignified and affable gentleman, and as a modest, humble, and devoted Christian, the Kentucky Conference has never had the superior to William Adams. He died, I think, in 1835, in the neighborhood of Shelbyville, Ky. A few minutes before his death, he laid his hands upon the heads of his little grandchildren, and invoked upon them his patriarchal blessing. 'Now raise my head higher upon the pillow,' he said. Then, as if conscious his last work on earth was done, he lifted his eyes upward toward heaven, and spoke as if addressing ministering angels whose presence he realized: 'Stop! wait just a moment, and I will go! Now I am ready!' These were his last words. In a moment the spirit had fled, and with the heavenly convoy was soaring upward to its home on high. O what a void was in the Conference when it met a few weeks afterward in Shelbyville, and William Adams, its long-tried and much-loved Secretary, was not in his chair! I could scarcely realize that he was not there; and when Dr. Bascom arose with deep emotion, and said, 'I pray that his

mantle may fall on me!' every throbbing heart said Amen!"*

"The Rev. William Adams was a faithful preacher, laboring successfully in the vineyard of the Lord about forty years ago. There are yet some living witnesses of the success of this excellent preacher of righteousness, who wept in secret over his congregation, but wreathed no flowers about the sword of the Spirit, to dull its edge—a man whose clear intellect pierced through the subtleties and dispelled the shadows in which others wrapped themselves to evade the perception of right. Called, commissioned, qualified, and sent forth by the Lord, he hesitated not to enter the field with men self-banished from the domestic circle for days, weeks, and often months at a time, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. His heart yearned in pity over the world of sinners, and he counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. He was a man of striking individuality and energy of character, self-possessed and dignified, with those solid virtues which admirably fitted him for the presiding-eldership—then a very important office in the Church.

"The manner of Brother Adams, and his peculiarly deep, rich, flexible voice, that seemed to clothe each thought in a fitting garment, compelled the attention of his listeners. He possessed that magnetism whereby some characters control and influence even those with whom they have little sympathy. This

* Rev. T. N. Ralston, D.D., in *Christian Advocate*, January 3, 1867.

model gentleman and model Christian was not at all demonstrative in manner; yet he possessed a soul of fire that would have formed a Christian of the strongest type in the early ages, and who would have suffered martyrdom to sustain his principles. I never heard him laugh or indulge in jesting of any kind; though, when his face was lighted with a smile, it shone all the sunnier because its sedate seriousness was not often disturbed. The earnestness of his ministerial labors left him but little time for simpering small talk or idle ceremony; yet he was never surprised into an uncourteous or an unchristian word, nor did he ever forget or undervalue the beautiful amenities of life.

“That he did not rush into the ministry uncalled by the voice of God, is well attested by a fact of his own stating. After preaching some years, he thought he must locate, that he might give more attention to his family affairs; but so restless, uneasy, and anxious was he in reference to the work he believed himself called to perform, that like Christmas Evans, the old Welsh preacher of worldwide notoriety, he could give neither sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until, the providence of God seeming to open the way, he returned to the itinerancy, and sowed the good seed broadcast and with an unsparing hand throughout the length and breadth of Kentucky, the fruits of which will tell for good in eternity. If God calls a man to preach, his family will be provided for: the promises to that effect hang thick as clustering grapes throughout the Scriptures. Brother Adams’s family

was provided for. His wife, eminently fitted to be the companion of such a man, faithfully performed the home-duties, and the two children were reared to be a blessing to their parents in time, and doubtless a crown of rejoicing in eternity.

“Such a man as Brother Adams secures for himself an immortality more beautiful and grand than that of poet or statesman. He lives not merely in the sacred though fading associations of a single spot, but the light of his spirit will continue to shine in every one of the multiplied souls which his faithful ministerial labors have from year to year called from the death of sin and quickened into newness of life. He died old and full of years, because his life had been crowned with action and with thought.

“‘We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.’”*

He died in Shelby county, at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. William Gunn, August 5, 1835, of typhus fever. On Sunday night, before his death, he said to Mr. Gunn: “Something seems to say, I am fast shaking hands with time; I think I shall soon be gone. I see nothing here worth living for, unless it is to do a little good in the Church. If it be better to depart and be with Christ, I want to go and see him.” To his wife he said: “We must soon part. You have done a great deal to sustain the gospel. Around and underneath you be the everlasting arms. Every day

* Letter to the author from Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, of Shelbyville, Ky.

and every hour lean upon the Lord." He requested his friends to come together and sing and pray with him, and joined in the singing; and after prayer, he shouted aloud, "Glory! glory to God! God is love!" Soon after which he said, "It is a very easy death." He then sung:

"With ease our souls through death shall glide,
Into their paradise,
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies."

He farther said to Mr. Gunn: "Tell the preachers to live to God—to live to God alone." After a few minutes, he added, "It is a perfect calm," and turning his eyes upward, said: "I don't know but we will get to Zion together; there is a mighty rush." A few minutes before his departure, he looked up and said: "Wait a few minutes, and I will be ready—just one minute"—and then his spirit fled.*

The names of Leroy Cole, Richard Tydings, William Dixon, Francis Landrum, Robert C. Hatton, Oliver Carver, and John G. Cicil, appear this year in the list of Appointments for Kentucky, though they had previously entered the Conference.

Leroy Cole was born in Essex county, Virginia, on the 5th of June, 1749, and embraced religion, united with the Church, and was admitted on trial in the Conference, in 1777. He became an itinerant when there were only thirty-six traveling preachers in America, and a membership in the

* Western Christian Advocate, August 14, 1835.

Methodist societies of only six thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight. He had been educated for the ministry in the Church of England, but regarding Methodism as the best exponent of Christianity, he preferred the sacrifices and sufferings of an itinerant's life to the ease and luxury enjoyed by the parish priest.

His first appointment, as it stands in the Minutes, is "North Carolina," with John King, John Dickens, and Edward Pride as his colleagues. From the time of his entrance into the ministry until the Conference of 1785, he not only labored with untiring energy, but he met the privations to which his life was incident as became one who rejoiced in that he was thought worthy to preach the gospel.

At the Conference of 1785, his character was arrested, and his trial resulted in his expulsion from the ministry and the Church. He received the sentence which severed the connection between him and his brethren with the meekness of one who felt secure in his innocence. A relentless persecution had been excited against him, and such was the character of the testimony that he was unable to retrieve himself from its meshes. With a firm confidence in God that his reputation would be vindicated, he exhibited in his walk and conversation the life of a Christian. It often occurs that innocence for years is trampled in the dust, and sometimes there is no vindication on this side the grave. In this instance, however, justice was not tardy. In less than a year, the Conference became convinced of the injustice of their verdict, and invited Mr.

Cole again into their fellowship, and placed him in the responsible position of "Elder" over "Newbern, New River, Wilmington, and Antigua." After traveling for a few years longer, worn-out in health, he retired to the local ranks.

In 1808, he emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Clarke county. Until 1814, he served the Church as a local preacher, when he was reädmittid into the Conference. Although unable to perform the duties of an itinerant for only a few years, yet he continued a member of the Conference, in a superannuated relation, as long as he lived.

"In 1818, Brother Cole, who had joined the Connection in Kentucky, with the traveling preachers, appointed a camp-meeting near the town of Cynthiana, in Harrison county, to which place he had removed. The writer was by special request—indeed, almost by *peremptory order*—called to attend his meeting. To meet the old gentleman's *command*, made in the name of his *blessed Master*, in a very solemn manner, the writer left his home in Ohio, and attended. The weather was very unpromising; the heavens poured down torrents of rain. The people and preachers were discouraged; and to add to their other discouragements, the meeting was near the town of Cynthiana, a very wicked place; and a large collection of young men of all descriptions had gathered, with their pockets filled with decanters of whisky, to stimulate themselves to do mischief, and to resist the work. On Friday it was truly discouraging; on Saturday it was equally so. On Saturday night the work broke

out. Two rings were formed for the mourners, when the power of the Most High was displayed in a most signal manner. The combined forces raised in opposition to the work became alarmed. Some ran up and sprang into the rings, throwing away their flasks of whisky, fell upon their knees and earnestly prayed for mercy. Others, equally alarmed, threw away their bottles and ran into the woods, where their shrieks and cries were heard in various directions; when among the professors of religion there was a great *shout* in the camp, for the power of the Lord was upon them in the most extraordinary manner. In the morning the 'whisky-bottles' were collected and placed around the ground on the candle-stands, fixed on trees, as a signal of a great victory!

“Obeying the command of the old man, (Brother Cole,) on Monday the writer was directed to preach in Cynthiana, in the court-house. He did so, and agreeably to the old gentleman's directions, formed a class, taking the old gentleman, his wife, and several old members in. He formed the first class in that place. A revival commenced under the ministry of Brother Absalom Hunt and Brother Cole, with other assistance, when about four hundred members, in this place and its vicinity around, were added to the Church. It afterward spread into different places, and revivals commenced after this in different directions. Brother Jonathan Stamper (now our Presiding Elder) was at this meeting, and has subsequently remarked to the writer, that it was almost impossible to conceive the good effects re-

sulting from this glorious *camp-meeting*. Many of the young converts soon began to preach, and several of them are now distinguished traveling preachers. Subsequently, camp-meetings have regained their former standing in this part of the country.”*

On the 6th of February, 1830, he closed the scene of his sufferings by a most triumphant death.

Richard Tydings† was born in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, on the 16th of June, 1783; and when he was quite young his parents became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at once erected the altar in their family for morning and evening worship. Through this means of grace, added to the instructions of his mother, he was first impressed upon the subject of religion, and when quite a youth was converted.

In speaking of his conversion, he says: “My guilt, condemnation, and fear, were all gone; and all was light, and peace, and joy. O the wonders of that blessed hour I never shall forget! It appeared to me that it was such amazing condescension and goodness in God’s dear children to pray for and help me as they did, and still more astonishing that the goodness and mercy of God, in Christ Jesus my Lord, could reach my case, and enable such a poor sinner as I was to understand his redeeming grace and pardoning love. When I returned home and

* Thomas S. Hinde, in *Methodist Magazine* for 1827, pp. 225, 226.

† He was the father of the Rev. R. McKendree Tydings, of the Florida Conference, and the grandfather of the Rev. Charles Tydings Widney, of the Louisville Conference.

went to rest, such was the illumination of my soul, that all appeared to be light around me; and what was remarkable, it appeared to me when I awoke in the morning, that it had been so all the night long.”*

“About sixty years ago, at a protracted meeting held in one of the Methodist churches in the city of Baltimore, there was a little boy who came forward to the altar, night after night, for some time, to be prayed for. The meeting went on, and no one approached the altar as a seeker of religion but this solitary little boy. Some of the brethren said: ‘It is not worth while being at the expense of continuing the meeting any longer; there is nobody coming forward but little Dick.’ The meeting, however, was continued a little while longer, and little Dick was converted and joined the Church. That little boy turned out to be the Rev. Richard Tydings, for many years a traveling preacher in the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a burning and shining light.”†

On the 1st day of August, 1807, he was licensed to preach, and in 1809, he was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference, and appointed to the Calvert Circuit. He continued to preach in the Baltimore Conference until 1826, filling several of the most important stations.

In 1826, he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference. His first appointment in Kentucky was to

*Tydings on Apostolical Succession, pp. 291, 292.

†Western Christian Advocate, March 29, 1866.

the Maysville Station. In 1827, he was stationed in Lexington, and was returned the following year. In 1829 and 1830, he was at Mount Sterling; 1831, Cynthiana. He was appointed to the Augusta District in 1832, where he remained for three years. In 1835, he was again sent to Mount Sterling; in 1836, to the Lexington District; and the following year, to Louisville, where he remained two years. In 1839, he was appointed to Shelbyville, and remained there two years. In the autumn of 1841, he removed to Muhlenburg county, where he remained for several years; but at a later period he settled in Bullitt county, on the banks of Salt River, where he resided until the 3d of October, 1865, when he entered upon eternal life.

He was a traveling preacher for nearly sixty years, and in the morning of his ministry and the flower of his manhood, distinguished for his zeal and his usefulness. The high esteem in which he was held by his brethren, is seen in the important charges he filled in the Church. Several of the latest years of his life, he sustained a superannuated relation to the Louisville Conference, (of which he had been a member since its organization,) devoting all the time to the work of the ministry that his waning strength would allow. Entirely free from the selfishness that so frequently disturbs the quiet of age, he cultivated a sweet and gentle spirit that furnished a smile of gladness for all with whom he met; and as advancing life threw out its lengthening shadows, as the night of death was approaching, he became more genial, while his ever

cheerful countenance made every circle in which he was thrown a pleasant one. To the young members of the Conference he was ardently attached, and by them no man was more respected and revered than Richard Tydings.

His last illness was brief; he died suddenly, with a congestive chill. A few days before he was taken ill, he said to one of his daughters: "Let the Master call when he pleases, I think I am ready."

Twenty-six days later, the messenger came again to the same dwelling, and she, the companion of his life, was called to share with her husband the joys of heaven.

Richard Tydings and his wife are buried side by side, in the Eastern Cemetery, near the city of Louisville.

William Dixon located in 1820, having been a traveling preacher for nine years, one of which was spent on the Hinkstone Circuit, in Kentucky.

Francis Landrum was born in Loudon county, Virginia, on the 5th of February, 1789. In 1807, he embraced religion, in Louisa county, Virginia. In 1810, he was licensed to preach; but previous to this, he had exercised his gifts as a class-leader and exhorter, with usefulness to the Church. He came to Kentucky the same year, and was eminently useful as a local preacher in the community in which he resided. In 1811, he was admitted on trial in the Western Conference, though his name does not appear in the list of Appointments until the Conference of 1813, when he is appointed to the Salt Creek Circuit, in Ohio. In 1814, we find

him on the Big and Little Sandy Circuit; and from thence, with the exception of one year, when he traveled the White Oak Circuit, until he closed his career on earth, he gave his energies to the Church in Kentucky.

Not only in the morning of his ministry was he distinguished for his remarkable zeal, but in its noon and in its eve there was a "pathos and a solemnity with which he made his plain and pungent appeals, connected with his untiring industry and devotional habits, which rendered him exceedingly useful."

In a letter to the Rev. Thos. A. Morris, then Editor of the Western Christian Advocate, Dr. Bascom, writing from Park Lodge, 12th October, 1834, says:

"It is indeed sad to one of my early companions in the toils of the ministry, that *another is no more*. Our good Brother Landrum expired this morning, in the bosom of his family, in *peace and triumph*. He entered the traveling connection of our Church as early as 1811, and has traveled extensively and labored faithfully ever since. With an ordinary mind, and limited means of improvement in early life, his piety, zeal, and industry rendered him useful above many who were deemed his superiors in every thing except the more important elements of ministerial worth, deep devotion, and *high moral courage*. I have known him long and well, and have always found him consistent and faithful in the discharge of all the duties incident to his several stations and relations as a man and a minister. During the two last years of his ministry, he re-

ceived into the Church nearly *five hundred members*, and during the entire course of his ministry about *five thousand*. His wife and nine children survive him in grief and sorrow. May they imitate his virtues and show the tranquillity of his dying hour! I shall soon have devolved upon me (in the event of life) the melancholy task of preaching his funeral, and of thus finally placing among the records of the past the life and services of another faithful minister of the Church of Christ.

“There are many, especially in Kentucky and Ohio, who will deeply regret to find the name of Francis Landrum stricken from the roll of living ministers, and numbered with the departed good and great. He fell in the prime of life, at the age of forty-seven, and was interred by the side of the late lamented John P. Finley.”*

Robert C. Hatton,† Oliver Carver, and John G. Cicil, each traveled only one year in Kentucky.

Robert C. Hatton attained to eminence in the Church. He entered the traveling connection in 1812, and after much labor and usefulness, he withdrew from the Conference in 1831, and united with the Methodist Protestant Church. At the time of his withdrawal, he was a member of the Pittsburgh Conference. Later in life he returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was kindly received. He was a member of the Tennessee Conference at the time of his death. He was a good man, and

* Western Christian Advocate, of October 17, 1834.

† He was the father of the late Gen. Robert Hatton.

much beloved by the Church. He died at his residence, in Lebanon, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1866.

We parted with Samuel Parker in 1804, but promised to meet him again in this year. He was the son of Nathanael and Margaret Parker, and was born at or near Pollenskill, New Jersey, in 1772. "His father having resided awhile in Elizabethtown, removed from Jersey, and settled four or five miles below the Blue Water Gap, on the Delaware River, where his mother died. Soon after this, the family removed to and settled in Beesontown, (now Uniontown,) Pennsylvania. This region, it somehow happened, was the rendezvous of the first Methodist pioneers in the mountains. Here was the residence of Caleb Jarvis Taylor, then teaching school, and several other preachers, and many pious families."* Under the preaching of James Lurton he was first awakened, and when about fifteen years of age was converted to God. Remarkable for his diffidence, his great fondness for music somewhat overcame it, and he first appeared in public "as a kind of clerk at the prayer, social, and public meetings, and would give out the hymn and raise the tune."†

Previous to the year 1800, he emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in the neighborhood of Newcastle, where, by his piety and zeal for the cause of Christ, he contributed much to the growth and prosperity of the classes in that vicinity.

* Western Christian Advocate, February 6, 1835.

† Western Christian Advocate, January 30, 1835.

We make a few extracts from a letter received by us from the Rev. J. F. Strother, of Henry county, Kentucky :

“The first Methodist Church in this vicinity, of which we have any account, worshiped in a small meeting-house, about one mile and a half south of Newcastle. It was, in all probability, from this Church, that those eminent ministers, the Revs. Jacob and Benjamin Young, went forth to the work to which they were called. It was from this Church that the Rev. Samuel Parker, that burning and shining light, started on his career of glorious toil and sacrifice in his Master’s work. He was, as he said, ‘a carpenter, the same trade as Jesus.’ He was so pious and consistent as a Christian, that universal confidence was inspired to the extent of his acquaintance. ‘I never knew a man,’ said Father Sutton, ‘who doubted Sam. Parker’s religion.’ A few incidents of him may be acceptable :

“On being called on to conclude meeting, on a certain occasion, soon after he commenced, a rude young man, well known to him, arose and started out of the house, whereupon Parker immediately commenced singing, ‘Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, before you farther go;’ and the young man quietly sat down.

“He was a master of music. He was a delightful preacher from the beginning, and, though naturally homely, when he became animated in the pulpit, a holy fervor glowed in his countenance, so that even his rugged features, under its heavenly radiance, became lovely and attractive. But his praise is

known in the Churches, his memory embalmed in the hearts of thousands.”

He was received on trial as a traveling preacher in the Western Conference, in 1804, and appointed to the Hinkstone Circuit. In 1805, he was sent to the Lexington, and the following year to the Limestone—all in the State of Kentucky.

“In 1808,* he was appointed to the Miami Circuit, in the State of Ohio, Cincinnati being one of the appointments. On this circuit he was the messenger of glad tidings to many a despairing sinner. Multitudes were awakened and converted to God through his instrumentality, and throughout the Miami Valley there are many who were brought into the kingdom of grace through his instrumentality, and yet stand living witnesses for Christ and the power of the gospel to save.

“We have already remarked that Brother Parker possessed a voice of unusual melody, and was excelled by few, if any, in the power of song. Many were attracted to the Church to listen to the divine strains which he would pour forth upon his enraptured and weeping audiences. He was not only gifted with a remarkable voice, but he had brought it under a high state of cultivation, and it was said he was a perfect master of music. We were told by Bishop McKendree, that when he was on the Hinkstone Circuit, at one of Brother Parker’s quarterly meetings, he mentioned to him a tune which

* It was 1807 when he was appointed to the Miami Circuit. The Minutes, which Mr Finley follows, post-date one year in the records from 1800 to 1837.

he had heard in the southern part of Kentucky, that so interested and thrilled him, that it had been sounding in his mind ever since. The Bishop was deprived, like many others, of the wonderful gift of song, though he had an exquisite ear for music, and was said to be a connoisseur. Brother Parker told him he thought he could produce it, and for this purpose they both retired to the woods. The plan for its production, or rather, reproduction, was this: The preacher sounded the various notes, and the Bishop would tell him when a note accorded with the tune. Thus he continued until he had written every note of the entire piece. The time for preaching having arrived, they went into the congregation, and, to the utter astonishment of the Bishop, the tune was sung to appropriate words, but with a melody and a power, which not only affected the Bishop, but the whole congregation, to tears.

“But his musical powers were not all, though to hear him would remind one of the melody of heaven. He had an eloquence and power in the pulpit that were irresistible, and wherever he went wondering and weeping audiences crowded to hear him. Many came a great distance to listen to him, so widespread was his fame as a pulpit orator. On one occasion an aged and very pious German brother came a considerable distance to hear him. When he arrived the preacher had taken his text and was making his introduction. The old brother took his seat and listened to the slow and measured words of the preacher, as he proceeded to advance his propositions. Not being able to discover any thing

extraordinary, either in the matter or manner of the preacher, the honest old German would drop his head, giving it a significant shake, and say to himself, 'Dis bees not Barker; dis be not him surely.' After he had progressed some time in his discourse, and began to warm a little with his theme, and occasionally flash out a bright and beautiful thought, the Dutchman, with a meditative look, and head a little inclined, would say, 'Maybe dis is Barker.' The preacher at length got fairly under way; his soul was on fire, and impassioned strains of eloquence, like full bursts of glory from the upper sanctuary, fell upon the rapt multitude. The old German rose to his feet, and was moving unconsciously forward, charmed with the eloquence of the preacher. He was lost to all surrounding objects, and lost to himself; for so intently was his attention fixed that he dropped his hat. When the preacher closed, the old man was at the altar, as near as he could get to the pulpit, and, drawing a long breath, he turned round, exclaiming, in a loud voice, 'Mine Gott, vot an outcome dis Barker has got!'

“It is related of this old German brother, that, being in court one time when a young lawyer, a member of the Methodist Church, was pleading most eloquently and feelingly the case of a poor, unfortunate girl, so much so that the judges and jury alike began to shed tears, he rose from his seat and exclaimed, 'Mein Gott, send more power; send more power to these sinners' hearts!' The good old man imagined that they were awakened by the

exhortation of the Methodist lawyer, and that they would soon be all at the mourners'-bench crying for mercy.

“At the Conference which was held in the year 1809, Brother Parker was elected and ordained to the office of an Elder in the Church. Having used the office of a Deacon well, and having obtained a good degree and great boldness in the cause of his Master, and having given full proof of his efficiency as a minister, he was deemed worthy of promotion to the more responsible, but yet more arduous office of a Presiding Elder. His district embraced the whole of the State of Indiana, and the States of Illinois and Missouri. For vastness of territory, and for the amount of labor required to travel it, we think this must have been the banner district of those times. Notwithstanding the extent of the field, the amount of labor necessary to be expended in its cultivation, Parker's zeal and enterprise were adequate to the great undertaking. Buckling on the harness, if possible, with a steadier nerve and greater firmness of purpose, he turned his face toward the setting sun, and was soon lost to sight in the depths of the wilderness, on the errand of his Master. In traversing this vast wilderness of woods, prairies, swamps, and rivers, inhabited principally by savage men and beasts of prey, exposed to the northern blasts of winter and the scorching heats of summer, God was with him. In the rude log-cabins of the West he found hard fare, but harder still when no cabin opened its friendly door, and he had to lie down supperless among the leaves

of the wood, or the grass of the prairies, and not unfrequently upon the snow, with nothing but heaven's canopy for his covering. From the White-water, in Indiana, to the farthest settler in Missouri, did this faithful herald of the cross go to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in the name of Jesus. For four years did the indefatigable Parker cultivate this vast field, and with such success, 'so mightily grew the word of God and prevailed,' that it was necessary, at the expiration of this period, to divide the District, and call more laborers into the vineyard of the Lord. When he entered upon the field there were but three hundred and eighty-two members in all its bounds; but at the expiration of four years, under his superintendence, there were upward of two thousand. An incident occurred at the Conference which was held in Cincinnati, in 1813, [Mr. Stamper says 1811,] which, in this connection, we will relate. There being no church on Sabbath large enough to hold the congregation, or rather the vast crowds which attended upon the ministrations of the occasion, we adjourned to the Lower Market Space, on Lower Market street, between Sycamore and Broadway. The services commenced at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Learner Blackman preached from the second petition of the Lord's prayer: 'Thy kingdom come.' He was followed by Brother Parker with a sermon on the third petition of the same prayer: 'Thy will be done.' After he had concluded, Brother James Ward gave an exhortation after the manner of olden time. Then followed Brother John Collins, who, from the

same butcher's-block whereon the preachers had stood, commenced, with a soft and silvery voice, to sell the shambles, as only John Collins could, in the open market. These he made emblematic of a full salvation without money and without price. It was not long till the vast assembly were in tears at the melting, moving strains of the eloquent preacher. On invitation, a large number came forward, and kneeled down for an interest in the prayers of God's people. We joined with them, and other ministers who were present, heartily in the work, and before that meeting closed in the market-house, many souls were happily converted to God.

“This year, Brother Parker was appointed to labor on the Deer Creek Circuit, which included all the settlements on that stream, as well as those on Darby, Scioto, and the North Fork of Paint Creek, extending to Chillicothe, then the metropolis of the State. In this less extensive, but still laborious field, his efforts to advance the kingdom of his Lord were wonderfully blessed. It was in the palmy days of camp-meetings, before such meetings had lost their sheen and power, and the region where he labored was blessed with these annual seasons of religious interest. One of the most powerful camp-meetings ever held in the West was in the bounds of this circuit, at White Brown's, on Deer Creek. Here were collected the thousands of our Israel from all parts of the country, while the ministry was represented by the best talent in the Western Conference. Among the preachers present on this occasion were John Collins, J. Quinn, Alexander

Cummins, R. W. Finley, Hellums, Strange, Crume, and others. While one after another of these pioneer preachers would hold forth the word of life to listening, attentive thousands, the Spirit would apply the truth with demonstrative power to the heart, and hundreds were awakened and converted to God. Many that came out of an idle curiosity had an interest awakened in their hearts, to them before unknown; while many who came to curse and oppose the cause of God remained to pray and unite with the faithful in carrying it on. It was a time long to be remembered, and hundreds on earth and in heaven will call to remembrance, with grateful emotions, the hallowed scenes and associations at the Deer Creek Camp-meeting.

“At the close of the year 1813, the Conference was held at Steubenville, Ohio. From this Conference Brother Parker received his appointment to the Miami District, which, at that time, embraced all the country lying between the Ohio River and the Olentangy, and the Scioto and Great Miami. His labors on this field were arduous, but successful. A zeal for the cause of God, fed with an unquenchable fire from off God’s altar, urged him on, and nothing could stop him in his burning course around his District. Many, in the day of eternity, will thank God for sending the messages of mercy through so eloquent and faithful a herald.

“The next year, which was 1815, he was removed from the Miami District, and appointed Presiding Elder of the Kentucky District. He remained in this field of labor four consecutive years, during all

which time he was in labors more abundant. He was universally beloved on the District, both by the preachers and people, and his labors were crowned with great success. He had now reached life's prime, being in the forty-fifth year of his age; and deeming it prudent to change his relation in life by taking to himself a companion, he accordingly sought and obtained the hand of Miss Alethia Tilton, the daughter of a venerable and useful local preacher of that name, who proved a most worthy and suitable partner for a Methodist itinerant in those days of privation and hardship. This worthy lady enjoyed his society long enough to be sensible of the melancholy fact that there is no affliction incident to suffering humanity so exquisite as the loss of a companion, who united all the endearing qualities that nature and grace can combine in the person of a husband.

“We come now to the most interesting, because the most trying, period in the history of our departed brother's life; one which not only served to develop his character even more fully than it yet had been developed, but which presents the Church and the world an example of moral heroism as worthy of imitation as it is of praise.

“At the Conference which was held in Cincinnati in the summer of 1819, the Bishops felt the utmost solicitude in regard to finding a man of the requisite qualifications to fill a post of the greatest importance in the Mississippi Conference. Before them were ministers from all parts of the great Western field; and after scanning the whole, they found in the

person of Samuel Parker the one that, in their judgment, was admirably adapted for the work. His experience in the work, and, above all, his commanding talents, fitted him, in an eminent degree, for the occupancy of that difficult and distant field. The only thing they could conceive of as being in the way of his appointment, was his delicate health, and that his wife must be torn away from the embrace of her friends to share the fate and fortunes of her husband—a stranger in a strange land. Besides the greatness of the distance and his feeble health, the country embraced in the field was regarded as quite sickly. When, however, the Bishops intimated the demands which the Church, in the providence of God, seemed to have upon his labors and sacrifices, in the true spirit of a witness for Jesus, if need be, to the ends of the earth, he was ready to say, in the language of Paul, ‘I count not my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.’ He had laid all upon the altar of his Lord. He had endured hardness as a good soldier, and it was no time now for him to take back the offering, or to hesitate in the further fulfillment of the vows which he had made to please Him who had called him to be a soldier. Ready for every position which God, in his providence, might assign him, he said to the over-shepherds of the Church, ‘Here am I; send me.’

“The Conference closed, and when it was announced by the Presiding Bishop that he was ap-

pointed Presiding Elder of the Mississippi District, a wave of sympathy rolled over the entire Conference. We shall never forget the parting scene. When we took our dear Parker by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, beloved brother, till we meet again,' we felt that it would be in the communings of that world,

Where no farewell words are spoken,
And no farewell tears are shed.

It seemed as though we were all engaged in the solemnities of a sacrifice where the victim was one of the most lovely and talented of our brotherhood.

"The last days of summer were tinting with golden hues the plains of the sunny south, as the sweet-spirited Parker, with his lovely bride, was wending his way thither in the name of his Master. He had left his friends, and home, and kindred, and was going to a far-distant land, among strangers, to labor and die. The Bishops fondly hoped that the genial winter-clime of the South might prove beneficial to his health; but, alas! how often has it proven true, that where one invalid passes the process of acclimation, and becomes convalescent, many die; and so it proved in this case. When he arrived at his destination, enfeebled and worn down with fatigue, his disease assumed, in a short time, a more malignant type, so that in November the most fearful apprehensions were excited that he would soon be called to exchange worlds. He never performed any labor on his District, and the only advantage resulting from his emigration to that distant and difficult post was the lesson which his example

afforded, and the spirit and peace in which a Christian can suffer and die.

