Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
A. H. REDFORD,
in the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of Tennessee.

STEREOTYPED AT THE SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
Parentage and Nativity .................................................. 9

CHAPTER II.
Removal to Kentucky ..................................................... 16

CHAPTER III.
Education ........................................................................... 21

CHAPTER IV.
Religious Influences and Conversion ................................. 27

CHAPTER V.
The same—Continued ......................................................... 31

CHAPTER VI.
Mr. Johnson's Parentage and Nativity ................................. 40

CHAPTER VII.
Mr. Johnson's Education—Removal to Tennessee ............... 44

CHAPTER VIII.
Mr. Johnson's Conversion and Call to Preach ..................... 49

CHAPTER IX.
Mr. Johnson on Hockinghock Circuit, in Ohio .................... 53
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER X.
Mr. Johnson on White Oak Circuit, in Ohio.................. 58

CHAPTER XI.
Mr. Johnson on Big Sandy Circuit.......................... 62

CHAPTER XII.
Mr. Johnson on Natchez Circuit, in Mississippi............ 63

CHAPTER XIII.
Mr. Johnson on Nashville Circuit, in Tennessee.......... 80

CHAPTER XIV.
Mr. Johnson on Livingston Circuit, in Kentucky—Marriage. 89

CHAPTER XV.
Mr. Johnson on Christian Circuit, in Kentucky........... 100

CHAPTER XVI.
Mr. Johnson on Goose Creek Circuit......................... 107

CHAPTER XVII.
The same—continued........................................... 115

CHAPTER XVIII.
Mr. Johnson on Livingston Circuit, in Kentucky......... 122

CHAPTER XIX.
Second Year on the same Circuit............................ 129

CHAPTER XX.
Mr. Johnson Stationed at Nashville, Tennessee........... 140

CHAPTER XXI.
Second Year at Nashville...................................... 149
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XXII.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson on Red River Circuit, in Tennessee</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson at Hopkinsville, Kentucky</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson Stationed at Louisville</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXV.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson Stationed at Maysville</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVI.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson on Red River Circuit, in Tennessee</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVII.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson is Superannuated</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVIII.</td>
<td>The same—continued</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIX.</td>
<td>Mr. Johnson on Green River, or Hopkinsville District</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXX.</td>
<td>The same—continued</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXXI.</td>
<td>Fifteen Years in Mount Vernon, Illinois</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXXII.</td>
<td>The same—continued</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXXIII.</td>
<td>The same—continued</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
My Joseph ................................................................. 274

CHAPTER XXXV.
Nine Years in the Country .............................................. 282

CHAPTER XXXVI.
Mr. Johnson's Last Illness and Death .............................. 291

CHAPTER XXXVII.
Conclusion—Ten Years of Widowhood ................................ 297

APPENDIX—No. I.
Mr. Johnson's Views on Slavery ..................................... 305

APPENDIX—No. II.
Funeral-sermon in Memory of Valentine Cook .................. 312

APPENDIX—No. III.
Mr. Johnson's Exposition of the Church-trials at Louisville. 326

APPENDIX—No. IV.
Letters Referred to in Chapter xxxiv .............................. 341

APPENDIX—No. V.
Letters Referred to in Chapter xxxv .............................. 345
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The substance of the following pages was dictated by my venerated mother, and taken down in short-hand by myself, two or three years ago; and I have waited thus long for time and opportunity to prepare her Recollections for the press. This delay has caused me to forget, or to feel a degree of uncertainty respecting, some minute details which, trusting to a usually faithful memory, I neglected to embody in my notes. Yet I can assure the reader that every statement, in every particular, with three or four possible exceptions—this is the number in regard to which I feel a shade of uncertainty*—is perfectly accurate.

In clothing the statements and the thoughts of my mother with words, I have studied to avoid inappropriate language, and to use no expression which I had reason to fear that she

*Thus, I am not positive that the occurrence related on page 200 took place at Slater's; nor that the details of the old lady, as given on page 132, are exactly as related to me; nor that the incidents of the debate with Vardiman occurred in the exact order stated on page 152.
would disapprove. This I have been more careful to do, because it is impracticable for me now to submit the work to her for examination, before going to press.

Without asking the charity of the reader, I may remind him that the splendor of diction, the breadth of view, and the disregard of minor details, which we expect of the historian, we do not expect in any autobiography, and least of all in the personal recollections of a woman of the olden time.

The funeral-sermon in memory of Valentine Cook, Appendix, No. 2, I had to decipher from an imperfect, defaced, and mutilated copy, which has been exposed to the wear and tear of removals, etc., of the last forty-five years, and looks as if it were not very legible at first; but I thought it worthy of preservation.

The volume is sent forth with an earnest prayer that it may do good. 

Adam C. Johnson.
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE REV. JOHN JOHNSON
AND HIS HOME.

CHAPTER I.
PARENTAGE AND NATIVITY.

What a strange and beautiful light it is that gathers around the morning of life! But especially when we catch its beams from beyond a life of seventy years, and yet more when those have been years of darkness and trial, it seems to acquire the brightness and beauty of heaven itself.

The home of my nativity was a large and tasteful dwelling, but half a mile from Newberry Courthouse, in South Carolina. It has always seemed to me that that home was a pleasant one. The garden was spacious, and looked diversified; but I cannot recollect what it contained. The yard, or court, was covered with sand, as bare and as smooth as a sand-beach; but two or three groups of evergreens relieved its sterile aspect, and afforded an almost
impenetrable shade. The village of Newberry—a dozen or so of elegant mansions—was full in view; and half as many farms, with residences scarcely visible through clustering trees and shrubbery, made up the landscape around it.

Here I was born, on the 22d of October, 1794; and I have heard my mother say, that for three months I was never known to utter a cry, or to exhibit any sign of suffering or distress. Indeed, she had become so much alarmed at my protracted quiet, that she was overcome with joy when she heard the first cry that I uttered. Strange that so long an exemption from tears should begin a life as tearful as ever a daughter of Adam led!

My father's name was Thomas Brooks. He was the youngest of ten children. His brothers were Jesse, Matthew, William, James, Daniel, David, and Joel. I remember Jesse well. He was a Baptist preacher. When I was but a child, he visited us. In holding family worship, he read the third chapter of Galatians; and his white head, his venerable bearing, and his slow and tremulous enunciation, produced an impression upon me that time can never efface. Little did the old man think that his very words on that occasion would be remembered for seventy years! Indeed, we all too seldom reflect how deep and lasting an impression a word or act of ours may make upon the infant mind. David was a Quaker preacher; my father, also, was a member of the same society. His eldest sister, Judy, was married to George Pemberton; the younger, Mary, to a Mr. Thornberry. My grandmother's
maiden name was Elizabeth Warren; my grandfather, Matthew Brooks, a native of Virginia, was born of English parentage, and lived near Richmond.

Of the fate or fortune of the relatives named, I know but little. Jesse removed to Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, on Red River. James, Matthew, and Daniel, lived in South Carolina, and David in North Carolina. William and Joel remained in Virginia. George Pemberton removed to Kentucky with my father. Thornberry lived in East Tennessee, not very far from Crab Orchard. William was a sportsman. My grandparents both died while my father was a boy, and he was bound to a man whose name I have forgotten. When grown nearly to manhood, unable to endure this man's severity, he ran away to South Carolina, and took refuge with his sister Pemberton, making his home there until he was married, in 1775.

My mother's maiden name was Susannah Teague. Her father, Elijah Teague, was captain of a company of what might be called Regulators, who before, and at the beginning of, the Revolution, were employed to hold in check the outlaws that abounded in that part of North Carolina. When the war came on, the desperadoes received such accessions from that wild and profligate class of men which wars always let loose to prey upon the country, that they soon became too strong for the Regulators, and Captain Teague was compelled to fly the country. Truly those were "troubloos times." Those wicked men visited the homes of the old and
defenseless, and plundered them of money and other valuables in open day. In parties of from two to fifty, according to the enterprise they had in hand, they scourred the country, assuming sometimes the guise of the British, sometimes that of the American forces; and taking, by force or by fraud, by theft or by violence, whatever was of value and could be carried away. Old hates and jealousies that had lain concealed and festering long for lack of opportunity to get revenge, now burst forth without restraint; and the torch and the rifle-ball, arson, and robbery, and assassination, from week to week, rehearsed the tale of glutted vengeance. So numerous were these marauding parties that no sex, age, rank, or station was safe. "Danger encircled every dwelling, and death lurked in every path." The number of those who were willing to be known as avowedly hostile to the lawless clans, diminished as the danger increased, and those who had been marked as such, were forced to flee for safety to the cities, the mountains, or the adjacent States.

Captain Teague left his home and family, as before stated, and fled to South Carolina. In a short time his family followed him. So also did his savage enemies. Skulking stealthily about in the vicinity, they waited for an opportunity when he was helpless, and waited not long. One day, when none of his family were at home but his wife, eight villainous-looking fellows came upon him as he sat at his fireside, and without stopping to ask or to answer questions, seized him, and conveyed him, by force, to the lawn in front of the house. He was a pow-
erful man, but his strength was vain against such odds. Perfectly heedless of the tears, and entreaties, and frantic shrieks of the poor woman, they fastened a rope about his neck, swung him to a tree, and completed their bloody and dastardly work by sending half a dozen balls through his body before life was extinct. But the feud did not end here. My grandmother had recognized the murderers; she had three sons, and some other relatives; and these soon united, prepared themselves, and set out in pursuit. And such was their desperate determination that, though months were required to complete their terrible task, not one of the heartless band, except one Ned Mitchusson, escaped their deadly rifles.

The sons of Elijah Teague were Joshua, Elijah, and Samuel. Joshua and Elijah lived and died in South Carolina—Samuel removed to Ohio. Elijah Teague's daughters were Lurania, Isabella, Susannah, and Charity. Lurania was married to William Somers, or Summers; Isabella, to Benjamin Simpson; Susannah, to Thomas Brooks; and Charity, to John Belton. Simpson went to Alabama; the rest, I think, remained in South Carolina. My Grandmother Teague's maiden name was Ailsey Davis.

Two things must have impressed the reader's mind, as they have my own: the size of the families in those days of simplicity, and the extent to which they drew upon the Bible for the names of their children. Two-thirds of all the persons that I have mentioned, were honored with names derived
from Holy Writ. It is also remarkable that not one of them had a double name, and not one was named for a distinguished person of modern times.

My parents were married, as before stated, about the year 1775; and it is well known to readers of our national history that the South was not visited by troops in very large numbers till some time in the year 1778. From the battle at Sullivan's Island, in 1776, till the capture of Savannah, in 1778, the heavier tramp of open warfare was scarcely heard in South Carolina. But during this period the people experienced that fearful uncertainty of life and property which is so little in the eyes of the historian, and so vast in its effect upon the popular heart.

On one occasion a band of pretended soldiers came to my father's, in quest, as they said, of arms and ammunition. Not satisfied with the assurance that there was nothing of the kind on the premises, they searched in every place where it was possible or impossible for a gun or a pound of powder to be concealed; and, as my mother expressed it, "turned every thing in the house upside down." And though they found no guns or ammunition, they found some things which seemed to satisfy them as well; for one went off with a coat under his arm, another a blanket, a third a pair of pants, a fourth a couple of bacon-hams, while the tips of mother's new spoons were visible in the pocket of another. This was but the beginning of such troubles: horses, provisions, stock of all kinds, were taken and driven away; and many a time was the loaded musket lev-
eled at my father's breast, while he momently expected to be hurried into eternity. So frequent were such depredations, that it was with extreme difficulty that he managed to sustain his little family through the war.
CHAPTER II.
REMOVAL TO KENTUCKY.

In 1796, my father determined to remove to Kentucky, and settle near his Brother Jesse, on Red River. His family was now large, and he wished to locate where his children could find homes around him when they chose. He had four sons and four daughters; and, like the rest, he gave but one name to each: Tabitha, Thomas, Elijah, Jesse, David, Mary, Elizabeth, Susannah. The second child was called Mary, but died in infancy, and the same name was given to the next daughter. Another was born in Kentucky, and named Rebecca. My father detested a nickname, but he had shortened names for us all: Bitha, Tommy, Lijah, Davy, Polly, Betsey, Suky, Becky.

My mother never crossed my father in any of his purposes; but her heart clung most fondly to her South Carolina home. She thought that her children, when arrived at maturity, might seek homes in new countries; and for the sake of keeping the family together, she consented to remove. Yet she could never talk about it without tears. She wept incessantly while packing up and preparing for the journey. Father was pained, but hoped that time
would bring resignation and cheerfulness. As we started, she sobbed convulsively. At every stream, and at every hill, she burst forth afresh into weeping, exclaiming, "There is one more hill, or one more stream, between me and my lovely home!" Often she would say, when father was not present, "I would willingly see every thing we possess on earth in flames, if that would take us back to our old home!"

Still onward we pursued our way. Our neighbor, James Wadlington, was in company; and most of the time right merrily did his boys and ours travel along. Right merrily did they caper around when the day was past, when the teams were munching their food, and the blazing camp-fires began to illuminate the woods.

A little accident afforded us a great scare at the time, and a great deal of sport afterward: Wadlington's wagon was upset, and it really seemed that the boys would lose their wits. William—afterward General—jerked off his hat and threw it up to an astonishing height, wishing that he was dead, and using other frantic exclamations. Thus went we gaily on; but still her grief pressed like a mountain of darkness on my mother's heart.

On reaching our destination, father proceeded at once to plant a crop; and with various labors the summer slowly wore away. Mother grew feeble and pale. By nature tall and slender, she became more frail and slender still; and her mind began to show too plainly that her distress was greater than
she could bear. Father at length agreed to return to Carolina as soon as he could gather and dispose of his crop; and this he accordingly did. It was barely in time; for weeks elapsed after our return, and she was still tottering on the verge of the grave.

But, as time passed on, she regained her strength. Her mother died; a brother removed to Ohio, and a sister to Alabama. My eldest sister had been married to Jesse Pemberton, son of George, before mentioned; and he and his father both were desirous to emigrate to the West. Five years had severed many a tender tie, and many a fond association only lived in memory now; so mother agreed to a second removal, and early in the spring of 1801, we made the journey.

I was then in my seventh year. The morning of our departure was bright, serene, and beautiful. O how brightly the sun shone, and how joyously the whole world glittered, seventy years ago! We were all delighted with the prospect of novelty and adventure; and the fact that mother looked pleased, and often smiled upon us, excited us to transports, and to frequent bursts of uncontrollable hilarity.

We stopped a week or two at the Crab Orchard, at Uncle Thornberry’s, to rest and recruit our teams; and while there, they told us a circumstance that had just occurred in that vicinity. It had been raining for a day or two, and the ground was saturated with water. On one of the spurs of the mountains the road was cut down by rains and constant use to such an extent that a bank of twenty feet was left on one side, while the hill sloped grad-
ually away on the other. Some movers were coming along, and a little girl of the party had stepped aside to pluck a flower or a piece of shining ore, which she saw a few steps from the roadside. This delayed her, and she fell behind. All at once the company were appalled by a sudden crash, and on looking back they saw that a portion of the bank had fallen, and completely obstructed the road. The little girl was missed at the same instant, and of course it was supposed that she must have been buried under the falling bank. Search was made, and their fears were confirmed; it was even so. The parents were frantic, and the rest of the company so excited that it was some time before any thing rational could be done; but one of the young men seized a hoe, and another a spade, and right manfully did they begin the work of digging out the buried child. Presently they heard her voice; it was faint and husky, but it served to guide them in their operations, and to encourage more vigorous exertions. Every tool in the train that could be used in digging, was brought into requisition, while the mother and the other children used their hands in throwing out the stones, and even in clawing desperately in the dirt. In about two hours she was restored to her mother's arms, absolutely unhurt! When the crash came, she was looking up into a large, hollow tree, of which about one-third had been burnt away by the camp-fires of emigrants; and she stood, as it were, in a huge, natural Franklin-stove, which completely sheltered her from the falling mass.
Again we were on our way, and steadily pursued our course till, in due time, we arrived at Eddy Grove, a part of what is now Caldwell county, Ky. Here father bought some four hundred acres of land, and located for life. He seemed to feel that he was in a wild, unpolished country; quietly submitted to the influence, resigned his ambition, and laid aside his pride. He erected a double cabin of logs—two large rooms, with an open passage between—and in this house he resided till death.
CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

Our first school in the Eddy Grove was taught by Brother Elijah in an old corn-crib. The crib was of logs, about twelve by sixteen feet in size; and it had been improved by having another log or two sawed out to enlarge the door, having the cracks "chinked and pointed," and having a spacious wooden chimney, with a fire-place about ten feet long, built at one end. Here Elijah agreed to teach three months; and every child was to bring him a dollar in silver on the last day of the school. There were two seats, each running the whole length of the room, and both being formed of a log split open, the flat side being hewn or trimmed to something like a smooth surface, and the round side having rough pegs stuck in for legs. Of course they were without backs, except that they were placed against the wall. There were two or three stools also, constructed in the same style. A large hewn slab, about two feet wide by six in length, supported on huge pegs about two feet and a half in length, served as general writing-desk for all.

This school, like, in fact, all that I ever attended, was what they denominated "loud." And
loud it undoubtedly was. Every scholar studied at the very top of his voice, each one seeming intent to excel his neighbor; and the result was, a noise "as of many waters" that might at times be heard at the distance of half a mile. But I soon became accustomed to the confusion, and progressed so rapidly as to learn the alphabet, to spell pretty well, and to read a little in the Testament, before the close of the session.

I went a while to a school taught by an Irishman named Hugh McClellan; and from the photographs I have seen of General George B., I should suppose they must have been of the same stock. He was as rough and passionate, however, as a man could be. If a large boy showed the least impertinence, he would knock him down with his fist in an instant. Yet he was very kind when not enraged, especially to the little girls. He was quite kind to me. I heard him tell father, "Sucky minds as well as any girl in school;" so I exerted myself to please him, and was so fortunate as to succeed. He had a parcel of types, and would frequently amuse us by showing us samples of his printing. At the close of his school, he presented each of his pupils with a pamphlet of some dozen pages, of his own printing, entitled the "Eddy Grove Songster." Like all the Irish teachers—and most of those in early days were Irish—he pretended to be very learned; and would frequently astonish us by the fluency with which he quoted Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. I suppose his quotations were in the native Irish tongue; but, as far as we were concerned, they answered
his purpose fully as well as if they had been genuine.

An old man named Taylor taught for us a while, but was not very highly esteemed. He was a good, mild, kind-hearted man; and his pupils did very much as they pleased. I never heard of his being aroused but once. There was a very bad boy in the school, of the name of Ford. He had brought to school with him what all boys will at once know by the name of “a squirt-gun;” that is, a joint of elder bored out, a pierced plug made fast in one end of it, and a miniature piston working tightly in the “barrel.” There was a hole behind the house—what is familiarly called a “clay-hole”—where dirt had been procured to daub the chimney; and whenever Ford could get out, he would slip to the “clay-hole,” and spend some time in squirting the water about. At length he discovered a little hole in the wall, where some of the daubing had fallen out; and on peeping through this hole, he saw that Father Taylor had his head within six inches of the wall. To conceive the project of squirting some water into the old man’s ear, and to start for the hole, required not a moment; and hurrying back, he discharged the entire contents of his “gun” exactly, as he said, “where he wanted it.” Ford, being a little excited, threw the water with great suddenness and force; the old man leaped from his seat, and shouted, “Heavens and earth! What was that? Who did that? I’ll catch the scoundrel, so I will!” So out he dashed, and away went Ford; and the whole school followed, laughing and yelling as if they
were crazy. But the race was short, for Ford was soon out of sight, and the old man returned; but he certainly lacked his usual good humor for the remainder of the day. It is unnecessary to add that Ford came back to school no more.

My fourth and last session, making in all twelve months, was a school taught by John Ford—not a relative of the miscreant just referred to. He was far superior to any teacher that had taught in the Grove. His education was good, and he was a man of fine appearance—neat and gentlemanly. His school was very large; for by this time quite a neat and spacious school-house had been built, albeit it was made of logs, and the settlement had become comparatively strong in numbers. This, I suppose, was in the year 1809, as I was nearly grown. Here I completed my education by learning to write. For a girl to study arithmetic, grammar, or geography, was a thing we never thought of. The two latter studies were scarcely known even among the boys. The New Testament was the only reading-book for schools that I had ever heard of; and I studied the same spelling-book that had served all the family before me, so well were books of that day bound, or so well taken care of. It was, I scarcely need say, Dilworth's; it was bound in calf, and recovered with buckskin, and is still preserved in the library of my son, Dr. T. B. Johnson, of Kentucky.

Singing-schools had now become pretty common. I attended one regularly, which was taught by a Mr. Hall, about the year 1812. He opened the ex-
ercises by singing and prayer; and so truly devotional was he, that he often exclaimed, "I wish no one to sing these words who cannot truly sing them from the heart." Sometimes he got quite happy; and more than once we had "the shout of a king in the camp." I remember no peculiarity in his mode of teaching, except that he wrote all the music that was used in the school. Every scholar had a little blank-book, and in this the favorite hymns and music were written by the teacher.

Most of my education was obtained at home. Here I learned to card and spin both cotton and wool, and to weave in all the fashions of the day. I could lay out my patterns with various-colored threads upon a stick, and calculate how many cuts of each color I should want for a piece of cloth. I learned to make shirting, sheeting, cotton for dresses, counterpanes, table-cloths, jean, linsey, and every other fabric that was used in the country; and as for knitting, I could do that in the dark as well as in daylight, and even when in full trot from place to place. I knew all about milking, and making butter and cheese; washing, ironing, and bleaching; and in short, was skilled in all the labors that pertained to early life in the West.

Our family lived in unusual harmony. Father was quick and excitable, though all his words and actions bespoke the Quaker; and a more tender and compassionate father I never saw. He was a couple of inches over six feet tall; and he was perfectly erect, and his step firm and elastic, till he was more than eighty years of age. Mother was less excita-
ble—her emotions were deep, strong, and abiding. She held the reins over us with a steady hand, and yet—I know not why—we feared our father more. So happily our time passed on, that I was wont to cheer my labors with one ceaseless song. I kept time with streams of milk when milking, with every cast of the shuttle in weaving, with every stroke of the "dash" in churning, with every turn of the wheel in spinning; every thing I did was "set to music;" every thing began and ended with a song.
CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES AND CONVERSION.

In my earliest recollection, the Methodists were few and despised. The Baptists had meeting in our neighborhood once a month; and, as mother was a Baptist, we attended these meetings quite regularly. We went to only the camp-meetings of the Methodists. William McKendree was Presiding Elder when we came to Kentucky, but I do not think he held any camp-meeting in our vicinity—in fact, I do not know that we so much as saw him. John Page was Presiding Elder, and Thomas Wilkerson and Jesse Walker circuit-preachers, at the first camp-meetings that we attended—1802, 1803.

It was during their ministry that those celebrated revivals occurred, which were accompanied by such a singular species of excitement. This was familiarly known among us as "the jerks." I saw women, who were held by two or more strong men, throw themselves back and forward with such violence, that they threw the combs out of their hair, and then their loosened locks would crack nearly as loud as a common carriage-whip. I saw one old lady spring from her seat, and pass a dozen times across the house in every direction, by a succession of leaps of from two
to six feet; and, to my astonishment, she never failed to light squarely and firmly upon a bench! This was the more remarkable, as the seats were like those in the school-house before described, simply split logs, somewhat smoothed upon the flat side, and averaging about seven inches in width. Another old lady of our acquaintance, who had heard of these strange exercises, but had not witnessed them, was fully convinced that it was "all put on;" but went to the meeting on purpose more fully to satisfy herself. She sat for some time looking about, wondering who would be the first "to pop up and take one of them there tantrums." All at once, as she afterward told us, she felt something like a bullet rise up in her throat, with a taste as sweet as honey. She fell helpless to the ground, and was for a long time unable to breathe. Then she began to laugh; and she declared that her laughter was perfectly uncontrollable, and she found it impossible to stop; though she was seriously afraid it would take her life. When the paroxysm passed off, she seemed to feel exceedingly happy; and she expressed herself as entertaining views differing materially from those with which she came.

Our next Presiding Elder was Lewis Garrett, and circuit-preachers Jesse Walker and Joshua Barnes, in 1804, 1805. They held one camp-meeting about two miles from us, at what was called the Head Spring. It was a time of "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Garrett was then a middle-aged man, perhaps less than thirty-five years of age, of fine personal appearance. He dressed, of course,
in the primitive Methodist style; but his clothes were of the best materials, and "without spot or blemish." He was a man of great dignity of carriage, though not large, and was a very impressive and efficient preacher. His congregation "came up" slowly; but when they did become aroused, they were stirred up from the profoundest depths, and their emotions were still more slow to subside. He had lost a front tooth; and he had a peculiar habit, especially when excited, of partially opening his mouth, inspiring with great force, and thus producing a whistling sound so loud as to be heard to a considerable distance.

McKendree was our Presiding Elder in 1806, 1807—Wm. Houston being circuit-preacher in the former and David Young in the latter year. I may here state, that we did not often attend the meetings of the circuit-preachers, partly because it was inconvenient, partly because we did not esteem them very highly, and partly because our regular place of worship was the Baptist meetings. It may also be added, that the preachers of that denomination—Baptist—were generally men of so little ability that they made no great figure in the world; and at this time I remember nothing worthy of note in connection with their meetings. We went to church, saw the people, saluted old friends, the preacher said what he wished to say, and we came home.

As was our custom, we attended the Methodist camp-meeting, which was within three miles of us; but attended only on Sabbath. McKendree was prompt to a minute, and walked up into the stand
soon after we arrived. He was a large, raw-boned man, apparently built for strength and power of endurance; and had clear-blue eyes set under very high eyebrows, dark hair, and fair complexion. His cheek-bones were high as an Indian's; his brow actually jutted out over his eye, especially toward the temple; and his mouth and eyes expressed a determination and a severity that was painful to behold. Yet there was an expression of intellect and of lofty purpose that riveted the eye upon him.

Standing for a few minutes after he entered the pulpit, he said, in an abrupt and peremptory manner that startled us all, "Pull your hats off, and sit down!" My father had his on, as usual. The elder observed him, and pointing him out, said, in a tone so loud as to approach the vociferous, "Pull your hat off!" Father mildly replied, "I intend no disrespect for thee, friend, nor for any one; but I wear my hat because it is the principle and practice of the Society to which I belong." "Well," retorted McKendree, with something of a sneer, "we must bear the infirmities of the weak." Father was deeply wounded. He arose and said, "I wear my hat in the presence of God Almighty, and I sha'n't take it off to such a creature as thee." And he walked away, while the tears ran rapidly down his face.

I think the elder could not have been in a very pleasant humor on that occasion; and the congregation manifested more or less of the same uncompromising spirit. My cousin, Miriam Brown, sister to Judge Tom C. Brown, of Illinois, a young lady of splendid personal appearance, and, of course, a
fair share of pride, came sweeping down the aisle with an air, and a face withal, that would not have misbecome a queen, and paused a moment to look about for a seat. The preacher was just rising to begin the services; and he ordered her, in a very loud and imperious tone, to sit down. She turned upon him a look of indescribable archness, and replied, "So I will, sir, if you will please to bring me a seat." McKendree, I scarcely need say, was not generally a revivalist, and there was not a great deal of excitement at this meeting, at least whilst we were present.

James Ward succeeded to the charge of the district including our section of the country, in 1808, and Miles Harper in 1809. Of Ward I remember little; but we knew more of Harper. He differed in many respects from McKendree. He was a large and somewhat corpulent man, with round, full, and ruddy face, a fine, large, and pleasant eye, and a voice which, when he was excited, really seemed to shake heaven and earth. He was a most effective speaker, carrying his hearers along with the resistless sweep of the hurricane.

Learner Blackman, who followed him, 1810-11, was a man of still another type; and the circuit-preacher, Peter Cartwright, was equally unlike them all. Blackman was tall, rather slender, but erect, gentlemanly, dignified, grave, and impressive; Cartwright was short, thick, heavy-set, with a large head and short neck, coarse and rough in his manners, and any thing else but grave. Blackman was a man whom everybody loved—no word but love will express
the feelings with which all regarded him; Cartwright was admired by some, hated by some, feared by others, and loved by none. Blackman was apparently always the same; but Cartwright, after preaching with power, and praying as few other men could—for he was unsurpassed in prayer—would have a dozen or twenty persons, frequently some of them the roughest in the congregation, all indulging in uproarious laughter at his jests, before he was ten feet from the pulpit. He had an indescribable "te-he-he" in laughing, which was expressive of infinite merriment, and irresistibly contagious.

My first recollection of Cartwright is connected with a public exhibition at the close of a school which he attended. He performed a part in a dialogue, in the course of which something was to be read; and he acted well the part of an old man as he slowly drew out his huge leathern spectacles and adjusted them upon his nose. From this time, which must have been 1802 or 1803, I lost sight of him until he came on as our preacher, though we knew his relatives well—at least as well as was desirable. It adds to his praise that he was of such humble origin. His father, old Justinian Cartwright, was quite a poor man, and not so much a bad as a good-for-nothing kind of man. Mrs. Cartwright had been a widow Wilcox, and had two sons—Edmund, who became a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and John, who after a life of the most lawless wickedness, fraud, theft, perjury, and murder, atoned for his crimes upon the scaffold—stained in soul, as many believe, with the blood of
his own son. I believe the rest of the brothers and sisters kept "the noiseless tenor of their way" "along the cool, sequestered vale of life," except Cartwright's Sister Polly. She "took up" with a man named Pentecost, led a life of dissipation and debauchery, and died respected or lamented by nobody. Old Mrs. Cartwright was a woman of fierce and ungovernable passions, subjugating husband, children, and all others in her power, in most relentless style. The last time I remember seeing her, she was in what in her corresponded with a pleasant humor in other people; and still her aspect was such that I was really afraid of her.
CHAPTER V.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

I think my first religious impressions were received under the preaching of Miles Harper, about the year 1809. I exerted myself, as young people usually do, to stifle them, and banish them from my mind. I had heard something of Universalism, and the more I felt myself in danger of hell, the harder I strove to doubt its existence. So deeply were these things impressed upon me, that I had a terrible dream. I seemed to stand upon a large platform of logs, and on looking down from its side, I beheld a boundless sea of fire. Gazing intently, I could distinguish the points of the wavering flames, and ever and anon an arm and clenched fist extruded above the surface, with here and there a head and face peering out for a moment, and sinking back with terrific groan. I looked up, and saw William Ford, a neighbor of ours, and a devoutly pious man, and asked him what this was. He answered, "It is hell!" I hastened from the spot, and found my way to father's orchard, and knelt down upon a large white limestone rock, partially shaded by an apple-tree. Here I began to pray, and presently mother, and a very pious neighbor—Rachel Osborne—seemed to stand at my
null
side. I was about to tell them my trouble, when my agony became so intense that I awoke. I immediately resolved that I would escape the horrors of the second death, if escape was possible.

Presently I fell asleep again, and a strange form seemed to stand before me, and to announce, in slow and measured tones, "Three years from this time you must die!" and it vanished. I awoke in great alarm, but soon afterward went to sleep again, when the same vision was repeated. This was done the third time in less than two hours; and I could not help regarding it as a warning divinely sent. Well did I note the day, and often did I count the months and weeks that I had yet to live. It was the 6th day of September, 1810; and I felt as sure that I should die on the 6th day of September, 1813, as ever did a criminal condemned to death.

It may well be supposed that these things had a depressing effect upon my usually light and buoyant spirits; and in truth, I soon became sensible of a loss of strength, and an unusual pallor began to steal over my face. I heard father ask mother the question, "What ails Suky?" more than once, with a voice expressive of much solicitude.

The great object now was to prepare to meet my fate. I attended preaching as often as I could, which was only once or twice a month, and devoted every opportunity to reading the New Testament—all the book I had in the world, and all I desired. O how eagerly I listened to every word that the minister uttered, and how devotedly I applied myself to treasure up and to understand the words of Holy
Writ! Still the way of salvation seemed a mystery, and still I walked in utter darkness. A hundred times a day I sent up the petition of the convicted publican; and every day, as nearly at a certain hour as I could, I repaired to the foot of a little plum-tree, which stood in a low and retired nook in the orchard, and there, with many a sob of heart-felt penitence, I poured out my soul before the Lord. I think he often blessed me, for often there came a peaceful serenity over my soul that made me love the spot; and so regularly did I visit the sacred resort, that I beat across the orchard a path that remained for many a day.

One day I had been out to pray, and my sky was overcast and gloomy. I hardly knew what religion really was, and I almost despaired of obtaining the blessing. Thoughtful and dejected, I was returning to the house; but just as I reached the gate, and was about to enter the yard, this thought struck me with wonderful force: "Jesus died for sinners, and he died for me!" In a moment my gloom was gone, and my mind and heart were filled with the thought, "He died for me!" In my joy I turned and ran all the way back to the hallowed tree, as if God were there, to give free vent to my joyous feelings. Here I spent some time in praising God. I then started home, resolved to tell mother, if not the whole family; but the devil whispered, "Be sure you're not mistaken, before you tell too much." So I put off saying any thing about it for the present.

I liked the Methodists, probably because I was
convicted under their ministry; and I borrowed a Discipline, and carefully studied their rules. My judgment and my heart approved them. John Travis, the preacher in charge, a holy and zealous man, held a meeting near us about twelve months after my first setting out to seek salvation; and before closing the meeting, he opened the doors of the Church. I felt a desire to join, but the devil told me it was all a foolish notion. Something seemed to say, "Quench not the Spirit;" and I felt as if the Spirit would leave me for ever if I resisted his strivings now. My parents were present, and I resolved to ask them. I went to father; he sat with his hat on, of course, and torrents of tears welling from his eyes. After a little hesitation, I said, "Father, I feel a desire to join the Church: I am not excited, but I wish to save my soul: I would not join without knowing if you have any objection." He answered, "Do as thee pleases, Susy." I then started to ask mother, who sat near; but she anticipated the request by saying, "Go, my child, with all my heart, go on!" This was in the autumn of 1811.

Solemn reflections now filled my mind. The youngest but one of nine children, a member of the Church, and not one brother or sister a professor of religion! Ah, how circumspectly I must live to avoid dishonoring my profession and the Church, and to keep from being led away by so many adverse influences!

Doubts, however, still haunted me until the following spring, when James Axley preached at a
preaching-place not far from old Mr. Cartwright's. As I went, a young man rode up and asked for my company. "No," said I; "I wish for no company: I wish to pray all the way;" and so I did. Axley preached on the "cloud of witnesses." How it comforted my heart to hear him describe, as hardly any other man could, the different modes in which conversion is witnessed to the soul! I became satisfied with regard to my own conversion—so fully so, that though nearly sixty years have elapsed, I never doubted again.

Of Axley I may say a few words, expecting to say more hereafter. He was rather a young man at this time, but exceedingly grave in his demeanor. He was large, rather tall, slightly inclined to a rotund appearance, quite handsome; and every word and gesture was slow, and replete with dignity. He usually began his sermons with natural strokes, which were generally mistaken for humor, and seldom failed to excite his hearers to laughter. But before he had spoken long, his deep, sonorous voice became exceedingly impressive; and the weeping was as universal and as irresistible as the laughter had been at first.