“ Thus he lingered on till the session of the Mississippi Conference, when he seemed to have slightly improved, and hopes were entertained by some that he might recover; but others, better acquainted with the nature of his disease, and the climate to which it was subjected, knew that they were as fallacious and transient as the fading hues of evening, which serve only to light the passage of departing day. Soon after Conference he relapsed into a worse state than before, and he was rapidly brought down to the verge of the grave. In all these sufferings and changes through which he passed, this servant of the Lord was enabled to say, in perfect resignation, ‘ Father, not my will, but thine be done.’ On the 6th* of December, when a holy quiet was reigning around, disturbed only by the sobs of an affectionate wife, which alone prevented one from thinking that the chamber where he lay was quite in the confines of heaven, the talented, faithful, and devoted Parker passed away to the bosom of his Saviour and God.

“ Before his departure God had blessed him with an infant son, but the little one did not long survive. It was soon called to join its father in the blissful realms of the blest. The Sabbath after his decease, his funeral-sermon was preached, at Washington, Mississippi, by the Rev. William Winans, to a large and weeping congregation. The text was Rev. xiv.

* Dr. Winans says Dec. 20: see p. 331.

13: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

"The personal appearance of Brother Parker was strikingly prepossessing. He was about five feet ten or eleven inches high, a slender but well-made form. He had a fine intellectual cast of countenance, expansive forehead, and black, piercing eye. He was one of the finest speakers we ever listened to, his voice being exceedingly musical, and capable of the softest, sweetest intonations. But that fine, manly form is mingled with the dust, and that voice, so entrancing, is hushed upon earth for ever."*

We close this sketch with the following extract from a memoir furnished by the Rev. William Winans to the Nashville Christian Advocate, of July 25, 1861:

"I have said that Mr. Parker's health was much shattered when he came to Mississippi. Pulmonary consumption had in fact already fastened itself upon him, and its progress was rapid and resistless. He was altogether too feeble to encounter the enervating heat of our protracted summer. Autumn found him almost utterly prostrate, and winter soon ended his course of suffering by snapping asunder the remaining attenuated cords of life. On the 20th of December, 1819, he entered into rest. I was with him frequently in the last stage of his illness, and I can bear witness to the unqualified submission with which he endured the severest sufferings, to his firm trust in the merits of Christ, and in the faithfulness

* Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism, pp. 204-214.

of the Divine promises, to his meekness and gentleness of spirit, and to the love that inspired his whole being, breathing from his lips, and beaming with heavenly radiance from his countenance.

“The last time he was able to attend public worship, I preached, and administered the holy communion, and never before or since have I witnessed such an expression of adoring gratitude, reverential joy, and holy love as illumined his countenance during the latter service. It seemed to me that the impress of heaven was already stamped upon his dying body, indicating, faintly indeed, the glory in which it will be raised at the last day. To the end his faith did not falter, his patience never gave way, his peace was unruffled, his hope unshaken. He died not only peacefully, but triumphantly. His ashes rest near Washington, Mississippi.”

The Tennessee Conference of 1814 was held at Kennerly's Chapel, in Logan county, commencing September 29. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present. Bishop Asbury says in his Journal : *

“*Thursday, 29.*—We came upon the camp-ground, where we are to hold our Conference.

“*Sabbath, October 2.*—I ordained about twenty deacons, and gave a sermon and an exhortation. Our encampment-cook is Brother Douglass. We are two hours in the chapel, four hours at the preaching-stand, and then come home. We sit six hours a day in Conference. Poor Bishops!—sick, lame, and in poverty. I had wished to visit Mis-

* Vol. III., pp. 435, 436.

issippi, but the injury received by Bishop McKendree being so great that it is yet doubtful whether he will so far recover as to be present at the South Carolina Conference, I must decline going. I live in God.

“*Thursday, 6.*—We closed our labors in great peace and love. The families have been kind to us, but we were much crowded. We have lost members from the society, and gained, perhaps, one preacher in the itinerancy in two years. The local ministry is enriched. May we expect more help? Ah, the labor is too hard, and the wages too low! We cannot, like the Quakers, *take abroad* when we get tired of home, and go feasting about from one rich friend’s table to another’s, and *bark* or be *dumb*, as the fit may take us. Our discipline is too strict: we cannot leave four or five thousand congregations unsought, like the Church of England, the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist Churches. *Go*, says the command; go into all the world—go to the highways and hedges. *Go out*—seek them. Christ came *seeking* the lost sheep. *Seek me out*, says the parson; or advertise and offer a church and a good salary, and I will *seek* you. And is this all these pretenders can do? If we send but one traveling preacher into a four-weeks’ circuit, we aid him by the labor of our local ministry—good men, and some of them great men.”

George McNelly was the only preacher admitted on trial at this Conference, who was appointed to Kentucky. He was sent to the Hartford Circuit, with William F. King. He continued a member of

the Conference, with the exception of the year 1820, when he was local, until he was transferred to the Church on high. His labors were chiefly bestowed on the Church in the southern portion of the State. The only charge he filled in Central Kentucky was the Danville and Harrodsburg Station, to which he was appointed in 1836.

In 1837, he was agent for Augusta College. His health failing him entirely, at the session of 1838 he was placed on the superannuated list, and died previous to the Conference of 1840. Notwithstanding the deep piety that distinguished our fathers in the ministry, none of them were more fully consecrated to God than George McNelly.

W. F. King and Jesse Hale were admitted on trial in 1812. The former traveled six years, and was a faithful minister of Christ; the latter only traveled this year in Kentucky. His appointment was the Livingston Circuit. He labored for several years in Missouri and Illinois. Thomas Bailey, Haman Bailey, and Nicholas Norwood had entered the Conference in 1813. Thomas Bailey traveled three years, two of which were on the Wayne and Somerset Circuits, in Kentucky, when he located. Haman Bailey only traveled two years, the latter of which was the Green River Circuit. Nicholas Norwood traveled six years. His first appointment was to the Nollichuckie Circuit, in East Tennessee. In 1814, we find him on the Somerset, in Kentucky, after which he is returned to East Tennessee, where he continues until the Conference of 1819, when, in consequence of severe complaints

against his character, he is left without an appointment, and at the Conference of 1820, he is expelled from the Church.

As early as 1804, Robert and Sarah McReynolds* settled in Warren (now Allen) county. Mr. McReynolds had been brought up under Presbyterian influence, and his wife under that of the Church of England. In 1814, under the ministry of Claiborne Duvall, they joined the Methodist Church, and at once had their children, nine in number, dedicated to God in holy baptism.

From the time they became members of the Church, their house was open and their means employed for the support of the gospel. Both at home and abroad they were patterns of piety, and at camp-meetings, and in the revivals that blessed the section of the State in which they lived, they were faithful co-workers with the ministers of Christ. They both lived to a good old age, the former having died Sept. 20, 1854—the latter July 20, 1860—each having lived more than eighty-three years.

The Buck Creek Church—the first Methodist church erected in Allen county—was distinguished as the spiritual birthplace of hundreds. The scene of many revivals of religion, its members scattered over many miles of country, many of the best early local preachers connected with it, the holy fire spread in every direction, until several societies were organized from its membership, while but few

*They were the parents of the Rev. William M., John W., and Robert Y. McReynolds.

sections of the State have sent into the ministry so many useful ministers of the gospel.

Other societies were formed in this portion of the State, at an early day, of which we may mention Mt. Pleasant, four miles south-west of Scottsville. The society at this point was organized chiefly through the agency of Mrs. Mary Martin,* a widow lady of superior mind and of deep piety. Her zeal and industry in promoting the cause of religion scarcely knew any bounds. She appointed female prayer-meetings, which she conducted; opened her house for the preaching of the gospel, visited the sick, administered to the needy, and labored in the altar in times of revival. Noble woman! Her reward is on high. In December, 1856, at the advanced age of ninety years, God called her home.

There was this year a farther decrease of *eight hundred and sixty-eight* in the white membership, but a small increase of *sixty-four* in the colored.

* She was the grandmother of the Rev. E. M. Crow, of the Louisville Conference.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1815
TO THEIR SESSIONS OF 1816.

The Ohio Conference held at Lebanon: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—John P. Kent—Othniel Talbot—Andrew Monroe—Absalom Hunt—John Tevis—Sadosa Bacon—Jabez Bowman—William Hunt—The Fisk family—The Tennessee Conference held at Bethlehem Meeting-house: Bishops Asbury and McKendree present—Death of Bishop Asbury—John Smith—Jesse Cunnyngnam—William C. Stribling—Silas Drake—Decrease in membership.

THE Ohio Conference for 1815 was held at Lebanon, Ohio, commencing September 14. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present. Bishop Asbury says:

“*Thursday, 14.*—Our Ohio Conference began, and all our fears vanished. We have great peace, abundance of accommodation, and comfortable seasons in preaching, noon and night, in the chapel and court-house. Great grace, and peace, and success have attended our coming together. We hold in Ohio Conference sixty-eight preachers, sixty-seven of whom are stationed. Ten delegates have been chosen for the General Conference. The settlement with the married and unmarried was made

according to the funds, in which the mite-subscription aided. The children of the preachers were remembered in the distribution of the funds.

“*Thursday*, we came to Cincinnati. Bishop McKendree and I had a long and earnest talk about the affairs of the Church and my future prospects. I told him my opinion was, that the western part of the empire would be the glory of America for the poor and pious; that it ought to be marked out for five Conferences, viz., Ohio, Kentucky, Holston, Mississippi, and Missouri; in doing which, as well as I was able, I traced out lines and boundaries. I told my colleague, that having passed the first allotted period, (seventy years,) and being, as he knew, out of health, it could not be expected I could visit the extremities every year, sitting in eight, it might be twelve Conferences, and traveling six thousand miles in eight months. If I were able still to keep up with the Conferences, I could not be expected to preside in more than every other one. As to the stations, I should never exhibit a plan unfinished, but still get all the information in my power, so as to enable me to make it perfect, like the painter who touches and retouches until all parts of the picture are pleasing. The plan I might be laboring on would always be submitted to such eyes as ought to see it; and the measure I meted to others, I should expect to receive.

“*Sabbath, 24.*—I preached at Lebanon, by request of Conference, a memorial-sermon for Dr. Coke. My subject was Matt. v. 16: ‘Let your light so shine before men.’ The gospel light, in all its full-

ness of grace and power, the reflected light of that Light of the world manifested in faith and in obedience in every grade and class of believers. Ministers should be resplendent like a city illuminated in the night; a great light amidst Churches in darkness and slumber; like Dr. Coke, whose effulgence beamed forth in missions, in labors in Europe, in America, in the isles of the sea, and in Asia. I took occasion to particularize the abundant labors of this distinguished man of God.

“*Wednesday, 27.*—We came rapidly to Cincinnati. *Friday,* Bishop McKendree’s fractures are all repaired, and bones strong again, I suppose, for he has flown away like a bird with the boys. We must stay and distribute the word of God to the poor, collect a little mite-money, and then away, preaching in every town we pass through.”*

Bishop Asbury reaches Kentucky about the last of September, and on the 1st day of October he preaches in the court-house in Georgetown, from Acts xiii. 26; and pursuing his journey, we find him in Lexington, where he preaches from Zephaniah iii. 12, 13.

This was the last visit Bishop Asbury made to Kentucky. He had entered the District of Kentucky in 1790, two years before it was admitted as a State into the Union, and was present at the Conference held for that year, at Masterson’s Station. He had, with a few exceptions, attended the Conferences held in the West, and had shared in the

* Journal, Vol. III., pp. 465, 466.

trials, the privations, and the sufferings of the preachers who had planted and nourished the infant Church. His sermon in Lexington was the last he preached in the State. Leaving Kentucky, he attended the session of the Tennessee Conference, in Wilson county, and on the 5th of November we find him in Virginia, "so exceedingly weak" that he "declined preaching." Recovering to some extent, he attempts to preach at "the quarterly meeting at Samuel Edney's, on Sabbath, the 12th;" and on the following Sabbath he preaches again, from Acts xxvi. 17, 18, and enters in his Journal, "I die daily—am made perfect by labor and suffering, and fill up still what is behind. There is no time or opportunity to take medicine in the daytime; I must do it at night. I am wasting away with a constant dysentery and cough." On the 26th he preaches again, and then continues his journey through a "heavy rain," traveling on horseback "thirty miles in eight hours." On Friday, the 1st of December, we find him at Columbia, South Carolina, where he preaches on the Sabbath. The last entry in his Journal is, "*Thursday*, 7, we met a storm, and stopped at William Baker's, Granby."

"The labors and journeys of Bishop Asbury knew no pause till death sealed the mercies of God to him, and completed the sacrifice which his whole life in acts of faith and love had been rendering up. His last tour was through the Southern States. The last entry made in his journal was at Granby, S. C., on the 7th of December. He passed on by slow stages to the vicinity of Charleston, and thence to

Richmond, Va., where, on Sunday, March 24, 1816, he preached his last sermon, his text being, 'He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness'—a touchingly appropriate valedictory text to a ministry which had so long sounded like a clarion-call in all parts of the land. To preach this last sermon, he was lifted from his carriage at the doors of the church, and seated on a small table in the pulpit. It had been his aim to get to Baltimore, where in May the General Conference was to assemble. Leaving Richmond, he reached, after traveling three days, the house of his friend, Mr. George Arnold, in Spottsylvania county, where his journeyings terminated. On the following Sunday, amidst the kindest attentions of his faithful traveling companion, the Rev. J. W. Bond, and of an attached Christian family, he entered into the joy of his Lord. He was in the 71st year of his age, had preached in America nearly forty-five years, and exercised the office of Bishop for thirty years."*

His remains were deposited in a vault beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Church, in Baltimore, but have since been removed to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, where they now lie.

Thirteen preachers were admitted on trial, of whom John P. Kent, Othniel Talbot, Andrew Monroe, Absalom Hunt, and John Tevis, were appointed to Kentucky.

John P. Kent was placed this year as junior preacher on the Big and Little Sandy Circuit, John

* William M. Wightman, D.D., in *Biographical Sketches*, p. 32.

Cord being in charge. The following year, he was sent to the Erie Circuit, in the State of Ohio, where he labored for many years.

Othniel Talbot was appointed to the Licking Circuit. He remained in the Conference but a few years.

The name of Andrew Monroe has been familiar to the Church in the West, as a minister of the gospel, for more than half a century. Entering the Ohio Conference in 1815, he spent his first nine years in the itinerant ranks in Kentucky—the first year on the Cumberland Circuit, and the last as Presiding Elder on the Augusta District—traveling in the meantime on the Jefferson, Franklin, Fountain Head, and Bowling-green Circuits, and filling the Hopkinsville and Maysville Stations, the former one year and the latter two years.

In the various fields of labor occupied by Mr. Monroe in Kentucky, he was greatly beloved by the Church for his devotion to the cause of Christ, and remarkably useful as a minister of the gospel. We find in the Methodist Magazine for 1821, an account of the extraordinary success that distinguished his labors while on the Fountain Head Circuit, to which he was appointed in 1818, (which at that time included both Russellville and Bowling-green,) which we will record in the proper place.

In 1824, Mr. Monroe was transferred to the Missouri Conference, and stationed in the city of St. Louis, where he remained two years, after which he was appointed to the Missouri District. From that

period until now, he has been identified with the Church in Missouri, filling important stations and occupying a high position in the confidence and affections of his brethren. May the evening of his life be as happy as its morning and noon have been useful to the Church!

Absalom Hunt was born in Virginia, December 4, 1773, and emigrated when a youth to East Tennessee. From thence he came to Kentucky, and married in 1793. We have no information as to the date of his conversion, but at the time of his marriage he was a member of the Church and a professor of religion. He settled in Fleming county, where he was licensed to preach, but subsequently removed to Bath county, where he labored a few years very usefully as a local preacher.

It was not until he had passed the meridian of life that he became an itinerant. At the Conference of 1815, he was admitted on trial. His first appointment was to the Madison Circuit. In 1816, he was placed in charge of the Lexington Circuit, where he remained two years. Mr. Hunt continued to travel as a preacher, filling the Hinkstone, Limestone, Mount Sterling, and Fleming Circuits, until 1823, when he was placed on the superannuated roll. At the ensuing Conference, with his health somewhat improved, he was appointed to the Liberty Circuit, and the following three years as supernumerary to Paris, Lexington, and Hinkstone. Unable longer to perform ministerial labor, except occasionally in the neighborhood in which he resided, in 1828 he returned to the superannuated list,

on which he remained until the 21st of February, 1841, when he closed his earthly pilgrimage.

In a sketch of Absalom Hunt, from the pen of the Rev. T. N. Ralston, D.D., published in the Methodist Monthly, in 1850, he thus speaks of him:

“When about ten years old, I remember to have seen, for the first time in my life, a Methodist minister. He was then a member of the Kentucky Conference, and remained in that position till some few years ago, when he was taken to his great reward on high. This is the remarkable man who, in my early youth, fixed his impress so deeply upon my heart, that I can scarce think of the subject of death, or of eternity, without connecting him with the thought. I was present at the house of a near neighbor to my father, where this minister had an appointment to preach a funeral-sermon. Little did I think, as I then wended my way, in company with some of my playmates, to the funeral-meeting, that I was that day to look for the first time upon the countenance of the man whose image and character were soon to be so deeply impressed on my heart and memory, as ever after to accompany me like my own shadow, and the recollections of whom were to abide with the freshness of yesterday.

“This image, as then presented, is now before my mind, clear and distinct, only softened by the mellowing influence of time. I seem still to see him, as then for the first time in my life, on that funeral occasion. Would I could place him before your eye, gentle reader, as now he appears to my own view. There I see him standing in one corner

of the room: a tall, large-framed, stately figure, erect and majestic in attitude; his visage long, with features large and masculine; skin dark, eyes dark and solemnly impressive; a long, flowing suit of coal-black hair, straight and neatly combed, falling all around upon his shoulders; his person genteelly clad in a suit of black cloth—the coat made in the old-fashioned, round-breasted, Methodist style, with the skirt reaching nearly to the floor; vest long, and rounded off at the corners; cravat white, perfectly smooth in front, and buckled on at the back of the neck. On his left is the old-fashioned, large fire-place, now (it being summer-time) filled with bushes, intermixed with garden flowers; on his right, a small window, transmitting into the crowded room just a sufficiency of light to render the countenance distinctly visible, and impart a somber and solemn aspect to the whole scene. Before him, as he arose, he had placed a plain split-bottomed chair, throwing across it his dark-red silk pocket-handkerchief; in his hands, resting on the back of the chair, he holds the ‘old-fashioned family Bible.’ You now have faintly sketched before you a picture of the first sight I ever had of a Methodist preacher; and though some thirty-odd years have since fled and gone, the solemn impression made on my mind by the very aspect of the man, before he uttered a word, remains intense as ever, and would justify me in styling him the ‘natural orator.’ I stood, or sat—(I do not remember which; I scarcely knew then)—my eyes riveted with attention. I think I lost not a single word.

As the exercises proceeded, my impressions were more and more deepened. With a rich, musical, and awfully solemn tone, he read the 14th chapter of Job: 'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble,' etc. He then sung the hymn, 'And must this body die,' etc., after which he knelt behind his chair and prayed. O what a prayer it was! He then announced his text: 'We must needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground,' etc. (2 Sam. xiv. 14.) I can remember but little of the sermon, except one affecting anecdote concerning the awful death of a wicked young lady. But the impression on my mind was deep and indelible. The general aspect of the preacher—his solemn and yet placid countenance; his strong, rich, full, yet soft and melodious voice—all together presented a combination of the awfully solemn with the tenderly melting, which I have never seen equaled. I have often seen him in attendance at meetings where various ministers were officiating by turns. After one and another had preached, with little or no apparent effect, when he would arise and give out a few verses of a hymn, such would be the effect of his voice and manner, that in five minutes the whole assembly would be melted to tears. He was indeed a *natural orator*. He had none of the accomplishments of scholarship. To be able to read tolerably well, and to write legibly, was the extent of his education. He knew nothing even of the grammar of his mother tongue, and made some awkward blunders in the pronunciation of words, as well as frequent violations of syntax.

Yet all these were soon forgotten, amid the commanding and overpowering influences of his good sense, profound knowledge of human nature, deep acquaintance with the Scriptures, clear and evangelical views of the plan of salvation, connected with his deeply earnest, tender, and ardent feelings, and the peculiar solemnity of his appearance, voice, and manner. Sometimes, in a subdued and tremulous tone, he would pour forth his soul in strains of tenderest and deepest love, until the stoutest hearts would melt like snow before the midday sun. Again, when he would deliver his solemn warning to the sinner, he would elevate his tall, commanding form, lift his long arm toward the heavens, pointing to the gathering storm of divine indignation, stamp violently and suddenly with his foot, and with a voice thunder-toned and judgment-fraught, would call upon the sinner to ‘fly, *fly* for refuge, or prepare to battle with the storm of wrath divine,’ until one might almost imagine that God was just about to descend the lowering heavens, and that Gabriel himself was summoning the nations to his bar. I have frequently heard him, after having spent some time exhorting Christians to their duty, break off suddenly in an impassioned appeal to the unconverted, when he would stretch forth his arm, stamp with his foot, exclaiming, ‘Sinner, my God will make you feel,’ until an emotion of unearthly terror would seem to pervade the whole assembly. Though comparatively illiterate and unpolished, such was his native good sense, his deep acquaintance with the human heart, his quick

perception of the characters of men, and the unaffected kindness of his manners, that he was not only generally popular as a preacher, but was often the admired favorite with the learned and refined. He was one of the most useful and soul-stirring preachers I ever knew. I have heard hundreds more polished and accomplished speakers, but as a *natural orator*, it is my deliberate opinion, that I never heard the equal of the subject of this sketch. He was eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. But his crowning excellency, and doubtless the secret of his power, consisted in the fact, which all were bound to admit, that *he was a man of God*. He had intimate communion with God. He prayed much, and possessed strong faith. He preached that he might be the means of the conviction and conversion of souls. He preached expecting to succeed, and rarely failed to witness the fruit of his labors. But he has gone to his home in heaven. When I heard of his death, I felt almost the loneliness of orphanage. I knew him well and loved him much. For several of the last years of his life, he was almost helplessly confined at home with affliction; but he bore it with calm resignation, and now doubtless ‘rests from his labors.’ Where can we find another Absalom Hunt? God grant that his mantle may rest on some Elisha!”

Fully aware that he was approaching the margin of the river, “he conversed freely and calmly about death, which to him had no terrors.” With unshaken confidence in the merits of Jesus Christ, he

contemplated death as the precursor of the glory that awaited him.

It is with feelings of pleasure that we mention the name of John Tevis. Many of the most pleasant memories of our childhood are associated with his name, and to him we are indebted for the kind advice, so gently given, that first directed our steps to the Methodist Sabbath-school.

He was born January 6, 1792, in Baltimore county, Md. His parents were descended from a reputable English ancestry, and were themselves regular and worthy communicants of the English Church.

Brought up under moral and religious training, at an early age John Tevis became awakened on the subject of religion. Strictly correct in his deportment, he felt that something more than external conformity to the moral teachings of Christianity was required, in order to salvation. He read the Scriptures with care, and compared with the teachings of the Bible the theological writings of Drs. Scott and Witherspoon. "Unable to reconcile the teachings of the Calvinistic creed with the liberal provisions of the gospel," he "turned away from the barren theological dogmas of the schools to the word of God, and sought, by prayer and study of the Scriptures, to find the path of duty."

On the 9th of May, 1813, after a sermon delivered in the court-house, in Shelbyville, Ky., by a Methodist local preacher, the members of the Church adjourned to their accustomed place of holding class-meeting, that they might enjoy this

blessed means of grace. To the surprise of all, John Tevis met with them, and applied for membership in the Church; a few months after which, he was happily converted. He thus refers to this event:

“About four months after joining the Church, I was made to rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven—to feel that God had, for Christ’s sake, accepted me, and saved me. This happy change took place while listening to a plain but forcible sermon by Father Charles Holliday, from Heb. vi. 1—‘Let us go on to perfection.’ While describing the great change wrought by the Holy Spirit in the soul of the penitent believer, he asserted that the child of God may *know it*; and as he repeated the declaration, ‘He knows it through grace,’ I felt

“‘That nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy.’

“This was not a transient feeling, but an abiding sense of the blessed Comforter’s indwelling presence, which has cheered me through all the way of my forty years’ pilgrimage, and is now the solace of my declining days.”

From the time of his conversion, the Church entertained the belief that he would be called to the work of the ministry. He was soon requested to pray in public, and to lead the prayer and class-meetings.

Struggling with the conviction that he ought to preach the gospel, with an education limited to the elementary instruction imparted in a “common

school" at that day, he was disposed to shrink from the responsibility with which the sacred calling of the ministry is invested. Encouraged by William Adams—at that time traveling the Salt River Circuit—he conferred with his excellent father, who, though he had designed him for another pursuit, yielded to the convictions of his son. He says:

“On the 10th day of March, 1815, I left my home to become a stranger in the land, ‘to spend and be spent’ in the active duties of an evangelist. My father gave me his purse, from which I took three dollars. With this small sum, a good horse, saddle, and saddle-bags, a supply of clothing, Bible, Hymn-book, Wesley’s Notes, and the Portraiture of St. Paul, as my entire ‘outfit,’ I began to labor on the Salt River Circuit. A Methodist traveling preacher needs but little material furniture, or did in my early experience. After a few days, I was transferred to the Jefferson and Shelby Circuit. These two circuits had been united, and instead of preaching at each appointment once in three weeks, as formerly, a four-weeks’ circuit, with two preachers, gave them preaching every two weeks.”

At the following Conference, he was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Lexington Circuit. In 1816, he traveled the Salt River Circuit, and in 1817, he was sent to Ohio, where he remained for three years, traveling the Zanesville and Columbus Circuits, on the latter of which he spent two years. In 1820, he was transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and placed in charge of the Holston District, embracing eight pastoral charges, and

spreading over a large extent of territory. In 1824, we find him in the Kentucky Conference, and stationed in Louisville. The two years following, he has charge of the Shelbyville and Brick Chapel Station. In 1827, he is left without an appointment at his own request. In 1828, he is appointed to the Shelby Circuit, in a supernumerary relation. From 1829 to 1834, his name stands in the Minutes as Superintendent of Science Hill Female Academy, when he is appointed, with G. W. Brush, to the Shelbyville Station. In 1835, his name is taken from the effective roll, to be placed on it no more. He from this period sustained a superannuated relation until his death.

As long as Mr. Tevis was able to perform the duties of an itinerant, he was among the most useful preachers of his day. Successful as he was wherever he labored, the few years in which he presided over the Holston District were years of marked prosperity. During this period, "four thousand souls were converted, and added to the M. E. Church." Among the number was Miss Julia A. Hieronymus, whom he afterward married.

His transfer to the Kentucky Conference, in 1824, was hailed with pleasure by both the ministry and membership of the Church, who had known him in his earlier years. While stationed in Louisville, he was instrumental in healing breaches in that city, that had for several years not only disturbed the peace of the Church, but had threatened its existence.

His appointment, the following year, to the Shel-

byville and Brick Chapel Station, and the permanent settlement of his family in Shelbyville, together with the establishing of Science Hill Female Academy—the first female institution of learning founded in the West—was a blessing to the Church, not only in that village, but throughout the State of Kentucky. Nor were the beneficial results of Science Hill confined to Kentucky, but in every portion of the American Union, and especially throughout the South, are to be found women, distinguished for their high cultivation of mind and manners—ornaments to society and blessings to the Church—who look with pleasure to Science Hill as their *Alma Mater*.

From our childhood until our nineteenth year—when we entered the ministry—we met Mr. Tevis almost every week, and for several years were as intimate with him as the difference in our ages would allow. At no time did we know him to be betrayed into the indulgence of an unkind word, or the expression of an ungenerous sentiment. Often, as he passed along the street, we heard it said, by persons of different ages—by members of different Churches, and by those who made no pretensions to piety—“There is a good man.” During the entire period he resided in Shelbyville, he had the confidence of all who knew him, to an extent but seldom enjoyed.

One who knew him well, thus speaks of him :

“His native temperament, his intellectual qualities, his moral affinities, and his deep, unaffected piety, were all exhibited in enthusiastic exertions

for the promotion of sound learning and the spread of the gospel. A sterling Christian gentleman, a strong preacher, in every relation of life perfectly reliable, the amount of good which he did will never be known until God comes to pass his final judgment upon the acts of men. In one respect his equal is seldom found—his power with God in prayer. Like a prince did he prevail. In his petitions to a throne of grace; there was the happiest combination of scriptural sublimity, earnest strength, and child-like simplicity. In his bearing, though there was the seriousness of eternity, there was nothing harsh or severe. As a Presiding Elder, he was happy in securing not only the respect, but the devoted affection, of the young preachers on his District. The example of his daily walk and conversation was the principal element in his governing power. However indignant he might be at an act of wickedness or folly, this exemplary Christian was always compassionate to the sinner. He was never known to speak ill of others, nor did he encourage slander by being a willing listener to the detractor. A Wesleyan Methodist of the strictest type, he was, nevertheless, large-hearted and liberal-minded toward other denominations, believing that the true, scriptural Church of Christ belonged not exclusively to any particular sect. Next to the salvation of souls, the subject that most engaged his heart was charity. The citizens of Shelbyville never knew the want of a committee for the poor, until he passed away. He not only gave liberally himself, but, by personal application, subsidized

kindred spirits, and unlocked their hands and hearts. He not only relieved the temporal wants of the poor, but, like his divine Master, whose footsteps he so closely followed, he visited and prayed with the sick and the prisoner, and his kind attentions to the widow and orphan made many a green spot in the winter scenery of their lives. His compassionate nature induced him to cast the mantle of charity over the faults of others, and especially did he strive to shield ministers of the gospel from reproach. Yet, to see a clergyman depart from the gravity and sanctity of his character, or pass, in diversion and idleness, the time that should have been devoted to the duties of his calling, was what, with all his charity, he could not tolerate—so awful, in his opinion, was the nature of the sacred office. Of a temper naturally quick and imperative, he was often found sharply reproofing sin, in season and out of season. During the intense agitation upon the subject of the Liquor Law, when candidates for office were using it as a hobby upon which to ride into power, he was walking hastily toward the court-house, with a temperance ticket in his hand, when a habitual drunkard of his acquaintance arrested him, saying, ‘Why, surely, you do not intend to aid in depriving the people of their liberty by voting on that ticket!’ ‘I do, most certainly,’ was the reply; ‘and had this law been in force many years ago, it might have saved you from perdition.’ But he knew well his own infirmities, and, by prayer and supplication, was rendered remarkable for Christian humility. Useless and os-

tentatious severity he avoided himself, and disliked in others. How fragrant the memory of such humility, and how well becoming to every accomplished Christian gentleman—especially to the minister of the meek and lowly Saviour!