My younger sister, Rebecca, persecuted me very much. The Methodists were few in number, and very generally despised. I loved to attend class-meeting; but there was none near enough for me to go alone, and I could hardly ask any of my unconverted brothers or sisters to go with me. Rebecca would sneeringly say, "I would not go to class-meeting; nobody will be there but Page's girls and
Fanny White." But Brother David was very kind; and when my sister attacked me, he would say, "Becky, don't talk so; I'll go with you, Suky, if you want to go." Father, too, would sometimes go with me. When the time for class-meeting was at hand, if he observed me dejected and sad, he would say, "Suky, does thee want to go?" Then I knew the way was clear, and O how light my heart felt! At length, Quaker as he was, he would sometimes rise just before the meeting was closed, and state his feelings, etc., like the rest.

Thus I struggled on, and for about three years my sky was almost perfectly cloudless. The three years, at the end of which I expected to die, passed away; the 6th of September came, and it brought one of the most terrific storms I ever saw; but I felt prepared for death, and was as happy as a mortal could be from morning till night. In fact, it was almost a disappointment, when the day was gone, that my—long-cherished, shall I say?—expectations had not been realized.
CHAPTER VI.

MR. JOHNSON'S PARENTAGE AND NATIVITY.

I must now give some account of my husband, his parentage, education, and experiences, before his and mine became one common lot.

Benjamin Johnson was the son of an Englishman who came to Maryland from Staffordshire, at an early day. It is possible his family was related to that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, of the same county—I know nothing about it. Benjamin Johnson settled in Hanover county, Va., and there resided till his death. He left two sons and two daughters. Of one son and one daughter I can give no account. The other daughter married a Wheeler; the other son was named John, and he was the father of my husband. This John Johnson married Hannah Medlock, by whom he had three children—Molly, William, and Benjamin. Of these, Molly was married to Cosby Foster, William to Betsey Golden, and Benjamin died in youth. The mother of these children died while they were yet small, and Mr. Johnson married a widow, Betsey Tyler. This lady's first husband was named John Tyler—great-uncle, I believe, to the Vice-president; and she was also the mother of three children—Nancy, Polly, and

By this second marriage, John Johnson, Sr., had four children—Lewis, James, Betsey, and John. Lewis married a widow lady, Franky Winn, who was the mother of two children: Polly, who married a Ward; and Cozey, who married a Tinsley; and both of whom lived and died in the South. James married Clarissa Maxey, and Betsey married Rev. Richard Moore, who lived for many years at Paris, Tenn.

John Foster, my husband’s maternal grandfather, was also a Virginian, and married a Scotch lady by the name of Graves. Their children were John, William, Edmund, James, Anthony, Sabry, Fanny, and Betsey. The elder John Foster’s brothers were wealthy; they removed to North Carolina, and from one of them Ephraim II. Foster, of Tennessee, was descended. John Foster himself, and most of his children, died in Virginia. He lived to the age of eighty-nine. His youngest daughter, Betsey, was married to John Tyler, as above stated, and afterward to John Johnson.

Indulge me, before I close this chapter, in a hasty notice of my husband’s brothers and sisters, and of my own.

Lewis Johnson and James removed to Illinois in 1816–17. Lewis brought up nine children, three sons and six daughters, and died in Jefferson county, in 1856, at the age of eighty-one. James had fifteen children, some of whom died in youth,
seven sons and eight daughters, and died in Jefferson county, in 1860, aged eighty-two. Betsey Moore had one son, who died in youth; and she died at Paris, Tenn., in 1855, aged seventy-five. My sister, Tabitha Pemberton, had four children, three sons and a daughter, and died at Fredonia, Ky., aged forty-eight. Thomas married Franky Bond, had eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, and died near St. Joseph, Mo., aged eighty-four. Elijah married Elizabeth Young, also had eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, and died in what is now Lyon county, Ky., aged sixty. Jesse married Celia Johnson, had four sons, who died in childhood; and he died in Lyon county, Ky., in 1826, aged about forty-five. Polly married James Mercer, had three children, two sons and a daughter, and died at Fredonia, Ky., in 1850, aged sixty. Elizabeth married Thomas Gordon, had eight children, five sons and three daughters, and still lives in Missouri, aged seventy-six. David and Rebecca were never married. Rebecca died at Fredonia, in 1852, aged fifty-one; and David still lives there, at the age of eighty-two.

Here again occurs the remarkable fact that among the thirty-six persons named in this chapter, not one, except Ephraim H. Foster, possessed a "double" name. The grandchildren of my father and John Johnson, Sr., amount to about eighty souls. It is also worthy of note, that most of them lived to an advanced age. I will also add that a large proportion were tall in person, James Johnson being six feet and three inches, and my own four brothers
ranging from six feet one inch to six feet seven inches.

My husband was born in Louisa county, Va., forty miles from Richmond, on the 7th day of January, 1783.
CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOHNSON'S EDUCATION—REMOVAL TO TENNESSEE.

John Johnson, Sr., was the owner of a small farm, raised an abundance for his family, and was surrounded by the comforts and conveniences of life. But he died on the 1st day of March, just seven weeks after his youngest son, John, was born. The entire management of three sets of children, ten in all, and of the farm, now devolved upon the widow. The elder children being grown, they soon married, and the farm was sold in order to allow them their respective shares of the estate. Mrs. Johnson was thus left with diminished resources, and was under the necessity of renting land; and in that section no land was for rent but such as was of inferior quality. In spite of the most strenuous exertions and the most rigid economy, her means slipped rapidly away, and John, even in his childhood, became acquainted with poverty and destitution.

The elder children had been sent to school, and had learned to read and write; but long before John was old enough to attend school, his mother was so straitened, even to live, that she could neither
spare a child from labor, nor pay for his tuition. In fact, he never was the owner of a hat or a coat, a pair of pants, boots, or shoes, till he was more than ten years old. A long, coarse shirt was the only garment he ever wore, in winter or in summer. With nothing about his body but this, he labored assiduously about the cabin and little patch of ground. Often in winter, when the snow was frozen so as to bear his weight, he would go out to hunt for rabbits, which was more a necessity than a diversion; and as he ran, his naked feet would rip up from the ice with a noise that might be heard for many yards. When he could bear the cold no longer, he would mount a fence, rub his feet for a minute, and dash away again.

Mrs. Johnson hired out her two older boys—for the two elder sets of children were all married now—and rented a miserable cabin and a few acres of ground upon a hillside, which was so poor and so steep that the owner did not care to cultivate it; and here she lived with her little girl and boy, in utter poverty. Louisa county was so well stocked with slaves, that her boys could earn only a trifle, and she had scarcely resources sufficient to have raised a support from the most exuberant soil. She had hoes and baskets, but no other agricultural implements or conveniences whatever. She and her children made hills with the hoes, to plant their corn in the spring; they tended it altogether with hoes, and in the fall they gathered the crop in baskets. Corn-bread of the plainest quality, and water, with sometimes a few beans, peas, or pota-
toes, and about once a month a small bit of meat, formed the diet upon which they subsisted.

John, though naturally vigorous, became at length, by the combined influence of exposure and destitution, extremely slender and frail, and was so bowed, as he walked feebly around with his hands crossed behind him, that he got the nickname of "Old Jimmy Anthony," from his real or fancied resemblance to an old man who lived in the vicinity. But the older boys began to approach manhood, and they were so sober and industrious that they readily obtained situations as overseers, at pretty good salaries. Lewis at length married the Widow Winn, who had some little property—very little—and resolved to remove to Tennessee, as most of his half-brothers and sisters had already done. James had laid up enough, by a couple of years of strict economy, to buy a half-grown yoke of oxen and a cart; and with these facilities, they were not long getting ready to move. This was, I think, in the autumn of 1803.

A journey of six hundred miles was no small undertaking for persons of such limited means. They could drive their team for only a part of the day, as they were obliged to let them graze and rest for the remainder. Especially at the mountains was it difficult for them to proceed, and indeed they almost failed entirely to make the steep ascent. But after eight weeks of slow and toilsome travel, they reached Sumner county, Tenn., and located about four miles from Gallatin, on land belonging to old Squire Douglas.
Here they soon began to be a little more comfortably situated. But it was not long till James and Betsey married, and John and his mother were left alone. John rapidly improved in strength, however, and by a little help from his friends, was making a support.

He now resolved to learn to read, as he was of lawful age; but his mother's sight had failed so much she could render him no assistance. Conscious of his ignorance and poverty, he was ashamed, or at least unwilling, to call upon his neighbors for aid. But Mr. Douglas had an old negro man, who lived in a cabin near by, and this negro knew the alphabet, but could go no farther. To him John applied for help. He resorted to his cabin night after night, and with no other light than that of the fire, they pored over an old piece of a spelling-book which the negro owned, till the alphabet was completely mastered.

There was still a wide gap between this and being able to read; but he had learned several hymns "by heart" from hearing them sung; so he would have some one show him a hymn that he knew, in a piece of an old hymn-book—all that he had—and he would sometimes sit up till midnight trying to decipher the words and learn to spell, with no light but that of a fire. Yet he progressed so well that in two or three months he could "make out" any hymn in his book by going over it two or three times, and in six months he could read in the New Testament so as to be understood tolerably well.

For learning to write he had two copies. Each
one was a song-ballad, written by some of his friends. These ballads he copied, or tried to copy, time after time, and until they were absolutely worn into shreds. By continued cultivation he improved the start thus obtained, till he wrote a pretty good plain hand.
CHAPTER VIII.

MR. JOHNSON'S CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH.

Mrs. Johnson was a deeply pious woman. In better days she had been a member of the Presbyterian Church; but as this Church then, as now, possessed something of an aristocratic taint, she did not venture to claim her membership after she began to know "the woes of want." After the death of her husband, she kept up family worship regularly, till her sight failed so that she was no longer able to read. Her children, for many years, were noted for their blameless morals, and their correct behavior. But when Lewis and James began to hire out, and especially after they began to follow overseeing, they became in a great degree wild and reckless. And when James returned home to live with his mother, John, too, was led far away into evil practices. I may mention, as showing at once their industry and strength to labor, and their eagerness in the pursuit of pleasure, that James and John would sometimes cut and split five hundred rails in a day, and then walk four miles to dance all night.

But after a time a series of prayer-meetings were held in the neighborhood, and John attended. It was not long before he was struck down under pow-
erful conviction. He was for several days incessantly engaged in meditation and prayer, and in making earnest inquiries after the way of life. He spent a week or more in this state of fear and anguish; and then, at one of those prayer-meetings, in the same little school-house, he was powerfully converted. His shouts—for he had a voice like a lion—made the old cabin literally quake; and as he began to exhort, the pious raised a long and general shout, and every sinner present trembled.

He could hardly wait till morning to go to his Brother Lewis's, and tell him the good news. The way of salvation appeared to him so plain, he thought he could make it equally clear to anybody else; and he was so astonished at its simplicity that he could hardly think or speak on any other theme. Daylight found him on his way to Lewis's. When he arrived, he began to talk about religion; and Lewis, who had felt pungent conviction, but concealed it, soon began to weep and pray in earnest. John sang, and prayed, and talked by turns, till Lewis's wife began to weep, and pray, and cry aloud for mercy. This little prayer-meeting was kept up until about noon, when Lewis, and soon afterward his wife, received the blessing.

When they all met at the prayer-meeting the ensuing night, John thought it would be a good thing, before meeting began, to tell what the Lord had done for them during the day. But his feelings, and those of all present, rose as he proceeded: and before he had finished the story, one shout after another was raised, and one sinner after another came
to the altar for prayer. Thus, as he expressed it, "they didn't get to open the meeting at all." He, however, exhorted, and sung, and prayed; the meeting went gloriously on; and from that time forward, by common consent, he became the leader of the meetings.

He soon became convinced that it was his duty to preach. But he was just beginning to learn to read; and to read a chapter of Holy Writ without having studied it, was more than he could do. Yet he announced that he would hold meetings at such and such places in adjoining neighborhoods, trusting that the Lord would assist his weakness. Though compelled to labor by day, he would study his chapter and hymn by fire-light of nights, and zealously apply himself to perform his work in the best manner of which he was capable. An old acquaintance said, "It was absolutely painful to hear him trying to read, but he talked so earnestly, we loved to hear him talk."

John had not once thought of wanting any license to exhort, or even to preach, except the license that he already had from on high. But when told by the preacher in charge, the afterward widely known Jacob Young, that he was acting irregularly, he assented with tears; and without waiting to be asked, the Quarterly Conference gave him a license to exhort. In this capacity he continued to exercise his gifts and graces in his own and the adjoining neighborhoods for about six months, when the Presiding Elder, Jacob Young, appointed him as junior preacher on the circuit. He was immediately
licensed to preach. And now, to cut himself loose entirely from the world, he handed over to his brother-in-law, John Badget, for the support of his mother, all the little he had of this world's goods, except a horse, saddle, and bridle, and gave himself up fully to the work. He also wrote and assumed a "Vow of Consecration," exceedingly severe and solemn in its injunctions, though I believe he never faltered in their strict and sacred observance.

The reader will bear in mind that circuits in those days were rather larger than districts usually are at present, and one day in four weeks was about as much time as the preacher could spend in any vicinity. Hence, those prayer-meetings were conducted by the laity; and hence Mr. Johnson had almost, as the phrase is, "got under full headway" before he encountered the preacher in charge.

It was in August, 1807, that he was converted; and at Jacob Young's first appointment following, in that vicinity, he and his mother, Lewis and Franky, and a considerable number besides, were received into the Church.
CHAPTER IX.

MR. JOHNSON ON HOCKHOCKING CIRCUIT, IN OHIO.

In October, 1808, Mr. Johnson attended his first Conference. The old Western Conference held its session at Liberty Hill, Cumberland county, Tenn., and Bishop Asbury presided. Mr. Johnson was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Hockhocking Circuit, in Ohio. John Sale was his Presiding Elder, and Benjamin Sale his co-laborer in the work.

He made a brief visit to his mother and friends, and hastened to his new field of labor. It was a long and somewhat perilous journey for a solitary traveler on horseback, from Middle Tennessee across the State of Kentucky, nearly to Central Ohio. The journey was so long, the task of assuming the responsibility of a charge appeared so great, a vague apprehension that the labors of a poor young man from Tennessee would effect nothing in a country so far away, and among people so different from those he had known before, pressed so heavily upon him, and he was so straitened for means to defray his expenses, that it required all his indomitable resolution to make the start. Yet he delayed not a day nor an hour beyond his appointed time,
and no mortal then knew that he felt any misgivings about it.

Patiently, prayerfully, thoughtfully he traveled on; never stopping at noon, because he was not able to bear the expense; and frequently compelled to start very early, and ride very hard, to reach the houses of brethren to whom he had been directed, as he could only afford to pay a hotel-bill in case of great emergency. On more occasions than one he failed to reach a lodging-place before he was overtaken by the darkness of night. In a strange land, with roads but dimly marked, he had no resort, fatigued and hungry as he was, but to hobble his horse, throw down his saddle-blanket for a bed, take his saddle or saddle-bags for a pillow, commend his soul to God, and lie down in the dark and lonely woods to sleep.

He crossed the Ohio at Cincinnati, which he said seemed to be a little town of some trade, as several flat-boats lay near the landing; the old horse ferry-boat crossed the river many times in the course of the day, and there were a great many wagons from the country passing up and down the street. The houses, too, somewhat scattering, made the town look as if, in some places, it reached almost out to the bluffs. Here he took the road to Chillicothe, passed that village, and arrived at his destination without accident. He found his circuit to be one which promised little else but toil. I think there were circuits on the east including Marietta and Zanesville; on the south, including Gallipolis, and on the west, including Chillicothe; whilst to the
north and north-west his bounds were, as he expressed it, "as far out as he could find anybody." The settlements were widely scattered, and the roads were generally nothing but trails, suited far better for the pedestrian than for any other traveler.

One dark and misty evening in April, as he was trying to wind his way along one of these trails, he lost his way, and the darkness of an exceedingly dark night overtook him. Hoping that the instinct of his horse might extricate him from his perplexing condition, he urged the faithful animal along. Ever and anon the scream of a panther or a wild-cat startled him, or the wolf's long howl chimed in to make the dismal night more dismal still. Suddenly his horse stopped, and stubbornly refused to proceed. Mr. Johnson, satisfied that his course was toward a settlement, gave him a sharp blow with his switch, when the horse "gathered himself up," and made a desperate leap; for he had stopped on the brink of a ravine about fifteen feet across. His fore-feet caught on the opposite bank, but the bank gave way, and horse and rider fell back some twelve feet into the ravine below.

Mr. Johnson was soon on his feet, and by groping around in the dark, succeeded in recovering his hat and saddle-bags; but his horse was gone, and it was too dark to see him, even when he was seated on his back. If he was perplexed before, he was now dismayed. Presently he heard him snort at a little distance; and after two or three times falling headlong into the little stream that ran down the ravine, and falling twice as often on the steep bank and
the slippery stones, he regained the level, groped along through the bushes, found his horse, and in a few minutes was in the saddle; but wet, cold, hungry, weary, and confused.

He said to himself, "Well, where am I?" The response came to him, as of an audible voice,

"I'm marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high!"

He began and sang this triumphant old hymn entirely through, when his heart became so filled with "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," that he made the gloomy old forest reverberate with shouts of "Glory to God!" To his surprise, he heard a voice. He listened, and distinctly heard the words, "Who's that?" He answered, "A poor traveler, who has lost his way." A few steps now brought him in sight of a large camp-fire, of which, if not so happy, he might have seen the light before; and in a few minutes he was warming and drying himself before the fire, surrounded by a rough but sympathizing band of hunters. It will readily be supposed that the hunger of himself and horse was soon satisfied.

He now began to relate his adventure; but his feelings grew warm, his soul became happy, and he closed with an earnest exhortation and joyful exclamations of praise. He then sang one of those wild and stirring melodies known only to the West, knelt down, and poured forth the thanks, the praises, and the ardent longings of a pious heart. More than one of the hunters were struck with pun-
gent conviction; and the unlooked-for encounter was converted into a prayer-meeting, which lasted till long after midnight, and resulted in the conversion of three precious souls. One of these afterward became a local preacher in the Methodist Church. Of course he was furnished with a guide next morning, who readily put him again on his way.