“He was a Bible Christian: this gave him a clear map of the way to heaven. Full salvation, by simple faith in the atonement, formed the theme on which he loved to dwell. He saw, in the strong light of faith, Christ present, able and willing to save unto the uttermost.

“In days long gone by, when the Church did not ‘walk in silver slippers,’ and the people inquired for the old paths, and revivals of religion were as confidently prayed for as the former and the latter rain, it was often said, ‘If you want a revival, Brother Light must preach, Brother Stamper exhort, and Brother Tevis must pray.’ The unbounded confidence in his piety felt by the pupils of Science Hill, is perhaps the highest encomium upon his Christian character. His private life, holy and always consistent, was but a comment upon his public profession—practicing in the smallest things what he taught.

“Though for many months, previous to his death, confined by paralysis to his bed, and deprived of the power of distinct articulation, he suffered but little pain—an evidence of God’s abounding mercy, and the truth of the declaration, ‘Light ariseth to the upright in darkness.’ Truly, angels did seem to keep their constant watch about his bed. There was no impatience in his manner: his quiet hours

seem to pass as smoothly as if marked by time's most peaceful index. Good friends visited, and his affectionate family were around about him. It was remarked that his chamber was the sweetest, quietest, lightest spot in the whole house: no gloom, no darkness entered that blessed room, where the good man waited to hear the summons, 'It will do, come up higher; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' The light of his holy example still streams upon his bereaved household, and, doubtless, the incense of his prayers still rises in memorial before the throne of grace."

The memory of such a man will always be fragrant and green. He died at his residence in Shelbyville, Ky., on Saturday morning, the 26th of January, 1861, at 5½ o'clock.

Sadosa Bacon, Jabez Bowman, and William Hunt, were all admitted on trial in 1814. Sadosa Bacon traveled six years, three years each in Ohio and Kentucky, and Jabez Bowman three years. They both located. Willam Hunt traveled five years, four of which were in Ohio. At the Conference of 1819, he was expelled.

Among the laity who, by their piety and zeal, were at this period prominent in the Church in Kentucky, we are gratified to record the names of Henry and Martha Fisk.* Henry Fisk was born in Norfolk county, England, April 5, 1773. In the 16th year of his age, he emigrated to America, and,

* They were the parents of the Rev. John Fisk, who died on the Lebanon Circuit, Dec. 16, 1828, and of the Rev. Robert Fisk, now of the Louisville Conference.

at a meeting held near the Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, in 1812, he embraced religion, and, with his wife, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1816, he removed to Kentucky, and settled in Montgomery county, and connected himself with the society at Grassy Lick, where he held his membership for twenty years, a portion of the time a leader of the class. Deeply experienced in the things of Christ, uniform in his piety, and with a zeal for the Church that rendered him active in promoting its prosperity, he was eminently useful.

In 1836, he removed to the State of Indiana, where he resided until his death, which occurred on the 22d of February, 1840, in Putnam county, at the residence of his son, Colonel Fisk.

The Rev. E. R. Ames, (now Bishop,) in speaking of him, said :

“He was an exemplary Christian. In him religion was like an overflowing stream, which, though it sometimes rises high, yet never leaves its channel dry and dusty. He held constant communion with his Maker, and of him it may be said, almost literally, ‘He prayed without ceasing.’ He felt himself always in the presence of God, and that he was doing work which was to be reviewed in eternity.

“His end was peace—the perfect peace of the perfect Christian. When informed that he would die, he said he was willing to live, and ready to die—that all was peace. When asked what should be written to his absent children, he said, ‘Write that God is love, and I die in peace.’ I could not

but think, as I stood by his death-bed, that David had in view a similar scene when he said, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'"

Martha Fisk exhibited a devotion to the Church that was not surpassed by that of her excellent husband. Unobtrusive in her manners, and unostentatious in her piety, she was an ornament to the Church, and a blessing to the community in which she lived and died. In her last illness, when contemplating the happiness of heaven, she exclaimed, "That blessed company! that blessed company!" A friend said to her, "You will soon be with that blessed company." She replied, "But a little while." Her end was triumphant. She died March 29, 1826.

The year 1826 was one of sad bereavement and trial to this excellent family. Surrounded with the comforts of life, and blessed with the favor of Heaven, no family in the State appeared more happy than that of Henry Fisk. One of his sons had entered the ministry, and, by his eloquence, his piety, and his zeal, was attracting more attention than any young man in the State. His daughters were growing up around him, ornaments to society, and a crowning glory to his declining years. His wife, the companion, the sharer of his griefs and his joys, presided over the fortunes of his home. Nothing seemed wanting to render the happiness of this household more complete. But, alas, how uncertain and precarious the tenure by which we hold the blessings of earth! Early in the year, one of his daughters, Matilda Fisk, died,

after a brief illness. On the 22d of March, Mary Fisk followed her sister to the grave. On the 29th of the same month, the wife and mother fell asleep in Jesus. On the 11th of April, Sarah Fisk, the youngest of the daughters, died; and soon afterward, Mrs. Lydia Tomlinson, a married daughter of Mr. Fisk, passed away to heaven.

It is but seldom that such a succession of afflictions visits a single home, in so brief a period; but the deep grief that accompanied these bereavements was alleviated by the triumphant departures of the loved and lost. "Are you happy?" said one standing beside the dying-pillow of the first that died. "O yes, O yes; I have laid up my treasure in heaven!" was her quick response. Gently raising her hand, "I have no more doubt of salvation than I have that this is my hand," said the second daughter, while dying. "That blessed company!" said the mother, the next called away. Sarah, though only twelve years of age, broke forth, during her brief illness, often in acclamations of praise to God. "If I should praise God as often as I feel like it, I should soon exhaust my little strength," said Lydia Tomlinson, just before she died.

The Tennessee Conference was held at Bethlehem Meeting-house, commencing October 20. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were both present—Bishop Asbury for the last time. He says:

"*Friday, 20.*—We opened our Conference. *Saturday*, great peace, great order, and a great deal of business done.

"*Sabbath, 22.*—I ordained the deacons, and

preached a sermon, in which Dr. Coke was remembered. My eyes fail. I will resign the stations to Bishop McKendree: I will take away my feet. It is my fifty-fifth year in the ministry, and forty-fifth year of labor in America. My mind enjoys great peace and divine consolation. My health is better, which may be because of my being less deeply interested in the business of the Conferences. But whether health, life, or death, good is the will of the Lord: I will trust him; yea, and will praise him: he is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever—Glory! glory! glory! Conference was eight days and a half in session—hard labor. Bishop McKendree called upon me to preach at the ordination of elders.”*

At this session of the Tennessee Conference, fourteen preachers were admitted on trial, only one of whom was appointed to Kentucky.

John Smith traveled on the Hartford Circuit this year. His labors, however, were chiefly bestowed on other portions of the Church than Kentucky. He located in 1821.

The names of Jesse Cunnyingham and William C. Stribling, who had previously entered the Conference, appear this year for the first time in Kentucky.

Jesse Cunnyingham† was born in Jefferson county, East Tennessee, October 25, 1789. His parents were pious members of the M. E. Church, and trained up their children in the fear of the Lord.

* Asbury's Journal, Vol. III., p. 468.

† He was the father of the Rev. W. G. E. Cunnyingham, D.D., of the Holston Conference.

They were among the first immigrants from Virginia to the "Cherokee Purchase," as that part of East Tennessee lying on the French Broad and Holston Rivers above Knoxville was called. Their house was one of the first homes and preaching-places the pioneer preacher of the times found in that wilderness country. The Indians had not been removed, and many a bloody fray occurred between them and the white settlers. Many a white family was murdered before prudence drove the others to seek refuge in forts. An uncle of Mr. Cunningham, with his family, was massacred on a winter's night. Mr. C.'s father was wounded by the Indians, and he himself, though a child only six years old, narrowly escaped being captured. But peace came at last, and the sanguinary savage retired, with the wild beasts, before the aggressive energy of the white man.

The word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified in a gracious awakening among the hardy pioneers of the wilderness in 1807. Mr. C. was among the subjects of this great work. His conversion was "clear as a sunbeam," and through all the toils and trials of life, he never lost the "witness," or doubted for a moment his adoption. His gifts and graces were soon called into practice as an exhorter; and showing some aptness to teach, he was licensed to preach. His license as an exhorter is dated February 10, 1810—as a preacher, June 14, 1811. On the 16th of September following, he committed himself to the wandering life of a traveling Methodist preacher.

His first appointment was as junior preacher on the Holston Circuit, Rev. Lewis Anderson having charge. This man of God greatly endeared himself to his youthful associate, by a considerate kindness and gentleness of manner, not always conspicuous in the senior preachers of that day. The circuit was large, the rides long, the fare rough; but the joyous consciousness of the Saviour's presence, the love of souls, and the hope of rest in heaven, more than compensated the earnest evangelist for all he suffered.

In 1812, he was alone on the Stone's River Circuit. The celebrated Learner Blackman was his Presiding Elder, from whom he learned much, and of whom he always retained a grateful recollection. He suffered sore temptations this year concerning his fitness for the work of the ministry. A humiliating view of his natural gifts, and the embarrassments of a limited education, brought him to the verge of despair. But judicious counsel, and words of encouragement "fitly spoken," reassured him, and God greatly blessed his labors on the circuit.

In 1813, he traveled the Tennessee Valley Circuit, the eccentric Axley being his Presiding Elder. His labors were severe, but his heart was greatly comforted in his work. The preacher on this circuit the year before had joined the Masons—a high crime in the eyes of many good people of that day, and the Church had suffered in consequence.

The year 1814 was spent on the Carter's Valley Circuit. The record of this year's toil is with God.

The next year, 1815, he traveled Wayne Circuit, in Kentucky. He always numbered this among the happiest years of his itinerant life.

The next four years were spent as Presiding Elder of the Holston District. He was a young man to be put into this responsible office; for the Presiding Elder of that day was "a man among men." The District embraced the territory now included in five of the Districts of Holston Conference. The severe labors of these four years seriously impaired his health, and after the General Conference of 1820, of which he was a member, he entered the superannuated list, and, with the exception of one year, retained this relation until 1825, when he was again appointed to the Holston District. This year ended his active labors as a traveling preacher. His feeble health rendered it necessary for him to seek the quiet of private life. He located, and remained local until 1849, when he was reädmittid a member of the Holston Conference, in which he remained until death.

Mr. Cunnyngnam belonged to the generation of Methodist preachers embracing the heroic age of the Church. He was associated with Bishops Asbury and McKendree. His character was mild, wanting those bold and rugged features which marked many of the leading pioneers of Western Methodism. His mind was clear and active, with a fondness for abstract speculation. His imagination was lively, and his affections ardent. As a preacher, he ranked with the higher class, though not with the highest. He was a "son of consola-

tion," and won souls to Christ by the persuasives of love, rather than by the terrors of the law. He loved mankind, and was much beloved. Many owned his ministry as the means, under God, of their conversion. He rests from his labors. His body lies in a quiet country church-yard, near Athens, Tenn. His devoted and faithful wife sleeps by his side. They both died in the triumphs of the faith which supported and comforted them through the labors and changes of a long life. Mr. Cunyngham died in 1857, and Mrs. Cunyngham in 1868.

William C. Stribling had traveled on the Clinch and Missouri Circuits before he received an appointment in Kentucky. This year he had charge of the Henderson Circuit. From this period he labored in Kentucky, almost exclusively, until 1827, having been local one year during the time. After his location in 1827, he removed to Illinois, where he yet lives. He was a strong man in the pulpit, and remarkable for his eccentricities.

It was during this year that Silas Drake began to exercise his gifts in public. He was born in Robinson county, N. C., Nov. 4, 1791, and in 1809, came to Kentucky, with his father, Albrittain Drake, of whom mention has already been made. Under the ministry of Peter Cartwright, he joined the M. E. Church, in 1812, as a seeker of religion, and was soon happily converted to God. In 1816, he was licensed to exhort, and the following year, to preach the gospel. "Though a local preacher in fact, he was in spirit an itinerant, and spent a great deal of

time in the work of the ministry. He traveled the Christian Mission as a supply in 1842 and 1843; the Morgantown Mission in 1852, and the Rumsey Circuit in 1854."

No man in the local ranks in Kentucky, and but few in the itinerancy, labored more faithfully as a minister of Jesus Christ than Silas Drake. His talents as a preacher "were far above mediocrity. He possessed a clear and discriminating mind; was well-versed in all the theological systems of the day; detected, with a critic's eye and ear, every departure from the 'old paths,' and was always a safe counselor for young preachers. His manner was argumentative, and always forcible; and although his labors were, to a considerable extent, confined within the range of his acquaintance, yet no man could command a larger or more attentive congregation than he."

Without the advantage of high literary attainments, "he was a man of various and extensive reading: his well-selected library fully attested this truth. He was as familiar with the writings of Wesley, Clarke, Watson, and other accredited authors of Methodist literature, as with household words; consequently, he was never found without his armor on. He was an able defender of the doctrines of the Bible; and though rarely found in combat on the battle-field, yet, when there, his antagonist was sure to quail beneath the strength and sharpness of his weapon, or the withering glance of his piercing and witty eye."

No minister was more devoted to the Church

than he, and he counted no labor too great if the cause of Christianity would be promoted by it.

“In the fall of 1857, he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he never recovered, but lingered on until October 7, 1858, when he quietly fell asleep in Christ, aged sixty-seven years—forty-one of which were spent in the ministry.”

Although peace had been made between the United States and Great Britain, the effects of the war were still visible, both in the deterioration of the morals of the people, and the want of success that was almost everywhere felt by the preachers of the gospel. We report a farther decrease this year in both the white and colored membership; in the former, of *two hundred and forty-two*, and in the latter of *five*.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1816
TO THEIR SESSIONS OF 1817.

The Ohio Conference held at Louisville, Ky.: Bishops McKendree and Roberts present—John Linville—Samuel Demint—Samuel Baker—William Holman—Samuel Chenowith—James Simmons—William Cunningham—Mary Ann Harrison—The Tennessee Conference held at Franklin, Tenn.: Bishop McKendree present—Clinton Tucker—William Allison—Benjamin Ogden—John Bloome—Henry B. Bascom—James Axley—Increase in membership.

THE Ohio Conference for 1816 met in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 3. Louisville at that time was comparatively a small village, and was the first town in the State where an Annual Conference had been entertained. Fourteen preachers were admitted on trial, of whom John Linville, Samuel Demint, Samuel Baker, and William Holman were appointed to Kentucky.

The name of John Linville appears in the Minutes only for this year. He was appointed to Big and Little Sandy Circuit.

Samuel Demint was brought up and converted in the Big Sandy Circuit, and was the first to enter the Conference from this field. It is but seldom that a preacher is appointed his first year in the

ministry to the charge from which he was recommended to the Conference. We, however, find Mr. Demint on the Big and Little Sandy Circuit, as the colleague of John Linville. He was afterward appointed to the Guyandotte, Newport, Fleming, and Lexington Circuits, and died previous to the Conference of 1821. In the General Minutes there is no allusion to his death; but in the Journal of the Kentucky Conference for 1821, it is recorded that "Alexander Cummins, Marcus Lindsey, and Jonathan Stamper, were appointed a committee to make out the memoir of Brother Samuel Demint, deceased." He was useful in the several charges he filled, and died in great peace.

The labors of Samuel Baker were bestowed chiefly on the Church in Ohio. He traveled as a preacher for six years, two of which were spent in Kentucky, on the Hinkstone and Newport Circuits. He "was born in Baltimore, Sept. 13, 1793. His father, Henry Baker, was among the first preachers, in connection with the Rev. William Otterbein, of that city." He had the misfortune to lose his mother—a woman remarkable for her piety—when he was only five years of age. His father died in great peace, in Knox county, Tenn., to which place he had removed soon after the death of his wife, leaving his son an orphan. "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children." Not only were the dying blessings of his parents bequeathed to him, but the earnest prayers they had offered, and the instructions they had given, had left their impress upon his young heart. In his seventeenth year, he

removed to the State of Ohio, soon after which he was awakened, under the preaching of William Lambdin, and in a short time was converted, and joined the Church. He was licensed to preach in 1815, and the following year he was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher.

“In all the circuits where he labored, he had the affections of both preachers and people. He was pious, diligent, acceptable, and useful.

“The last circuit on which he traveled was Detroit, where he suffered, labored, and faithfully discharged his duty. A few weeks prior to the sitting of the Conference at Urbana, he was married to Miss Sarah Harvey.

“On September 11, in company with his wife and some of his brethren, he left Urbana, on his way to Milford Circuit, to which he had been appointed for the ensuing year. But before he reached his place of destination, he was attacked with a bilious fever, which occasioned his death. He reached the house of James Heaton, near Middletown, where he had the kind attention of friends, and medical aid. But the disease continued to prey upon him until he sunk under it.

“In the midst of this trying affliction he was patient, to the astonishment of all who witnessed his sufferings. Apprehending his dissolution was at hand, he said, ‘I think the Lord is about to take me to himself. He is good to me, and has been for many years. I have enjoyed many happy seasons in the swamps and deserts, as well as at home and among my friends. I am not afraid to die:

I shall go to see our pious parents and friends in heaven.' He frequently called on his friends to pray and praise, and sometimes said he had the most sublime views of the divine glory. He embraced his friends, and took leave of them, exhorting them to meet him in heaven; and then burst forth in rapture, saying, 'Glory! glory to God and the Lamb! there is victory in death!' After this, he lay some time tranquil, saying but little, and then without a groan he fell asleep in Christ, and his happy spirit took its flight, Sept. 25, 1823."*

"William Holman was born April 20, 1790, near what is now Shelbyville, Kentucky, then in the State of Virginia.

"The enterprising spirit of his parents had carried them in advance of civilization, and, in defense of frontier settlements from Indian aggression, and in the structure of social and civil organizations, both father and sons were required to act a conspicuous part in Kentucky, and subsequently in the Territory of Indiana, to which the family removed as early as 1805. At a period eminently favorable to the development of the hardier virtues of our nature, William Holman had his birth and education.

"When not more than eighteen years of age, he held a captain's commission in a company of citizen-soldiery, who had been enlisted for the defense of the border against the merciless Indian foes, and acquitted himself with credit.

* Methodist Magazine, Vol. VIII., p. 166.

“In his twentieth year he was married to Miss Ruah Meek, to whom he was indebted for an introduction to the Methodists, and to whom he often referred as the principal instrumentality of his conversion to God, and with whom he lived more than fifty years in uninterrupted happiness.

“In the spring of 1812, he joined the Methodist Church, under the ministry of Robert W. Finley and Robert Ray, as a seeker of religion, and on the 23d day of August, was powerfully converted.

“How often these facts and dates have been recorded in connection with the experiences of early Methodists, is a matter worthy of notice. For if our ministry has differed from the ministry of any other Church in efficiency and success, it has been mainly attributable to the fact that they were converted men, and *knew it*.

“Coincident with his conversion was his conviction of a call to the ministry, and, with the authority which God gives, he commenced at once exhorting all within his reach ‘to flee from the wrath to come.’

“William Hunt succeeded Finley and Ray, and did not fail to notice Mr. Holman, and during that year enlisted him in the work as a helper on White Water Circuit, Indiana, Ohio Conference.

“In the fall of 1816, the Ohio Conference held its session in Louisville, Ky., and Mr. Holman was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher, and appointed to Limestone Circuit, with Samuel West. The new city of Maysville was in the circuit, and at that time had a small frame church-edifice, and

a membership of about sixty persons—very respectable, but poor. He says in a memorandum, ‘One rich man, John Armstrong,’ who lived and died esteemed for his hospitality to ministers, and an ardent friend of Methodism.

“The next appointment at that time on the circuit was at Washington, where there was no white membership, but a well-organized society of colored people, of about ninety members. On this circuit there lived, at that time, an old local preacher, known familiarly as ‘Father Tilton,’ the father-in-law of the Rev. Samuel Parker, of precious memory. From 1816 to 1821 inclusive, he was traveling circuits in North-eastern Kentucky, in all of which his ministry was abundantly blessed, having for his colleagues such men as Luke P. Allen and Simon Peter.

“In 1821, the Newport Circuit, as upon his plan, included Newport, Burlington, Petersburg, and Covington. At the close of this year, he was appointed to Frankfort, the capital of the State, where he met with peculiar embarrassments, and where a minister of less faith and courage would have been overwhelmed with discouragement. But he succeeded in organizing a society, building a small church, enlisting in his behalf the sympathy and coöperation of some of the finest intellects that graced Kentucky at that early day. He remained in Frankfort four years, two years as an efficient supernumerary, we suppose, gathering about him, all the time, the confidence and affection of the community, and furnishing a practical demonstra-

tion of the wisdom of a change in our rule that confined our pastorate to two years.

“From Frankfort to Danville and Harrodsburg, where, for two years, an almost constant revival ensued, embracing in its fruitage some of the most substantial citizens in that section of the State; and it may be well remarked that William Holman’s work was characterized generally by stability: those whom he received into the Church, and who were subject especially to his training, continued steadfast, active, earnest Christians. He seemed to have a remarkable faculty for training the membership to usefulness, and interest them in all the enterprises of the Church.

“From Danville and Harrodsburg, we follow him to Lexington, Russellville, Mt. Sterling, where he was alike successful, either in organizing societies, or imparting especial vigor and vitality to those established.

“In 1833, he was appointed to Old Fourth Street Church, Louisville; subsequently organized what was called the Upper Station; succeeded in building the Brook Street Church, now transferred to Broadway—a change becoming a necessity, which he indorsed very fully and cheerfully.

“Brother Holman spent from 1833 to the close of his ministry—except two years—in the city of Louisville—serving all the Churches, either as pastor or Presiding Elder. During this time, his heart became greatly enlisted in behalf of the boatmen, and he succeeded in erecting a Bethel, to which he devoted principally the later years of his

life, and that he regarded the most important and productive field in which his ministry had ever been engaged.

“During the late internecine war, his sympathies were greatly aroused in behalf of the Federal Government, and he accepted a post-chaplaincy, to the arduous duties of which he addressed himself with a faithfulness and energy that was really surprising—visiting hospitals, and administering to the sick and dying, night and day. The political shadow that this exciting question threw over the Church, and especially those ministers who had allowed themselves to accept the prejudice, that the M. E. Church, South, had been essentially responsible for the war, had, to some extent, controlled him, and he thought that his conscience required him to absolve his connection with a Church with which he had been so long identified, and to whose edification he had contributed so largely. He lived, however, long enough to realize his mistake; and though he did not correct *pro forma*, he did, at various times, acknowledge his mistake, and among his last requests was one to be buried from the Broadway Methodist Church, South, and that ‘his funeral services should be conducted by the pastor of that Church.’

“‘Remember them,’ says the apostle, ‘that have spoken unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.’ Few ministers will be remembered more gratefully or affectionately than ‘Father Holman.’ In many of the older, more religious and respectable

families in the State, his name is not only venerated, but his utterances are almost household words.

“He will be remembered as a most faithful, indefatigable pastor, always at his work, always ready to give advice to the young, counsel to the aged, and offering sympathy to the poor and afflicted.

“There is very little doubt that Mr. Holman solemnized more marriages, baptized more children, visited more sick, attended more funerals, than any minister that ever lived in Kentucky. As a preacher, he was original and unique, and it may be affirmed of him, as has been frequently remarked of some distinguished pulpit orators, ‘It was not so much what he said, as the manner in which he said it,’ that made him an impressive speaker. The keen, penetrating, dark eye, the shrill voice, the clapping of his hands, the occasional stamping of his foot, made his words tell with marked, often electrical, force, and he never failed to impress his hearers that he preached in faith, preached the doctrines of Christianity—especially those pertaining to experience—because he believed them. In his devotional exercises there was a singular adaptedness to the occasion, a richness of expression, a sacredness of feeling, a pathos, a fervor of soul, that has been seldom equaled. His prayers were strictly after the model which our Lord taught his disciples—singularly specific and brief.

“But he will be remembered because he adorned,

by his walk and conversation, the doctrines which he preached. But with all our cherished veneration and partiality for him, we would not represent him as faultless—an attempt of the kind would be an insult to his memory. But surely it may be affirmed that few men or ministers in modern times have possessed a character more upright, and faithful, and independent, or exerted more influence for good all the time, or loved the Church of Christ more devotedly, than William Holman.

“After the decease of his first wife, he was married to Mrs. Martha Martin, whom God, in his kind providence, selected to watch tenderly at his bedside, during the few remaining months of his earthly existence.

“For weeks he was prostrate on his bed, suffering much all the time, but ‘sublimely silent’ and patient, frequently saying, ‘I am standing between two worlds, having a right to both.’

“With the hope that the removal might contribute to his comfort, at least, he was advised to go to his Brother Joseph’s, in Centerville, Ind. During his stay there, his mind was not always clear; but when it was, he uniformly expressed, as he had done before he left Kentucky, the fullest confidence in Christ, and the most inspiring hopes. On the day before his death, to an inquiry from his wife, whether he desired to say any thing, he replied, ‘Let me sit up, so that I can talk. Wife, in my twenty-third year I was converted to God. I have been preaching nearly fifty-six years. The service of God is not a vain service. I told you

weeks ago that I did not feel that I was going to die then; but now I am. I can only add, there is not a cloud between me and glory and eternal life.'

"The next day, August 1, 1867, at 9½ A.M., he fell asleep."*

His remains were brought to the city of Louisville, where, at the Broadway M. E. Church, South, a sermon, from "He being dead, yet speaketh"—adapted to the occasion—was preached by Dr. Linn, as Mr. Holman had requested, before his death. "Bury me amongst my own people"—referring to the congregation that worshiped at Broadway—was one of his last expressed wishes.

But seldom in the city of Louisville has so large an assembly met, as on the occasion of the funeral of this good man. The members of all Churches—people in all circumstances in life—the rich and poor, white and colored, were present, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was so universally beloved. In the homes of bereavement, in the haunts of poverty, by the bedside of affliction, have few ministers, perhaps, ever been seen so often as William Holman. Missed by the whole community, no portion of it felt their loss in his death so sensibly as the poor, whose wants he so often relieved, and by whose bedside he so often knelt in their hours of affliction, and poured forth the devotions of his heart to God in their behalf.

Samuel Chenowith, James Simmons, and Wil-

* From the Rev. J. H. Linn, D.D.

William Cunningham were admitted on trial in 1815. The appointment of Samuel Chenowith was to the White Oak Circuit, in the Miami District. In 1816, he traveled the Lexington Circuit; in 1817, the Piqua; and in 1818, he returned to Kentucky, and was appointed to the Mt. Sterling Circuit, where he remained for two years, and then his name disappears from the Minutes.

James Simmons was a traveling preacher for four years, and located at the Conference of 1819. His appointments were the Blue River, Licking, White Oak, and Shelby Circuits.

William Cunningham traveled but a single year in Kentucky. His appointment was the Fleming Circuit. He, however, remained in the Ohio Conference until 1825, when he was expelled from the Conference.

We have already mentioned the names of many noble women, distinguished for their intelligence, their piety, and their zeal, who became identified with the early fortunes of Methodism in Kentucky.

Mary Ann Harrison* was the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Johnston, and was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1765. On the 24th of May, 1787, she was married to Major John Harrison, at Cave Hill, near Louisville, at the home of her brother, William Johnston. From the time of her marriage until her death, which took place on the 22d of July,

* Mrs. Harrison was the grandmother of the Rev. Robert A. New, of the Mississippi Conference.

1833, she resided in Louisville. Her children were Mrs. Sophia J. New, Major Benjamin J., Colonel Charles L., Dr. John P., and James Harrison.

Previous to 1817, Mrs. Harrison became deeply impressed on the subject of religion, and was strongly inclined to join the Methodist Church. The feebleness of the society in Louisville at that time, superinduced the opposition of her family, while the humble position occupied by the Church only made her more anxious to become identified with its fortunes. Her husband, Major Harrison, occupying as he did the highest social position, felt unwilling for his wife to become a member of a Church which was, with many, the subject of derision, and restrained her from joining. Availing herself of the means of grace the Church afforded, by her uniform Christian temper and pious bearing, she overcame the prejudices of her family against the Methodist Church, and entering its communion, she became one of the brightest lights, as well as one of the most useful members.

From 1818 to 1833, the female prayer-meetings were held in her house, and she was the leader of them until a short time before her death. "At one time the society was largely increased by a revival of religion, and it was thought necessary to look among the female members for a class-leader, and Mrs. Harrison was selected, and filled the position to the satisfaction and edification of the class, which was composed of females alone." A constant reader of the Bible and religious books, and familiar with the standard authors of the Church, she understood

and loved its doctrines. Remarkably gifted in prayer, and fluent in speech, and zealous for the cause of the Redeemer, in the female society meetings and in the love-feasts she bore a prominent part.

Her uniform pious deportment, and the influence she exerted, contributed largely to the advancement and prosperity of the Church, while in her own family circle she moved like an angel of mercy, impressing upon the minds and hearts of her children the great truths of Christianity.

Her labors and zeal were amply rewarded. In 1820, thirteen years before her death, her youngest son, Hon. James Harrison, became a member of the Methodist Church. In the following year, Mrs. New, who was so long "a burning and a shining light," followed the example of her brother. In 1822, Dr. John P. Harrison joined the Presbyterian Church; and, after the death of their mother, Maj. Benjamin J. and Colonel Charles L. Harrison united with the Methodist Church. She lived, too, to see Methodism in Louisville, so feeble when she entered its communion, occupying an elevated position, and hundreds crowding its gates.

Death found her ready—nor was the messenger unwelcome. Visions of glory floated before her fading eyes, and an immortality of bliss opened before her trusting faith. She died in triumph.