Of his particular labors and hardships on this work little account now remains, except the record written on high. He usually preached about thirty-five times a month, and his preaching-places were from ten to forty miles apart; and hence, in making a round, he had to ride about four hundred miles. He read as he rode along—read while his congregation was coming in—read as he waited for his meals, and read to a late hour every night, though he had to read by the light of a fire, or the unusual luxury of a pine-knot stuck in a crack of the jamb.
CHAPTER X.

MR. JOHNSON ON WHITE OAK CIRCUIT, IN OHIO.

The next session of the Western Conference was held at Cincinnati, Bishop Asbury presiding; and Mr. Johnson was sent to White Oak Circuit, in Ohio. This was about as much a wilderness as his charge the preceding year. It included nearly all the country lying upon the waters of White Oak Creek, in what is now Brown county, embracing all of this, and parts of adjoining counties.

One incident may serve to illustrate at once his zeal, and the difficulties under which both minister and members labored. It was in October, I think, that he entered upon his work. At one appointment—a rude hut in the woods called a meeting-house—by some mistake his intention to preach had not been duly announced. He started before day, and rode about twenty-five miles to reach the place. He waited till after the hour, and nobody came. At last, as he was about to despair of having a congregation, and depart, he saw a woman coming, carrying a child in her arms—or rather, as the custom was, when a child was two or three years old, upon her hip, with its feet astride. She came in and sat down. He looked at her; she seemed weary and
A B C D E F
G H I J K L
M N O P Q R
S T U V W X
Y Z
sad. He thought of preaching; but no one else came, and his solitary auditor was evidently poor, as her dress, though clean, was faded and worn. She looked downcast and disappointed, as if she divined at once that there would be no service.

At length he said to himself, "I came here to preach, and by the help of God I'll do it!" He did. His soul grew happy; the poor woman's heart rejoiced, and she shouted the praises of God aloud; and as he used to say, "There was one universal shout all over the congregation." He bade her good-bye, with a word of exhortation; and as she went away, trudging along the path by which she came, he could hear her every few steps, in a low voice, but one full of emotion, say, "Glory!" The next time he came around, the little cabin was filled to overflowing; and on expressing his surprise at the fact, after sermon, he found that the woman had given a glowing account of the previous meeting, which had drawn out the whole settlement. And he was still more surprised when told that the woman, at his first appointment, had walked and carried her child ten miles on that occasion, as her husband persecuted her, and would not allow her to ride his horse to meeting. What a sad disappointment would that have been had Mr. Johnson failed to preach!

But the effect of this sermon to a single hearer stopped not here. When she returned home, her husband growled out, "Well, what kind of a —— fool did you have to preach out yonder to-day?" She mildly answered, "He was a strange-looking man, but I never heard a man talk like he did in my life."
His curiosity was a little excited, and he asked, "Why, what did he look like?" "He was a stout sort of a man, with very dark face, and his hair was very black, and about half a yard long. I was afraid to look at him, he looked so solemn." "The d—l!" grunted he; "and what did he talk like?" "Well, I don't know: he talked just like heaven and earth were coming together!" The man, whose name I believe was Baker, did not deign to make any remarks, but wondered in himself what kind of a man and what kind of talking that could be. In a few days he found that the curiosity to hear the new preacher was common; and before the next preaching-day came round, he had made up his mind to "turn out with all the rest of the —— fools."

To the utter astonishment of Mrs. Baker, her husband told her to ride to meeting; he was going "to see and hear the old cuss," but he would walk. So he was one of the crowd that filled the little cabin when Mr. Johnson came on the second time. He was deeply convicted, but concealed his emotions till he got away from the crowd. He then frankly told his wife that she was right, and he was wrong. She knew not what to say to this, and said nothing. He walked on about a mile in silence, and then said, "Wife, there's something the matter with me!" She answered kindly, "What do you think it is, Mr. Baker?" "Dogged if I know; but I'm sick—heart-sick." "Get up and ride," said she, "and I'll walk." "No," said he; and he walked more rapidly and uneasily along. No more was said about it; and Mrs. Baker thought the
“sick brash” had passed off. But after supper, he went out to feed his horse, and was gone rather long: she went to the door as it grew dark, and was greatly alarmed to hear cries and groans of distress at the stable. She flew to the spot, and there was the hardened persecutor upon his knees, pleading in deepest agony for mercy. The “sick brash” had not passed off! She shouted a while, and then prayed a while, then tried to instruct him in the way of salvation; and after a terrible struggle of two or three hours, he was enabled to embrace Christ as his Saviour, and raised a shout that made the hills around ring again. The devout but somewhat exaggerating wife declared that “he raised a shout that was enough to wake the dead.”

From this event there sprang up a glorious revival of religion; and Methodism was planted on so firm a basis here, that it has always since been the ruling faith in all that section of country. Baker’s house became a preaching-place, a class was organized there, Baker was appointed leader, and faithfully and zealously did he act up to his profession down to the day of his death. So it may be safe to say, that that sermon to but one hearer was productive of more fruit than any other twenty sermons that Mr. Johnson preached during his ministry on this circuit.
CHAPTER XI.

MR. JOHNSON ON BIG SANDY CIRCUIT.

At the session of the Western Conference, held at New Chapel, Shelby county, Kentucky, November, 1810, Mr. Johnson was ordained a deacon by Bishop Asbury, and appointed to Sandy River, or Big Sandy Circuit. This circuit embraced a very rugged country on both sides of the Big Sandy, and I think it included most of what are now Greenup, Carter, Lawrence, and Johnson counties, in Kentucky; and Wayne county, in Virginia. And as his preaching-places were separated by the Big Sandy and many smaller streams, he had to ferry or swim, or else cross at deep fords, one stream or another, seventeen times in every round upon the circuit, or about every other day. The streams were generally pretty deep, too, and ferries not very abundant; so he had to swim about two hundred times in the course of the year.

His expenses were small, as it was very necessary they should be, being chiefly confined to the journey required to attend Conference and reach his work. His clothing was homespun, of the cheapest and most substantial kind; and he wore it just as long as it would at all answer the purpose. Jean
or linsey in winter, or tow in summer, was his accustomed garb. I copy the following from his Memorandum-book for 1810–11: “Expenses for the years 1810–11:—Ferriage Kentucky River, 12½ cents; entertainment, 37½ cents; entertainment, 50 cents.” These seem to have been the only instances in which pay was exacted of him for ferriage or lodging.

And the contributions from the circuit were certainly in proportion to his expenses rather than to his labors, as the following memorandum will show: “Received on Sandy River Circuit:—First quarter, $4 25; second quarter, $6 87½; third quarter, $19 60, ($86 in trade, $13 60 in money;) last quarter, $23 62½. The whole amount, $54 35—$43 in money, the rest trade or clothing.” This, however, shows a great and progressive improvement from the first quarter to the last.

By this time Mr. Johnson had become a good reader, had corrected most of his harsh and ungrammatical phrases, and had stored his mind with a great many passages from Young, Blair, Pope, and Cowper, which he quoted with fine effect. He had a little volume of “Select Poems,” and had committed to memory nearly all of Young’s “Day of Judgment,” Blair’s “Grave,” and Pope’s “Essay on Man.” His proficiency in his regular course of studies, also, was a matter of general remark. Besides all this, he was so devotedly pious, and so full of zeal, that his preaching was “in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.”

Toward the close of his labors on this circuit, he procured the services of a young licentiate for two
or three weeks, and went over into Virginia to attend a camp-meeting held perhaps not far from Barboursville. He thought it would be a means of improvement to hear the educated preachers of the Old Dominion, and he hoped to have his spiritual strength renewed: he might assist in the labors at the altar, if need be; but he had little expectation that he would be called upon to preach. It never once occurred to him, however, that there was anything peculiar about his dress, or that that would influence his reception there. He wore a full suit of the coarsest quality of tow; and this, by a dozen wettings in the rain, and twice as many in the Big Sandy and its tributaries, had been brought to a dingy hue which it is easier to imagine than to name. He wore a broad-brimmed white wool hat, which he had worn every day since his conversion in 1807—four years. His shoes were just such as the people of Virginia usually bought for their negroes; his pants were pinned over perfectly tight at the ankles; and his hair, parted in the middle, hung down loose and long around his shoulders. His very dark complexion, and his long, jet-black hair, were in striking contrast with the dingy white of his dress.

Some inquisitive person about the camp where he lodged, had managed to find out his vocation, and it was soon noised around that the strange-looking man was a preacher. The ministers were very much perplexed when they heard it; for it would not do to slight a brother, nor would it by any means do to put him up to preach. They, however, agreed to
send one of their number to wait on him with an apology. He came to Mr. Johnson and said, "My friend, I understand that you are a Methodist preacher." "I am, and a poor one at that," was the response. "Well, the people of this vicinity are proud and aristocratic," our apologist proceeded; "and we are afraid that if we have you to preach for us, they will take offense on account of your dress and appearance, and harm may in some way be the result. Be assured that it grieves us to manifest even the appearance of disrespect for one of our brethren. We entreat you, therefore, to take no offense at our not inviting you to preach." "I shall take no offense, brother," Mr. Johnson meekly replied; "I came not to preach, but in some humble way to do and to get good. Go on with your meeting, and suffer no uneasiness on my account."

They did "go on with their meeting." Sabbath came, and wore away; and still all was cold, formal, and lifeless. Not a shout nor a groan had been heard—except now and then a half-audible groan from Mr. Johnson a little distance in rear of the stand—not a mourner answered to the calls and entreaties of the minister. Monday morning came. The crowd mostly dispersed, and all was bustle and activity on the part of the camp-holders, packing up their goods, and hastening to get away. The preachers had a little unfinished business to attend to, and they thought that, as it could now do no harm, Mr. Johnson might preach at 11 o'clock, while they completed their business; and they retired to the most distant camp on the ground, that
they might escape the mortification of witnessing his effort. It was bad enough for such a man to preach, and too bad for them to have both to hear the sermon and to see how the people treated a strange brother.

At the appointed hour the horn sounded, and Mr. Johnson came solemnly and slowly along to the pulpit. He had spent an hour in the grove in prayer, and came with a broken, an humbled, and an overflowing heart. There were sitting listlessly under the vast "shed," a woman, three men, and three or four boys. Not disheartened, but strong in faith, he began the song,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy;"

and his stentorian voice made the forest ring. He sang with such spirit and power that many paused a moment to listen; and one after another joined the little assembly. He read, sang, and prayed; and there was something in his prayer which silenced in a great measure the confusion that had reigned around, and threw a deep solemnity over the place.

By the time the preachers had concluded their business, Mr. Johnson was more than half through his subject, and his feelings and his voice were fast rising to the highest pitch. His voice became distinctly audible even to the ministers, and they began to listen and to catch his words. Finding he was not "murdering the king's English," as they had feared he would, they ventured to step outside their tent; and, behold, the bustle of preparation to leave
had ceased, and every soul on the camp-ground was gathered into the congregation! Mr. Johnson was dwelling upon the consolations of religion. Soon an old sister raised a shout of joy. The effect was electric. It added a large drop to many a brimming cup; and more than twenty voices joined the shout at once. Our fugitive preachers crept stealthily to the “shed,” glided almost involuntarily down the aisle to seats in the altar, where they sat with heads thrown back and streaming eyes, one excitable fellow among them ever and anon laughing out, “Oh, ho-ho-ho-ho, glory!”

Mr. Johnson now turned to the contrast, the terrible doom of the wicked; and in a few minutes groans and screams were everywhere mingled with the praises, till the uproar would have drowned almost any other human voice but his. He now gave the usual invitation to mourners, and descended from the stand. The ministers rushed forward to meet him, implored his pardon, embraced him convulsively, and burst forth into shouts a little louder if possible than the rest. The altar was crowded by about forty mourners; and it was nearly five o’clock in the evening when the congregation “broke up.”

The campers unpacked their goods; those who had left returned; the meeting was resumed; it continued for two weeks, and resulted in the conversion of more than two hundred souls. So much more power has the man of warm emotions than the mere scholar, over the human heart.
CHAPTER XII.

MR. JOHNSON ON NATCHEZ CIRCUIT, IN MISSISSIPPI.

The ensuing session of the Western Conference was held at Cincinnati, commencing on the first day of October, 1811, Bishop Asbury presiding. By this Conference—they certainly supposed Mr. Johnson was both able and willing "to endure hardness as a good soldier"—he was sent to Natchez, in Mississippi, distant from Sandy River, by the most direct route that could then be found, not less than twelve hundred miles! Samuel Lewis was his yoke-fellow, and Samuel Dunwody his Presiding Elder. Of this journey he left only the following brief memorandum:

"Conference sat October 1 day, rose 10 day. Sat out for Natchez 11, reached home October 23. Left them again November the 6, lodged in Nashville that night. The next day reached Franklin, and—next day to Simms's on Duck River, and staid till Monday morning. Then crossed Duck, and came to Solders's. Tuesday, crossed the line, and got to Shaw's, [Shawnee's,] and there slept for the first time in an Indian's bed. Next day, rode 32 miles, and crossed Tennessee between 2 and 3 o'clock, which is about half across—['the wilderness.']"
Lodged at Colbert's; he's said to be a good Indian, but was not at home. Thence to Good Spring; thence to ——; there we slept in the big bed—[out-of-doors.] Friday we passed the old town —[strange.] Friday night, lodged at Allen's; Saturday night, reached the line; Sunday night, the Irish; Monday, Norton's; Tuesday, Osborn's; Wednesday, about 4 o'clock, reached the Territory."

"The line," last named, I suppose to be the southern line of the Indian lands; and by "the Territory," he evidently means the more populous part of the Territory; he had been several days in Mississippi, but in a very sparsely settled country.

He seems, upon entering "The Indian Nation," as it was called, to have supplied himself with a list of words to be used upon the road, as occasion might require; for I find in the same memorandum-book the following:

**INDIAN LANGUAGE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Indian</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The sun</td>
<td>husheshea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A cow</td>
<td>wauka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>beshook-eche</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn</td>
<td>toushe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meat</td>
<td>nippy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef</td>
<td>wauka-nippy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A hog</td>
<td>shookhah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>ockunecak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>au-ky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deer</td>
<td>asey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fodder</td>
<td>tawkeshe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pumpkin</td>
<td>woosto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>okah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leather</td>
<td>wauka-nekeh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>ehookpea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Road</td>
<td>henow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knife</td>
<td>boshipew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fork</td>
<td>polocktoo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire</td>
<td>luoch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oven</td>
<td>apoluskah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco</td>
<td>ehemock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pipe</td>
<td>shooty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse</td>
<td>suboy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A man</td>
<td>nockoney</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following letter he wrote his friends in Tennessee soon after his arrival on his circuit:
"William Foster's, Near Natchez, Nov. 28, 1811.

"Dear Mother, Brothers, and Sisters:—I must write to you collectively, as I cannot individually. It is with pleasure I inform you that I enjoy health of body, and in some degree quietude of mind; and that we had a safe and somewhat comfortable journey to this place. We came through with post haste, occupying only nine days and seven hours in coming through the nations. Came forty miles or upward each day. Our horses performed the journey well. We reached the Territory on Wednesday, the 20th instant. I find it is easy to speak of, but very tedious and tiresome to make a journey of five hundred miles. The road is far better than I expected to find it. The friendly clouds poured down one heavy shower of rain upon us in the wilderness, and but one. The Indians are very kind and friendly; sold us corn at $1 to $1.50 per bushel. I think the Indians are far better than some of the whites who are among them.

"Here we are in the Territory! What is here I cannot tell you now, but I expect to know more hereafter. I have yet seen but little. O may I see the cause of God advancing, the devil's kingdom falling, the powers of hell shaking, sinners trembling, the kingdom of God coming, and over all prevailing! I suppose you will say 'Amen!' I do hope you will join me in prayer for the prosperity of Zion! Let us prostrate ourselves before the throne of grace, and cry out with David, (in the eightieth Psalm,) 'Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel! thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that
dwel lest between the cherubims, shine forth! stir
up thy strength, and come and save us!

"I would give you a sketch of affairs in this place,
but you may expect a very imperfect one.

"Natchez, Washington, Selser's Town, etc., have
a very ancient appearance. I suppose it has been
a hundred years since they were settled by the
French. In the beginning of the last century this
section was taken from them by the Natchez Indians,
and from them one of the towns derived its name.
It has been bartered and fought for by the Indians,
Spaniards, French, English, and Americans, for
many years; and at the present day there are many
different sorts of people here. Here are the aged,
stooping over eternity's dread brink, just ready to
make the awful plunge; here the middle-aged
with all their cares, schemes, and difficulties; here
the young and gay, with all their mirth and levity;
here children, training up for the devil, rising into
life, and posting into eternity, pursuing the foot-
steps of their parents down to hell! Here are the
rich, the noble, and the great; the polite, the phi-
losopher, the chemist, the critic; the wise, the igno-
rant; the scheming politician, and the simple peas-
ant. Here is the miser, lank and gaunt,

Who meanly steals (discreditable theft!)
From back, and belly, too, their proper cheer,
Pressed with a tax it irks the wretch to pay
To his own carcass.

He counts over his treasure, and fixes his heart more
unchangeably upon the world:
O cursed love of gold! when for thy sake
A fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

Here is the petty tyrant, whose scanty dominions
geography never noticed, (and well for adjacent
lands that his arm is so short,) but who fixes his iron
talons on the poor, and grieves them like some lordly
beast of prey; deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing
hunger, and the piteous, plaintive voice of misery,
with heavy hand he drives on the overloaded slave,
whose galled shoulders smart beneath the heavy
burden of oppression. O that they may look up-
ward while they stoop under their load, and secure
an inheritance where tyrants vex not, and the weary
rest! Here is a little few, whose trust is in the
Lord, and whose treasure is in heaven; who stand
like solid rocks against the swelling waves and pelt-
ing storms of persecution, temptation, and oppo-
sition; and, like wrestling Jacobs, prevailing Israels,
conquering Joshuas, seem determined to conquer
their enemies, and possess the heavenly land.