The Tennessee Conference met at Franklin, Tennessee, on the 23d of October. Bishop McKendree was present and presided. Eleven preachers were admitted on trial, of whom Clinton Tucker, William

Allison, and Benjamin Ogden were appointed to fields of labor in Kentucky.

Clinton Tucker was appointed to the Wayne Circuit, the only charge he filled in the State. He afterward traveled on the Roaring River and the Ashe Circuits. He located at the Conference of 1819.

William Allison traveled seven years. His first appointment was to the Hartford Circuit, after which he successively traveled the Jefferson, Henderson, Hartford, Breckinridge, Henderson, and Hartford Circuits. In the General Minutes of 1823, his name is omitted; nor can we learn from the Journal of the Kentucky Conference for that year what disposition was made of him, as his name is not mentioned. We think it probable that he located, in feeble health, as he sustained a supernumerary relation, the previous year, on the Hartford Circuit. We also find his name on the Journal of the Quarterly Conference of the Hartford Circuit, on the 31st of July, 1824, as a local elder. During his connection with the Conference, he was a faithful and useful preacher.

It is with feelings of satisfaction that we again find the name of Benjamin Ogden in the Minutes. After traveling the Kentucky Circuit, to which he was appointed in 1786, one year, he was sent in 1787 to the Cumberland Circuit, where we took leave of him. The vastness of his labors, together with the privations he endured in the unbroken forests of the West, had so far impaired his health, that he was unable longer to endure frontier life, and at the urgent solicitation of Bishop Asbury, he

returned to the East, and in 1788, we find him on the Brunswick Circuit, in Virginia. Before the close of the Conference-year, he was attacked with disease of the lungs, from which he had suffered while in Tennessee, and "was so completely prostrated that his life was despaired of;" and hence his retirement from the effective ranks became an imperative necessity.

In 1790, he was ordained a deacon, and the same year he was an active local preacher in Frederick county, Virginia. Shortly afterward, he returned to Kentucky, and labored with usefulness and zeal in the local ranks.

A few years later, there occurred a misunderstanding between him and Francis Poythress, (at that time the Presiding Elder of the District,) which led to the severing of his connection with the Church.

It is painful to see a minister of the gospel retire from the Church to the erection of which he had devoted the fire of his youth and the strength of his manhood, or dissolve his connection with the ministry in which he had been a leader. It is, however, pleasant to record, that during this parenthesis in his ministry and membership in the Church, he "lived in the fear of the Lord," and contemplated with emotions of pleasure the prosperity of the cause of God.

At what time Mr. Ogden returned to the Church, we are not advised; but at the Conference of 1816, he offers himself to the Tennessee Conference for reädmission, and is accepted. In returning to the

itinerant field, it was natural for him to contrast the state both of the country and the Church at that period with their condition when he first pressed the soil of Kentucky. At Monmouth and Brandywine, in defending the rights of his country, he had borne a gallant part, and had been sustained by undaunted courage. But in bearing the standard of the cross, as the pioneer missionary, through the wilds of the West, exposed to constant danger and suffering, it required a heroism of which the soldier on the battle-field has no conception. At the time of his entrance upon his work in 1786, Kentucky had not been admitted into the Union as a sovereign State. Five counties had been formed in the District, and only a few villages had been laid out. No church-edifice had been erected in which to worship God. "The groves were God's first temples" in the West. In different portions of the District were a few scattered members of the Church, emigrants from the older settlements, who had been formed into classes by faithful local preachers. Kentucky, with a population of about eighty thousand, and an area of thirty-seven thousand six hundred and eighty square miles, was Mr. Ogden's circuit.

Thirty years have passed away, and once more he appears in the ranks—not as when he came from his Eastern home, in the strength of early manhood, with all the bright hopes which an ardent nature imparts; but with constitution impaired, cheeks furrowed by the touch of time, and step unsteady, he offered himself to the Conference, and was

accepted. Although unable longer to be a leader, he could contemplate the noble edifice, the foundations of which, under the blessings of Jehovah, he had laid, and rejoice that he had been counted worthy to labor and to suffer as the precursor of his brethren.

Admitted into the Union in 1792, under able executives the State of Kentucky had largely increased in population and in power. Instead of five counties, into which the District was divided in 1786, there are fifty-eight in 1816; and instead of a population of eighty thousand, we find nearly six hundred thousand; while villages, centers of industry, and marts of trade, dot the State in every direction. Houses of worship, too, are springing into existence in almost every community, and where only was to be found a solitary circuit, with here and there a member of the Church, he finds twenty-one separate charges, and a membership of nine thousand four hundred and seventy-four whites, and eight hundred and ninety-two colored. His name had stood alone in the General Minutes as the preacher on the Kentucky Circuit, with James Haw as his Presiding Elder; but now his fellow-laborers are thirty in number. If he looked beyond the boundaries of the State, the results that had followed the sacrifices he had made, and the labors he had performed, were such as thrilled his heart with joy. The Ohio, Tennessee, Missouri, and Mississippi Conferences had all sprung into existence, with their one hundred and fifty traveling preachers, forty-four thousand three hundred and

twenty-one white, and twenty-three hundred and seventy-two colored members.

The appointment of Mr. Ogden for this year was to the Henderson Circuit, but finding himself unable to perform the duties of an itinerant, he was again compelled to retire at its close.

In 1824, we find him again a member of the Kentucky Conference. His appointments for three years were to the Tennessee Mission, the Christian, and the Yellow Banks Circuits, where he labored faithfully and with success. At the Conference of 1827, he was placed on the superannuated roll, on which he remained until he "fought his last battle." It had been his often expressed wish to die in the effective ministry; and although this privilege was denied him, yet during the few years that immediately preceded his death, he labored far beyond his strength. "I wish to die," said he, "having the whole armor on, contending like a good soldier for the prize." He died of dyspepsia, from which he had long suffered, on the 20th of November, 1834, at the residence of his son, near Princeton, Ky.

A Christian of the highest type, his last moments were full of calmness and hope. Calling his family to his bedside, he affectionately embraced them, and exhorted them to persevere in the way of holiness, until they should experience "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ;" and imparting to each one his dying blessing, in the full enjoyment of his mental faculties, and in perfect assurance of eternal life, he fell asleep in Jesus.

John Bloome entered the Conference in 1815, and traveled the Caney Fork Circuit, in the Nashville District. This year he came to Kentucky, and traveled the Breckinridge Circuit. He located at the following Conference.

Methodism in Kentucky is this year distinguished for the appearance in its pulpit of a young man who had not only taken rank with the ablest ministers of the Church, but was attracting more than ordinary attention in the public mind. The sunshine of fortune had not smiled on his early years, nor had he been blessed with the advantages that education bestows. Converted in childhood, he enters the ministry when only a youth. Grappling with difficulties before he became a preacher, that seemed almost insurmountable, he holds them in abeyance to his wishes. Not conforming to certain notions then prevalent, his entrance into the ministry met with opposition, while in the prosecution of his work, persecutions bitter and relentless pursued him at every step. Without the sympathy of the Church, to the welfare of which he was devoting his strength, and opposed by many of his *seniors* in the ministry, of whom he expected encouragement, yet courted by other Communion, he *spurns* their propositions, and remains alike unmoved by the chilling words of censure or the warm breath of praise. Such was Henry Bidleman Bascom.

He was the son of Alpheus and Hannah Bascom, and was born on the 27th of May, 1796, in the town of Hancock, Delaware county, New Jersey. On the 18th day of August, 1810, he embraced religion,

and in the spring of 1811 joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Loring Grant. His father emigrated to the West in 1812, and settled in or near Maysville, Ky. He remained here but a short time, when he removed to Ohio, about five miles from Maysville, in the direction of Ripley, where he located permanently.

The poverty of the family, which was large, made it necessary for Henry to labor constantly for their support, at a period when he should have enjoyed the advantages of a school.* Willing to perform any kind of labor that would render lighter the heavy burden that rested upon his father, we find him at one time engaged in the humble pursuit of driving a dray.

Impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the gospel, and unable to see the path of duty in another profession or pursuit, at fifteen years of age he is exercising his gifts as an exhorter. In the month of February, 1813, he was licensed to preach, by James Quinn, and was immediately appointed by Mr. Quinn to the Brush Creek Circuit, as colleague of Robert W. Finley. Both in his sphere as an exhorter and in his first efforts to preach, he attracted no inconsiderable attention. His deep piety, no less than his commanding talents, and his zeal for the cause of the Redeemer, made an impression upon the community wherever he labored.

* He never went to school after he was twelve years of age.—*Henkle's Life of Bascom*, p. 18.

He was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference in 1813, and appointed to the Deer Creek Circuit, and the following year to the Guyandotte Circuit—the latter in the State of Virginia.

Highly appreciated as Mr. Bascom was in the fields of labor which he had served, and faithfully as he had discharged his duties, the prejudice that existed in the Conference against him, growing out of his fine personal appearance and his ornate style in the pulpit, prevented his admission into full connection and his election to Deacon's orders. No objection was brought against his piety, or his attention to the several duties that devolved on a traveling preacher; but he did "not either dress or look like a Methodist preacher." And this was sufficient to place him under distrust. He was continued on trial, with considerable opposition, and appointed to the Mad River Circuit, "extending from the frontier settlements west of the Great Miami, eastward on to the Scioto, and northward into the Indian country." This was one of the most laborious and difficult fields in the West. He entered upon his work immediately upon the close of the Conference, and labored with all the energy of which he was capable. On the Guyandotte Circuit, he had received but *twelve dollars and ten cents* for his year's services; but still he murmured not. Long and dreary rides, poor fare, and poor pay, difficulties and privations confronted him at every step; yet he faltered not. He closed his year's labor, and feeling that he was entitled to the confidence of his brethren, and that it would not be

longer withheld, he attended the Conference. But trials again awaited him. The men who had before passed judgment upon him, were unwilling to reverse their unjust verdict; and although their predictions that he would leave the ministry had not been realized, yet the style of his clothes was "too fashionable for a preacher," and they determined to subject his fealty to the Church to farther tests, by withholding from him the orders to which he was entitled. It was at this Conference that Bishop McKendree* said, "Give me that boy; I will be responsible for him."

The history of the Church scarcely presents an example of persecutions so groundless, and at the same time so relentless, on the part of older preachers, of a young man in the ministry, as those endured by Henry B. Bascom. At an age when temptations are more difficult to resist than perhaps any other, how was it possible for him to breast such a storm, while he could no longer hope that its fury would be spent? True, he commanded an influence over the people not claimed by any of his contemporaries; and in the Conference the best and ablest men—among whom William McMahan was prominent—were his advocates. Such friendships as he enjoyed, while they softened the sorrows and lightened the burdens of his heart, were not sufficient to support him under such trials. As we have contemplated Dr. Bascom as the most

* It was not Bishop Asbury, as has generally been thought, who made this request, as he was then dead.

popular pulpit orator in America, there has been too much disposition to lose sight of his religious character. A reference to his Diary, kept during the early periods of his ministry, presents to us the source to which he looked for aid. "Felt very low in spirits: resorted to the woods and prayed." "Spent the evening in prayer and meditation, and felt sensible manifestations at the time of the evening sacrifice." "Rose before sunrise, prayed with the family—retired to the woods, where I found the Lord precious." "Rose pretty early, fed my horse, attended to secret prayer, returned to the house and prayed with the family." "Rose very early, fled to the woods and prayed." "Feel calmness of soul, but not so much engaged as I wish to be. Lord, breathe thy Holy Spirit on me!" "Wrestled in prayer at my bedside, then went to the woods and prayed."

With such passages his Diary abounds, and in them we find the secret of his fortitude and forbearance.

At the Conference of 1816, he was transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and appointed to the Danville Circuit in Kentucky, and the following year to the Danville and Madison, with William Adams. At the Conference of 1818, Mr. Bascom was appointed to Louisville, where he remained for two years, as the first preacher ever stationed in the city. His popularity here was so great with all classes, that a petition for his return the third year, signed by a large number of gentlemen not connected with the Methodist Church, and not familiar with the law

of the Church governing the pastoral term, was sent to the Bishop presiding at the ensuing Conference.

At the Conference of 1820, Mr. Bascom was appointed to the Madison Circuit, as junior preacher, with William Martin in charge—who had at this session of the Conference been admitted on trial—and the following year, as *third* man, on the Hinkstone, with two other preachers.

Already sensitive in view of the treatment he had previously received, he regarded his position on these circuits—on the first, being placed under a minister who was only a probationer, and on the second, as assigned the third place on the circuit, and at a time when he was courted by the most influential men in the State—as evidences of opposition to him in the Conference, and hence, in 1822, he was transferred, at his own request, to the Ohio Conference, and appointed to the Brush Creek Circuit. The following year, through the influence of the Hon. Henry Clay, he was elected Chaplain to the Lower House of Congress, being at the time of his election stationed at Steubenville, Ohio. At the close of the session of Congress, he spends several months preaching through the country, and in several of the Eastern cities, to admiring thousands. In Annapolis, and in Baltimore, he attained to an eminence never before reached by any preacher in America, and was regarded as the first pulpit orator of the world.

He attended several camp-meetings, where, before the potent weapons of truth, as wielded by

him, hundreds were awakened and converted to God. In Harrisburg and Philadelphia, attracted by his fame, thousands waited upon his ministry, and heard the gospel from his lips.

In 1824, he was transferred to the Pittsburgh Conference, and stationed in the city of Pittsburgh; and the following year he received the appointment of Conference Missionary. In Pittsburgh he sustained the reputation he had won, and placed the Church in a position far more elevated than it had previously enjoyed. In his new appointment, as Conference Missionary, he had a field for his mighty talents that would bring more glory to God than any he had occupied before. He was received with enthusiasm everywhere.

In 1826, he was stationed in Uniontown, Penn., and in 1827 and 1828, he was President of Madison College, located in Uniontown, Penn. His inaugural address, delivered on his formal installation into office as President, abounds in beauty and strength. We give a few extracts :

“As a solitary or a social being, man must be partially wretched, if devoid of proper instruction; but if possessed of the advantages of education, nothing but an evil, an upbraiding conscience, can make him miserable. In the city, or the desert; in a palace, or a cottage; in robes, or in rags; standing on land, or rolling on the ocean; buried amid the snows of Iceland, or burning beneath the ferores of the torrid zone, he has resources of which he can be deprived only by the Power that conferred them. Beggared by misfortune, exiled by

friends, abjured by society, and deprived of its solace, the interior of the intellectual structure continues unaffected and underanged amid the accumulating wretchedness without, and the temple of the soul is still sacred to the cherished recollections of 'Nature and Nature's God.'

“Let memory, for a moment, sketch the desolate map of Greece. Where now are the walks of Genius, and the retreats of the Muses, upon the banks of the Illisus, and the Argora of Athens? Where is the grove of Plato, the Lyceum of Aristotle, and the Porch of Zeno? We have to repeat, Alas, Greece is no longer the theater of learning, and Athens is endeared to us only as the *Alma Mater* of the literary world!

“Visit the classic but profaned ruins of Athens and Rome, and ask the genius of the place, or the page of history, where is the freedom immortalized by the philippics of Demosthenes and the orations of Cicero, and the one and the other will answer, Knowledge departed, and liberty was exiled! Polished Greece, therefore, and imperial Rome, owed their distinction to letters. And what is it knowledge cannot achieve? It has transformed the ocean into the highway of nations. Steam, fire, wind, and wave, all minister to the comforts and elegancies of life. The cold and insensible marble speaks and breathes. The pencil of Raphael gives body and soul to color, light, and shade. The magnet, the mysterious polarity of the loadstone, conducts man over the bosom of the deep to the islands of

the sea; while the glass introduces him to the heavens, and kindles his devotion amid the grandeur of a thousand worlds!

“The exceptionable parts of the works of these celebrated models of taste and composition (particularly Greek and Latin authors) will be carefully excluded; but you will find much to admire, and much that is worthy of imitation. Even here, you may wander with Homer upon the banks of the Simois and the Scamander. You may gaze on the beautiful Helen, and the enraged Achilles. The chiefs of Greece and Troy will engage in mortal combat before you; and you will dissolve in tears at the meeting of Hector and Andromache. Herodotus will introduce to you the millions of barbarians following the standard of Xerxes. The brave Leonidas, and his Spartan band, will dispute the passage of Thermopylæ before your eyes. Victory will disgrace Persia, and defeat bring glory to Greece. Horace and Virgil will introduce you to the palatine and capitolium of Rome: they will conduct you along the banks of the Po, adorned on either side by the meadows of Mantua; and you shall regale and delight yourselves amid the enchanting groves of Umbria. Go on, then, young gentlemen, and seek a deserved and well-merited celebrity; and if you cannot reach the summit of Parnassus, linger at its foot, and imbibe the streams of knowledge and science as they gurgle by.”*

Bishop Andrew, in a sermon preached before the

* Henkle's *Life of Bascom*, pp. 186-188.

Louisville Conference, at Greensburg, Ky., September 21, 1850, on the occasion of his death, says :

“In an unfortunate hour, as we think, the Church called him away from the active labors of the pulpit to serve in her literary institutions. Not that he lacked any requisite qualification for the chair of instruction ; but, it has seemed to us, both a pity and a wrong, thus to have fettered and caged this soaring eagle. Methinks he should have been left free to sweep through the world, a blazing meteor, and to make full proof of his ministry, in a field better adapted to his unequalled powers. The pulpit, doubtless, should have been his only battle-ground : for the pulpit he was specially designed and supereminently qualified by the great Head of the Church. If those twenty years of comparative seclusion in college-halls had been given to the active duties and labors of the ministry, we cannot refrain from the thought that a far richer harvest had been reaped of glory to God, good to man, and enduring fame to the preacher himself.”*

In 1829, he was appointed Agent for the American Colonization Society, which position he held for two years. In 1831, he is transferred to the Kentucky Conference, and fills the chair of Moral Science and *Belles-lettres*, in Augusta College, to which he had been elected. He remained in Augusta until after the Conference of 1841.

“Soon after this, he was elected President of Louisiana College, but declined acceptance. He

* Cross of Christ, pp. 139, 140.

had also the presidency of the Missouri University tendered to him, which he also declined.

“He was elected President *pro tem.* of Transylvania University, which had, by the trustees thereof, been offered to the Kentucky Conference, and through them to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Kentucky Conference appointed commissioners to act in behalf of the Conference, and accept the proposition of the trustees. The commissioners did so, and nominated Dr. Bascom for the presidency of the college; but he declined. He afterward consented to act as President *pro tem.* until a more permanent organization could take place; but the difficulties in the Church between the North and the South delayed the arrangement anticipated, and Dr. Bascom was elected permanently the President of the University. Under the auspices of his presidency, the University rose to decided prosperity.

“About the year 1840 and 1841, the honorary title of D.D. was conferred upon him. And his biographer states that ‘within a short period the same honor was conferred by two colleges and two universities.’ In 1845, he also received the title of LL.D. from the La Grange College, Alabama.

“Dr. Bascom was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1844, as indeed he always had been since the General Conference of 1828; but at this time was elected from the Kentucky Conference, getting all the votes of the Conference except, I think, only three. The extensive and valuable service rendered by him in that trying crisis of the

Church is a matter of history. He was the author of the Protest offered by the Southern delegates against the action of that Conference in the cases of Harding, of the Baltimore Conference, and of Bishop Andrew, and of other documents bearing on the same questions.

“In 1845, the Convention of delegates of the several Annual Conferences in the South met in the city of Louisville, Ky., and it being ascertained that the people of the South, or rather the Southern members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were in favor of a Southern organization of the Methodist Church by a ratio of *six* to *one*, it was determined to take the necessary measures to effect the organization demanded, and Dr. Bascom was called on to write the Report of the Committee on that subject. That document was worthy the ability of the distinguished author, and of the able body of ministers which adopted it.

“In 1846, Dr. Bascom, who was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met at Petersburg, Va., presented to that body the proposition of the Trustees of Transylvania University, making a tender of the University to that Conference, and, on its acceptance, presented his resignation as the President, and also the resignation of all the Faculty of the University, that it might be officered again by the nomination of the General Conference. Whereupon the Conference placed Dr. Bascom in nomination again to the Trustees as President of the University.

“The same Conference also established a Quarterly Review, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and elected Dr. Bascom the editor. He was also appointed by the same General Conference the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to settle the controversy between the Methodist Churches, North and South. He was now oppressed with business, all of which was of a heavy and responsible character, and he sustained himself well in all these departments.

“In the year 1849, Dr. Bascom prepared a volume of Sermons for publication. This was an object generally and greatly desired. The volume was issued early in the year 1850, in the city of Louisville. It met, as might well have been expected, with a very rapid and extensive sale.”*

“He seldom made speeches, and never long ones, in Annual or General Conferences. But his interest was always awake, his judgment was always sound and to be relied on; and when an emergency required it, the force of his superior intellect was always put under contribution. He had the far-seeing views of a statesman, and a nerve, energy, and address, in keeping. He was at the farthest possible remove from the mere dreamy sentimentalist, or the ‘fussy’ man of talk. The versatility of his powers and the practical bent of his genius are illustrated by a reference to the prominent part he took in the most important transition known to

* Bishop Kavanaugh, in General Minutes of the M. E. Church, South, p. 813.

American Methodism—the division of the Church. It is not saying too much to affirm that his adherence to the Southern cause was the crisis of a great movement which, under the blessing of God, has given peace and the promise of an uninterrupted progress in prosperity to the Southern Annual Conferences. He had attended the meetings of the Southern delegates, at which the solemn question of separation from the North was anxiously debated. With keen eye but closed lip he had watched the progress of the debate.

‘ Deep on his front engraved,
Deliberation sat, and public care.’

When the moment for *action* was come, he rose and walked to the Chairman’s seat, and announced that he was prepared to peril all upon the righteousness of the movement, and to give his full adherence and support to the Southern cause. The effect was electrical. The Western delegations immediately came forward, and to a man committed themselves fully to the same cause. The battle was won. By acclamation, Dr. Bascom was requested to draw up a Protest against the offensive action of the majority of the General Conference. The masterly paper which he produced in a short time exhibited his vast power of original and searching analysis, and his familiar acquaintance with the principles of constitutional law. Its chain of argumentation is so cogent and luminous, that Dr. Dixon, a representative of the British Wesleyan Church, pronounced it ‘one of the most powerful and eloquent

State documents ever put into the hands of the reader.' The part taken by Dr. Bascom in this affair cost him the loss of many a Northern friend, and exposed him to many assaults on the part of the Northern Methodist press; but it establishes a claim to the gratitude and affection of Southern hearts which no lapse of time can weaken."*

We give the following notice of Mr. Bascom from the pen of the Rev. John Newland Maffit, himself, at the time he writes, one of the finest orators of the country:

"I consider Mr. Bascom one of the most extraordinary men of the age. As a pulpit orator, he is an original, and is unrivaled in the Union, for none are like him. His path is emphatically his own, denying the possibility of comparison with that of others. His shining, therefore, dims no other light. He is the solitary star that fills with a flood of effulgence the skies of his own creation, and gilds with loveliness the forms which have arisen at the call of his genius. His manner is like that of no living preacher. If you seek to find the model on which he fashions his sermons, it cannot be found in the libraries of the old or new world. If you would know the secret of his strength, you must fathom the depths of an intellect rich with rare and peculiar treasures; you must add to this the intensity of emotion with which he regards every subject that comes within the grasp of his mind. His baptism by the Holy Spirit was with the tongue of flame.

* W. M. Wightman, D.D., in *Biographical Sketches*, pp. 111, 112.

His mind, like the Olympic wrestlers, struggles for mastery wherever it grapples. Let him encounter 'the gnarled and unwedgable oak' of error in its century-hallowed form, and the contact is like that of the electric fluid, rending and illuminating at once, but not like the fabled bolt of Jove, rendering 'sacred what it scarred.' The fortification which he demolishes is ever after contemptible and untenable. The votary of error under any banner which Bascom may stoop to assail, ever afterward will disown his flag, and be ashamed of his former inconsistency.

"It belongs only to a kindred mind, partaking of his own magnificence, to analyze Bascom. I shall have little to say, except in general descriptions. But were one to ask me what is the secret of his influence—how does he fill to the roof every church in which he speaks, and send away the admiring thousands of country, town, or city, filled with astonishment and rapture or shame, repentance or praise, at his will, I should answer, negatively, not by his oratorical action, for of this he has but little. You only see that he is in earnest, by the bowing of his head, even when he is engaged in holding direct converse either with God or man. It is not in the power or intonations of his voice. For oratorical display, his voice would be considered a bad one, although it is fearfully distinct even in its husky whispers, and as rapidly strikes through his terse and keenly polished periods as that brightest and swiftest of created elements, to which the coruscations of his genius may be most aptly likened, does

through the folds of a thunder-cloud. The audiences who sit open-mouthed and breathless before him, are able to say little of his manner when they go away. The subject only, and with an omnipotence of power, has stood before them either as an angel of light or a fearful demon; the one to sing, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men,' the other to forestall doom and threaten an eternity of woe.

"Reared in that great school of impassioned oratory, the West, he has also gained the concise and logical ratiocination of the East. Let the inflated individual who has, in his boasted researches into philosophy, never gained sight of the shore of the great ocean of truth, where the child-like Newton stood and only picked up pebbles in his own estimation—let this vain boaster but come within the action of Bascom's intellectual battery, and a faint smoke, or the mere ashes of a consumed fabric, will only be left to tell where once he stood. Every argument silenced and destroyed, every link in the chain of error broken, every false refuge of lies exploded, every dark hiding-place of sin searched as with that streaming light which unhorsed the persecutor Saul, how often has the infidel found himself in a short hour bereaved of his all on earth, his all for heaven! Then might he seek Christ, when his gods had been demolished before his eyes, and their power scattered to the winds.

"Let Mr. Bascom but rebuke an ignorant, a slothful, or inefficient ministry, as he sometimes does in his sermons, and truly they may then say that the scorching flame of judgment has first begun at the

house of God—where shall the ungodly and the wicked appear? The pulpit, in his view, is the Holy of holies of the new dispensation. The call of God to his ministering servants, in his view, is the awful commission before which kings should stand dumb; and the man who bears this commission ignorantly, or unworthily, or sleeping, or selfishly, may dread that the fires of the angel-guarded *Shekinah* will consume him.

“Yet Mr. Bascom does not wear a chilling, demure look. He would have been ejected from the ancient and honorable sect of Pharisees, both on account of his short prayers and unelongated physiognomy. His thoughts are solemn as the dawn of eternity; yet his countenance is calm in purity of purpose, and earnest only in benevolence, while it overflows with the expression of goodness and amenity.

“To say that every subject which he touches he ornaments, is not expressive enough. He does indeed ornament, but not as other men do, by studied phrase and sounding epithets; he ornaments his subject by linking it to some grand and classical association. For this purpose he holds at command the treasured lore of each country; he has the sublime imagery which he has gleaned from earth, air, and ocean; he has the key of the past; he reads from the roll of prophecy the revealings of the future. Images of immortal beauty cluster in his argument; at his bidding, damnation echoes back from its blackest deeps the howling thunder of his warning, to flee from the wrath to come.

“Let him, as he often does, plead the cause of Africa, and you will see the ancient cities stir with life beneath the desert sands. You will see her ancient kings, statesmen, philosophers, coming up through the marble ruins of once proud palaces, to utter their voiceless, because unspeakable, charge against debased Christendom, for enslaving, soul and body, the relics of a noble antiquity. His satire is keen, and will be remembered, although the polished arrow may wound so skillfully and with such exquisite science as to make the pain almost a pleasure to the sufferer.

“But, as an honor to the Methodist Communion, in which he has long faithfully labored; as a blessing to the world—a leading star in the constellation of American literature, eloquence; and above all, as a faithful and successful preacher, the thousands of whose seals in the ministry I see around me: if I cannot describe him or emulate his powers, I can yet pray that his valuable life may be continued long on earth, as a rich and peculiar blessing.”*

At the General Conference in the city of St. Louis, in 1850, he was elevated to the Episcopal office. On the occasion of his consecration, he preached an able and eloquent sermon, from Galatians vi. 14, from which we give the following extract:

“Many and great have been the triumphs of the cross; but much remains to be accomplished. Take the earth, with its ten hundred millions of

* Rev. J. N. Maffit, in *Western Methodist*, Nov. 6, 1833.

children, and let every day be a Pentecost, with its three thousand converts; and even at this millennial rate, more than three hundred years would be required for the world's conversion! Are we ready for our share of the work? Ministers of Christ! Where are your tongues of fire and words of flame? By intention of their appointment, Christian ministers are eminently men of one work, and they should keep to it. What that work is, we have seen, and would to God we felt it too! All is change and vicissitude about; the world's drama is unfolding; the games of life go on; passion and interest enslave their millions; but there stands the cross. In deep and high allegiance to its claims, let its creed of love to God and charity in need be ours! Our position should always be determined by that of the cross. Calling to one world, and pointing to another—an eminence commanding a view of both—the foot of the cross should be our only point of survey, in all the applications of influence and office. God forbid that we should glory save in the cross! Preach it, then, messengers of God! preach it—not as the mystic monogram of the Rosicrucian; not as it streamed in the folds of the imperial Labarum; not as shrouded in the dead sanctities of ages, or shrined in the Pantheon of thought or letters; but 'the wisdom of God, and the power of God.' Let its ministers preach it as the symbol of a living, not a vanished creed. Let them preach it, as achieving for all what no man can achieve for himself, or confer upon another. In this sign, and in no other, we

conquer; nor can we doubt the issue, if faithful to our trust. Rob us not, then, earth or heaven; rob us not of a single foe: be it our glory to conquer all! The cross is still shedding light on path and goal, just as it did when first pointed to by Paul; and to the ministry of the cross we would say, Give to it the strength of youth and the honor of age. It will inspire you with the courage of true goodness, as nothing else can. Specially charged with the maintenance of this high trust, blench not from the consecration and purpose of your work. With the shadow of the cross upon the dial of your hopes, and awaiting the close of the struggle, to hang your shield upon it, and leave there the inscription, 'All blessing, and by all blest,' what more have you to hope or to fear?