"O, my friends, how it cheers my soul when, with
the eye of faith, I look up and see heaven's bright
plains, the shining robes, and the glittering crowns
that await the faithful in those celestial regions of
eternal day! I am ready to say,

O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?

O, my dearly beloved! shall I meet you there, where
parting and sorrow shall be no more, and all tears shall be wiped from our eyes? It grieved me to part with you here in time—let me not part with you in eternity!

“This was one cause of my grief when we parted, to think that I had been so unguarded while I was with you—that I did not use more diligence and take more pains to help you all on in the way to heaven. I have felt convicted for these things, and cannot complain if the Lord should never suffer me to see your faces again, seeing our opportunity was so little improved, and of so little profit. May the Lord pardon our neglect, and help us to be more faithful! Let me now exhort you, though far from you—though hills and mountains, rivers and valleys lie between us—I say, let me exhort you at this distance, in the name of God and for the sake of Jesus Christ, give up your hearts to God your maker! Think ever on God and eternity!

“I have been for some time with Brother Houston, some time with Brother Quinn, two nights and part of two days with Brother Harper, from whom I learn that my circuit is in bad order. There are three local preachers, five class-leaders, and about one hundred members; and scarcely one in the number, except the negroes, is not a slave-holder. Seldom a prayer or class-meeting on the circuit. The people in general are very rich, very proud, and very polite—exceeding all for compliments—but little humility, little religion, and little piety.

“Lord have mercy on us! Amen.

“J. JOHNSON.”
I cannot forbear to copy another letter which he wrote to his friends from this circuit:

"City of Natchez, March 15, 1812.

"DEARLY BELOVED:—'Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all. Amen!' Having a few moments of time, and seemingly an opportunity of conveyance, I have sat down to write you a line or two, by which you will learn, should they be so fortunate as to reach you, that I am still on the human stage. Though far from you in body, I have not forgotten you, but with warm and tender affection I remember you still; nor can I think that I am forgotten of you, though I hear not from you. I hear good news from Tennessee—that sinners are turning to God, bowing to the scepter of grace, and finding redemption through Jesus Christ our Lord. How would my poor soul leap for joy if I could hear that my dear relations and acquaintances had found peace with God through Him that shed his precious blood for us!

"Does not every thing cry aloud, 'Prepare to meet thy God?'—'signs in the heaven above, and in the earth beneath?' Our poor old crazy earth has taken her shaking fits, and seems to ring the death-bell of her approaching dissolution! While she bellows, and mourns, and belches out her fiery floods, shall we not seek a more permanent foundation, and build our hopes on the Rock of ages? As says the poet,

'Tis time we all awake! The dreadful day draws near!
Sinners, your bold presumption check, and stop your course, and fear!
Now is th' accepted time; to Christ, for mercy fly!
O turn, repent, and trust in him, and you shall never die!

"I have done, and am doing, but little here since this new year began. I have read the Old Testament through once, the New Testament three times, the Revelation four times, besides my other reading; rode about eight hundred miles, preached about forty-seven times, and taken about twenty or thirty into society. Some have been happily converted to God, even in the Territory. My diversion has been studying music and learning to sing, at which I have made considerable progress since I began.

"Perhaps curiosity may move you to hear something more of the particulars of this place, in addition to the sketch I gave you in my last. The city of Natchez is situated on the south-east side of the Mississippi River, on a handsome eminence, though uneven. It contains four tailor-shops, five blacksmith do., four saddler do., six carpenter do., five cabinet-maker do., one coach and sign-painter, two house-carpenters, three hatter-shops, two tinner do., four boot and shoe-maker do., one trunk-maker, one book-binder, one wagon-maker, one chair-maker, one nail manufactury, three barbers, four brick-yards, one butcher, four bakers, one brush-maker, three gold and silver-smiths, one confectioner and distiller, four brick-layers, one horse-mill to grind corn, one plasterer, twelve water-carts, eight practicing physicians, seven lawyers, three English schools, one incorporated mechanical society, one Freemason's lodge, one Methodist meeting-house, (the pulpit whereof cost $100,) four magistrates, two
printing-offices issuing weekly papers, two porter-houses, six public inns, five warehouses, one reading-room and coffee-house, twenty-four mercantile houses or dry-goods stores, four grocery stores, two wholesale commission stores, seventeen Catalena-shops, where a little of every thing is sold, one vendue and commission store, and one bank, called the Bank of the Mississippi—capital $500,000, thirteen directors, Stephen Miner, President, etc. ‘Under the hill,’ or at the landing-place, are one tavern—‘The Kentucky’—two blacksmith-shops, thirteen Catalena-shops, etc. Upward of 1,500 souls reside in Natchez, 460 of whom are slaves.

“Washington, on the road to Tennessee, about seven miles from Natchez, contains 520 inhabitants, 180 of whom are slaves. Five miles farther is Selser’s Town: there’s the remarkable mount of which Dow speaks in his ‘Chain.’ Eight miles farther is Union Town; and eight miles farther Greenville, or Huntstown, my upper preaching-place—of which places I cannot speak particularly, lest you get as weary of reading as I am of writing. These and Franklin are all the towns I have in my circuit, which is about two hundred miles round. Here are many people, much wickedness, and very little religion.

“On the first Friday in June my camp-meeting begins at Spring Hill: help, by your prayers, that we may have a good time! I intended to give you a geographical sketch of the country when I began to write this page, but time and patience fail me. I much desire to hear from you all, and would be happy to
hear that you are all bound for heaven, where I hope to meet you when labor and toil are ended, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find rest, and 'where trouble all is done away, and parting is no more.'

"No doubt you wish to hear something of the health of this place. I can tell you of a truth, Death the tyrant reigns, and marches through the Territory like a man of war. Deaf to the cries of sorrow, and the plaintive voice of misery, he spares no class of mortals. One of the old settlers told me the other day, that he had not known so many of the older residents to die in thirteen or fourteen years, as have died this year; observing that it had always been common for foreigners and emigrants to die in great numbers, 'but now it's got hold on the old settlers!' And, alas! who can escape the cold hand of death? * * * Lord help us to be always ready! We ought to live as we would wish to die, for we know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh: 'Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching!' There are a number of very healthy persons in this country; and death, with all its terrors, is but little regarded by them. It is not uncommon for funerals to be feast-days. Death is so common a thing it is little regarded, and soon forgotten. The more seldom we see death, the more terrible it looks; the oftener, the more familiar and less dreadful. In some places, death is like a stranger or traveler passing through; here, it is like a citizen dwelling amongst us. Look on it as we may, it is
a serious thing to die. May the Lord prepare us all for it! is the prayer of your affectionate

"John Johnson."

The following is his account of receipts and expenditures for the year:

"Collections on Natchez Circuit, 1812.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1st quarter</th>
<th>2d quarter</th>
<th>3d quarter</th>
<th>4th quarter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>$2 00</td>
<td>$5 00</td>
<td>$3 62\frac{1}{2}</td>
<td>$2 87\frac{1}{2}</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hening's</td>
<td>7 00</td>
<td>3 1\frac{1}{4}</td>
<td>5 00</td>
<td>12\frac{1}{2}</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring Hill</td>
<td>2 31\frac{1}{4}</td>
<td>3 00</td>
<td></td>
<td>3 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selsor's Town</td>
<td>1 75</td>
<td></td>
<td>2 00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pine Ridge</td>
<td>12 00</td>
<td>3 00</td>
<td></td>
<td>7 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckle's</td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noble's</td>
<td></td>
<td>2 00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark's Creek, (public col.,)</td>
<td>10 00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenville, and the rest,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The whole amount ........................................................................ $74 50

"Expenditures.

"Going to the circuit:—Dinner and horse fed, 37\frac{1}{2} cents; entertainment, 75 cents; breakfast, horse fed, 50 cents; horse shod, 81 00; ferriage at A. & C., 43\frac{3}{4} cents; ferriage, 12\frac{1}{2} cents; bread at Franklin, 81 12\frac{1}{2}; corn and fodder at Shawneetee's, 37\frac{1}{2} cents; p—, 6\frac{1}{4} cents; do. at Colbert's, 37\frac{1}{2} cents; do. at Good Spring, 18\frac{3}{4} cents; do., 37\frac{1}{2} cents; Factor's, 50 cents; Allen's, 81 00; ferriage river, 6\frac{1}{4} cents; Hails's, 37\frac{1}{2} cents; Watson's, 12\frac{1}{2} cents; Shore's, 25 cents; Norton's, 62\frac{1}{2} cents; Word's, 12\frac{1}{2} cents; Osborn's, 50 cents; Hayes's, 12\frac{1}{2} cents; horse shod, 81 50. The whole amount, 81 75. Expenses on the circuit:—Horse shod, 82 00; fer-
riage bayou, 25 cents; horse shod, $1 50; do., $1 50; ferryage, 50 cents; horse fed, 25 cents; nails clinched, 25 cents. The whole amount, $6 25.

Expenses back to Tennessee:—Horse shod, $1 31½; traveling expenses, $11 68½. The whole amount, $13. Entire expenses, $30."

I shall add no more in regard to this year's labor, except a partial list that I find of the distances traveled on his return: "McCraven's to Osborn's, 37 miles; to Norton's, 40; to Harkin's, 50; to Wall's, 43; to Allen's, 40; to J. Brown's, 44; to Tennessee, 40; to the line, 55; to Franklin, 53."
CHAPTER XIII.

MR. JOHNSON ON NASHVILLE CIRCUIT, IN TENNESSEE.

The General Conference of 1812 divided the old Western Conference into the Ohio and the Tennessee Conferences. The session of the Tennessee Conference, which was held at Fountain Head, November 1, 1812, appointed Mr. Johnson to the Nashville Circuit for the ensuing year, with Learner Blackman for Presiding Elder. He was greatly pleased, after four years spent in "the uttermost parts of the earth," to have a field of labor assigned him so near to his former home and friends, and so near to what he almost regarded as the center of civilization.

It may seem both unnecessary and out of place for me to here insert a word in regard to this particular feature of itinerant life—I mean, the trial of being severed from home and friends—but, as the bosom-companion of an itinerant for forty-four years, I feel that I may speak. In business, and in political life, a man may be called to leave his home and friends as often and as long; but business and politics both have a tendency to engross the whole man, and make the heart callous. And even if the affections are not wholly stifled and
frozen, the perpetual round of excitement diverts the attention, and dissipates the thoughts of home. It is not so with the minister. Every thing pertaining to his office tends to soften the heart. Whether in secret he pours out the sorrows of his soul before God, or in public presses the suit of his people at the throne; whether he sings the rich melodies of Zion, or urges the gospel call upon dying men; every petition, every strain, every theme is rich in sentiments that awake and cherish the liveliest sensibilities of the human breast. The inevitable result of a faithful performance of his duties, is the growth within his bosom, to its highest and utmost capacity, of every tender emotion. Then he is constantly reminded of the sweets of home. He sees other men at their own firesides, surrounded by their little dependent loved ones, and he cannot but contrast his lot with theirs. How gladly would he, too, join his little and desolate family circle at the close of the day—desolate now, but wanting only his presence to make them happy! My husband, cold and passionless as he usually appeared, shed many a bitter tear as thoughts like these arose. And even the sturdy and mirthful Cartwright I have seen sit down and weep like a woman at having to leave his family when they were unwell, or scantily provided for, and caper with his little ones like a wild man on his return. Yet people imagine that preachers are well paid. Earth cannot pay them for the sorrowful heart-struggles which they have to endure!

That the Nashville Circuit was no sinecure, will appear from the following list of appointments,
taken at random from Mr. Johnson's memorandum-book:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nashville</td>
<td>Nov. 22</td>
<td>Franklin</td>
<td>Dec. 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tate's</td>
<td>Dec. 7</td>
<td>Dillard's</td>
<td>Dec. 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair's</td>
<td>Dec. 9</td>
<td>Reese's Chapel</td>
<td>Dec. 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stoner's Lick</td>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
<td>McCracken's</td>
<td>Dec. 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore's</td>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
<td>Cane Ridge</td>
<td>Dec. 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewell's</td>
<td>Dec. 12</td>
<td>May's</td>
<td>Dec. 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waugh's</td>
<td>Dec. 14</td>
<td>Levin Edney's</td>
<td>Dec. 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason's</td>
<td>Dec. 15</td>
<td>Suggs's</td>
<td>Dec. 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles's</td>
<td>Dec. 16</td>
<td>Gower's</td>
<td>Dec. 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralston's</td>
<td>Dec. 17</td>
<td>Pisgah</td>
<td>Dec. 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oglesby's</td>
<td>Dec. 19</td>
<td>Salem Meeting-house</td>
<td>Dec. 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beard's</td>
<td>Dec. 21</td>
<td>Adams's</td>
<td>Dec. 21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Twenty-six appointments in thirty days, upon a charge covering over a thousand miles of territory, besides attending to the temporalities of his charge.

I can scarcely resist the inclination to relate a little episode—if it be an episode—in Mr. Johnson's life upon this work, as related by one who was present. It is as follows: A poor, ragged, and emaciated footman, with every appearance of having traveled far, and of being at last exhausted, stopped at the house of a poor but pious man, who lived about fifteen miles from Nashville, whom the reader may know as Brother Stone. The traveler gave his name as Bennett. The next morning he was too ill to travel; and he grew worse for two or three days, when Stone told him his case was a bad one, and asked him how he felt about death. He said his mind was composed, but he would like to have a minister to talk and pray with him. The good
Brother Stone rode all the way to town to get a physician, and Mr. Johnson to go out and see his suffering guest. When the physician came and examined the case, he told the poor man that his heart was seriously affected, his vital powers were worn out, and he certainly had but a few days to live. After prescribing a few palliatives, the physician left, saying it was useless for him to return. Mr. Johnson now approached his bedside, asked him about the state of his soul, and about his home and friends. The following is his account of himself, nearly as he gave it, if not mainly in his own language:

"I am a native of Charleston, South Carolina. My father, and all that I knew of my relatives, were wealthy; but my father died when I was but a child. Indulged and flattered on every hand, my evil passions developed into early maturity; and while yet a youth, I became a gambler and a drunkard, and ready to enter with keenest zest upon every evil work. Like every young man who has plenty of means, I was surrounded by a circle of associates who were ever ready to humor and to flatter me; and we all went careering on together in the road to ruin and infamy. After spending two or three years in this abandoned and profligate life, I became embroiled in a difficulty with a young friend: on the following day I met him on the highway as I walked out beyond the limits of the city, the quarrel was renewed, and I stabbed him to the heart. He fell heavily to the ground: I seized the reins of his horse in stupid terror, not knowing what to do;
and at this moment several persons came along, and I found myself arrested and imprisoned under the double charge of murdering the man and stealing the horse.

"Every influence that wealth could bring to bear was employed to secure my acquittal, but the utmost that it was possible to accomplish was to have me sentenced to ten years in the State-prison instead of being hung. The anguish of my mother and sisters annoyed me greatly, and I would scarcely suffer them to come into my presence. My sentence was duly executed; and, unused as I had been to labor, or to restraint, I refused to enter the shops, or have any thing to do with any of the trades. As a penalty, I suppose, for this stubbornness, I was flogged nearly to death, and then driven to the blacksmith-shop and forced to labor there. I became stupidly reconciled to my lot, and my time dragged slowly but evenly along until eight years of my term had expired. An event then occurred, which I hope led me to a change of heart and life.

"I was working at the forge, weary, hopeless, and gloomy, and had just uttered a terrible wish that God Almighty would kill me, and take me out of the world. The wind at the time was roaring and blustering without; and it became necessary for me and my partner to change places for a moment: in this moment the wind brought down a stone from the top of our chimney, which fell squarely upon my partner's head, and he fell dead before me. I began to reflect seriously whether his state was improved or not by the change. Thoughts of death
and eternity haunted me from day to day, and I began to dream almost every night of the friend whom I had murdered years ago. Providentially, as I believe, a minister now visited us, spoke to each one about religion, and after being generally answered with sneers, he was surprised when I frankly told him I had been thinking about religion, and wished him to instruct me. He began a series of visits, which, to be brief, I will say resulted in my conversion.

"From that time to the end of my term, I was submissive, contented, and frequently very happy. I remained a few days with the keeper, receiving a couple of dollars for extra work, and immediately set out to find my mother and friends in Charleston. The affection, which years of debauchery had nearly extinguished, was now revived; and I felt a desire to atone by a life of love for the anguish of spirit my course had occasioned the loved ones at home. As I plodded along, weary, hungry, and way-worn, my sweetest reflections were about the mutual recognitions and embraces when the poor outcast should arrive once more at his home. There, at least, though despised by others, I should find a happy asylum in the home and the hearts of mother and sisters.

"At a short distance from the city I met my uncle. I recognized him, and told him who I was; but he received me so coldly it almost broke my heart. He told me that mother had spent most of her property trying to keep me out of prison; that she did not like my behavior toward her afterward; and he did
not suppose she would be very glad to see me. She had disposed of the farms and all the city property, except the old hotel; and there she was keeping a private boarding-house. I well knew where it was, and hastened to the place, but not without misgiving and dread, for I was too well aware that I was poorly clad, and my face was now haggard and brown. I knocked at the door, and my own sister opened it! 'Betty!' I said, as she looked coldly at me, 'don't you know me—don't you know your brother?' 'I have no brother,' she said; 'you have mistaken the house;' and was about to close the door. I stepped forward and said, 'Doesn't Mrs. Bennett live here?—doesn't mother live here? Do let me see her! Do, tell her her son has come home!' She answered still more coldly, 'The lady of the house is sick: she can't see any company. Besides, she has no son: you are mistaken in the place;' and she slammed the door in my face.