"The cross has moved in advance of the triumphs of mind for fifty generations, and yet upon every trial is exhibiting new and hidden powers. No craft can circumvent, no ignorance surprise, no failure betray, or emergence perplex—nothing can thwart its purposes, or defeat its final efficacy. Do your duty, and whatever else may happen, 'conquering and to conquer' shall mark the progress of the conflict, and be the record of its close. Assured of the past and of the present, we cannot doubt as to the future. More than two hundred languages are embarked in its advocacy. Nations heed its lessons, and walk in its light. In this light, and from these lessons, they learn their duty and their mission. What interests, issues, or memories will compare with those storied about and in

relation to the cross? Who can trace the deep descending lines of its influence? In its light, truth and example will travel on until the triumph is complete, and the lofty fellowship and grand enrollment, the celestial wonders and temple inhabitation of the heavenly world, with all the room and verge of ever-unfolding progress, shall be seen to connect with the cross, as did the virtues they reward. Our planet and its races do not limit the glory of the cross: other orders and relations of the universe must be taken into the account. From the cross may be borne lessons of instruction to beings of whom we have no record. Thence light may be thrown upon distant centers of existence of which we have never heard. Where is the far-off world, whose intelligence and virtue may not receive instruction and warning from the story of the cross?" *

From the time he entered the ministry, "To the Church—to the highest interests of what he conceived to be the cause of Christ in the world—Dr. Bascom devoted his enthusiasm, his energies, and activities. He did this without reserve, without pause, and not without strong temptations from the highest worldly inducements, in an opposite direction. 'Poor and embarrassed as I am,' he wrote to a brother minister, who, under the stress of narrow circumstances, was looking to the profession of the law, 'I am resolved to have no *client* but Him who at first employed me to plead the great cause of

* Cross of Christ, pp. 44-47.

human salvation; and I know my *fee* will be certain and large.' What things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ. Faithfully, bravely, and to the end, he stood by his early convictions as a Methodist minister." *

"In the distribution of Episcopal labor between the Bishops, among other Conferences the St. Louis Conference was assigned to Bishop Bascom. The time of the meeting of this Conference was July 10, 1850. The low state of the waters made the navigation so difficult that he did not arrive at the seat of the Conference until Saturday, the fourth day of the session; but this brought him there in time to preach on the Sabbath, and ordain the preachers elected to Deacons' and Elders' orders. He is represented as having preached exceedingly well on the Sabbath-day in the woods to an audience of about three thousand persons.

"At this, the only Conference he ever attended as Bishop, he performed his various duties so generally to the satisfaction of the Conference, that the following commendatory resolution was passed by the Conference:

"*Resolved*, By the St. Louis Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that we take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the ability, impartiality, and urbanity with which Bishop Bascom has presided over the deliberations of this Conference, and to the dignified and affectionate intercourse which he has maintained with its mem-

* W. M. Wightman, D.D., in Biographical Sketches, p. 110.

bers, endearing him to us as one of our chief ministers. While we record with peculiar satisfaction that *ours* is the first Conference over which he has presided since his election to the office of Bishop in the Church of God, we congratulate the whole Southern Church on this acquisition to the General Superintendency, and confidently predict that the distinguished ability which has characterized his services in the several spheres of labor heretofore assigned him by the Church, will be eminently displayed in the new and higher one to which she has now called him.'

"After the adjournment of the Conference, the Bishop visited the Indian Manual Labor School, at Fort Leavenworth, 'with which,' his biographer says, 'he was greatly pleased.' He also visited and preached on his tour at Weston, Booneville, Lexington, and St. Louis. His last discourse was preached in St. Louis, in the afternoon of the last Sabbath in July, 1850. It was an effort of great power, and of two hours' continuance. His text was Heb. i. 1.

"He is reported as arriving at Louisville on the 2d of August, much debilitated from sickness, and from traveling and toil, but apparently pleasantly excited in meeting his brethren at the Book-room, where he remained nearly all day, declining his dinner for the want of an appetite. Having entered his passage for his home at Lexington in the stage for the next day, on invitation, he lodged with his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. He attempted to take his supper, but for want of appetite had to

decline it. He retired to bed, hoping to be better by morning, and be enabled to reach his home. Dr. Stevenson and wife, deeply sympathizing with him, gave him all possible attention, affectionately remonstrating against his attempt to go home; but deep solicitude urged him to make the trial. At three o'clock the next morning he entered the stage-coach, but ere he had passed the city limits, he was so sick as to be convinced that he could not succeed in his attempt to reach home. His sickness so affected his stomach as to induce vomiting, which much alarmed some of the passengers, who supposed it a case of cholera, and believing it contagious, were very anxious that he should get out of the coach and let it proceed. The driver's attention being called to the case, he was asked what he would do. He averred that at the risk of his life he would return Bishop Bascom to his lodgings whence he had taken him. This was promptly done: so that in an hour after he had left his friend, he was again at the door. Being kindly received and restored to his bed, Dr. Stevenson consulted him as to what physician he would have, and he authorized him to call in Drs. Bright and Pirtle, his personal friends and brethren. Late in the evening of that day, feeling much better, he proposed starting home on the next day, but his physicians objecting, he said no more in regard to it.

“After being confined about a week, he asked Dr. Stevenson to be seated by him, affirming that he was no better—that the remedies had not touched

the disease—that the symptoms were as before. He remarked to Dr. S., ‘The truth is, I have been strangely brought to believe that *I must die!* My temporal matters are not as I could wish, though I will try to be resigned to the will of Providence.’ At the suggestion of Dr. Stevenson, two other eminent physicians, Drs. Bell and Rogers, were called in. All of his physicians manifested a deep interest in his case. His numerous friends watched with eagerness and deep solicitude over him. In regard to them, Dr. Stevenson informs us in his notice of his afflictions and death, he exclaimed, ‘My friends, O my friends! if they could but cure me by kindness, I should soon be well; but they cannot do it.’ Dr. S. informs us of several instances of his expressing his impressions that he would die. On one of these occasions he replied to him, ‘Do you really think so?’ He answered, ‘Yes, I have thought so all the while when able to think for myself.’ And says the Doctor, ‘He spoke with much confidence in relation to his future happiness, and professed the most satisfactory assurance of his acceptance with God.’ On another occasion, he remarked to Dr. S., ‘On the near approach to death, as in all my past life, I can discover no rock of hope on which to rest my weary spirit but Jesus Christ as revealed in the gospel; and should I ever be so happy as to obtain some humble seat in heaven, it will never cease to be true of me that I am but a sinner saved by grace.’ A solemn pause ensued, after which he said, ‘True, true: how true it is that all our help and hope is of God, through the infinite merits of

Jesus Christ!’ Dr. Stevenson announced to the Bishop that he was writing to Bishop Andrew, and asked him ‘if he had any communications that he wished made to the Bishop. He looked at me with much earnestness, and said, Yes: say to Bishop Andrew that I am utterly prostrate, with but little, if any, hope of recovery; that I am wholly incapable of thinking or acting correctly on any subject; but tell him from me that my whole trust and confidence is in *almighty goodness, as revealed in the cross of Christ.*’

“When all hope of his recovery was relinquished, it was proposed that Dr. Bright, who was his oldest physician, and a local minister, should announce to the Bishop that his end was nigh, and learn from him an expression of his prospects. The doctor asked him directly ‘if his confidence in God his Saviour was still strong and unshaken?’ To which he promptly replied, with great earnestness and self-possession, ‘Yes, yes, yes!’

“With this strong affirmation of his final hope in a single word, thrice repeated, in an earnest and emphatic manner, did this eminent man and minister close his communications with the world.

“Dr. Stevenson says: ‘He was evidently in the full possession of all his mental faculties. Never did his noble brow and full-orbed eye evince a higher degree of intellectual strength. There was a sublimity and loftiness of bearing in the whole contour of his face. An indescribable brightness gleamed out in every expression of his countenance. The scene was overwhelming.’

“‘Perceiving,’ says Dr. S., ‘that the momentous crisis had come, as if moved by some invisible power, we all at once bowed around his dying-bed, and while we were thus engaged in silent, solemn prayer to Almighty God, without a struggle or a groan he sweetly breathed his last.’”*

The death of no preacher of the gospel in America ever produced such a thrill of sorrow throughout the country as that of Bishop Bascom. The press everywhere teemed with tributes of respect to his memory; but the Church of which he had so long been an ornament was clad in deepest mourning. Our acquaintance with him commenced in the autumn of 1837, just at the period when he was at the height of his fame. In his personal appearance he was faultless. “His hair was black, and rather thin: his eye was also black, and beamed keen with sentiment. His forehead resembled that of Daniel Webster in lofty expansion: it seemed the very throne of intellect. The lips were thin, and, in connection with the chin, indicated great firmness and decision of character. The general cast of his countenance approached a calm sternness; but when unbent in familiar conversation, his features became touchingly fine. His voice of late years, after the affection of his throat, was somewhat husky, but it left sharp and distinct upon the ear the rapid words which clothed his ideas. At its best, it must have possessed an untold power of impression, and sounded with the ring of a ‘clear,

* Bishop Kavanaugh, in General Minutes of the M. E. Church, South, pp. 813-815.

uplifted trumpet.' One of his hearers spoke of it as 'articulate thunder.' His gesticulation was natural, evidently unstudied, and prompted by the emotion of the moment. It was none the less telling on that account. Obviously, it was his wont to throw himself upon the rushing stream of passion, without thinking at all of gesture, voice, or manner."*

He died on Sabbath, September 8, 1850.

We have already mentioned the name of James Axley. He was a native of North Carolina, but we have no information either as to the date of his birth or the time of his emigration to Kentucky. In 1803, he was found in Livingston county by Peter Cartwright, then only a licensed exhorter, yet invested with authority to travel in that portion of the State and gather into classes the few members of the Church scattered through the country, as well as others who might wish to join them, and report to the Presiding Elder the plan for a circuit. Among those who joined the Church at this time, Mr. Cartwright, in his Autobiography, mentions the name of James Axley. He speaks of him as being "truly a child of nature," with "a great deal of firmness and sternness about him, as well as oddity," and as knowing "nothing about polished life."

At a Quarterly Conference held for the Hartford Circuit, at Isham Browder's, on Pond River, on the 17th day of August, 1804, Mr. Axley was recom-

* W. M. Wightman, D.D., in Biographical Sketches, p. 108.

mended to the Western Conference for admission on trial.* His first appointment was to the Red River Circuit, as the colleague of Miles Harper. He begins his labors as an itinerant on the 23d of October, and on this day enters in his Journal a prayer, asking God to bless his efforts to promote his cause. The Red River Circuit spread over a large extent of territory, including Christian, Muhlenburg, Todd, Logan, Simpson, Warren, and other counties in Kentucky, and extending far into Tennessee. His Journal† shows his labors to have been almost without any parenthesis, his rides long, over roads and through swamps almost impassable—frequently swimming creeks that overflowed their banks, to reach his appointments. The year was one of hardship, but Mr. Axley had counted the cost; and wherever he preached, his ministry was owned and blessed of God. Many were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. His records of his labors and the opposition with which he met, evince the eccentricities that distinguished him to the close of his life, while at the same time they show him to have been a man of much prayer, of fervent piety, and of inflexible devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.

In 1805, he traveled the Hockhocking Circuit, in Ohio, and the following year the French Broad Circuit, in East Tennessee. In 1807, he was appointed

* Journal of Quarterly Conference for Hartford Circuit.

† His Journal for the first three years of his ministry is in the author's possession.

to the Opelousas Circuit, in Louisiana, and in 1808, he was returned to Tennessee, where he remained for three years, traveling the Powell's Valley, Holston, and Elk Circuits. At the Conference of 1811, he was elevated to the Presiding-eldership, in which position he continued, traveling the Wabash, Holston, Green River, and French Broad Districts, until the Conference of 1821, when, in consequence of impaired health, he was sent to the Nollichuckie Circuit, as supernumerary. At the Conference of 1822, he located.

From his entrance into the ministry, Mr. Axley was a remarkable man, and was destined to make a deep and lasting impression upon the Church and the age in which he lived. Without the advantages of education, by his indomitable energy, his untiring industry, his fidelity to his work, and his faithful application to study, he became one of the master-spirits of the Church. A close thinker, and thoroughly familiar with the Bible and with the writings of the fathers of Methodism, he became an able expounder of the Scriptures, and vindicated with overwhelming effect the doctrines peculiar to his Church. Entirely original in the manner in which he presented his subject, yet using the plainest language, he easily won the attention of his hearers, and then enforced the great doctrinal, experimental, and practical truths embraced in it. His mind richly stored with the poetry of our Hymn-book, he quoted largely from the sacred Muse, and with enchanting effect upon the vast assemblies who waited upon his ministry. Remark-

able for his independence and decision of character, he was but seldom influenced by the opinions of others, and looked with indifference on the regard with which his own views might be met. Alike insensible to the smiles and the frowns of those around him, he would advocate with untiring energy any measure he might approve, or with equal vehemence oppose whatever might come under his censure, though he might by such a course drive from him his last friend. With an inveterate hatred to slavery, he devoted much of his ministry to an effort to remove it from the Church. While traveling the Opelousas Circuit, his tirades against slavery brought on him the censure not only of the Church, but of the community, the most of whom were slave-holders. His views were so ultra that he thought no slave-holder could be saved in heaven, or was a proper person to be admitted into the Church. Presenting these views from the pulpit, he became so objectionable that he found it difficult to obtain food or shelter. He, however, remained inexorable, and continued to fill his appointments, until he was relieved by his Presiding Elder, who found him well-nigh famished with hunger, and with only the unsightly remnants of his once comfortable garments. On this subject he never yielded or gave back one hair's breadth in his life.

“He had a sermon that he preached occasionally, which he called his ‘Sermon on the Abominations.’ His abominations were Masonry, Slavery, Whisky, Tobacco, and the Fashions. His text was, ‘Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.’

He generally drew upon this subject when he had a large crowd. On one occasion, when preaching on it to quite a multitude of people, a number of circumstances occurred which were long remembered by those present. He first assailed Freemasonry. His great objection to it was that it was a secret. He said that he always despised secrets—that things were kept secret generally because they were too bad to be told. He went on at such a rate, that a gentleman in the congregation arose and left. As he went out, Mr. Axley said, ‘That man has had the branding-irons slapped to him, no doubt.’ He next turned his attention to the slave-holder, and became so offensive, that another person rose to leave, when the preacher said, ‘Pomp’s task is about out, and he is going home to give him a new one.’ He next attacked the whisky-maker, taking the ground that of the maker, seller, and drinker, the maker was the worst; that he was at the bottom of all the devilment that grew out of whisky—that the selling and drinking would both come to an end but for the maker—that he ruined the corn which was intended for bread, and for the love of money made whisky, when he knew it would ruin his neighbor; and that all hell could not produce a worse character. And on this head he stirred up one of his congregation, of whom he said, ‘It is about *doubling time*, and he is afraid his liquor will burn.’ He then introduced the seller and drinker, and presented the evil in all its hideousness, when another man rose to leave. ‘Let him go,’ said the preacher, ‘poor fellow! he is as dry as a powder-

horn; he wants to wet his whistle.' He always pitied drunkards, he said; they were the injured party, and he was sorry for them; and he often shed tears freely when he talked of their helpless, ruined condition; but his representations of the maker and seller were perfectly awful.

“He next turned to tobacco, and was very severe, especially on smoking—and at that day smoking was principally confined to the women; men did not smoke much. He took the ground that it was useless and filthy—that they ruined their breath, burned up their clothes, and sometimes burned their house, children and all, with their filthy pipes. He said he would give them a piece of poetry on the subject, which he made himself, and repeated the following:

‘Tobacco is an Indian weed,
And from the devil did proceed;
It spoils a woman, burns her clothes,
And makes a chimney of her nose.’

An old lady in the congregation had borne with him as long as she could, and rose to leave, in a very evident bad humor, when the preacher quietly said, ‘Now, if you will stop that old woman and examine her clothes, you will find a dozen holes burnt in her coat.’ The old lady answered back, by saying, ‘I wish to God I had my pipe,’ slapping her pocket with her hand; ‘I would smoke this minute, just for spite.’

“Many anecdotes are yet told of him by the elder preachers who knew him, that exhibit the eccentricities that marked his character. On one of his

circuits, he was informed that a gentleman who was a slave-holder desired to join the Church. While no statute of the Church forbade his admission, Mr. Axley resolved not to open the doors of the Church, and by this means keep out the applicant. Finally, another person, not a slave-holder, offering himself for membership, the preacher felt that he could not decline to give him the opportunity to join; when, to his mortification, the slave-holder availed himself of the opportunity, and also offered himself for membership. "There now," said Mr. Axley, "*you have done it!* I have been afraid to open the doors of the Church here all this year, for fear you would join; but now you are in, and I can't help myself. But I will now tell you what you may depend upon. We will never make a preacher of you, nor exhorter, nor class-leader, nor steward. You will have nothing to do but to *pay* and *obey*."

"On another occasion, while conducting a class-meeting, in which there was a German brother who was a large tobacco-raiser, instead of inquiring in reference to his religious experience, he said to him, 'Brother Funk, how do you come on worming?' The pious German replied, that he did not understand him. 'Why,' said Mr. Axley, 'do you not have to worm these days?' 'Ah,' responded Brother Funk, 'killen de vorm on derbaecker, very vell; ve has kilt many more as all of dem.' Mr. Axley then added, 'You are the meanest people in this neighborhood I ever saw. It's all *tobacco, tobacco*, and you do not raise corn enough to feed my horse when I come around.' The good

brother, somewhat excited, retorted: 'Brudder Axley, if you vill not deach your horse to eat derbacker, dat is not our vault. Deach him dis, and den ve give him blenty.' 'Never!' said the indignant preacher; 'if Bob (the name of his horse) was to chew tobacco, I would never speak to him again.'

"His opposition to whisky and whisky-making was as strong as his opposition to slavery. This subject also he carried sometimes into the class-room. On one occasion, his whole conversation with a brother in the class-room was on the subject of making whisky. He asked the brother what his still cost, and how much whisky he could make out of a bushel of corn, and what he had to give for corn, and what he could sell his whisky at, and how many hands it took to attend the still, and if the slop was not good for hogs; and at length said, 'Well now, brother, come to the point: is it a genuine article? will it bear a bead?' and wound up by saying it was quite a money-making business, and that the brother was getting on very well in his way, and never said one word to him about religion. The effect was, that 'How do you come on making whisky?' became a saying in the neighborhood, and rang in the ear of the brother until he abandoned his distillery.

"He was once going home with a brother from church, and the gentleman was having his peaches distilled into brandy. Just as they were approaching the house, Mr. Axley got the scent of the still, reined up his horse, turned up his nose, and said, 'I smell hell,' and turned off to the house of an-

other brother. He would not stay at any place where there was a still; neither would he stay where there was whisky, if he knew it.

“There was one other subject on which Mr. Axley was an extremist—that of dress. While he was strongly in favor of neatness and cleanliness, and did not trouble himself about the cost, he was a fast enemy to ribbons, rings, ruffles, and new fashions. He could not bear to see a man with his hair turned to one side, or turned up before—roached, as he called it. He wanted the hair to grow the way nature intended it, and to be cut off smoothly around the forehead. He had no patience with earrings and finger-rings. On this subject he used to say that if God had intended for people to wear rings in their ears, he would have left a hole to hang them in; and on the subject of finger-rings he said, on one occasion, that some women wore rings on their fingers for rheumatism in their wrists—he then asked if they wore rings on their toes for rheumatism in their ankles. He had no patience with new fashions. He was once placed at the door to admit persons into a love-feast. He said to the Presiding Elder, ‘What shall I do?’ The answer was, ‘Let the good come in, and keep the bad ones out’—to which he answered by saying, ‘I’ll do it.’ And you may rest assured that no ribbons and rings got into that love-feast. A sister came at last with a fur-cape on, which was the first that Mr. Axley had ever seen, and whether it belonged to the meeting or not was not a settled point. He knew the lady, and believed her to be a good woman. He

looked at her and her fur-cape for some time, till at length he said, 'Come in, sister, cat-skin and all.'

"His devotion to the interest of the Church, and what he regarded as right, was paramount with him. Every thing had to yield when the welfare of the Church and his convictions of right were assailed. A case once came up in Conference, which illustrated this trait in his character. There was an old brother belonging to the Conference by the name of Edge, who was a bachelor, and a senior of Mr. Axley, who was very much devoted to him; and as he was no very great favorite with any other Presiding Elder, the Bishop generally gave him to Mr. Axley; and they had been long and intimately connected, and Brother Edge, in the main, did just as he saw Mr. Axley do, though greatly inferior in mental ability. At the Conference referred to, the examination of character was up, and the District over which Mr. Axley had charge was reached; and as he always understood his own business and kept up with it, his District was generally passed through with great ease and to the satisfaction of all. Those who did not belong to his District, felt that they had almost nothing to do until he should get through. Name after name had been called, with nothing against them. They rose early, did not drink drams, chewed no tobacco, attended their appointments, met the class, visited from house to house, and conversed sparingly with women, until the name of Benjamin Edge was called, when Mr. Axley moved forward toward the Bishop, and with a full, clear voice, answered to the question, 'Is there

any thing against brother Edge?' by saying, 'Yes, there is.' This took all present by surprise. No one dreamed that Mr. Axley would ever find fault with Edge. 'What is it?' the Bishop said. Mr. Axley, pointing to Edge, who sat close by him, said, 'Unless you can make Brother Edge quit riding in a gig, he had as well locate. He has not visited a single member of the Church on French Broad Circuit this year, that does not live on the big road: he is the poorest hand to drive a gig you ever saw.' He then went on at length to give the full details of the case. Said he, 'Brother McKendree, (he never used the term Bishop,) when Brother Edge came upon his circuit, all at once he concluded that he must have a gig; and he was too poor to buy one, and nobody would give him one, and he concluded that he would make one of his own, and he went at it. Brother Winton gave him a pair of hubs, and I never did find out where he got the tires from, and Brother Brumly gave him the wood—he has a kind of shop for making wagons—and old Sister Black gave him an old arm-chair, and he fixed it up into a seat, and Brother Armprester, who is a tanner, gave him a side of leather: so he fitted his wheels, made his shafts, and stuck his old arm-chair on them somehow, and then went to work to make him a set of harness; and I reckon he is the poorest hand at harness-making you ever saw—especially the bridle. He did n't know how to work in leather. But after awhile he got all ready, and put old Ball into his gig, and away he went. But if a brother should ask him to go and see him, the

next question always was, Where do you live? and if the brother did not live on the big road, he would not go one step. And that's not all. Pride, you know, Brother McKendree, is mighty apt to get a fall; and so it was with him, (pointing to Edge.) Some time ago, he was going by old Sister Babbit's. She's a widow, and has several old girls about the house, and they are mighty kind to preachers. He stopped before the door, and was so proud of his gig that he would not get out, and the old woman and the girls came out to talk with him, and at length brought out a basket of apples and set them in the gig, so that he might be eating apples while he was talking—and old as he is, he loves to talk with the women. He thought Ball might be hungry, so they brought a bundle of fodder for Ball; but he could not chew it with the bit in his mouth, so they took off his bridle and slipped it over his head, away down to his collar. And there he was, eating apples and cracking jokes with the women, and Ball chewing his fodder, till all at once, as the devil would have it, I suppose, Ball took a most violent scare, and away he went. They all halloed, Wo! but Ball would not mind them; and there was no use in pulling, for the bridle was not within four feet of his mouth. He had not gone far before the basket of apples turned over, and scared Ball, if possible, worse than ever. In the next place, his old hat flew off, and sailed like a buzzard; and I am told that no old horse in all East Tennessee was ever known to run faster in harness than old Ball did. He at last struck a stump, and the old

man got one of the highest falls ever seen, and broke his leg—he's lame now.' Here he paused for a moment, and then said, 'Brother McKendree, I don't know what to do. I am afraid the old man is getting proud.' He then took his seat, and wept like a child. During this recital, the members of the Conference were, for the most part, convulsed with laughter. Henry B. Bascom had raised a window, and run himself out of it as far as he could. Others had got down between the benches, while Thomas Stringfield, who was door-keeper, was down flat on the floor. The members of the Conference took a different view of Brother Edge and his gig from that taken by Mr. Axley, and his character passed without trouble. It was no doubt a much greater trial to Mr. Axley than it was to Edge, while the effect was to raise Axley in the estimation of the whole Conference. He loved Edge, and the idea that he should fall away in his old days was a sore affliction; and all saw that it was a terrible struggle with him to tell all these things on an old friend and brother—but he believed that the Church had suffered in his hands.

“Mr. Axley had no patience with feigned service: he desired always a full sacrifice. On one occasion, when kneeling in an altar at camp-meeting, he saw Brother Cunnyngnam just before him kneeling on one knee, and said, ‘Jesse, get on both knees if you don't want to be damned.’

“There was another trait of character which we have not brought to view, which is the native courage or bravery of the man. He was not afraid of

any thing—could not be intimidated. He frequently reproved persons, and very sharply. Once at a camp-meeting, a number of young men, who had been reproved by him, determined that they would take him out and whip him. So one of the number asked Mr. Axley to walk with him, which he did. When they had got some distance from the camp-ground, the rest of the party began to collect, and soon Mr. Axley saw what they were at. At length he stopped, and said, ‘I reckon we are far enough.’ At this the young men began to gather round him, when he said, ‘Boys, stand off—it’s too hot to be crowding up so close.’ When all was quiet, he said, ‘And what do you want with me?’ They told him that he had insulted them, and that they were going to chastise him for it. ‘Well now,’ said Mr. Axley, ‘let’s talk about that a little. Here we are. I am getting to be an old man, and alone: none of my friends are with me, and you are all young, and there is about a dozen of you. Suppose you do whip me, that will be no credit to you: for a dozen young men to whip one old man will be thought a cowardly act, and so it is—and then it will do me no good, for I shall do the same way after you whip me that I have done; and that’s not all, I have a great many friends, and they will take it up, and sooner or later, every one of you will get a whipping; and that’s not all, for though you may be able to whip me, there is so many of you, yet I am powerful strong, and I shall almost kill some of you, for I can strike like a horse a-kicking. Now we had better make it up.

Boys, I will tell you what I will do—I will promise never to reprove one of you again as long as you will behave yourselves. Now,' said he, 'ain't that fair?' They said it was, and Axley and the boys came back together apparently good friends."*

Bishop Morris furnishes the following interesting account of this remarkable man :

"In 1804, the Western Conference was reënforced by a class of young men, some of whom became very distinguished Methodist preachers; among them were Samuel Parker, Peter Cartwright, and James Axley. With the last named I never enjoyed but one week's personal acquaintance, but that left on my memory an indelible impression of his person and character.

"Long as I had been crossing the path of that notable man, and much as I had heard of him among the people, my first sight of him was not obtained till the autumn of 1837. That year the Holston Conference met at Madisonville, eastern part of Tennessee, some ten miles from which Brother Axley, then in a local relation, resided. The first day of the session, after adjournment, I was walking to my lodging alone, when I heard a brother some forty steps behind me say to another, 'Yonder comes Brother Axley.' Looking ahead, I observed a man advancing toward me whose person was imposing. He was perhaps five feet eight inches high; not corpulent, but very broad and compactly built, formed for strength; his step was

* Communication to the author from A. L. P. Green, D.D.

firm, his face was square, complexion dark, eyebrows heavy, appearance rugged; dressed in the costume of our fathers, with straight-breasted coat, and broad-brimmed hat projecting over a sedate countenance. His wide-spread fame as a natural genius without any early education, and especially the numerous incidents I had heard of him as a Western pioneer, had excited in me a greater desire for his personal acquaintance than that of any other living man I had ever seen, except Jacob Gruber. The sound of his name falling on my ear involuntarily quickened my pace, and we were soon together. As I neared him, I held out my right hand, and received his, when the following salutations were exchanged :

“‘How are you, Brother Axley?’

“‘Who are you?’

“‘My name is Thomas A. Morris.’

“Then surveying me from head to foot, he replied, ‘Upon my word I think they were hard pushed for Bishop-timber when they got hold of you.’

“‘That is just what I thought myself, Brother Axley.’

“‘Why, you look too young for a Bishop.’

“‘As to that, I am old enough to know more and do better.’

“Turning back with me, we walked to our lodging, both being quartered at the same place. Every hour that we could redeem from Conference and council business was enlivened by his quaint but thrilling narratives of his early travels, labors, and difficulties. Unaccustomed to the free use of the

pen, he kept all his records in his tenacious memory, much strengthened by use, and narrated with uncommon precision as to names, dates, and the order in which facts transpired. This he did leisurely and with perfect self-possession, but spiced the whole with such apt remarks and consummate good humor, that the attention of the company never faltered. Never was I better entertained or more instructed with the conversation of a fellow-sojourner in one week than with his. It was decidedly rich.

“I never heard Brother Axley preach; but, according to popular fame, his pulpit performances were practical, forcible, and left a deep and abiding impression on the multitudes that thronged together to hear him. To this day we occasionally hear allusion made to a sermon he preached in the city of Baltimore, during the General Conference of 1820, of which he was a member. It must have been a potent sermon to be remembered so distinctly for the third of a century. I have heard very frequent allusions to his pulpit performances in different parts of the Western country, where he had operated to good purpose as a traveling preacher, more particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee. But perhaps the effort which occasioned the most talk, and obtained the greatest notoriety, was the one said to have been made in his own section of country, and was commonly known as Axley’s Temperance Sermon, though not so designed by any preannouncement. It should be known that East Tennessee in those days was regarded as a great country for pro-

ducing peach-brandy, and for a free use of it; also that the New Lights abounded there, familiarly called Schismatics, and that Church members who rendered themselves liable to a disciplinary process would occasionally go over to them, as a city of refuge, where they felt safe from its restraints.

“With this preliminary, I proceed to recite a passage from the sermon, reminding the reader that my authority is not personal knowledge, but the verbal statement of a highly respectable Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. G., of Tennessee. I write it substantially as I heard it:

“‘TEXT: Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works. 2 Tim. iv. 14.