"Hoping I was mistaken, I asked the first man I met who lived in that house. He answered, 'Mrs. Bennett. Her son disgraced and broke up the family, and she tries to earn a living by keeping a few boarders. She's very proud, and is so mortified that she says she won't own him if he ever comes back.' This was enough. I sat down upon a stone, and wept like a child. But a little reflection convinced me that this was useless, and that I had better look for a situation where I could get a subsistence by my trade. I prayed God to direct and aid me, and went to several shops and applied for work. But as soon as they found out who I was, they said
they did not want that kind of a man. I was anxious to find a situation in town, as I thought I could in time convince my friends that I was a changed man; and I spent the few cents I had, and completely exhausted myself, in a vain effort to find a place.

“Worn out, disheartened, and nearly perishing with hunger, I resolved to try to reach the far West, where no one had ever heard of me, and there try to make for myself a living and a reputation. The way has been long and weary. Many nights I lay down and slept with the cattle at the roadside. Many days I subsisted on a piece of bread and a cup of water furnished me by a poor settler among the hills. I have come this far, and I don’t expect that I shall ever be able to go any farther. The cherished ties from which I hoped so much are all broken; and I feel that I have no parents, no sisters, no friends in the world. I have nothing but my trade, which I shall never be able to follow, and this precious book [a Testament] which the keeper of the prison gave me.

“Yet I feel that I have friends and a home on high. I have suffered, but less than my Saviour suffered. I have sinned, but I know that my sins are forgiven, and I wait with a degree of impatience, I fear, for the welcome change. Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly!”

Mr. Johnson, deeply affected, sang and prayed with the poor outcast until they both were happy, and Brother Stone and his wife were happy; and the feast of love was continued for several hours.
...
On the following day, Mr. Johnson administered to him the Lord's Supper, and on the next night he died. Truly, the passionate man is never safe! Truly, there is a "balm in Gilead!"

I will close this chapter with a statement of Mr. Johnson's receipts upon the Nashville Circuit:

**Collections on Nashville Circuit.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>$1 25</th>
<th>$13.50</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nashville...........</td>
<td>$8.43</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tate's..............</td>
<td>1 25</td>
<td>$3.56</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair's.............</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>2 25</td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stoner's Lick.......</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore's Meeting-house...</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td>2 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewell's............</td>
<td>2 62½</td>
<td></td>
<td>2 68½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty Hill........</td>
<td>4 00</td>
<td>1 25</td>
<td>1 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waugh's.............</td>
<td>2 37½</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason's.............</td>
<td>1 62½</td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles's.............</td>
<td>1 00</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>3 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralston's...........</td>
<td>2 12½</td>
<td>1 18½</td>
<td>2 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oglesby's...........</td>
<td>1 56½</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beard's.............</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin............</td>
<td>5 25</td>
<td></td>
<td>7 06½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dillard's...........</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reese's Chapel......</td>
<td>2 00</td>
<td>2 25</td>
<td>4 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCracken's..........</td>
<td>1 87½</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 68½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cane Ridge..........</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May's................</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray's Meeting-house.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levin Edney's........</td>
<td>87½</td>
<td>4 37½</td>
<td>3 31½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggs's............</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>37½</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gower's.............</td>
<td>2 43½</td>
<td>2 75</td>
<td>2 68½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piggah...............</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salem Meeting-house.</td>
<td>3 75</td>
<td>.3 25</td>
<td>3 62½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams's.............</td>
<td></td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $25 31½ $31 37½ $18 75 $50 31½
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column 1</th>
<th>Column 2</th>
<th>Column 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Data A</td>
<td>Data B</td>
<td>Data C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Data D</td>
<td>Data E</td>
<td>Data F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Data G</td>
<td>Data H</td>
<td>Data I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Data J</td>
<td>Data K</td>
<td>Data L</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Additional text and data not shown in the table.
CHAPTER XIV.

MR. JOHNSON ON LIVINGSTON CIRCUIT, IN KENTUCKY—MARRIAGE.

At the ensuing session of the Tennessee Conference, held at Reese's Chapel, October 1, 1818, Mr. Johnson was appointed to Livingston Circuit, with Peter Cartwright as Presiding Elder. This circuit was nearly co-extensive with the present Hopkinsville District, extending from Bainbridge—ten miles west of Hopkinsville—to the Ohio River, and from Tennessee River to Tradewater. This will still more clearly appear by the following list of appointments:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Young's</td>
<td>Oct. 24</td>
<td>Brush Meeting-house. Nov. 7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ainsworth's</td>
<td>&quot; 25</td>
<td>Reed's</td>
<td>&quot; 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goode's</td>
<td>&quot; 26</td>
<td>Cochran's</td>
<td>&quot; 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown's</td>
<td>&quot; 27</td>
<td>Mitchell's</td>
<td>&quot; 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris's</td>
<td>&quot; 28</td>
<td>Ross's</td>
<td>&quot; 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall's</td>
<td>&quot; 29</td>
<td>White's</td>
<td>&quot; 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicholl's</td>
<td>&quot; 30</td>
<td>Adams's</td>
<td>&quot; 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall's</td>
<td>&quot; 31</td>
<td>Smithland</td>
<td>&quot; 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speller's</td>
<td>Nov. 1</td>
<td>Ratcliff's</td>
<td>&quot; 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nealey's</td>
<td>&quot; 2</td>
<td>Lewis's</td>
<td>&quot; 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson's</td>
<td>&quot; 3</td>
<td>Duncan's</td>
<td>&quot; 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ezel's</td>
<td>&quot; 4</td>
<td>James's</td>
<td>&quot; 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minner's</td>
<td>&quot; 5</td>
<td>Jarrett's</td>
<td>&quot; 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hosick's</td>
<td>&quot; 6</td>
<td>Menser's</td>
<td>&quot; 20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nearly or quite all that Mr. Johnson had made up to this time, he had expended for books; and I will give the list from his memorandum-book, hoping it may be of some interest, as showing what a Methodist preacher's library was then composed of, the text-books of the day, the prices at that time, and Mr. Johnson's greediness for them:

**JOHN JOHNSON'S BOOKS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Coke's Commentary, 6 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>$48.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davies's Sermons, 3 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesley's 9 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>6.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher's Cheeks, 6 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawes's Church History, 2 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>6.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood's Bible Dictionary, 2 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buck's Miscellany, 2 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preachers' Experience</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher's Life</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baxter's Miscellany</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Select Poems</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor's Holy Living</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English Reader</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hester Ann Rogers</td>
<td></td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abbott's Life</td>
<td></td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher's Appeal</td>
<td></td>
<td>7.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methodist Magazine</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serious Call</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essays to do Good</td>
<td></td>
<td>$0.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drew on the Soul</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reformed Pastor</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doddridge</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts's Miscellany</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alleine and Baxter</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cowper's Task</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair's Sermons</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discipline</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watters's Life</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halliburton's Inquiry</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Pattern</td>
<td></td>
<td>3.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair's Rhetoric</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher's Letters</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarke's Sermons, 6 vols.</td>
<td></td>
<td>18.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watts's Psalms and Hymns</td>
<td></td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sixty-two volumes, cost $126.56.

When I first saw Mr. Johnson, in the fall of 1813, I was very much diverted at his uncouth appearance. He wore a wool hat, which had once been white, and which, as he afterward told me, he had constantly worn for seven years; a drab-colored overcoat, with a very wide cape and large armholes,
but no sleeves; and shoes of the heaviest and roughest pattern. His pants were of a bottle-green color, corded somewhat like our more modern corduroy—the same, I suppose, that he brought from Natchez; there was a patch on each knee—one a foot, and the other, half a yard long—of black broadcloth, the remains of an old coat; and they were split up about eight inches at the ankle, and the corners lapped over and pinned perfectly tight. His hair was nearly a foot and a half long, and parted evenly in the middle; his face was dark and weather-beaten, his brows very black and heavy, and his countenance the most fearfully solemn that I ever beheld. I say, I at first regarded his appearance as extremely ridiculous; but as I more narrowly scanned his face, the feelings of mirth were soon and largely mingled with those of terror.

The Cumberland Presbyterians and Methodists had, for several years, put up frequently at father's, and very generally the latter would preach at Mr. White's in the day, and at father's at night. In accordance with this custom, Mr. Johnson preached at father's one night on his second round. A couple of young ladies, of the name of Trailor, were visiting us; but after preaching, Mr. Johnson went to his room and sat down to read, without seeming to notice girls or anybody else. Miss Trailor remarked sarcastically, as she eyed him askance through the door, "Well, he's a cool chicken!" and, as we understood the phrase, I thought so myself.

Not long after this, Sister Wilcox—wife of the Rev. Edmund Wilcox, before named as half-brother
to P. Cartwright—astonished me by saying: "Well, Suky, the new preacher has noticed you, and you must look out for a Methodist preacher's courtship." I told her at once that I did not believe a word of it. I didn't believe he had ever noticed me nor any other girl. Her answer to this was: "Preachers avoid courtships as occasions for scandal, and make very few words answer for that business. Mr. Johnson told Mr. Wilcox that he had been to Mr. Brooks's, liked, and would go again. That was all he said about it, but that is enough; it means a great deal; so, look out!" I scarcely know with what feelings I received this intelligence. I was surprised, and I was alarmed; yet I felt as if "it didn't amount to any thing;" and I believe I said he was a droll-looking creature to be "noticing" anybody!

I was on my way to Mr. Johnson's next appointment at Mr. White's, when he overtook me. I was very much confused, but tried to conceal the fact; and the following conversation took place: "Do you know the treble of Olney?" "Yes, sir." A pause. "That"—alluding to a waste-house in an old field at some distance—"is a dreary-looking place; who stays there?" "I don't think any person lives there." "How would you like to live there?" "Not very much." A pause. "How would you like to be a Methodist preacher's wife?" "I couldn't tell; I have never thought much about such a thing." "Well, I want you to think about it." And on he rode, as unceremoniously as he came, arriving at Mr. White's long before me. That night he preached at father's, but he paid no
more attention to me than he did to the dogs, except that, in casually meeting me on the porch next morning, he said: “Any interchange of views we may have in future, must be in writing,” and walked on. This is all the conversation that had passed between us up to this time.

My first impressions had undergone a gradual change. From ridicule and fear, I began to regard him with esteem. He had shown himself a devotedly pious and good man, and I could not but respect him. As far as I had heard, or heard of, his preaching, it had been attended with unusual manifestations of the power and love of God. The grand desire of my heart was to secure the salvation of my soul; and I felt assured that, to this end, I must have a devotedly pious companion if any, and not for all the world an irreligious man. His letters evinced the honesty of his purpose. He told me frankly that he had no property, and no resources beyond his poorly paid salary as a preacher. He assured me that the life of a traveling preacher’s wife was one of toil, privation, and hardship; as their receipts were small, their toil great, their families homeless; and of necessity, so long as they remained in the itinerant life, they could be but pilgrims and strangers in the earth. The fondest ties of friendship were liable to be severed at the close of every year; and the preacher’s wife could look for none of those associations cemented by age, nor for any of those conveniences that long residence at one place gradually gathers about a home. And besides all these things, a preacher was most
of his time absent from his family, and, as a general thing, his wife must spend her time in lonely solitude. And to mitigate these trials there was nothing but the approbation of God and the conscience, and the hope of heaven; as there was no gain from the friendship of the world.

My parents soon discovered that Mr. Johnson regarded me favorably, and they were filled with apprehensions. They opposed my going to his meetings, and no longer invited him to our house. They took every opportunity to abuse and reproach the Methodists, and to ridicule their doctrines. They laughed at Mr. Johnson's dress, his manners, and his expressions; and employed every means, in short, to prevent or drive away from my heart the feelings which they only suspected to exist. To all this I most cheerfully, I may say joyfully, submitted, feeling satisfied that I was doing right in the sight of God. We wrote not many letters—not more than three or four each—and these were committed to the faithful hands of Sister Wilcox. We in this manner finally arranged that if my parents would consent, the marriage should take place at home on the 10th of August; and if they would not, as I was then of lawful age—over eighteen—we would meet on that day, at 11 o'clock A.M., at Brother Edmund Wilcox's.

Mr. Johnson now applied to my parents for their consent, having previously in secret invoked the blessing of God; and something like the following dialogue took place:

*Mr. Johnson.* Mr. Brooks, I have become ac-
quainted with your daughter, and after a mutual expression of views and feelings, we are agreed to become husband and wife if your consent can be obtained.

_Father._ Well, I can tell thee at once, friend, that I can never consent for a child of mine to become the wife of a Methodist preacher!

_Mr. J._ I know the life of a preacher's wife is one of toil and privation, and I have no wealth or affluence to promise, but only the care and kindness of a true and devoted heart.

_F._ Well, I don't know what thee wants with a wife, if thee has no means to support one.

_Mr. J._ As far as worldly goods are concerned, I have no means to support myself. God is my trust. He has thus far given me more than I needed, and far more than I deserved, and he is just as able to feed and clothe a family as to provide for one person alone.

_F._ That may be so, and yet it takes something substantial to support a family. It's but little God gives a man who don't work for it. I've seen how Methodist preachers' families are supported, and I never saw the wife of one but I could pick her out among a whole congregation by her sad and sorrowful looks.

_Mr. J._ Sadness and sorrow are the portion of every one, in the present life; and our choice lies, not between a happy life and a wretched one, but between a course that will gain the approval of God and lead us to heaven, and one that will not. I believe the Creator designed man for the marriage
state, and I would therefore enter upon that state when the opportunity occurs to get a companion that will be of both temporal and spiritual advantage to me.

Mother. Well, I’ve taken great pains in raising my girls, and when they leave me, I like to know what is to become of them.

Mr. J. If you had not taken pains in raising your girls, I’m sure I should wish to have nothing to do with them. That is the very reason I feel so sure that Susannah would make a good wife.

M. You’re a stranger here; nobody knows anything about you—where you are from, or who you are.

Mr. J. I am a stranger here, but my character is known to the Conference, and that is all the voucher I can give you.

M. Yes, and your Conference has sent out, through this very section, some of the worst rascals that ever were known in this country!

Mr. J. Well, what have you seen in me to excite mistrust during the eight or ten months that I have been here?

M. Anybody can behave well for that length of time, when they have an object to gain by it.

F. Anyhow, why can’t thee wait till we all know thee better?

Mr. J. I know not where I may be sent next year; and if I marry, I wish to spend at least a couple of months here, that I may prove myself both able and willing to treat a woman well.

F. I don’t want to hear thee talk of how thee
would treat Suky! I tell thee plain, I don't want thee ever to let me see thy face again!

M. I do think in my heart, that these low-lived, black, shabby, heathenish-looking rascals, that go sponging around on honest people for a living, have little to do to be wanting to marry! I don't want you to say anything more to me about it!

Thus rudely repulsed on every hand, Mr. Johnson retired, deeply mortified, but hoping to find one or both of my parents in a more genial humor at a future time. He was resolved that if he failed to gain their consent, his failure should not be for lack of effort. It was not long before he met father upon the road, and requested a few minutes' calm and unreserved conversation upon the subject discussed at their last interview. Father was not well pleased, but was calm. Mr. Johnson told him plainly that our minds were made up, we both were of age, and he was fully satisfied that neither law nor religion was against the step. We felt assured that our temporal, but especially our eternal, interests were at stake; that his opposition was grounded on prejudice or mistaken views, and that his objections, therefore, were not such as we were morally or religiously bound to regard in this matter. He, however, assured him that he might always depend on our love and respect, and that he should find us wanting in nothing that pertained to the duty of children. Yet, if he would not consent to our marriage, we should still proceed in the course we had agreed upon, and be married at the house of a neighbor.
Father, after a long silence, then told Mr. Johnson that, if we were determined to marry, we should be married at home, though he would much rather see me carried to the grave.

Accordingly, August 10, 1814, we were married, by the Rev. Edmund Wilcox. Mother was not present, she had retired to another room to weep; and when told that the ceremony was concluded, she fell in a swoon, and lay in a state of almost total insensibility all the remainder of the night. No eye was closed for sleep, nor did we even lie down to rest that night.

All was sorrow, and confusion, and alarm. My own heart was utterly broken by the grief of my parents. I wept all night long, and went sobbing around, in a state little better than insanity. Mr. Johnson exerted himself to administer comfort and consolation to all; yet he too was often weeping, and ever and anon a deep and heavy groan expressed the sadness and solicitude of his breast; and many a time, as the dark and doleful hours wore away, did our fervent prayers ascend to God, that he would give us all grace to bear the trial, and to demean ourselves as became the disciples of Christ.

I remained at home until Conference. My parents gradually became reconciled to my choice, and Mr. Johnson’s kindness to me at length overcame, to a great degree, their antipathy for him. He was gone nearly all the time, and I was very busy making what little preparation I could for keeping house, though I knew it was uncertain whether we should
have any house to keep or not. A bed and bedding was all my patrimony; and Mr. Johnson had nothing but his horse and equipments, and a large trunk covered with white horse-hide, and filled with books. After our marriage, he added a home-made bedstead, a couple of chairs, and three or four cooking vessels. This was the total of our earthly estate.
CHAPTER XV.

MR. JOHNSON ON CHRISTIAN CIRCUIT, IN KENTUCKY.

The Tennessee Conference met this year at Kennerly's Chapel, in Logan county, in the month of September. Mr. Johnson took me with him. Bishop Asbury presided. It was the first time I ever saw this venerable man. He was dressed in dark clothes—the true old-fashioned Methodist coat, a straight vest coming down long and loose in front, and a light-colored, wide-brimmed hat.

It was then customary for all married ladies to wear a kind of cap. This gave some of our younger wives of that day a matronly appearance that I imagine would now look strange indeed. I had furnished myself with one, plainer than was common, from the twofold motive of economy and propriety; and I had this on when introduced to the Bishop. It was not quite plain enough, however, to suit his severe ideas; for, after the usual salutation, he placed his hand near my head, and said solemnly but kindly, "O sister! too much cap-border!"