“‘Paul was a traveling preacher, and a Bishop, I presume, or a Presiding Elder at least, for he traveled extensively, and had much to do, not only in regulating the societies, but also in sending the preachers here, there, and yonder. He was zealous, laborious, would not build on another man’s foundation, but formed new circuits where Christ was not named, so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, he had fully preached the gospel of Christ. One new place that he visited was very wicked: Sabbath-breaking, dancing, drinking, quarreling, fighting, swearing, etc., abounded; but the word of the Lord took effect: there was a powerful stir among the people, and many precious souls were converted. Among the subjects of that work there was a certain noted character, Alexander by name, and a still-maker by trade; also, one

Hymeneus, who was his partner in the business. Paul formed a new society, and appointed Brother Alexander class-leader. There was a great change in the place: the people left off their drinking, swearing, fighting, horse-racing, dancing, and all their wicked practices. The stills were worked up into bells and stew-kettles, and thus applied to useful purposes. The settlement was orderly, the meetings were prosperous, and things went well among them for some time. But one year they had a pleasant spring; there was no late frost, and the peach-crop hit exactly. I do suppose, my brethren, that such a crop of peaches was never known before. The old folks ate all they could eat, the children ate all they could eat, the pigs ate all they could eat, and the sisters preserved all they could preserve, and still the limbs of the trees were bending and breaking.

““One Sunday, when the brethren met for worship, they gathered round outside of the meeting-house, and got to talking about their worldly business—as you know people sometimes do, and it’s a mighty bad practice—and one said to another, Brother, how is the peach-crop with you this year? O, said he, you never saw the like: they are rotting on the ground under the trees; I don’t know what to do with them. How would it do, said one, to still them? The peaches will go to waste, but the brandy will keep; and it is very good in certain cases, if not used to excess. I should like to know, said a cute brother, how you could make brandy without

stills? That's nothing, replied one, for our class-leader, Brother Alexander, is as good a still-maker as need be, and Brother Hymeneus is another: and, rather than see the fruit wasted, no doubt they would make us a few. The next thing heard on the subject was a hammering in the class-leader's shop: and soon the stills in every brother's orchard were smoking, and the liquid poison streaming. When one called on another, the bottle was brought out, with the remark, I want you to taste my new brandy: I think it is pretty good. The guest, after tasting once, was urged to repeat, when, smacking his lips, he would reply, Well, it's tolerable; but I wish you would come over and taste mine: I think mine is a little better. So they tasted and tasted till many of them got about half drunk, and I don't know but three-quarters.

“Then the very devil was raised among them; the society was all in an uproar, and Paul was sent for to come and settle the difficulty. At first it was difficult to find sober, disinterested ones enough to try the guilty; but finally he got his committee formed; and the first one he brought to account was Alexander, who pleaded not guilty. He declared that he had not tasted, bought, sold, or distilled a drop of brandy. But, said Paul, you made the stills, otherwise there could have been no liquor made; and if no liquor, no one could have been intoxicated. So they expelled him first, then Hymeneus next, and went on for complement, till the society was relieved of all still-makers, distillers, dram-sellers, and dram-drinkers, and peace was once

more restored. Paul says, Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck; of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme.'

"Of course, they flew off the handle, and joined the Schismatics.

"Now, in view of the peculiar structure of Brother Axley's mind, his characteristic habits of thought and expression, they who were best acquainted with him will be most likely to admit that the above outline may be substantially correct. I was anxious to have learned more items of the history of that good man; but at my next visit to Holston Conference, in 1840, I had left me only the mournful pleasure of visiting his grave, in a rural cemetery, which, at that time, was without inscription or inclosure.

"The following was related to us about thirty years ago, by the Rev. John Collins:

"In one of his discourses, Mr. Axley was descanting upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist, seated at the farther end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in altered tone; then resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After thus

discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say :

“‘But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner enact the dandy.’

“‘O no, my friend, that cannot be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character.’

“‘Well, sir, if you won’t take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit, behind you.’

“Mr. Axley, turning immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably-dressed junior preachers, seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them for a moment or two, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if fixed on the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present,

“‘*If you please, sir, we’ll drop the subject.*’” *

The following incident, which occurred in Knoxville, Tenn., was related by Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished judge in that State, and after-

* Nashville Christian Advocate, June 14, 1860.

ward a conspicuous member of the Senate of the United States :

“It had been noised abroad that Mr. Axley would preach on the morning of the following Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite—with none more so than with Judge White. At the appointed hour, the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance.

“The services were begun by another preacher, at the close of whose address Mr. Axley rose, and stood silently surveying the congregation. All were hushed in expectation. Every eye was riveted on him. He then began :

“‘My friends, it is a very painful, but a very necessary duty, for a minister of the gospel to reprove vice, misconduct, and sin, wherever found ; and be assured I will not shrink from the duty on this occasion.

“‘And now,’ continued the speaker, pointing with his long finger, ‘that sandy-haired man, sitting yonder by the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, and stayed out so long ; who got his boots full of mud, and came in and stamped the mud off at the door, making such a noise that nobody could hear the preacher—that man thinks I mean him. No wonder that he thinks so. It is a disgrace to the State that he should have grown up here and have no better manners. Now, my friend, I advise you to go home, and learn how to behave yourself before you again come to the house of prayer. But I do not mean him.

“‘And now,’ pointing again to his mark, ‘that little girl about the middle of the floor—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—with flowers inside of her bonnet: she that was giggling, and laughing, and chattering all the time the brother was speaking—she thinks I mean her. And she ought to think so. I am sorry for any parents that have brought up a girl to her age without teaching her to behave modestly and properly: they are to be pitied. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents as well as yourself. But I do not mean her.

“‘And now, that man on the bench in the corner, who is looking up as bright as if he had never been asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but who was nodding, and bowing, and snoring all through the sermon—that man thinks I mean him. And, indeed, he may well think so. My friend, the house of God is not intended for a place of sleeping. When you want to take a nap, go home, take off your clothes, and go to bed: there is the place to sleep, not in church. But I do not mean him.’

“And thus he went on, fixing his dark eye on each offender, till he had pointed out nearly every man, woman, and child who had in any respect deviated from strict propriety, ending each reproof with ‘I do not mean him,’ or ‘I do not mean her.’

“Judge White, sitting on the front bench just in face of the preacher, was all the time enjoying the fun wonderfully. He laughed, he rubbed his hands, he chewed his tobacco with the greatest vigor. As

each new offender was brought up, he chewed more and more violently, till the floor before him became a puddle.

“‘Now,’ said the preacher, drawing himself up with a severe look, ‘I suppose you want to know whom I do mean. I mean,’ said he, pointing his finger true as the needle to the pole, ‘I mean that filthy tobacco-chewer, sitting on the end of the front seat. Look at those puddles on the floor! A toad would be poisoned in them; and think of the sisters’ dresses being dragged through such pollution!’

“Judge White’s laughter was checked as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had fallen. Every eye in the congregation was instantly fastened on him. He has averred that he never afterward dared to chew tobacco in church.”*

“One evening, after riding all day without any dinner, Mr. A. called at a house where the family consisted of a widow lady, a grown-up daughter, a number of children, and some servants, none of whom were religious. The lady and her family regretted his coming, and would not grant his request to remain over-night. No, he could not stay: they would have no such cattle about them. But he was loth to leave: the reason was, he knew, if defeated in obtaining lodging there, nothing remained for him but a berth in the dark wood, without food or shelter, in an inclement season of the year. As he lingered a little to warm himself, and consider

* Milburn.

how he should manage to pass that dreary night, the thought of his forlorn condition as a homeless stranger, without money or friends, came like a dark cloud over his mind. His deep, sad cogitations proceeded in silence. Then, as was natural in the extremity, he turned his thoughts toward his Heavenly Father's house above, where he hoped some day to find a home free from the ills of mortal life. Being a little cheered with the prospect, without leave, introduction, or ceremony, he began to sing one of the songs of Zion in a strange land:

“‘Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near.’

“As he proceeded, his depressed feelings became elevated: the vision of faith ranged above and beyond the desolate wilderness he had just been contemplating as the place of his night's sojourn. The family were soon all melted into tears; the lady called a servant, and ordered him to put the gentleman's horse into the stable; and the daughter added, ‘Be sure you feed him well.’”*

The Rev. D. R. McAnally, D.D., says: “Of him a good deal has been said and written; but unfortunately, as I think, his oddities and peculiar eccentricities have been noted, talked of, and written about again and again, while his sterling virtues and solid excellences of character have, to a great extent, been overlooked. Hence he has been held up before the public as an uncouth, coarse, blunt

* H. N. McTyeire, D.D., in *Biographical Sketches*, pp. 263, 264.

man, scarcely notable except for his abrupt manners, his strange oddities, his almost total disregard of the proprieties of life, and contempt for those conventional arrangements almost everywhere acknowledged and observed by intelligent and refined society. In this way injustice has been done, and is still being done, to his name and memory. As has been the case with others, that which was peculiar or strikingly odd arrested attention, made a deep impression, and was long remembered by those who were but partially acquainted with him; while better and more commendable traits were either unnoticed or soon forgotten. Consequently, he is now generally remembered only in the worst lights in which he was ever seen. Few, perhaps, who were not personally acquainted with him, rarely, if ever, think of him in any other light than that to which I now refer. And yet he richly deserves a better name and remembrance. I knew him well—knew him from my early childhood to the time of his death. Connected as he was by marriage with the family of my mother, for many long years the intimate personal friend of my father, I had frequent and fair opportunities of seeing and hearing him in private as well as in public—of learning something of his ‘private walks’ as well as his ‘public ways,’ and have often been grieved to think that one whom I knew to have possessed so many excellences of Christian and ministerial character, should be remembered only for that which it had been as well to have been forgotten. Notwithstanding my conscious incompetency to the task, I have for years

past contemplated an effort to place this good man's character and services in their true light before the Methodist public, in a somewhat permanent form, and for this purpose collected, and now retain, most of the necessary materials. Possibly, this may yet be done, if life and health be spared a few years longer. For the present, I offer the reader a sort of running sketch, which, unpretending and imperfect as it is, may nevertheless afford some insight to the character of one of those earnest, faithful men by whom, as instrumentalities, Methodism was introduced and established in this Western country.

“In height he was nearly six feet, with a heavy, muscular frame, large bones, and but little surplus flesh; his chest broad and full, features strongly marked, large mouth and nose, heavy, projecting, and shaggy eyebrows, high and well-turned forehead, dark-gray eyes, remarkably keen, head large, hair worn very short, and smoothed down before. His dress was plain, and for many of the last years of his life always made of homespun material. Coat cut in the regular old style, and always contained much more than what was ordinarily regarded as a *quantum sufficit* of cloth. Indeed, it looked as though the ‘pattern’ might have been taken at some time when he was swimming, so loosely did it fit, and so boldly did it stand out in every direction. His vest, or rather waistcoat, was long, cropped off before, with deep pockets, and made to button close up to the chin—ordinary pants, with a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and coarse, strong shoes, completed his outward adornments. Gloves, necker-

chiefs, and such like appendages, were generally dispensed with; nor was it often, if at all, that he was ever seen with a cane, even in his old age. He stood quite erect, and walked with a firm, heavy, and rather a quick step. The entire expression of his countenance, together with all his motions, were indicative of great firmness, not to say obstinacy.

“In the pulpit he stood erect, and nearly still, gesticulated very little, and only occasionally turning slowly from side to side, that he might see all his auditors. If the weather was warm, it was very common with him, after opening the services with singing and prayer, to deliberately take off his coat, hang it in the pulpit, hold his Bible in one hand, and thrust the other deep down into his capacious vest-pocket, and thus proceed with his sermon. Few men, perhaps, ever had a finer voice, and never yet have I met with one who could control it better. So completely was it under his command, that the *manner* in which something was said often affected the hearer more than the thing itself. He was a natural orator, after the best models—those which nature forms.

“To those who never personally knew him, and have been accustomed to regard him only as a sour, querulous old man, it may sound strangely, but even at the risk of exciting a smile of contempt, I venture the expression, that his was the best specimen of true oratory to which it has ever been my privilege to listen—and I have attentively listened to a large portion of the celebrated speakers of this country. I have listened to popular orators among

our statesmen, to distinguished pleaders at the bar, and to preachers who were followed and eagerly heard by enraptured thousands; but the superior of James Axley, in all that constitutes genuine oratory and true eloquence, I have not heard. His power over the masses was beyond that of any other man I have ever known. He often seemed to move and sway them at will; and with hundreds upon hundreds closely crowding around him, I have witnessed the whole mass thrown into an irrepressible burst of laughter at something he had said, or rather the manner in which he had said it, and two minutes thereafter I have looked in vain for one unmoved among the whole—perhaps not one dry eye to be seen.

“His manner of preaching was peculiarly his own—unlike that of any and every one else. Sometimes he selected a text consisting of one or more verses of some chapter in the Bible, and discussed its doctrines much after the ordinary manner. And as a close and correct textuist generally, few perhaps ever excelled him. At other times, and especially on camp-meeting and other popular occasions, he would ascend the pulpit and address the congregation then present, on such points of doctrine or morals as seemed to him to be just then suited to the time, place, and people, using his Bible to illustrate and prove that which he sought to impress upon the hearers. Then, again, he would often read a paragraph or two from one part of the Bible, discuss it for a time, then turn to another paragraph elsewhere, which he would read and dis-

cuss: and then to another, and another, until he had finished what he undertook to say. These selections and discussions were always so arranged as to preserve a remarkable unity of design, and at the close present one great united and expressive whole, seen and felt by all.

“I recollect a case in point. It occurred at a camp-meeting held in the autumn of 1833, at Cedar Springs Camp-ground, about two miles from the town of Athens, Tennessee. I was in charge of the Athens Circuit, which at that time included a considerable extent of territory, and a membership of more than twelve hundred. The beloved and lamented John Henninger was the Presiding Elder. The circuit-preacher’s venerable father, (a local preacher of no mean ability,) James Axley, and fifteen or twenty other preachers, traveling and local, were there. The concourse of people in attendance was large from the first, but on the Sabbath particularly so. At eleven o’clock on that day Mr. Axley, by appointment, entered the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he announced that, as he lived not far from that place, had done so for years, and expected to continue to do so while he lived on earth, and as he knew the people, he felt it incumbent on him to ‘visit them for their iniquities’ at least once a year. He then read the 29th, 30th, 31st, and 32d verses of the 23d chapter of Proverbs, beginning, ‘Who hath woe?’ etc., from which he proceeded duly to administer on the characters, business operations, and results of the labors of the makers of stills, the ‘stillers of grain and fruits,’

the venders of spirits, and the 'drinkers of drams.' I have lived a considerable portion of the time usually considered as allotted to man on earth, have traveled far and wide, in and beyond these United States, have seen a great many people and heard a great many things; but the equal of that morning's work I have heard never—no, never! Do n't tell me of Gough, or Cary, or White, and others, as temperance-lecturers: James Axley said more in one hour that morning than all these men in all their efforts to which I have ever listened—and they have been many. He could speak of the drunkard, the 'moderate drinker,' and the maker and vender of spirits, as I verily believe no other man ever could. Did my space allow, I could give, even at this late day, an outline of his remarks, and much of what he said, word for word, as he uttered it, so deeply was it fixed in my mind, though this is the first time I ever alluded to it on paper.

“Nor did the smokers, chewers, and snuffers of tobacco, fare much better, on that memorable occasion, than the drinker of spirits and the drunkard. On members of the Church, and especially ministers, who give themselves to that 'needless self-indulgence,' he was particularly severe. And such sharp-pointed irony, such biting ridicule, such withering sarcasm, as he poured upon these practices, has rarely, if ever, been heard before or since.

“In the next place, he read in the 3d chapter of Isaiah, from the 12th to the 16th verse, and for an half hour or more told us how 'children were our oppressors,' and 'women ruled over us'—and de-

pend on it, there was no indorsement of the modern 'woman's rights doctrine,' as it has been recently promulgated. His pictures of the distress, wretchedness, and ruin, so often brought on families by the extravagance, disobedience, and general bad conduct of children, were most touching. While drawing them, tears fell from the eyes of that large assembly almost like rain, and the whole encampment resounded with sobs and groans. But when, a little after, and in the same connection, he spoke of the 'oppressions of the poor,' and portrayed their sufferings under the cruel hand of the oppressors, there were those in the congregation that shrieked as though a knife had been thrust to their hearts. His descriptions of the suffering widow and oppressed orphans were so bold, so vivid, life-like, and touching, as to be absolutely painful to hear. They chilled and almost froze one with horror.

“In the third place, he read the remaining part of the 3d chapter of Isaiah, from the 16th verse to the close, and for nearly an hour longer launched out in denunciations of worldly amusements, and frivolity in general, and the frivolities of dress and social manners in particular. But it is of no use to pursue the subject farther. Neither the sermon nor its effects can ever be transferred to paper. They were things to be felt, and not described. He occupied nearly three hours, and at the close his voice was as clear, and apparently as strong, as when he commenced, though I am satisfied that part of the time he was speaking, he could have been heard at the distance of half a mile.

“I have intimated that the congregation was large. There was a framed shed, under which he spoke, with seats enough, I suppose, to accommodate from two thousand to two thousand five hundred people. These seats were closely packed, while perhaps from a thousand to fifteen hundred persons were either standing around or seated on chairs or temporary seats prepared for the occasion. When he commenced preaching, every idler about the camps or ground, together with all the better-disposed people, gathered as closely around as convenient. As he progressed, these pressed nearer. Those standing crowded those on the seats, and they rose to their feet, and still closer and closer the crowd pressed together. I was seated by the side of the pulpit, facing the congregation, and had a fair opportunity of witnessing the effects of the sermon upon the mass of listeners. They crowded and crowded from every direction toward the speaker. Those nearest stood on the ground; immediately behind, many were standing on the seats; others, still farther off, had actually climbed the posts of the shed, and were seated on the stays and girders; while beyond them again many had mounted the high fence that inclosed the encampment, a line of which ran near by; and a few, Zaccheus-like, climbed the trees and rested among the branches—all attentive to the sermon. The scene thus presented, and the alternation of feeling, as expressed in the countenances of the hearers—now smiling, now weeping freely, now bursting into irrepressible laughter, then the whole encampment resounding

with groans, sobs, and cries—all combined to present what ‘no tongue can tell, nor pencil paint.’ But amidst it all there stood the burly frame of the preacher, in a little box of a pulpit, his coat hanging beside him. Calmly and dispassionately he talks away, like a kind father to his children. Every eye is fixed upon his unchanging countenance and almost statue-like appearance, every ear eager to catch each word he utters. But here is no difficulty; he speaks deliberately, and very plainly. Now his voice is elevated, its tones change—the paternal tone is gone: he denounces some sin, and in tones of bitter invective. As though his very heart were steeped in gall, and the venom of a thousand serpents rankled in his bosom, he pours forth his keen satire, bitter irony, and withering sarcasm. Again his tones change, as he tells of the consequences of sin—and ‘cold chills’ creep over you, your blood almost curdles in the veins, you are filled with horror. Once more his theme and tone change, and plaintive as the wail of the dying babe they fall upon the ear; and cry you must—you cannot help it. Yet there he stands, erect and still, and ‘talks right on.’

“It is true, in all my acquaintance with the speaker, and often as I heard him, I never witnessed but one scene like the above. It was an extraordinary one. Its like I expect never to see again. But it was enough to last during an ordinary lifetime.

“That James Axley had many oddities and eccentricities of which he had better have been rid, I

have not denied, and will not deny. I have often wondered how so much apparent austerity and real bluntness of manner could be connected with a heart possessing as much genuine Christian sensibility as I knew belonged to his. The cause may perhaps be found in some peculiar notions imbibed and acted out by many of our early preachers. But I have neither time nor space to speculate now.

“As a doctrinal preacher, Mr. Axley deservedly stood high. In this respect he was, without question, in the first rank of Methodist preachers. Few men ever better understood, or could better expound, the doctrines of the Methodist Church than he. At a camp-meeting near Morganton, Tenn., in the summer of 1836, it was my privilege, with many others, to hear him deliver a discourse on the subject of faith, which, for correctness in theory, cogency and conclusiveness of reasoning, and pointedness and force of application, was rarely excelled. This was, I think, on Monday of the meeting. On the Saturday night previously he preached an excellent sermon, but had well-nigh destroyed all the good effects it otherwise might have had, by a remark made at the conclusion of the first hymn: ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I want all the Christians to kneel down, and I want all the hypocrites to *squat* down.’ If the reader could imagine Axley’s peculiar tone and manner, he might then have some idea of the effect of this speech, but not otherwise.

“To enumerate his oddities, or dwell upon his peculiarities, were useless now, and would not come within the range of the present design. As already

intimated, these, or many of them at least, are known, and because of these, it is believed, he is remembered by many, more than for any other particulars of his history. But withal he was consistent; his principles were fixed; his course was uniform. He was not the man to be awed by frowns or won by smiles. Too indifferent, perhaps, to the world's opinion, and too heedless of the necessary and beneficial changes going on around him, he stood still, the 'world passed on,' and, like many others, he was left behind. This no doubt influenced him in the later periods of life, and often led him, as it has led many others, into what Mr. Wesley would have called *croaking*—a very objectionable thing, though sometimes indulged in by some very good men. It was, however, by no means as common with Mr. Axley as with many others.

“In the social circle, among his intimate friends, he was easy in his manners, free in conversation, and quite communicative. In mixed society he was reserved and abrupt. At home he was kind, industrious, and economical. He sought out and provided for his own and his family's comfort, every little convenience in his power. Every thing about him was plain, neat, tidy, and bore evident marks of industry and care. But that for which he was, in my judgment, more distinguished than for any thing else, was the reverence, fervency, and prevalence of his prayer, proceeding, as it always seemed to do, from a deep, strong, and unwavering confidence in God, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had, and realized, a *personal in-*

terest in the merits of the Saviour; had personally a living, active faith in God, and hence addressed him as *his* Father and Friend, but never with empty sounds of unmeaning words. With awe, with reverence, and humility, and yet with great confidence, did he approach the mercy-seat, feeling that 'Jesus answers prayer.'

"Infidelity may scoff, skepticism and 'philosophy so-called' may mark it as a 'strange coincidence,' but the fact remains to be attested by hundreds of witnesses still living, that, time after time, Axley has been known, at popular meetings, in times of severe drought, to pray publicly for rain, with all the apparent humility, child-like simplicity, and Christian confidence, with which he would have prayed for the conversion of a penitent; and rain came! So often did this occur in the course of years, that it became common, when he publicly prayed for rain, for some wicked man to say, 'Come, boys, let's go on: we'll get wet: Axley's prayed for rain.' In this I record but sober fact; and even at the risk of wearying the reader, I must mention one case, known to several persons now living, who were present and witnessed it. It occurred at Muddy Creek Camp-ground, in Roane county, Tenn., some twenty-four or five miles west or south-west of Knoxville. A drought had prevailed all over that region of country for an unusually long time, and the prospects were becoming truly alarming. On Sabbath of the camp-meeting, Mr. Axley entered the pulpit. Over him was a cloudless sky, around and beneath him was a parched

earth. It had been remarked that during his stay on the ground previously to that hour he had been rather more than ordinarily serious, thoughtful, and taciturn, as though something weighed heavily on his mind. On his entering the stand, his friends observed that his countenance was deeply overshadowed with gloom. He sang and prayed. In his prayer, on the part of himself and the people, he made general confession of sin and consequent unworthiness, pleaded the merits of a crucified Redeemer, and implored pardon for the past and grace for the future. Then, among other petitions, devoutly and fervently he asked for rain upon the parched earth. The prayer ended, he arose from his knees, with a gloom still upon his countenance, so deep and clearly marked as to excite the sympathy of his friends. Instead of announcing his text, and proceeding with his sermon, as was expected, he sang a few lines, and again called the congregation to prayer. This time his entreaties for rain were strikingly and touchingly earnest and fervent, and the pleas put in differed from those of his first prayer. A second time he arose from his knees. Now his countenance was indicative of intense mental suffering. A third time he sang, and a third time he bowed in prayer. In this prayer he entreated God, for the sake of Christ, and in mercy to infants and un sinning animals, which had not abused his goodness, despised his mercies, blasphemed his holy name, desecrated his Sabbaths, nor violated his commandments, to send rain, and preserve them from the horrors of famine and want.

This prayer ended, he arose, with a countenance lighted up, and calm as a 'summer's eve.' He then announced his text, and preached in his usual manner, without the most distant allusion to the unusual manner in which he had opened the exercises, or to the feelings that had prompted him. He simply went forward, and did as I relate, giving no reason to any. But ere that sermon was ended, the darkened horizon and the distant thunders announced the coming rain. The same God that heard Elijah had heard him. Many preachers and people present seemed awe-stricken. On his going into the 'preachers' camp' soon after service, and while the clouds were gathering, a brother ventured to remark, 'Brother Axley, it seems God is about to answer your prayers.' With a look and manner that plainly showed he was deeply pained by the allusion, he simply replied, 'It will be a great mercy if he do,' and turned and walked out of the camp and away from the encampment. He never alluded to these scenes after they had passed, nor did any one who knew him dare to do so in his presence.

"But the length of this article warns me to desist from offering any thing farther. But the half has not been told. Taking James Axley 'all in all, I shall ne'er look upon his like again.'"*

His final illness continued for about three weeks, and his last moments were full of peace. His sufferings were great, but he bore them with the forti-

* Home Circle, Vol. III., pp. 328-334.

tude of a Christian. When asked by a member of the Church if it was convenient to have prayers, "It is always convenient to have prayers in my house," said the dying saint. Just before he passed away, he called, first his wife, and afterward his children, one by one, and laying his hands on their heads, imparted to them his last blessing, requesting each one to meet him in heaven. He then made the same request of his friends who were present, and in a few moments he closed his eyes in death.

He is buried at County-line Church, East Tennessee, between Monroe and McMinn counties, about ten miles north-east of Athens.

We have noticed the steady decrease in the Church in Kentucky for the four previous years; it is therefore with pleasure that we report an increase for this year, in both the white and colored membership—in the former, of *five hundred and seven*, and in the latter of *twenty*.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE SESSIONS OF THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1817 TO THEIR SESSIONS OF 1819.

The Ohio Conference meets at Zanesville, Ohio: Bishops McKendree and Roberts present—George Atkins—Thomas Lowry—John P. Taylor—Richard Corwine—Simon Peter—The Tennessee Conference meets at Franklin, Tenn.: Bishop Roberts presided—John Devar—George W. Taylor—John Hutchison—Nace Overall—Timothy Carpenter—Benjamin Peebles—Lewis Garrett—Increase in membership—Conferences of 1818—The Ohio Conference meets at Steubenville, Ohio: Bishops McKendree, George, and Roberts present—Hezekiah Holland—Josiah Whitaker—Joseph D. Farrow—Alexander Cummins—Walter Griffith—The Tennessee Conference meets at Nashville, Tenn.: Bishops McKendree and George present—Isaac E. Holt—Joshua Boucher—Barnabas McHenry—Edward Ashley—John Craig—The first class in Augusta—The first class in Bowling-green—Treaty with the Chickasaw Indians—Decrease in membership.

THE Ohio Conference for 1817 met at Zanesville, Ohio, September 3d: Bishops McKendree and Roberts were in attendance. Twelve persons were admitted on trial, of whom George Atkins, Thomas Lowry, John P. Taylor, and Richard Corwine received appointments in Kentucky.

George Atkins only remained in the Conference one year: his appointment was to the Lexington Circuit. Thomas Lowry was appointed, this year, to the Big and Little Sandy Circuit, and in 1818,

to the Scioto Circuit, and then his name disappears from the Minutes.

John P. Taylor traveled two years in Kentucky. His appointments were the Limestone and Fleming Circuits. He was then appointed to the Piqua Circuit, in Ohio, and continued to travel in that State until 1830, when he was placed on the superannuated list, where he remained until 1836, when he was expelled from the Conference.

From this period until after the Conference of 1842, the name of Richard Corwine was familiar to the Church in Kentucky. In 1817, he entered the Conference, and for more than twenty-five years, by his piety and labors, evinced his devotion to the Church. Two years of this time his health was too feeble to perform the duties of an itinerant preacher, and hence we find him one year on the superannuated roll, and one year as supernumerary. His appointments were the Hinkstone, Lexington, Madison, Goose Creek, and Shelby Circuits; the Louisville, and Shelbyville and Brick Chapel Stations; Danville, Hopkinsville, Red River, and Lexington Circuits; the Augusta District, Fleming and Mt. Sterling Circuits, Shelbyville Station, and Hopkinsville and Louisville Districts. It was during his pastoral term in the Shelbyville Station, to which he was appointed in 1836, that we made his acquaintance, and on the 7th of March, 1837, we received from him license to exhort. From this time until his death we knew him intimately. While he did not take rank in the pulpit as one of the first preachers in the Conference, yet his talents were

above mediocrity, and he was always acceptable to the Church as a minister of the gospel. He never preached what the world styles great sermons, but he never failed to interest and instruct. His was not the flood of impassioned eloquence that overleaps its banks and carries every thing before it; but it was the gentle stream that rolled smoothly on within the limits assigned it, equally sure to reach its destination, bearing upon its placid bosom the hopes of the world. Loved by the Church, and respected by all who knew him, Richard Corwine was a blessing to every community in which he lived and labored.

“As a man and a Christian, he was in all things consistent; as a minister of the gospel of Christ, grave, dignified, and intelligent. His pulpit efforts were always enriched by the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the blood and righteousness of Christ, the agency of the Holy Spirit in man’s salvation, were more or less in all his sermons: they were his theme to the last. Among his dying expressions were, ‘I glory in the blood of Christ: this is the foundation of my trust.’

“His Christian experience was like a rising tide to the end of life—then overflowing all its banks. As he approached death, he had a struggle in giving up his family, but he gained the victory; and when he had committed them to the care and protection of Heaven, his faith became triumphant, and he shouted for joy. In reply to a wish expressed by his friends, that he might again be enabled to resume his labors, he said, ‘I feel like a frail vessel

that has been long out at sea, and has breasted many a storm, but is now safe in sight of the destined and much-desired port. My friends desire that I should return again: I do not desire to return, but the will of the Lord be done.' Having given his family his dying charge, and lifted up his voice in prayer for them for the last time, he seemed composed. A friend said to him, 'I am here.' He replied, 'God is here too.' The friend said, 'The messenger has come.' 'Sweet messenger!' he said, and spoke no more. He had been requested, when he could not speak, if he felt the Lord was with him, to raise his hand. He did so, and then sunk calmly in death, to rise in glory."*

He was born in Mason county, Ky., August 29, 1789. His parents were religious, and trained him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." His first religious impressions were received at the family altar. He was converted and joined the Church in 1809, and was licensed to preach in 1817. He died February 12, 1843, at the residence of the Rev. James G. Leach, in Jefferson county.

Simon Peter was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference in 1816, and appointed to the Columbus Circuit, in Ohio. In 1817, he was placed on the Fleming Circuit, with William Holman, and continued from that time to labor in Kentucky as a traveling preacher—with the exception of one year, when he was superannuated—until the Conference of 1828, when he located. In 1832, we find him a

*General Minutes, Vol. III., p. 455.

member of the Illinois Conference, and presiding over the Sangamon District.

The Tennessee Conference, for this year, met at Franklin, Tenn., on the 30th of October. Bishop Roberts presided. Five preachers were admitted on trial, of whom John Devar and George W. Taylor received appointments in Kentucky. John Devar was appointed to the Christian Circuit, as the colleague of Benjamin Malone. In 1818, he traveled the Lee Circuit, in East Tennessee, and in 1819, he was appointed to the Fountain Head Circuit, a large portion of which was in Kentucky. In 1820, we find him on the Green River Circuit, with George W. Taylor, and in 1821 and 1822, he is in charge of the French Broad District, as Presiding Elder. At the Conference of 1823, he located.

Among the names that have won immortal fame in Kentucky Methodism, that of George W. Taylor occupies a prominent place. He was born in South Carolina, in November, 1790, and, with his parents, came to Kentucky about the commencement of the present century. His father settled in Adair county, where his son George was brought up, and where he resided until a few years before his death, when he removed to Cumberland county. At about twenty years of age, he was soundly converted, while attending a camp-meeting at Shelley's Camp-ground, and immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1817, he became an itinerant, and from this period until God called him home, he was ever

faithful and true to the dispensation of the gospel which had been committed to his hands. His first appointment was to the Barren Circuit, where he labored with great energy and success. He continued to travel circuits until the Conference of 1823, when he was placed in charge of Columbia District. He remained on this District but a single year, when he was removed to the Cumberland District. After serving the Cumberland District for four years, he was appointed to the Rockcastle District, on which he remained four years, when he was sent to the Greensburg District. His labors on the Greensburg District, added to the exposures and toils of former years, impaired his constitution to such an extent, that at the close of the third year, he was compelled to retire from the effective ranks, and seek for the restoration of his health in a superannuated relation.

At the Conference of 1836, although unable to resume the active duties of an itinerant minister, yet anxious to contribute his remaining strength to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, he requested to be placed on the effective roll, and was appointed to the Greensburg Circuit, where he remained for two years.

From 1838 to 1849, he filled the office of Presiding Elder, having traveled, during this period, the Harrodsburg, Bowling-green, and Hardinsburg Districts, being in charge of the first two for four years each, and of the last three years. Prostrated in health, in 1849, he is again placed on the superannuated roll; but he only remained one year in that

relation, for, in 1850, we find him on the Columbia Circuit, where he remained for two years, preaching with the zeal that had distinguished his early ministry. His wasting strength indicated unmistakably that his work as a traveling preacher was well-nigh done. At the Conference of 1852, he again retired to the superannuated list, on which he remained until called from labor to reward. It is true that, anxious to fall with sword in hand and armor on, he at intervals attempted to perform the duties of a pastor; yet the preaching of a few sermons impressed him that he was fast journeying to the grave, and that soon the silver cord would be loosed, and the golden bowl broken. Sunday, the 21st of January, 1866, was the last day he passed on earth. He spent the day at home in the bosom of his family, and devoted the most of the time to reading. The afternoon was intensely cold, and reviving the fires in the house, he walked out to look after his stock, exposed to the angry blasts of winter. Being absent longer than was expected, his wife went forth in search of him, and found him, not far away, lying on his back, dead. His foot-prints in the snow, up to the spot where the body was found, were regular, and evinced no sign of unsteadiness in his walk, nor were there any indications of a struggle where he quietly slept. It would have been a source of great pleasure to his family to watch beside his dying-pillow, and to catch the last pæans of praise to God, as he was entering "the valley of the shadow of death." But this was denied them. For fifty years he had borne the en-

sign of the cross over mountain and valley, and in many a hard conflict had shouted the battle on; and now, with his armor still bright, and his sword gleaming in the sunlight of heaven, with no watchers "save those from the sky," he met his last enemy in the final struggle. We know not what bright visions of the future met his eye while realizing "the pain, the bliss of dying;" but we fancy that, standing alone with God, he beheld the glittering splendors of the New Jerusalem, and contemplated the fadeless glories that awaited him.

With his countenance natural, his expression life-like, and with no sign of suffering, he seemed to be in the repose of a peaceful slumber. It was almost a translation.

It has been said of George W. Taylor, that he was "a great and good man." On no other minister of Christ, who has lived and labored in the West, could such a tribute have been more worthily bestowed. He entered the Conference at a time when trials were to be met of which the present generation can form only an inadequate conception. His fields of labor were vast and extensive in their territorial limits, and his ministry confined to the rural districts of Kentucky. Enjoying the fullest confidence of the people he served, as a Christian of the highest type, the messages of salvation he delivered were received as announcements from on high. Plain in his dress, and artless in his manner in the pulpit, his style simple, and his sermons replete with the teachings of Jesus, his ministry was invested with an importance and authority

that carried conviction to the hearts of thousands. We never heard him preach an inferior sermon, and very frequently we have sat in the sanctuary, where he stood as a faithful ambassador of Christ, and listened to the appeals to the ungodly, as they fell from his warm heart, or heard him portray the joys that await the pure and good. "Eschewing the adornments of studied and polished oratory," he yet often wandered along the side, or climbed to the gorgeous summit of the mountain, and reveled amid the splendors that surrounded him, and then walking over plains all burnished with brightness and with beauty, he would melt to tenderness and tears the most obdurate heart.

In the Annual Conference his words were few—perhaps his voice would never have been heard on the floor, if he had not filled the office of Presiding Elder, and duty required him to represent the preachers of his District; yet but few men in the Conference wielded so great an influence as he.

In the community in which he was brought up, and in which he lived, no preacher was so much beloved. His popularity never waned—the changes of time did not impair it. The generation to whom he preached when he first entered the ministry passed away: the friends of his earlier years entered the vale of death; but George W. Taylor lived on—not forgotten, for his name was a household word for half a century.

John Hutchison, Nace Overall, Timothy Carpenter, Benjamin Peebles, and Lewis Garrett, whose names we find this year in the list of Appointments

for Kentucky, had entered the ministry at an earlier period.

John Hutchison only traveled one year in Kentucky. We have no information in regard to him, except what we find in the Minutes and in the Journal of the Tennessee Conference. Some complaints were preferred against him, but after a careful investigation, he was acquitted, yet he expressed a wish, which was granted, to retire from the ministry to private membership.

Nace Overall traveled one year in Kentucky; Timothy Carpenter, three years; Benjamin Peebles, two years. They were all faithful and true men. Benjamin Peebles still lives, and resides in the bounds of the Memphis Conference.

Lewis Garrett was admitted on trial in 1816, and appointed to the Dixon Circuit. In 1817, we find him on the Cumberland Circuit, in Kentucky, where he remains two years. He was appointed, in 1819, to the Duck River Circuit, and in 1820, with Hezekiah Holland, was appointed missionary "to that part of Jackson's Purchase embraced in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee," and in 1821, was placed in charge of Duck River District, (afterward called Forked Deer District,) as Presiding Elder. In all these charges, he was abundant in labors and eminently successful. He yet lives, a connecting link between two generations of preachers, an honored member of the Little Rock Conference.

This year was remarkable for extensive revivals of religion in different portions of the State. Camp-meetings, which had gone into disuse to a great ex-

tent, had been revived, through the instrumentality, chiefly, of Leroy Cole, and, as in former times, were contributing largely to the development and prosperity of Methodism. The increase in the white membership was *two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine*, and in the colored, *two hundred and sixty-one*—making a membership of twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty whites, and eleven hundred and seventy-three colored, being an aggregate increase over any former year of seven hundred and thirty-four.

The Ohio Conference for 1818 met at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 7th of August. Bishops McKendree, Roberts, and George, were all present. Nineteen preachers were admitted on trial, only three of whom were sent into Kentucky. These were Hezekiah Holland, Josiah Whitaker, and Joseph D. Farrow.

Hezekiah Holland traveled four years. His appointments were the Big and Little Sandy, Mt. Sterling, Dover, (in Tennessee,) and Limestone Circuits. At the Conference of 1822, he located.

Josiah Whitaker was one of the most laborious preachers we have ever known. He was born in Baltimore county, Maryland, November 30, 1779. In November, 1792, he removed, with his parents, to Kentucky, and settled in Bourbon county. In March, 1793, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a seeker of religion, and in the same month, while engaged in secret prayer, was converted.

On the 4th of April, 1799, he was married to

Susan Honey. In 1802, he was appointed class-leader. In 1813, he was licensed to preach, and in 1818, became a probationer in the Conference.

His first appointment was to the Licking Circuit, where he was continued for two years, and on which he had traveled for several months previous to his admission on trial into the Conference. He continued to travel, without any intermission, until the Conference of 1846, when he was placed on the superannuated roll, where he remained until released by death.

A mere recital of the appointments filled by Mr. Whitaker impresses us at once with the vastness of his labors. The Licking, Fleming, Franklin, Mt. Sterling, Licking, Limestone, Shelby, Madison, Mt. Sterling, Cynthiana, Blue Lick, Ohio, Falmouth, Hinkstone, and Carlisle Circuits, Mission to the colored people in Lexington and vicinity, and the Lewis, Crittenden, Sharpsburg, Alexandria, Athens, and Frankfort Circuits, were the fields in which he labored.

He grew up to manhood without the advantages of education, and learned to read after he was married. In entering the ministry, while he did not bring into it talents of a high order, he was always distinguished for his devotion to the Church, and for the boldness with which he defended its peculiar doctrines. In the Annual Conference, he was remarkable for his hostility to Freemasonry, and would not vote for the admission into the Conference of any man who had joined that Order, and

was always careful to inquire, upon the presentation of each name, whether he was a Mason.

On the various circuits he traveled, he attracted no ordinary attention, by the severity with which he preached against the peculiar views held by the Baptist Church, and the dangerous dogmas of Campbellism. Ready in his delivery, and well fortified with anecdotes illustrative of every position he either defended or opposed, he was an able champion for the truth, while he dealt the most withering sarcasm on every system that came under his censure.

He spoke frequently on the floor of the Conference, and though often severe and always convincing, he seldom failed to amuse. At the Conference in Lexington, in 1842, some objections were made to him, on the ground that he had always refused to remove his family to the circuits to which he was appointed. Bishop Waugh was in the chair; he knew but little of Josiah Whitaker. In reply to the complaints, after summing up the fields of labor he had occupied in twenty-four years, he added: "In the work of four-and-twenty years, I have lost no day from my work for want of health; and from any circumstance, I have not lost a round on any circuit of all my work, whether I have been sent where money grew or not. For the first fourteen years of my travels, I did not get fifty dollars for each year, in quarterage, and the first four years, not ten dollars for each year—and my wife and ten children at home, doing the best they could. They kept circuit-preaching twenty years in their dwell-

ing-house, and they had eight camp-meetings in sight of their house. Four years I traveled on the south side of Kentucky River, which threw me forty-five miles from my family, and caused the riding in the four years to be fourteen thousand miles. During all this period, my family never said, 'Do not go to your work.' Wet or dry, cold or hot, high waters, deep mud, or ice, if I had an appointment, they expected me to fill it. Even when my house was burned down, with almost all that was in it, and my family encamped around the ruins, trying to build a dwelling to shelter in, they still said, 'Go on; for the honor of a preacher,' they would say, 'it will not do to stay away from your work. We will do the best we can, and you will feel better, and there will be some way provided for us.' Who of the Conference ever made a motion to help my family in this distress? Perhaps, if it had been a Freemason's family, the case would have been thought of—but they had help from above. I have used no dose of medicine in my life, neither has my wife in her life; neither has either of us used tobacco in any way. I have not gone to bed for fatigue, sleep, or sickness, in twenty years; nor have I lost twelve appointments in twenty-four years. During this time, I have tried to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, that I have thought contrary to God's word, as our rule directs in our ordination vows. I have been in the habit of lecturing from four to five, and up to seven hours at a time; and in the year 1841, I lectured nine times to average five hours each, and yet my

lungs were very strong. I can sing strong and clear after one of my lectures, all the while. With all my plainness and severity in doctrine, I have added to the Methodist Episcopal Church about five thousand members. Without any flattery in regard to doctrine and discipline, there never was an appeal taken to a Quarterly-meeting Conference from the decision of any society that I have had the charge of. I have never been sent to any work because I asked for it in particular. I was never heard to say, 'Give me a town, or some easy circuit or station;' but went to my work, whether to the rich or poor, the white or black. And yet, with all my submission, I have maintained an independent spirit. Whatever I think right to say, I will speak it out; for I love every person, and fear no person, so as to be driven from my duty in any work, or any vow to my Church and to God. In 1833, one of our old Bishops warned the preachers against vain dress in the Church in their charges. I then remarked, that we would do well to begin with the preachers, even those in charge of work. No wonder the younger preachers, who wish to be great, like the great of the day, wear their staked-and-ridered hats, and heave their bosoms as if they had the white swelling in their breasts, and wear their coat-sleeves so large that they can hardly get in at any common door without rubbing or turning edge-wise. With such a sight, how can we say any thing to any common member of the Church? The Bishop then said, 'O brother, is that possible?' I replied, 'You had better not test that matter, unless

you wish to prune the Conference; for we have the articles now in town, both in the preachers and their wives.' We have had among us members who are very conscientious about slavery—too much so to own slaves; and they will sell them, and slip over the Ohio River and call us blood-suckers, while they spend their slave-money for land and live on it. What are they but blood-suckers, through a long tube, all the way over the Ohio River? But to the point. *Another* brother has but one objection to me. I might be more useful if I would move my family into the bounds of five or six appointments, and say short sketches, and make haste home to my wife — class-meeting neglected, pastoral visiting neglected. No, sir! I go to every work, far or near, and will do all the work that you give me. But I will not move Suky Honey;* she cannot float. Who of you ever gave Suky Honey any money for her support? No, sir, I ask no favors; for I have ridden twenty-four years, and have never been superannuated, supernumerated, located, stationated, nor Presiding-elderated. But I repeat it, Suky Honey can't float."

During the period in which he sustained a superannuated relation to the Conference, he preached almost every Sabbath.

On the 21st of August, 1850, he died, at his residence, in Harrison county.

"He was as careful to have his own neighbors furnished with the means of grace as to meet his

* The maiden name of his wife.

appointment; hence, while he was going about doing good, his family welcomed the ministers of Christ, and for twenty years kept circuit-preaching in their house, and had eight camp-meetings within a few rods of it. A noble example of zeal! Few men have done more hard work as traveling preachers, had larger and more difficult fields of labor, and received so little compensation. During the first fourteen years of his life as a traveling preacher, his receipts did not average fifty dollars a year! Indeed, for the first four years, they did not average ten dollars. He had a wife and ten children to support; but they labored with their own hands, that they might not be chargeable to the Church; and God established 'the work of their hands upon them.'

"Brother Whitaker was a peculiar man, and, as a preacher, eminently so. His style was his own, and his manner none could imitate. He had a great fondness for controversy—holding himself in constant readiness 'to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines.' For several years he was accustomed to deliver lectures on the peculiarities of the 'Reformation,' varying in length from five to seven hours. Yet, with all his plainness of doctrine, he was the honored instrument, in the hands of God, in adding more than five thousand members to the Methodist Episcopal Church."*

"His last illness was protracted, but grace triumphed over pain. A few days before his death,

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, Vol. I., p. 276.

he remarked, 'I know in whom I have believed; I suffer greatly, but my mind rests in peace. The faith I have preached to others now sustains me; there is not a cloud floating in all the horizon. I am ready to die; my work is done.' In this state of mind he continued until he passed the vale of death."*

Joseph D. Farrow traveled the Mount Sterling, Little Sandy, Limestone, Salt River, Licking, Big Kanawha, Lexington, Fleming, and Limestone Circuits. As a traveling preacher, he was faithful and useful. He located at the Conference of 1827.

Alexander Cummins was born in Virginia, September 5, 1787, and was converted in the twenty-first year of his age. He joined the Western Conference in 1809, and with the exception of a single year, when feeble health compelled him to desist, he continued to labor as an itinerant until the 27th of September, 1823, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

In 1818, he was appointed to the Kentucky District, where his labors were so abundant, and his rides so long, and over a rough and mountainous country, that his already debilitated system was taxed to exhaustion. At the close of his third year in Kentucky, he returned to Ohio, where he passed the remainder of his life.

His last sermon was preached at Mechanicsburg, about eighteen miles from Cincinnati, from Romans i. 16: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ;

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, Vol. I., p. 275.

for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The following night he was attacked with the disease which terminated in his death. As a preacher, "he was regular, zealous, acceptable, and useful. His language was good, his sermons, in general, pointed and weighty. His talents were not the most brilliant, but his greatness consisted in variety and goodness; and such was his zeal, variety, and usefulness, that but few, if any, were more popular."*

Walter Griffith was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, on the 12th of August, 1782. When about twenty years of age, he came to Kentucky, and in 1807 was licensed to preach. He entered the Conference in 1810, but had previously traveled the Shelby Circuit under the Presiding Elder. At the Conference of 1810, he was appointed to Enon Circuit, in the Miami District, and did not return to Kentucky until the Conference of 1818, when he was appointed to the Limestone Circuit. He remained only this year in the State. At the following Conference, he was appointed to the Miami District, on which he remained two years. Prostrated in health, at the Conference of 1821, he was placed on the superannuated list, on which, however, he remained but a short time. On the 27th of the following June, he died, in Xenia, Ohio, in hope of eternal life.

The Tennessee Conference met at Nashville, Tenn.,

* From a sermon delivered at his funeral by the Rev. Russell Bigelow.

commencing October 1. Bishops McKendree and George were both present. Nineteen preachers were admitted on trial, of whom Isaac E. Holt and Joshua Boucher were sent to Kentucky. Mr. Holt was appointed to the Danville Circuit. He remained in the itinerancy but one year. At the following Conference, he requested to be discontinued, "on account of his family concerns."

Joshua Boucher traveled two years in Kentucky. His appointments were the Henderson and Limestone Circuits, where he was useful. In the Tennessee Conference he was afterward a burning and a shining light, and after many years went to the grave honored and beloved.

We parted with Barnabas McHenry at the Conference of 1795, at which time he located. Previous to his location, he was married to Miss Sarah Hardin, an accomplished and pious lady, a daughter of Colonel John Hardin, to whom we have more than once referred. Upon retiring from the Conference, he settled in Frankfort, Kentucky, where he taught a school two years. He removed from thence to Danville, and afterward to Richmond, remaining in each place one year, engaged in the same profession. On leaving Richmond, he returned to Washington county, and settled on his farm, four miles south-east of Springfield, where he remained until his death.

During the period in which he sustained a local relation to the Church, he devoted much of his time to preaching the gospel. The intellectual endowments with which he was favored, and which, added

to his piety and zeal, had rendered him so famous in the itinerant ranks, had made him remarkably popular and useful in a more circumscribed sphere. Devoted to the Church, he never, on any occasion, compromised either his profession as a minister or his personal piety as a Christian.

“In the early days of the Commonwealth, no country was so distinguished with young professional men as Kentucky. There were Rowan, Daviess, Pope, Allen, and many others, who were among the foremost young men at the bar in America. In the ministry also were young men of marked ability, among whom Barnabas McHenry occupied a prominent place.

“On one occasion, the young lawyers whom I have named were going from Louisville, where they had been in attendance at the Quarter Session Court, to Bardstown, and stopped at a small tavern midway between the two places. On their arrival at the tavern, they found Mr. McHenry, (at that time traveling the Salt River Circuit,) who had also stopped to spend the night. Full of genius and humor, although familiar with the reputation, and with a deep reverence for the piety, of the young preacher, they ventured too far over the line of solemn respect, in their sportive talk on the subject of religion. To this portion of their conversation he made no reply. After the talk of the evening had passed, and the time for repose had come, the landlord, as was always the habit in this country, placed before the young preacher the Bible, and politely invited him to lead the devotions of the evening.

He read a chapter, and then they all knelt in prayer. After a most ardent and impressive presentation of the company to the mercy of the Creator, he uttered, in the sweetest, kindest voice, for which he was remarkable, 'O Lord, thou hast heard the conversation to-night; pardon its folly.'

"The young lawyers arose from their knees, and retired with silent respect. Each felt the rebuke, and wished to let the other see that he felt it. The next morning, they greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand, and an expression of demeanor that said plainly, 'We honor you and your religion.' The preacher and the lawyers were firm friends all their lives."*

Upon reëntering the Conference this year, Mr. McHenry was appointed to the Salt River District, on which he remained two years. In 1820, he had no appointment; but in 1821, he had charge of the Bardstown and Springfield Station. At the Conference of 1822, broken down in health, he was placed on the superannuated list, where he remained until relieved by death.

On the 15th of June, 1833, only a little more than a month before the beloved Lindsey was stricken down, and with the same fearful scourge, the noble and manly form of McHenry lay cold in death. "Mrs. McHenry, who was attacked about noon of Friday, and who appeared to suffer almost beyond expression, required the attention of the only mem-

* Letter to the author from the Hon. Judge Pirtle, of Louisville, Kentucky.

bers of the family present so constantly, that he said but little during his last hours, except to give occasional directions, answer inquiries, and express a wish, in a whisper to one of his daughters, as to the place of his burial. His whole manner indicated the most perfect mental repose. No alarm or excitement of any kind, and yet the most touching manifestations of sympathy with his dying wife and anguished children. Fit termination this of the life he had lived—tranquil and full of hope. Mrs. McHenry, assuring all of confidence in God, and that she felt sustained by his grace, died a few hours after him, and husband and wife rest together in the same grave. The next day, Sabbath the 16th, a daughter and granddaughter fell victims to the same destroyer, and a common grave received their uncoffined forms, laid there by kindred hands, to be followed by yet another victim, the youngest daughter, only three days after. What a dispensation of events in a single family in less than one short week! But to the anguish of that terrible death-scene succeeded ‘the rest that remains for the people of God.’”*

Edward Ashley had been in the Conference two years before he filled an appointment in Kentucky. In 1818, he was sent to the Livingston Circuit; in 1819, his name is omitted; in 1820, we find him on the Henderson Circuit, after which he traveled the Livingston, Greenville, and Livingston Circuits. In 1824, he was placed on the superannuated list,

*Stevens's History of Methodism, Vol. III., p. 298.

on which he remained till 1827, when he located.

In our former volume we mentioned the name of John Craig, and promised a more extended account of him. He traveled in Kentucky three years, two of which—1807 and 1809—were on the Hartford Circuit, and in 1818, on the Christian Circuit. Subsequent to this period, his labors were chiefly in East Tennessee, where he occupied the most laborious fields until the Conference of 1836, when, unable longer to prosecute the labors of a pastor, he was placed on the superannuated list, where he remained until 1840, when he calmly entered upon his heavenly inheritance. His talents as a preacher were moderate; but, by his earnestness and faithful labors, he was successful in winning souls to Christ.

A reference to the General Minutes shows that the Church in Kentucky had spread over the larger portion of the State, yet in many communities classes had not been organized.

In the spring of 1819, Walter Griffith, at that time in charge of the Limestone Circuit, introduced Methodism into Augusta, a prosperous village on the Ohio River. As early as 1799, John Benton organized a society in Bracken county,* by whom a hewed-log church was erected, about seven miles south of Augusta, near where the Sharon (Presbyterian) Church now stands. It was called "New-

* John Patterson, who was one of the members who formed this class, was converted, under the ministry of Matthew Nelson, in 1810, and still lives in the State of Ohio, awaiting the Master's summons.

land's Meeting-house." Nothing is now left to mark its location except an humble cemetery.

Methodism was not planted in Augusta without opposition. The Rev. H. R. Coleman, now the pastor of the M. E. Church, South, in that place, in a letter to the author, dated February 19, 1869, gives the following interesting account:

"The first Methodist preaching in the place was by Mr. Griffith, in the Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Mr. McCalla was pastor. Mr. Griffith continued to preach there, until one Sunday morning, when he went into the church to fill his regular appointment, and found Mr. McCalla in the pulpit. On approaching the pulpit, Mr. McCalla asked him, 'Have you an appointment here?' To which Mr. Griffith answered, 'Yes.' 'At what hour?' Answer, '11 o'clock.' 'Then,' said, Mr. McCalla, 'I have an appointment here for the same hour, and I intend to fill it.' Whereupon Mr. James Armstrong, of sacred memory, arose and said, 'We will retire to the court-house.' Mr. Griffith then announced to the congregation that he would preach in the court-house, in ten minutes, and all who desired to hear him could retire to that place, and immediately all the congregation, excepting the pastor and four or five persons, left the church and went to the court-house. The next day, Mr. Armstrong gathered the friends together, and removed his warehouse back, and cleared off and commenced the foundation of the present old Methodist Church-building. He bought all the material, hired all the work done, and paid

every dollar that the church cost. They held their prayer and class-meetings in Mr. Armstrong's private house—now the property of Dr. Joshua T. Bradford, his son-in-law.

“It was in that private house that Bishop Kavanaugh preached a trial sermon, and there the sainted old Sister Elizabeth Bradford, James and Sarah Armstrong, and John Patterson and others, used to meet from time to time, and sing and pray, and talk about Jesus, and ‘praise him with a loud voice.’”

It was during the same year, in the month of March, that the first class was organized in Bowling-green. Andrew Monroe, at that time, was in charge of the Fountain Head Circuit, which included Bowling-green. Under the first sermon preached in Bowling-green, by Mr. Monroe, by whom the first class there was formed, a revival of religion commenced. “The society was organized in the bar-room of a hotel, kept by Benjamin Vance, who was a very wicked man; and who, when his wife went up to be prayed for, rang the hotel-bell during the entire service, for the purpose of disturbing the meeting. The persons who composed this class were Knight B. Curd, Mary Curd, Elizabeth Briggs, James T. Briggs, Hester Briggs, Elizabeth McCalister, Karon Donaldson, and Nancy Randall.”*

In a letter written by Mr. Monroe, and published

* Letter to the author from the Rev. T. D. Lewis, of the Louisville Conference.

in the Methodist Magazine,* he thus refers to the revival in Bowling-green:

“In the town of Bowling-green there had not hitherto been a society formed by any religious denomination; but appearances being somewhat promising, we were induced to appoint our second quarterly meeting there.

“Before the time appointed arrived, we had formed a class of sixteen members—some residing in the town and others in the adjoining country. We looked forward to our quarterly meeting with some degree of anxiety, and many fervent prayers ascended to God for his blessing upon that meeting, that it might be sanctified to the good of the inhabitants of the town. The much-desired time at length arrived, and the Lord was with us in power. Though the weather was unfavorable, yet the people waded through mud and water to attend divine service, while the Lord poured water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. The court-house was crowded with serious and attentive hearers. There was a general move on the Sabbath at the sacrament, and at night two were powerfully delivered from the guilt and burden of their sins. As the court was to sit on Monday, we appointed meeting on that day at the house of a friendly widow, and before this meeting closed, seven others professed to find peace to their disconsolate souls. We met again on Tuesday evening, when two others were powerfully set at liberty,

* Vol. IV., p. 69.

and praised a sin-pardoning God. One of the latter was Mrs. Donaldson, the owner of the house in which we were convened. All these, except two, and many others who have embraced religion since that time, have joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. From this meeting the work began to spread. Two young women of Scottsville were converted here, which was the means of a revival in that place, where there has been a good work going on even to the present time. Our preachers at this meeting were Holliday, Cook, Gwin, and Criger. A Presbyterian meeting, at which the sacrament was administered, commenced on the following Friday, and continued until the next Monday, during which two persons professed to obtain religion—a lady and a youth.”

At this meeting, Richard D. Neal, for many years a useful preacher of the gospel, and Colonel Henry Grider, long a prominent and pious member of the Church, were converted to God.

The revival in the Fountain Head Circuit extended to every portion of it. “Four camp-meetings were held, at two of which Bishop McKendree was present, and Bishop George at one. The last camp-meeting was at Fountain Head: Bishop McKendree preached on Sabbath at eleven o’clock. His sermon was one of the great sermons of the age; it was indeed with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. That night the camp-ground was one great altar, and the slain of the Lord was many.”*

* Letter to the author from the Rev. Andrew Monroe, dated February 11, 1868.

During the year about four hundred persons were converted in this single charge. At Pleasant Run, Cooke's, at the camp-meeting near Scottsville, and at Peter's Meeting-house, near Shakertown, "the slain of the Lord were lying in almost every direction—in the altar, in the woods, and in the tents—the groans and cries of the distressed were heard, while all resounded with the shouts of heaven-born souls."

The Mount Sterling and Newport Circuits, and Louisville Station, appear in the Minutes this year for the first time, the last of which was detached from the Jefferson Circuit, and Henry B. Bascom appointed to it, as the first stationed preacher.

Previous to this period, that portion of the State now known as Jackson's Purchase was owned and occupied by the Chickasaw Indians. The following treaty, made on the 19th of October, 1818, and ratified January 7, 1819, between the United States Government and the Indian Chiefs, opened the way for the introduction of the gospel into that interesting division of the State, where we shall hereafter witness the success and triumphs of Christianity in the conversion of hundreds:

"To settle all territorial controversies, and to remove all ground of complaint or dissatisfaction that might arise to interrupt the peace and harmony which have so long and so happily existed between the United States of America and the Chickasaw Nation of Indians, James Monroe, President of the said United States, by Isaac Shelby and Andrew Jackson, of the one part, and the whole Chicka-

saw Nation, by their Chiefs, Headmen, and Warriors, in full Council assembled, of the other part, have agreed on the following Articles, which, when ratified by the President and Senate of the United States of America, shall form a treaty binding on all parties :

“ARTICLE 1. Peace and friendship are hereby firmly established and made perpetual between the United States of America and the Chickasaw Nation of Indians.