I felt great anxiety as to our destination, and managed to find out at the earliest possible time the appointment designed for Mr. Johnson. To my great sorrow, I learned it was Duck River, in
Tennessee. I made all haste to see the Elder—Peter Cartwright—to beg him have Mr. Johnson sent back to Livingston. But Cartwright assured me that the appointment for Livingston could not be changed. I then begged him to try to have Mr. Johnson sent to Christian, as the nearest charge besides; and I pleaded with an earnestness that nobody but an itinerant preacher's wife can comprehend, that it was my first year from home; that my parents were already nearly inconsolable because I had married a Methodist preacher, and I would like for the trial to fall as lightly upon them as possible; and that, after I and they had become somewhat accustomed to the separation, I would go without a murmur to any work the Conference might appoint. My entreaties seemed to affect Cartwright a good deal, and he promised to do what he could; and at length he succeeded in having the change made in the appointments.

On this circuit, embracing nearly all the societies of Christian county with a few in adjoining counties—as Concord in Butler—there was no parsonage. There was not even a house for rent, unless it was in Hopkinsville, and the thought of living in town, with the increased expenses it would involve, was not to be entertained for a moment. It was, as usual, a four-weeks' circuit, and Mr. Johnson had nearly as many appointments as there were days in four weeks; and of course I had to go with him, or not enjoy much of his company. I was anxious to aid Mr. Johnson in making a support; and, when at home, I had never known any other.
way of getting goods than by making them with my own hands. There were, in nearly every neighborhood, men who had means enough to entertain me for a while; so I thought it best to stay with some pious family while Mr. Johnson made a round on his work, then go to another society and remain a like length of time. And on proposing this, it was considered by the members as a better plan than for them, just at this time, to erect or rent a parsonage.

This, then, became the plan. The people were exceedingly kind to me; and whenever it was known that I was in the neighborhood, the little packages of cotton and wool were sent in from every direction. Carding and spinning these was my constant employment from morning to night; and in winter, from an hour before day till 10 or 11 o'clock at night. And I had no brilliant lamp by which to work. Most of my work, of evenings, was done by firelight; for I would not allow the family where I staid to incur so much expense on my account as to burn a candle, or even a lamp, when their own work did not require it. Yet, determined in any case to be independent, I had provided and equipped a lamp of my own, to be used in case I had company, or any other occasion to use it. The lamp was a pretty large piece of a broken saucer; the wick was a string torn from a bit of soft rag, and the oil was obtained by carefully “skimming the top off the pot” where meat had been boiled. All of which, by the way, made an excellent lamp.
After I had carded and spun enough thread for a piece of cloth, Mr. Johnson would preach twice a day for two days, in order to get two days to bring me down to father's, a distance of thirty miles. Here I staid four weeks, and wove my cloth; and then Mr. Johnson, by again crowding his appointments as before, got two days to come down after me. In this way, by incessant application, before the year was out, I had made two suits apiece for Mr. Johnson and myself. I had also, I thought, improved Mr. Johnson's appearance; for I had trimmed his hair so that when combed smoothly forward it reached not quite to his eyebrows, while it hung but little below his ears on the sides and back of his head. I made his pantaloons a little larger at the ankles, did not split them up quite so high, and took out the pins with which he had usually pinned them tightly over. But my first effort at trimming his hair caused me considerable mortification. It was somewhat irregular, after all my pains; and the first time Sister Cartwright met us, she cried out, "Why, Brother Johnson! what calf has been chewing your hair off?"

I staid at Brother Cartwright's a good deal, partly because it was near the center of the circuit—about two miles east of Hopkinsville—and partly because Brother Cartwright was much of the time absent from home and his family was small. I staid seven weeks at one time, or about twice as long as I usually staid at one place. Sister Cartwright—Franky, as I always called her—was one of the most industrious and amiable women I ever saw.
Whatever she did seemed to be done better and quicker than anybody else could do it. I don't think any one could snatch the feathers off a chicken as quick as she. But Cartwright's absence was a source of continual distress to her, and she could not refrain from so expressing herself in his presence.

Cartwright was a strange kind of being. I could never get fully acquainted with him. He was at times as affectionate and kind as any man, but oftener as abrupt as if entirely destitute of feeling.

My Brother David and Sister Polly came up to see us while I was staying there; they arrived Saturday evening, and returned Monday morning. On Sunday, they put on suits which they had brought for the purpose—their best, of course, perfectly neat, though neither very fine nor out of taste. But when they came into the family-room, instead of a polite or any other salutation, Cartwright cried out, "Ugh! come from poverty-hall rigged out in silk and satin!" This, as they were his guests, and wore neither silk nor satin, and were as able to dress as he was, seemed very discourteous; and, though Cartwright instantly relaxed and began his usual round of jests and anecdotes, with the ever-present "te-he-he," yet David and Polly were deeply wounded, and I believe they never quite forgave the rude reproach.

Cartwright, however, was generally affectionate in his family. When Franky would chide him for leaving home so much when all were not well, I have seen him sit down and weep like a child.
And when he came home from his round of quarterly meetings, it was not an hour before he got up a general romp with the children. Upstairs and down they went, overturning chairs or whatever else was in the way, sometimes one of the children or Cartwright himself falling heavily upon the floor; and the whole performance, accompanied by a grand chorus of shouts and screams, and the clatter of many feet, made such an uproar as seemed really alarming. "Why, Mr. Cartwright!" Franky would say, "I do believe you and the children will tear the house down!" Cartwright had but three children at this time, and to dress these and arrange the rooms was my work, while Franky was getting breakfast. Then I would ply the cards with might and main for the rest of the day. When I got a sufficient lot of rolls ready, I went over to the house of a most excellent brother, Henry Hobson, and did my spinning.

Our first son, Thomas B., was born at father's, August 20, 1815. In a few days, I was seized with puerperal fever, which speedily brought me to the very verge of the grave. Mr. Johnson was seventy miles distant, but a letter was quickly started to him, and after a long delay received. He came in haste, making the seventy miles in a little over twenty-four hours, but found me somewhat better. He remained that night and the next day; and in the following night, I may say—for it was several hours before day—he started back to his work. I recovered slowly, however, and indeed was not able to leave father's till the end of the year. I then
went with Mr. Johnson to Conference, but we rode only about ten miles a day, on account of my weakness.

I was too much busied with my own work this year to take much note of Mr. Johnson's, but the following list of his appointments may interest those within the bounds of that work: Kirkham's, Depew's, Petree's, Smith's, Elliott's, Watkins's, Brigham's, Randal's, Bradford's, Manly's, Matthews's, Brisbin's, J. Harrison's, Gray's, Padfield's, Concord, Pond River, Langly's, Greenville, Belt's, Mud River, Concord in Butler county, Nourse's, Kennerly's, Clifty.

Two miles from Hopkinsville, in that day, was an out-of-the-way place, and this—I mean at Brother Cartwright's—was about as public a place as I found on this circuit. Here, as we were in sight of the road, we saw movers' wagons passing along every few days, and not a great many other persons passed at any time. Brother Hobson also lived on the road. There were two Henry Hobsons, and, for distinction, one was called Road Hal, and the other Hallelujah Hal.
CHAPTER XVI.

MR. JOHNSON ON GOOSE CREEK CIRCUIT.

It was usual for ministers to take their families—especially if they had small ones, and nothing else—to Conference, in order that they might go immediately on to their work; as some, if they had to go back after their families, would have to travel several hundred miles. The Tennessee Conference for 1815, met at Bethlehem Meeting-house, near Lebanon, Tenn. Though scarcely recovered sufficiently to travel at all, I accompanied Mr. Johnson, riding, as before stated, about ten miles per day. We staid at Colonel Winn's, and a most hospitable host we found him. Bishop Asbury again presided. I went to hear him preach. Richard Bond assisted him into the pulpit, arranged his chair and cushion, and seemed to take great pleasure in having the old man comfortable. The Bishop then preached from his chair—the first sermon I ever heard delivered in that posture—and his sermon was short, solemn, and instructive, like the serious but dispassionate counsels of a father to his children.

On the last day of Conference, we came by to have our child baptized. The church was out of town; and the Bishop, that the Conference might
not be disturbed, went with us a little distance into the grove, accompanied by a man who brought a horn-cupful of water. This cup, I may say to my younger readers, was of a kind generally carried by travelers in those days, because not easily broken, and was made of a piece of cow's-horn about five inches long, the smaller end being stopped by a securely tacked plug of wood.

We went to a large log; and the Bishop, pointing to it, said, in his inimitably deep and solemn tones, "Sit down there, sister, and sit all the time." I wished to name the child for my father, Thomas Brooks. The old man's stern features relaxed slightly for an instant, as he said, "I'd call him Thomas Coke;" but, without farther hesitation, he gave him the name of "Thomas Brookes"—trilling the r, and sounding the double as a single o. He baptized by a triple affusion on the child's forehead as he lay on my lap, pouring at the name of each person of the Trinity.

Mr. Johnson was appointed to Goose Creek Circuit, which lay in part in Sumner county, Tenn. Learner Blackman was Presiding Elder, and a most excellent man he was. He was at all times neat and tasteful in dress, and affable and polished in manners; and as he was a preacher of no ordinary ability, he was very generally admired and universally loved. The circumstances of his death, as well as I can remember, were these: After traveling all winter, and nearly all spring, upon his District, he went with his wife to Ohio, for a few weeks' rest, visiting his brother-in-law and sister, John
Collins and wife. On his return, he stopped at Cincinnati over Sunday, and until Tuesday morning. He then resumed his journey homeward, came to the ferry-boat, dismounted, led Mrs. Blackman into the boat, and then brought on the horses. Presently the ferry-man hoisted a sort of sail, which flapped in the wind, and frightened the horses. They leaped out of the boat, dragging Blackman with them, and in the struggle, although he was twice seen to rise to the surface, he was drowned before help could reach him. It is said that two skiffs that were started out to his relief became unmanageable by breaking an oar each, and it was several hours before the body was recovered.

Mr. Johnson's relatives were very much elated at his appointment, as it brought him into their vicinity; and especially his mother, who declared that it afforded her more pleasure than to have received a gift of a thousand dollars. But it was not exactly so with my poor self. The circuit was like the last—it was destitute of a parsonage, and there was no house—that is, none that was comfortable enough, and at the same time cheap enough for us—to be rented as a substitute for one. In addition to this, the nearest preaching-place was over one hundred miles from father's, and I believe the circuit was about one hundred miles across. I had hoped that by this time I should become so weaned from my old home and relatives, that I could go to any possible appointment, not only without regret, but with cheerfulness; but those old and precious ties are not so easily shaken off from the ardent and susceptible
heart. I was, though I strove not to be, much cast down when our destination was announced. We were at a loss what to do. I tried to be cheerful, and said nothing of my regrets; but Mr. Johnson soon perceived that I was distressed and sad at heart, and a look of despondency came over his countenance which it pained my very soul to see.

After a painful silence, as we rode along, he said, "I would love to own a small farm, with a cabin upon it just large enough to make my little family comfortable, to have a good horse and a yoke of cattle, a cow and a few hogs, and sheep enough to make our clothing. I would like to live among religious people, and near enough to a meeting-house to enjoy its blessed privileges. I would labor willingly for my Heavenly Master; and O, how much I should delight to spend a part of every day with my beloved family!" He paused: his heart was full. "I'll arrange," he went on, "for you to stay at your pa's, or on the circuit, or anywhere that you may prefer." He "filled up," and relapsed into silence. I assumed a pleasant and cheerful air, and said, "Mr. Johnson, I wonder if we couldn't rent a part of old Mr. White's house? He has a small family, and plenty of room; it is near enough to father's, and convenient to preaching." Mr. Johnson seemed greatly relieved, his countenance brightened, and we rode on conversing cheerfully about the plan suggested.

That night I had a singular dream, which I give for what it is worth. I seemed to be out at sea alone in a little boat; I knew nothing about how to move
or to manage it, nor which way I ought to go. A
dark cloud was rising, and I was terribly perplexed
and alarmed. As I looked around in dismay, I
heard a voice calling me, and saw a larger boat ap-
proaching. As it drew near, I recognized old Mr.
White, with his family, and he shouted to me to
come aboard his boat. I joyfully complied, and
went on in safety. This dream was repeated two or
three times in the course of the night. In the morn-
ing I told Mr. Johnson, jocosely, that before trying
to make any other arrangement, we must see Mr.
White, and find out if he would take me aboard his
boat.
We accordingly proceeded on down to Kentucky,
and hastened to see him. He readily agreed to let
me have a room. This was about three miles from
father's, so I was not very far from home. The
house consisted of two pretty large rooms, with an
open passage between, and a chimney at each end
of the house—quite a roomy house for that time and
place—and his family consisted of only himself,
wife, and son. He gave us the room, and furnished
me with fire-wood cut ready for use, and hauled to
the door, and had a fire made for me every morn-
ing for six months; and all for the more than rea-
sonably low charge of ten dollars! Of course I
was to do my own work, and furnish the room, and
board myself.
Here I found, as far as Mr. White and his family
could make it so, a pleasant home. We had preach-
ing in the house every four weeks, and Mr. White
had family prayers morning and night, which I gen-
erally attended when I could. Mr. White also held class-meeting once or twice a month. These were times of joy and refreshing to my soul.

But my every-day life was not so pleasant. My child was about two months old, was seldom well, and was exceedingly cross and fretful. I had no help whatever. Mr. White was doing so much for me, I couldn't ask him to do more. For five months I never knew what it was to have one peaceful night's repose: I had no light at night but what my fire supplied; and whatever attentions my suffering child required, I had to bestow in the dark, and guided by the sense of feeling alone. And besides attending to him and doing all my housework, I was compelled to card, spin, and weave every yard of cloth that we used—clothing, bedding, table-linen, and napkins of every kind.

A sugar-trough was the best substitute for a cradle that I could afford. I could rock this while carding, but when I went to spin, I was obliged to leave the child to himself, and then he would cry till his cries seemed to tear my very brain. Pressed by the urgency of our necessities, and the amount of my work, I was exceedingly anxious to push it forward; the wails and sobs of the babe, however, at last became too much for a mother's heart, then I would drop the unfinished roll to quiet him, only to go over the same round presently again. Then, overcome with sorrow and perplexity, I would sit down and mingle my cries; and sobs, and torrents of bitter tears with his.

At length, when the thread for my cloth was com-
pleted, I would go over to father's— a distance, as before stated, of nearly three miles—to weave it. This was always a joyful trip to me. I could there leave my child in the care of my mother, or sister, while I wove my cloth in peace. The anticipation of this trip as it drew near made my very heart glad, and cheerfully and lightly did I step along when all was ready, although I had to walk and carry the child on one arm, and my huge hanks of yarn upon the other.

To make my lot still worse, I had not a sufficiency to eat. It took nearly all the money we had at the close of the last year to take us to Conference and back, and with the remainder Mr. Johnson had bought a few cabbages and turnips, and paid in advance for meal enough to make my bread, and bought some meat. Flour was a luxury—like sugar and coffee—not to be thought of except on Sunday mornings, and seldom enjoyed even then. The meal and the vegetables were duly forthcoming; but from some cause or other, the meat never came to hand. Fortunately, Jimmy George, a very kind neighbor, chanced to send us a shoulder of bacon, and this was all the meat I had in the house for six months! Corn-bread, and cabbages or turnips, boiled with a little piece of meat as large as my thumb—and this boiled over and over till it would fairly fall to pieces—this was my diet for all those long and dreary months.

I scarcely know whether it was from pride—because my parents had advised me not to marry—or from an unwillingness to give them pain, but I care-
fully concealed from them the worst of our condition. Our bed, upon its home-made, scaffold-like frame, I managed to have looking neat; the floor I kept scrupulously clean by periodical scouring; I set my chair on one side of the fire-place, and the other—we had but two—opposite, so as to look as if some one had been there; my sugar-trough cradle was always bright; my pot, skillet, and tea-kettle— all the cooking utensils I had—sat cozily on the hearth; and I tried to arrange Mr. Johnson's trunk, that contained the books, and the shelf, where I kept all manner of clothing, and the other little shelf that answered for a cupboard, and the meal-sack, and the spinning-wheel, so as to give the room as much as possible the appearance of being furnished and comfortable.
CHAPTER XVII.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

In all these six long months I never saw my husband but one single time. He had then preached twice a day for four days, so gaining four to come down; staid all night, and started back, coming and going at the rate of fifty miles a day. I would not distress him by telling him that our meat had not come; and as for making money to buy, it was all I could do to get sewing to do for the neighbors by taking my pay in cotton and wool, and all the time I could spare for such work was scarcely sufficient to furnish enough of those articles to make our needful clothing.

Mr. Johnson had been gone something over two months, when he wrote me the following letter:

"December 31, 1815—9 o'clock at night.

"My Beloved Companion:—After preaching and riding near twenty miles, I once more grasp my pen, (at this late hour, as the mail leaves Gallatin tomorrow, and I have yet about twenty-five miles to ride before I can get there,) to communicate a thought or two more to you.

"The tedious period of absence is yet prolonged."
The preacher I expected to take my place here, being unwell, is not able at this time to do so, but expects to be able by the 22d of January. So I think you may calculate on seeing me, if God will permit, on the 28th of January; nor shall any thing but affliction or death keep me longer from you. I expect to visit the post-office again to-morrow, and O how glad I should be to find even a line there from you! I have not received one sentence from you since I left you. I know you have not forgotten me, nor could I ever forget you and our dear little one while mind or memory lasts. May we always remember and pray for each other, until we meet to part no more! Truly,

Love is the ruling passion of the mind,
Owns no superior, by no laws confined,
But triumphs still, impatient of control,
O'er all the grand endowments of the soul.