“ART. 2. To obtain the object of the foregoing Article, the Chickasaw Nation of Indians cede to the United States of America (with the exception of such reservation as shall be hereafter mentioned) all claim or title which the said Nation has to the land lying north of the south boundary of the State of Tennessee, which is bounded south by the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude, and which lands, hereby ceded, lie within the following boundaries, viz.: Beginning on the Tennessee River, about thirty-five miles, by water, below Colonel George Colbert's Ferry, where the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude strikes the same; thence due west, with said degree of north latitude, to where it cuts the Mississippi River at or near the Chickasaw Bluffs; thence up the said Mississippi River to the mouth of the Ohio; thence up the Ohio River to the mouth of Tennessee River; thence up the Tennessee to the place of beginning.

“ART. 3. In consideration of relinquishment of claim and cession of lands in the preceding Article, and to perpetuate the happiness of the Chickasaw

Nation of Indians, the Commissioners of the United States, before named, agree to allow the said Nation the sum of twenty thousand dollars per annum, for fifteen successive years, to be paid annually; and, as a farther consideration for the objects aforesaid, and at the request of the chiefs of the said Nation, the Commissioners agree to pay Captain John Gordon, of Tennessee, the sum of one thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars, it being a debt due by General William Colbert, of said Nation, to the aforesaid Gordon; and the farther sum of two thousand dollars, due by said Nation of Indians, to Captain David Smith, now of Kentucky, for that sum by him expended, in supplying himself and forty-five soldiers from Tennessee, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, when assisting them (at their request and invitation) in defending their towns against the invasion of the Creek Indians; both which sums (on the application of the said Nation) are to be paid within sixty days after the ratification of this treaty, to the aforesaid Gordon and Smith.

“ART. 4. The Commissioners agree, on the farther and particular application of the chiefs, and for the benefit of the poor and warriors of the said Nation, that a tract of land, containing four miles square, to include a salt lick, or springs, on or near the river Sandy, a branch of the Tennessee River, and within the land hereby ceded, be reserved, and to be laid off in a square or oblong, so as to include the best timber, at the option of their beloved chief, Levi Colbert, and Major James Brown, or either

of them ; who are hereby made agents and trustees for the Nation, to lease the said salt lick, or springs, on the following express conditions, viz.: For the benefit of this reservation, as before recited, the trustees or agents are bound to lease the said reservation to some citizen or citizens of the United States, for a reasonable quantity of salt, to be paid annually to the said Nation, for the use thereof; and that, from and after two years after the ratification of this treaty, no salt, made at the works to be erected on this reservation, shall be sold within the limits of the same for a higher price than one dollar per bushel of fifty pounds' weight; on failure of which the lease shall be forfeited, and the reservation revert to the United States.

“ART. 5. The Commissioners agree that there shall be paid to Oppassantubby, a principal chief of the Chickasaw Nation, within sixty days after the ratification of this treaty, the sum of five hundred dollars, as a full compensation for the reservation of two miles square, on the north side of Tennessee River, secured to him and his heirs by the treaty held with the said Chickasaw Nation, on the twentieth day of September, 1816; and the farther sum of twenty-five dollars to John Lewis, a half-breed, for a saddle lost while in the service of the United States; and, to show the regard the President of the United States has for the said Chickasaw Nation, at the request of the chiefs of the said Nation, the Commissioners agree that the sum of one thousand and eighty-nine dollars shall be paid to Major James Colbert, interpreter, within the period stated

in the first part of this Article, it being the amount of a sum of money taken from his pocket, in the month of June, 1816, at the theater in Baltimore. And the said Commissioners, as a farther regard for said Nation, do agree that the reservations made to George Colbert and Levi Colbert, in the treaty held at the council-house of said Nation, on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1816, the first to Colonel George Colbert, on the north side of Tennessee River, and those to Major Levi Colbert, on the east side of Tombigbee River, shall inure to the sole use of the said Colonel George Colbert and Major Levi Colbert, their heirs and assigns, for ever, with their butts and bounds, as defined by said treaty, and agreeable to the marks and boundaries as laid off and marked by the surveyor of the United States, where that is the case; and where the reservations have not been laid off and marked by the surveyor of the United States, the same shall be so done as soon after the ratification of this treaty as practicable, on the application of the reservees, or their legally-appointed agent under them, and agreeably to the definition in the before-recited treaty. This agreement is made on the following express conditions: that the said land, and those living on it, shall be subject to the laws of the United States, and all legal taxation that may be imposed on the land or citizens of the United States inhabiting the territory where the said land is situate. The Commissioners farther agree, that the reservation secured to John McCleish, on the north side of Tennessee River, by the before-recited

treaty, in consequence of his having been raised in the State of Tennessee, and marrying a white woman, shall inure to the sole use of the said John McCleish, his heirs and assigns, for ever, on the same conditions attached to the lands of Colonel George Colbert and Major Levi Colbert, in this Article.

“ART. 6. The two contracting parties covenant and agree, that the line of the south boundary of the State of Tennessee, as described in the second Article of this treaty, shall be ascertained and marked by Commissioners appointed by the President of the United States; that the marks shall be bold, the trees to be blazed on both sides of the line, and the fore and aft trees marked U. S.; and that the Commissioners shall be attended by two persons, to be designated by the Chickasaw Nation; and the said Nation shall have due and seasonable notice when said operation is to be commenced. It is farther agreed by the Commissioners, that all improvements actually made by individuals of the Chickasaw Nation, which shall be found within the lands ceded by this treaty, that a fair and reasonable compensation shall be paid therefor, to the respective individuals having made or owned the same.

“ART. 7. In consideration of the friendly and conciliatory disposition evinced, during the negotiation of this treaty, by the Chickasaw chiefs and warriors, but more particularly as a manifestation of the friendship and liberality of the President of the United States, the Commissioners agree to give,

on the ratification of this treaty, to Chinnubby, King of the Chickasaw Nation, to Teshuamingo, William McGilvery, Anpassantubby, Samuel Seely, James Brown, Levi Colbert, Ickaryoucuttaha, Geo. Pettygrove, Immartarharmicco, Chickasaw Chiefs, and to Malculm McGee, interpreter to this treaty, each, one hundred and fifty dollars, in cash; and to Maj. William Glover, Col. Geo. Colbert, Hopoyeahaummar, Immauklusharhopoyea, Tushkarhopoye, Hopoyeahaummar, jun., Immauklusharhopoyea, Jas. Colbert, Coweamarthlar, Illachouwarhopoyea, military leaders, one hundred dollars each; and do farther agree, that any annuity heretofore secured to the Chickasaw Nation of Indians, by treaty, to be paid in goods, shall hereafter be paid in cash.

“In testimony whereof, the said Commissioners and undersigned Chiefs and Warriors have set their hands and seals. Done at the Treaty-ground, east of Old Town, this nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

Isaac Shelby,
 Andrew Jackson,
 Levi Colbert, his x mark,
 Samuel Seely, his x mark,
 Chinuubby, King, his x mark,
 Teshuamingo, his x mark,
 William McGilvery, his x mark,
 Arpasheushtubby, his x mark,
 James Brown, his x mark,
 Ickaryoucuttaha, his x mark,
 George Pettygrove, his x mark,
 Immartaharmicco, his x mark,

Maj.-Gen. Wm. Colbert, his x mark,
 Maj. William Glover, his x mark,
 Hopayahaummar, his x mark,
 Immouklusharhopoyea, his x mark,
 Tuskaehopoyea, his x mark,
 Hopoyahaummar, jr., his x mark,
 Immaaklusharhopoyea, his x mark,
 James Colbert,
 Coweamarthlar, his x mark,
 Illackhauwarhopoyea, his x mark,
 Col. George Colbert, his x mark.

“In the presence of

Robert Butler, Adj.-Gen. and Sec.,
 Th. J. Sherburne, Agent for the
 Chickasaw Nation of Indians,
 Malculm McGee, Interpreter, his x
 mark,
 Martin Colbert,
 J. C. Bronaugh, Ass't Insp. Gen.
 S. D.,

Thos. H. Shelby, of Kentucky,
 R. K. Call, Capt. U. S. A.,
 Benjamin Smith, of Kentucky,
 Richard I. Easter, A. D. Q. M.
 Gen.,
 Ms. B. Winchester,
 W. B. Lewis.

[*The foregoing Treaty was ratified on the 7th of January, 1819.*]” *

The stipulations of this treaty were made in Monroe county, Miss., on the banks of the Tombigbee, on the road between Aberdeen and Cotton-gin, about ten miles from the former place. The magnificent oak under whose branches General Jackson and his Staff stood, side by side with Chinnubby and his Chiefs, on that occasion, like those whom it sheltered, is fast fading away; but the results of that interview are found in the beautiful cities, villages, and country-seats, that now dot the territory that was thus wrested from savage hands, and in the school-houses and churches, those bulwarks of liberty, everywhere to be seen.

Notwithstanding the extensive revivals with which some portions of the State were blessed, there was a decrease of *three hundred and fifty-one* in the white membership, but an increase of *one hundred and forty-seven* in the colored, during this year.

* Laws of the United States, Vol. VI., pp. 744-747.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE SESSIONS OF THE OHIO AND TENNESSEE CONFERENCES OF 1819 TO THE SESSION OF THE TENNESSEE CONFERENCE OF 1820.

The Ohio Conference meets at Cincinnati: Bishops McKendree and George present—Nathanael Harris—John R. Keach—Isaac Collard—David D. Dyche—John W. Kinney—Zachariah Connell—Tennessee Conference held in Nashville: Bishops McKendree and George present—The case of Gilbert D. Taylor: the Protest of the minority—Martin Flint—Richard W. Morris—William Peter—Cheslea Cole—William Gunn—Jesse Green—James Witten—Samuel Harwell—Jack Stith—Increase in membership.

THE Ohio Conference met at Cincinnati, August 7, 1819. Bishops McKendree and George were present. Nathanael Harris, John R. Keach, Isaac Collard, David D. Dyche, and John W. Kinney, were admitted on trial, and received appointments in Kentucky.

In our first volume we alluded to Nathanael Harris, as among the early and most useful local preachers in the State. In 1819, he was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference. The city of Lexington was at this time the largest town in the State, and was again set off as a separate station, and Mr. Harris appointed to it, with instructions to

interchange with Henry McDaniel, who was appointed to Georgetown. In 1820, he was returned to the Lexington Circuit, with Samuel Demint and Edward Stevenson. In 1821, he was stationed at Frankfort and Danville, and in 1822 his appointment was the Paris Circuit. At the following Conference he located. We take leave of him for the present, but will meet him again in our next volume.

John R. Keach, though a member of the Conference from 1819 until his death, (which occurred in May, 1826,) was effective only two years. He "was born in March, 1795, and departed this life on the 2d of May, 1826. He had a good English education, and good natural talents. He received license to preach in 1817, and in 1819 commenced traveling on Hinkstone Circuit, under the direction of the Presiding Elder. In the ensuing autumn, he was admitted on trial, and appointed to the same circuit, where he labored with acceptance and usefulness during that year. In 1821, he was appointed to Mount Sterling Circuit, where he soon had the misfortune to break a blood-vessel, and by the loss of blood was brought to the gates of death. At the ensuing Conference, he was elected to Deacon's orders, and received a superannuated relation, in which he continued until his death. In February, 1826, he was seized with a fever and violent pain in the breast, which terminated in his death. During his whole illness, he manifested great patience and resignation. On the morning of his death, he inquired of one of his friends if he thought he could live through the day. His friend said to him, he

thought he could live only a few minutes. He then said, 'My confidence in God is unshaken,' and immediately expired, with a smile upon his countenance."*

Isaac Collard is at present "the oldest man and member of the Kentucky Conference. He was seventy-three years old on the 25th of June last. He was born in New York city, was baptized by Joseph Pillmore, one of the first two missionaries sent by Mr. Wesley to America; joined the Church, August 15, 1810, at the age of sixteen years, in the old John Street, New York, the first Methodist Chapel built in America. He worked, when a boy, at sail-making, in New York, and made sails, awnings, and bottoms for the berths for the first steam-boat that Robert Fulton successfully ran up the Hudson River, before he obtained his patent. He came to Cincinnati in 1811, when it was a town of a few thousand inhabitants, and joined the old Stone Church, now Wesley Chapel, on Fifth street—the only Methodist church then in Cincinnati. Father Collard was licensed to preach in July, 1818, by the Quarterly Conference of the old Stone Church, in Cincinnati—Joseph Crume, Presiding Elder; Alexander Cummings, pastor; joined the Ohio Conference, at Cincinnati, in 1819, and was appointed to the Limestone Circuit."†

In 1820, he traveled the Little Sandy Circuit, and was then successively appointed to the Big Ka-

* General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 510.

† Letter in St. Louis Christian Advocate from the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, dated September 16, 1867.

nawha, Jefferson, Salt River, Mount Sterling, and Newport Circuits, Cynthiana Station, Cynthiana and Jefferson Circuits, Hopkinsville District, Logan Circuit, Augusta District, Minerva Circuit, Carrollton Station, Shelby and Bloomfield Circuits. At the Conference of 1848, he was placed on the superannuated list, on which he still remains.

Preachers generally die young. No other profession of life seems so unfriendly to the constitution, and from none are men called so early away. In an Annual Conference, we see but few whose locks are whitened with the frosts of time. The fearful responsibilities of the sacred office, the midnight watches, the anxious hours spent for those intrusted to his care, his privations and his labors, often bring the minister of Christ to a premature grave. If we inquire for our fellow-laborers—for those who entered the ranks with us—we find them not. Some of them crossed the river in life's early morn, while but few have attained its noon. How gratifying, then, to see Father Collard present at the sessions of the Kentucky Conference! The faithful ox, too old to bear the burden imposed upon him in former years, yet loves to stand beside the cart he has so often drawn; so the worn-out preacher, no longer able to be a leader of the hosts, delights to be present at the Conference-sessions, and whisper words of cheer to those who have entered upon his labors. A patriarch among his brethren, his smile-lit face and words of hope tell us plainly of the joys on which he expects to enter.

David D. Dyche, who was admitted on trial in

1819, traveled successively the Lexington, Guyandotte, Jefferson, Newport, and Hinkstone Circuits. He had charge of the Newport Circuit for two years. At the Conference of 1825, he was placed on the superannuated list, where he remained until 1828, when, with his health restored, he was appointed to the Mount Sterling Station. His last year in Kentucky was spent in Frankfort, to which he was appointed in 1829. At the close of the year, he was transferred to the Ohio Conference. His first appointment in Ohio was to the Lebanon Circuit, his second to the Dayton Station, and his third to the Piqua Circuit.

Mr. Dyche devoted fourteen years of his life to the itinerant ministry, and only retired to a local sphere when no longer able to perform the duties of a traveling preacher. As a preacher, he far exceeded the standard of mediocrity. With a comprehensive mind he surveyed the wide field of Christian theology, and investigated with marked ability the doctrines of Christianity. With no desire to embellish his discourses with ornate language, he often rose to a sublimity of thought and expression that would have done honor to the most gifted orators. During the period of his ministry in Kentucky, he was useful and beloved. At the Conference of 1833, he located, and sustained to the Church a local relation until the 11th of September, 1837, when his happy spirit entered upon eternal life. He died in the triumphs of faith, at his residence, in New Carlisle, Ohio, after a brief illness.

John W. Kinney was appointed this year to

John's Creek Circuit, after which he remained in Kentucky until the autumn of 1824, traveling the Fleming, Licking, Franklin, and Fountain Head Circuits. In 1824, he was transferred to the Ohio Conference, and, after traveling the Nicholas, Marietta, and Letart Falls Circuits, he located. He afterward labored with great efficiency as a local preacher in Texas.

Zachariah Connell for many years was prominent in the Ohio Conference. He became an itinerant in 1818, and continued to travel, without any intermission, until the 13th of December, 1863, when he expired, in full hope of a glorious immortality. The only appointment he filled in Kentucky was the Fleming Circuit, to which he was appointed this year, as the colleague of Samuel Demint, and where he labored with more than ordinary zeal and usefulness. When that portion of Kentucky was separated from the Ohio Conference, he returned to Ohio, and there continued his ministry for nearly half a century. Such a man should be remembered.

The Tennessee Conference for 1819 was held in Nashville, commencing on the 1st day of October. Bishops KcKendree and George were both in attendance.

At no previous session of the Conference had any thing occurred to disturb the harmony of the body. "It will be recollected that the General Conference which met in May, 1812—and at which the Tennessee Conference was erected—adopted a resolution to the effect that 'each Annual Conference should enact its own rules respecting the buying and sell-

ing of slaves'*—every thing on this subject respecting private members having been struck from the statute-book in 1808. In the Tennessee Conference, when organized in November of that year, (1812,) there was found a strong antislavery feeling, and a disposition to bring all under dealings who were in any manner connected with slavery, and especially preachers. This is sufficiently evident from the fact that a local preacher had been expelled, just before the meeting of the Conference, for selling a slave, and that in the case of each applicant for admission into the itinerancy, the record shows that he was carefully 'examined on the subject of slavery,' as well as on 'doctrine and discipline.'

“During the session of the Conference, a rule was enacted, based on the grant of authority by the General Conference before referred to, requiring the preacher in charge of a circuit to bring before the Quarterly Conference any member of the Church who might buy or sell a slave, and if that body was not satisfied that the purchase or sale was made according to '*justice and mercy,*' the offender was to be expelled, but with the rather incongruous right of appeal to the Annual Conference. A Conference held in October, 1815, at which Bishops Asbury and McKendree presided, declared the preceding rule '*unconstitutional,*' and a new rule was enacted, forbidding members to buy or sell for gain, or to sell to those who do buy and sell for gain; but they

* This was properly an amendment of a rule adopted in 1808.

were permitted to buy or sell to keep husbands and wives or parents and children together. Preachers were not to be ordained unless they were willing to emancipate their slaves, if practicable, 'conformably to the laws of the State in which they lived.' The Conference of 1817 repealed all previous rules on the subject of slavery, and enacted one instead, the spirit of which was, that on buying slaves, the buyer was to submit to a decision of his brethren the question as to the length of time such slaves should serve, to remunerate the purchaser for his expenditure; and they were then to be free, if the laws would permit, without any liability on the part of the owner for the maintenance or good behavior of the slaves emancipated, etc. At the Conference of 1818, this rule was also repealed, and the Conference fell back on the law of 1800, '12, and '16, substantially as it now stands, requiring traveling preachers and candidates for office in the Church to emancipate their slaves, where the laws permit, and allow the freedman to enjoy his liberty. The State of Tennessee did not permit the emancipation of slaves, except by special enactment, and in Kentucky such emancipation was so embarrassed by liabilities enforced on the owner, as to amount to a moral prohibition.

"At the Conference of 1819, this subject was brought up fully by the case of Dr. Taylor. The Conference record of this matter is: 'Gilbert D. Taylor, recommended by the Quarterly-meeting Conference of Shoal Circuit, as a traveling preacher on trial, was not admitted, in consequence of his

holding slaves.' It was admitted by the Conference that it was not practicable at that time for him to emancipate his slaves; for, after considerable debate, they authorized the Presiding Elder to employ him, on his giving assurance that he would emancipate his slaves '*when practicable.*' His friends thought the law of the Church did not intend to require what was impracticable, as a condition of admission into the traveling connection, while the other party deemed it important to preserve the antislavery character of the Conference, even though it should require individual sacrifice.

“The full power and zeal of the parties were called out on the occasion, and the antislavery party gained the victory in the contest by a majority of about five. The minority was much disappointed in the result—so much so as to record their protest against the proceeding. Mr. Bascom was in the minority, and was the writer of the Protest. Below we insert the Protest at length:

“‘Be it remembered, that whereas the Tennessee Conference, held in Nashville, October 1, 1819, have taken a course in their decisions relative to the admission of preachers on trial in the traveling connection, and in the election of local preachers to ordination, which goes to fix the *principle*, that no man, even in those States where the law does not admit of emancipation, shall be admitted on trial, or ordained to the office of Deacon or Elder, if it is understood that he is the owner of a slave or slaves: that this *course* is taken, is not to be denied; and it is *avowedly designed* to fix the principle

already mentioned: several cases might be mentioned, but it is deemed unnecessary to instance any except the case of Dr. Gilbert D. Taylor, proposed for admission, and Dudley Hargrave, recommended for ordination. We deprecate the *course* taken, as oppressively severe in itself, and ruinous in its consequences; and we disapprove of the *principle* as contrary to, and in violation of, the order and discipline of our Church. We therefore do most solemnly, and in the fear of God, as members of this Conference, enter our protest against the proceedings of Conference as it relates to the above-mentioned *course* and *principle*.

“Nashville, October 7, 1819. Signed, Thomas L. Douglas, Thomas D. Porter, William McMahan, Benjamin Malone, Ebenezer Hearn, Lewis Garrett, Barnabas McHenry, William Allgood, William C. Stribling, Timothy Carpenter, Thomas Stringfield, Benjamin Edge, Joshua Boucher, William Hart, John Johnson, Henry B. Bascom.’”*

Among those admitted on trial at this Conference were Martin Flint, Richard W. Morris, William Peter, Cheslea Cole, and William Gunn. These were appointed to Kentucky.

Martin Flint was an acceptable and faithful preacher. He was born in Stokes county, North Carolina, in October, 1799. At five years of age he was left an orphan, by the death of his father, soon after which his widowed mother removed to Tennessee. At a camp-meeting, in 1817, he made

* Henkle's Life of Bascom, pp. 114-119.

a profession of religion and joined the Methodist Church.

His appointments were the Christian, Henderson, Salt River, Lexington, and Mount Sterling Circuits, in all of which he made full proof of his ministry. In 1824, his health having failed, he was placed on the superannuated roll, "and early in 1825, he was confined to his bed. His mind was tranquil in the midst of his affliction, and while he perceived his health and strength constantly failing, he was enabled to look beyond the limits of time, and anticipate a vast reward in heaven. On the 25th of March, 1825, he fell asleep in Jesus."*

Richard W. Morris this year traveled the Franklin Circuit—the only charge he filled in Kentucky. He afterward traveled the Nashville, Powell's Valley, and Knoxville Circuits. He located in 1823.

William Peter commenced his labors as an itinerant nearly one year before his name appears on the Minutes. Soon after the session of the Conference of 1818, he was employed by the Presiding Elder to assist Andrew Monroe, on the Fountain Head Circuit. His zeal and devotion to the work to which he was called, rendered him remarkably useful. At the following Conference he was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Barren Circuit. He continued a member of the Kentucky Conference until 1828, when the boundary-line between the Kentucky and Tennessee Conferences was so changed as to embrace in the Tennessee Conference

* General Minutes, Vol. I., p. 505.

the Red River Circuit, on which he had traveled the previous year, and to which he was reappointed.

During his ministry in Kentucky, but few men were more useful than William Peter. He removed to Illinois many years ago, where he died in great peace.

Cheslea Cole traveled in Kentucky two years. His appointments were to the Wayne and Somerset Circuits. He spent the two following years in Tennessee, on the Roaring River and Dover Circuits. He located in 1823.

The Church, at no period of its history in Kentucky, has produced a more laborious and faithful minister of the gospel than William Gunn. He was the son of James Gunn, a useful local preacher of the Methodist E. Church, and was born in Caswell county, N. C., on the 13th of March, 1797. When only a youth he embraced religion, and became an active member of the Church, and at the Conference of 1819, entered the itinerant field. His first appointment was to the Henderson Circuit, after which he successively traveled the Barren, Little Kanawha, Danville, Madison, Salt River, Shelby, Lexington, Shelby, Shippingsport, and Shelby Circuits, Kentucky District, (four years,) Shelby Circuit, Louisville District, (two years,) Lexington District and Shelbyville District, (each four years,) Harrodsburg Station, La Grange, Shelby, and Taylorsville Circuits, (the first two years,) and Lexington District (three years.) In our next volume, we shall meet him in the zenith of his ministry.

The names of Jesse Green, James Witten, and

Samuel Harwell, also appear this year in Kentucky, but neither of them continued long in the State.

Jesse Green labored faithfully and usefully in Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, and died a member of the St. Louis Conference, soon after the session of 1846. His end was joyous. The St. Louis Conference of 1847 adopted the following preamble and resolution :

“WHEREAS, it has pleased our Father in heaven to remove our elder brother, the Rev. Jesse Green, from his labors on earth to his eternal rest, bowing with humility to the divine will, we affectionately record an humble testimony to his inestimable worth, and expression of our deep and sincere sorrow for the loss of him. Brother Green entered the ministry in early life, with qualifications for extraordinary usefulness; and during the whole period of thirty years, to his death, his course in the itinerancy was alike laborious, self-sacrificing, holy, and successful. Therefore,

“*Resolved*, That by his death, we have lost an elder brother whose influence was invaluable among us, an able counselor and faithful guide, and the Church one of the most worthy, honored, and excellent of her ministers.”*

James Witten and Samuel Harwell each traveled one year in Kentucky—the former on the Cumberland, and the latter on the Wayne Circuit.

About this period there appeared in the ministry

* General Minutes M. E. Church, South, p. 108.

an extraordinary man by the name of John Stith, familiarly called Jack Stith, to distinguish him from an uncle of the same name, Dr. John Stith. He was born in Bedford county, Va., January 21, 1790. When only sixteen years of age, he married Lucy Ann Hardaway, and immediately removed to Kentucky, and settled in Hardin county. John Craig at that time was traveling the Hartford Circuit, which embraced within its bounds a portion of Hardin county, and under his ministry Mr. Stith was awakened and converted.

We are not advised of the time he was licensed to preach; but in 1822, on the 24th of October, he was ordained a deacon by Bishop McKendree.

Previous to this date, we find him exercising his gifts as a preacher of the gospel, organizing societies, confirming the Churches, and successfully winning souls to Christ.

In the community in which he resided, and, in fact, wherever he was known, by the probity of his life, by his zeal for Christ, and by his extraordinary intellectual endowments, he exercised an influence for good that could be claimed by but few of his contemporaries. In person, he was of medium height, and remarkably erect. With a pleasant and intelligent countenance, a piercing eye, softened by the benignity of the soul that dwelt within, easy in his manner, and, on all occasions, the Christian gentleman, he was accessible alike to the lowly and the great.

The following extract from a letter to the author from Samuel Haycraft, Esq., an intimate friend of

Mr. Stith, and a prominent member of the Baptist Church, presents him fairly as a preacher :

“As a preacher, he was of the first order, spoke with ease and fluency, never made a strained effort at oratory, yet there was an earnestness in his manner, cogency of reasoning, and freshness of thought, that always drew the profound attention of his audience, and made his sermons to be listened to with breathless attention. He never dealt in anecdotes in his discourses, but mainly depended upon the cross of Christ, and the simplicity of the gospel, and its power in pointing sinners to the Saviour.

“The writer well remembers the remark of Judge Booker, a Presbyterian, who heard him frequently, that ‘*Jack Stith never preached a little sermon.*’ Without any seeming effort, he always made his discourses grand on the economy of redemption. There was an unction about him that made him eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. He urged, with emphasis, that soul and body belonged to Christ the Redeemer, and that the influence of the Spirit should so control the body as to produce a corresponding humility of position ; and when about addressing the throne of grace, he generally remarked, ‘Standing or kneeling, let us pray ;’ and it was a rare thing, on such occasions, to see any person sitting on his seat—always kneeling himself. Although he has gone to his reward, many years since, and time has obliterated much from the writer’s memory of particulars, yet he remembers with gratitude the lasting impressions made upon himself by his pulpit labors, and par-

ticularly the funeral-sermon delivered upon the occasion of the death of two of the writer's children."

Although he never entered the itinerant ranks, yet his zeal for the cause of God led him not only to preach regularly at Hardinsburg, Bardstown, Elizabethtown, and Louisville, but to seek out the destitute sections of the country. He founded the Methodist Church in Elizabethtown, and was the principal instrument in the great revival in Hardinsburg, in 1828, the first with which that place was ever visited. On that occasion he stood side by side with the distinguished Marcus Lindsey, and was regarded as the peer of that great and good man.

From 1820 to 1833, the year of his death, whether in the walks of private life, or in the pulpit proclaiming the Redeemer's love, a sacred halo encircled his life and character, that made him eminent among his brethren. As a flame of fire he passed from place to place—now as an angel of mercy at the bedside of the sick and dying, then kneeling with the meek and lowly at the altar of prayer, or again mingling his tears with the penitent, or his praises with those who had "passed from death unto life."

His last sermon was preached at a camp-meeting on Sinking Creek, on Sunday, at eleven o'clock, a short time before his death. He was afflicted with scrofula, and his health had been declining for several months. The effect of the sermon was very exhausting. In reply to his wife, who expressed

fears in regard to his life, he said, "I would rather fall in the pulpit than anywhere else."

On the 22d of November, 1833, he passed away. "His death was triumphant. He seemed at one time to be gone, and his friends thought his spirit had quit its mortal frame; but in a few moments he revived again, and turning to his Brother Richard, who sat near, remarked, 'Just resuscitated for a little while, my brother.' His oldest son, William, being in the room at that time, came up to the bedside and spoke to him, whom he instantly recognized, and said to him, 'My son, for me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.' These were his last words. In a few moments he fell asleep, to await the final summons."*

We have already referred, in this chapter, to the organization of the Lexington Station. It had twice before—the first time in 1803, and the second time in 1809—been set off from the circuit as a separate charge, but had, after one year, been returned to the circuit. The Bowling-green, Georgetown, and John's Creek Circuits, also appear this year for the first time in the Minutes.

The labors and prayers of the Church were rewarded with the increase of *one thousand six hundred and sixty-six* white, and *three hundred and fifteen* colored members, during this year.

The rapid increase of Methodism in Kentucky, during the decade with which this chapter closes,

* Extract from a letter to the author from his granddaughter, Miss Zoda Stith.

is cause of thanksgiving to God. The four years during the continuance of the war with Great Britain, we marked a steady decrease in our membership; and yet, while the population of the State had increased less than fifty per cent., the Methodist Episcopal Church increased, during the same period, nearly *one hundred* per cent., making a total membership of *fourteen thousand and thirty-five* whites, and *one thousand six hundred and thirty-five* colored.

THE END.

ERRATA.—On p. 10, omit “or the Missouri.” On p. 390, for ‘New Jersey,’ read “New York.”

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