'Love conquers all things, and let us yield to love.'
'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'Beloved, let us love one another.' But let us love the Lord our God with all our ransomed powers, and let us suffer and die for his sake, if need be, that we may live with him in heaven eternally. Little do I care what I suffer in this world, so I may be happy with you in the next.

“I expect to take my station in the Red River Circuit after the last of January. They do say I must needs go to General Conference, but I know not what I shall do. I wish to do the will of God in all things. Whilst far from each other, let us
live near the Lord. I hope you will pray much, and seek your only comfort in religion. And believe me, as ever, your affectionate husband,

"John Johnson."

The change alluded to in the letter, by which Mr. Johnson was to take the Red River Circuit, where he would have been a great deal nearer to us, was never accomplished. His election to General Conference was defeated by the jealousy of Peter Cartwright.

At the end of five months of the Conference-year, Mr. Johnson wrote to me that he could no longer bear this separation from me and our little one; that one more round would complete the half of his year's work; that he would then come down after me, and I must spend the remainder of the year among his relatives on the circuit. The days now seemed to pass slowly; yet the hope of being once more, for a time at least, a united family, cheered my heart; and the long and lonely silence of my room—silent but for the humming of the wheel, or the crying of the child—was again broken by the frequent sound of cheerful songs, as I had sung them in younger years. At the appointed time he came. We packed up the little we had of this world's goods, which we could not carry with us, and left them in charge of old Mr. White. Mr. Johnson had traded for an old gig: into this we got, with a trunk or so, went over to father's and staid all night, then set off for Goose Creek. I was very happy as we rode along together, though
it was somewhat inconvenient to knit all the time, as I did, with the babe in my arms.

I preferred to go with Mr. Johnson on his rounds, and tried to do so, though I many times had to remain at one place till he came back from another, that could only be reached on horseback. But I grew tired of this after a round or two, and as much as I disliked to impose upon friends, we arranged that I should spend the rest of the year in alternate weeks with his brothers and sister. These all lived near together, about four miles from Gallatin, were lively companions, and exceedingly kind. They furnished me as much cotton as I could spin. I saw Mr. Johnson often, and the time passed quite happily.

I must here record a story they told us of old Mr. Stone, Brother Lewis Johnson's father-in-law. When he first came to Sumner county, he found a pretty good log-church in the neighborhood, but no society. From removals and dissensions, the society which built the house had been broken up; the preachers no longer came to preach; the paths to the church were grown up, and the house itself looked ruinous and desolate. The old man determined to start a prayer-meeting. He announced to the neighbors that there would be a prayer-meeting at the meeting-house on the following Sunday morning, and regularly on every Sunday morning thereafter.

At the appointed hour he went, hoping, as he walked along the grass-grown path, for the dawn of better days. He went to the house—went in and
sat down. Nobody came. His own children were married, and his wife was neither so active nor so sanguine as he; so he came alone, and remained alone. He read a chapter of Holy Writ, sang one of the old songs that he used to sing in times gone by, and prayed, imploring the assistance and the blessing of God with all the fervency of his pious soul. He became happy, and went home, singing as he went, for joy. The next Sabbath the same thing occurred: nobody came; and he read, sang, and prayed till he was happy. The third Sabbath was spent in like manner, and with a like result.

Some young people now thought they would "drop in" and see what the old man was doing. His meeting was the same, with a few words of exhortation to the spectators. The novelty of the affair began to excite an interest, and in two or three months the visitors filled the house, and among them were many who would help to sing, and a few who would pray in public. Then an interest in religion began to be awakened, a protracted meeting was determined upon, the services of a minister were secured, and in due time a glorious revival was in full progress. And although the old man was quite old when he began his unpromising work, yet he lived to see the Church reéstablished there, and more than one hundred members in the society.

Mr. Johnson's mother, as before remarked, rejoiced greatly that our lot had been cast in her vicinity, but the poor old lady was not spared to enjoy our company to the end of the year. Increasing
age and afflictions had brought her down to the
couch from which she was never more to rise, yet
we had little apprehension of immediate danger.
Her disease, however, soon assumed a violent char-
acter, and in a few days it became evident that she
could not survive. Mr. Johnson being at one of his
most distant appointments, we sent for him, and he
came in haste. Alas, the remedies and the tender
assiduities employed to relieve her sufferings failed,
and on arriving, he found her just entering upon
the struggle with the last enemy!

His company had ever been a source of boundless
satisfaction to her, and was especially so as she now
drove down to the gates of death. She was per-
fectly rational. He conversed with her a while, ad-
ministering the consolations of religion, and receiv-
ing from her the assurance that her sky was clear,
and her soul happy. Her children stood around her
bed. The withered face shone with a brightness
that could have come from no other source than
heaven. Mr. Johnson knelt down to pray; prayed
a while, and sorrow choked his utterance; again
proceeded, and again was stopped by the flood of
grief that welled up from his great and loving heart.
This he did the third time, when all in the house,
as if with one consent, burst forth into violent sobs
and convulsive weeping; making, altogether, the
most complete scene of uncontrollable sorrow that
I ever saw. And it was fit and right, for I never
knew a more affectionate mother, nor one that was
regarded by her children with so tender a veneration.
But the struggle was soon over, and she passed
away to her everlasting rest. She was buried on the following day, with every token of filial love and grief.

During the last three weeks that we spent here, our babe was suffering very greatly and constantly from a "rising" on the knee. He could scarcely bear to be moved, and with all my attentions, I could scarcely get him an hour's quiet rest in the twenty-four. I was much hurried at the same time to make up the cloth I had just woven, so as to be ready for the trip to Conference and to father's, and I had no help about either nursing or sewing. The child usually slept best in the latter part of the night, and I had to rise about 2 o'clock to make the most of this opportunity to work; and then my light was such as I have already described—a piece of saucer filled with "skimmings," and having a strip of soft rag for a wick. Yet, by persevering efforts, I succeeded in completing my work by the end of the year. And I must say of my work for that year, that I don't think it would be possible for any one to accomplish it with much less strength of body or of determination than I brought to the task.
CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JOHNSON ON LIVINGSTON CIRCUIT, IN KENTUCKY.

I REMAINED at father's while Mr. Johnson attended Conference, which was held at Franklin, Tenn., in October, 1816. Mr. Johnson was appointed to Livingston Circuit, and his Presiding Elder was James Axley. Axley had been in this vicinity in passing from other appointments to the home of his father in Livingston county. When my father met with him, after he came upon the District, he said, "James, I suppose they have made thee Elder?" "Yes," said Axley, in the slow, deep tones peculiar to the man, and so full of humor when he wished; "they were bad off!" I then approached, and offered him my hand, saying, "Brother Axley, have you forgotten me?" "No," said he, in comic reproachfulness, "but you went and got married!"

We were greatly pleased with the appointment for this year, and yet it proved to be a year of excessive labor, privation, and anxiety to me. Mr. Johnson made an arrangement with George Simms for a room, somewhat like that which he had made with Mr. White in the former part of the preceding year. This, too, was in the same neighborhood
with Mr. White—that is, not more than a couple of miles distant. On leaving White's the preceding year, I told our class-leader to let my name stand on the class-book, and when he came to it, to ask the class to pray for me. I was glad, when I found that our lot was cast in the same vicinity, that my name had not been removed.

Little occurred to disturb the even tenor of our lives for two or three months, when Mr. Johnson bought a little farm, about five or six miles north of Princeton, Ky. He had long been laying up money out of our scanty receipts, for the purpose of securing a home, and an opportunity occurring for him to purchase this place—known as the Dodds place—on good terms, he considered it the best he could do to buy it. Here we promised ourselves much happiness, having, for the first time, a home. True, we had but a poor cabin to live in, and little to put in it, yet there was a pleasure in feeling that it was ours. We were not able, for a long time, to buy any thing in the form of furniture, as we needed all our means to get "a little start of stock."

Every cup has its ingredient of bitterness. We lived, indeed, in the bounds of Mr. Johnson's work, but his circuit was about forty-five miles in extent—in diameter, I mean—and he had an appointment for nearly every day. He was, in consequence, able to be at home only one night in two weeks, and then he had to ride twenty miles to reach his next appointment. The house where we lived was a mile from the nearest neighbor's, and one and a half to two miles from houses in other directions;
and there was an air of loneliness about the place that made my heart sick; and to make the dreariness of my situation more terrible, I was not in a condition in which it was safe to be long and entirely alone. Mr. Johnson generally arranged to have a girl—white or black—to stay with me, though they were generally small and of little service to me.

Never shall I forget the first visit I made from this place to father's. We had not been absent more than a couple of months in the solitudes, but on coming within sight of the old home, so many recollections of former happy days rushed into my mind, so many memories of recent days of toil and anguish that, utterly overcome, I burst into tears and sobbed aloud as we rode along the old familiar way. I remained for a month, and returned to our wilderness home with a little cherub-daughter in my arms. As the son had received my father's name, the daughter received that of Mr. Johnson's mother—Elizabeth Foster.

Words can hardly tell how drearily my days passed, alone in the woods, and not a person to be seen from week to week but two or three little children; for the only help that we were able to employ was generally a child. Spring soon came around. Though I suppose the sun shone as brightly, and the birds sang as cheerily, there as elsewhere, yet it seemed to me that the sounds I heard the most were the moanings of the doves by day, the whirring of the frogs at dusk, and the mingled notes of the owl and whip-poor-will by night.
Mr. Johnson labored assiduously on his farm, though he had but little time to do it. He resolved to raise a crop—no easy task with twenty-eight appointments to fill and three hundred miles to travel in the course of every month. He changed some of his appointments, so as by preaching twice on one day in every week, to have two days at home in two weeks. He tried to arrange these so as to have moonlight nights at home. No sooner could he reach home than he hastened out into the field, and, if the moonlight lasted so long, labored till 10 or 11 o'clock, or even till 12 at night. At other times he retired early, and was out at his plow from two to three hours before day, when the moon was in the wane. In this way he managed to repair the buildings and fences, clean up the grounds, and with his own hands raise fourteen acres of corn, two acres of tobacco, and an abundance of vegetables for the table.

Much of the time when he was at home I would hasten through my morning's housework, would go out into the field or the "patch," leave our little boy and his baby-sister on a blanket or an old piece of quilt, and labor side by side with Mr. Johnson till time came for me to run home and prepare our frugal meal. Mr. Johnson insisted that I should remain at the house. I told him I was both willing and able to help him, that I did not know what or how to do when he was absent, and besides, that I wished to be, as much as I could, in his company. Only a mother can know any thing about my feelings as I returned from my round of labor, finished
my "row," and clasped the little, helpless, deserted-looking babe to my bosom!

Mr. Johnson, from his conversion to his death, never failed to kneel by his bedside in secret prayer, both morning and night. He labored so hard and incessantly through the day that he was often too much exhausted to sleep. Sometimes, however, after hard labor from before daylight till late at night, he seemed to be almost asleep upon his feet; and on more occasions than one, he fell fast asleep while kneeling for secret prayer at the bedside. After he had remained so long upon his knees that I was sure he was asleep, I proceeded to waken him, with such mingled emotions that I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to weep.

We scarcely saw any company at all, except at long intervals some preacher on his way to a quarterly meeting. Of these, perhaps none came oftener than our Elder, Brother James Axley, and certainly none could be more welcome than he. Always social, always kind, always religious, it was always a pleasure to be in his company. On one occasion when he came, I had no help but a careless and idle girl, whose principal business was smoking dried leaves in a cob-pipe. We had a pleasant evening in Axley's company; in the night, however, I was attacked with what is commonly known as "weed in the breast," and next morning was very sick. I arose and prepared breakfast, my whole frame burning with fever, and O, how painful was my head! Our supplies were scanty enough, and I sent the girl to milk, that I might sooner have breakfast
ready, and have the milk for the table. After a long stay, she came swinging the empty pail, and laughing immoderately at the cow’s having kicked over all the milk. Still, I did the best I could, and tried to be cheerful. Brother Axley, who was a man of tender sympathies, seeing that I was unwell, inquired what ailed me, and on my telling him, he said, “Well, Sister Johnson, your time is too hard!” Then turning to Mr. Johnson, he added, earnestly, “Brother Johnson, your wife’s time here is too hard! it is too hard! If I was you I would not go off and leave her; I’d stay with her when she’s sick, anyhow!” Mr. Johnson looked exceedingly sad; so I tried to look as cheerful as possible, and told him to go on and trust to Providence, as, no doubt, I’d soon be well again. Still, as he bade me good-bye, and started away, his voice trembled, and I saw tears running freely down his face.

The autumn was at this time far advanced; we had several head of cattle, sheep, and hogs, which it was necessary to feed, and our corn was yet ungathered in the field. To gather enough corn to feed the stock morning and evening, suited the Tomboy disposition of our girl pretty well, and aided me much; but in less than a week after Brother Axley and Mr. Johnson left, the girl went away, and all this work devolved upon me. The weather was, for the season, very cold, wet, and disagreeable. I got up and made my fire every morning, seldom—as every nursing woman will understand—with dry clothes; prepared my little, frugal meal of corn-bread, meat, milk, and cold vegetables; hurried
through the old routine of housework, and got ready for the labors of the day. And the first task was to trust one child to the care of the other, hasten to the field and gather corn to feed the stock. I had, for want of better conveniences, to gather it in my apron, bring it to the fence—a tall fence with stakes and riders—pitch it through the fence, climb over and gather it up, and finally, distribute it to the stock. It took two trips of this kind every morning, and two every evening, to get out feed for all; and between trips I ran to the house for a hasty glance at the poor children, to see if all was safe.

In due time Mr. Johnson came around, borrowed a wagon and team, hired a boy, and housed the corn. He also engaged the boy to come over daily and feed the stock.
CHAPTER XIX.
SECOND YEAR ON THE SAME CIRCUIT.

The Conference was good enough to send Mr. Johnson back to the same work the following year. This saved us from sacrificing the little property we had accumulated, and still allowed Mr. Johnson to be at home once in two weeks. His work was not diminished, and the scanty receipts from the circuit were not sensibly increased. I find the following memorandum of receipts for three quarters, from which I suppose that he must have received about $60 in the course of the year: "Adams's, $1.50; Nealy's, .50; Jarrel's, .50; Minner's, $2.00; Hobson's, $1.25; Hail's, $2.00; Traylor's, $1.50; Young's, $1.75; Cochran's, .25; total, first quarter, $11.25. Second quarter—Reed's, $1.25; Sand Lick, .75; Rhodes's, $1.00; Cochran's, .25; Nealy's, .50; Mitchell's, $1.50; Young's, $1.00; Hail's, $2.50; Jarrel's, .50; total, $9.25. Third quarter—Adams's, $1.50; Young's, $2.50; Hobson's, $2.75; Brown's, $5.00; Hail's, $2.37\frac{1}{2}; Rhodes's, $1.12\frac{1}{2}; Traylor's, .50; Nealy's, .75; Jarrel's, $1.25; Reed's, $2.62\frac{1}{2}; total, $20.37\frac{1}{2}." The other preaching-places are marked ——.

We had little to live on—little, I mean, except
the meat, bread, and vegetables that we raised on the farm; and I saw or heard but little of the world. A preacher stopped now and then, seldom anybody else; and the only luxury we ever indulged was a cup of coffee on such occasions. Mr. Johnson would buy a dollar's worth—one pound of coffee and two of sugar—about once in two months, and most of the time this scanty supply lay untouched upon the shelf.

The first winter of this second year was unusually cloudy and dismal. Never shall I forget one day of special gloom. I was very unwell, and the clouds were thick and dark, and the snow was falling so fast that I could scarcely see any object a dozen rods. Mr. Johnson, too, was far from being well; and for the first time, I begged him, for his own sake as well as for mine, not to go. He said that, if he staid a day longer, he must disappoint a dozen congregations; and if taken down sick upon the way, he should at least feel that he had done all he could. Tears went coursing down my face in spite of my efforts to keep them back. I "fixed him up" as comfortably as I could, and he started, groaning heavily, and ever and anon brushing aside the drops that blinded his eyes; and I was alone with the babes. It really seemed to me that I could not bear to be so long alone, in such dreary weather and in such a dreary place. After he was gone, I washed and dressed the children, "cleaned up the house," as we expressed it, and then went out beside the house, and none but God can ever know with what tears of bitter anguish I poured out my soul.
before him. Then a repining feeling would come over me, and I wished that I had never left the happy home of my childhood, so bright in memory in contrast with the gloom of the present. Finally, I came into the house, hoping the Lord would guide me to some comforting promise in his blessed word. I took up the Bible, opened it, and the first passage my eye rested upon was—Eccl. vii. 10—"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." I felt rebuked, earnestly besought the Lord to forgive me and grant me a spirit of resignation, and even there, in our lonely cabin, amid the gloom of the desert, I realized that there is no spot of earth so dark but when God says, "Let there be light," there is light.

I was very subject to what we called sick-headache, the paroxysms very greatly affecting my mind, my vision, and in fact my whole system. One whole day I suffered from a severe attack; and Mr. Johnson and Brother Axley came in at evening, Axley, of course, on his way to a quarterly meeting. I told them how I had been suffering, and remarked that even then my voice sounded strange to me as if it were not I that was speaking, and every thing I saw seemed to be at an immense distance from me. Axley seemed to pay no attention to this remark, and after an early supper I went to bed. Of course, as we had but one room in the house, our guest was to occupy it with us, a temporary partition being supplied by hanging up a sheet between the beds. Axley and Mr. Johnson sat up long, con-
versing by the fire. Mr. Johnson told Axley that he had to preach the funeral of old Brother Trovery, and was requested to take the text, “Thy sun shall no more go down,” etc. He asked Axley to give him some thoughts upon it. He accordingly began, and I think I never heard such a strain in my life as he poured forth, in his own solemn, slow, and measured cadences, for about half an hour. He, and Mr. Johnson, and myself, all grew happy as he dwelt upon that blessed relief from pain and sorrow. “Then,” said he, turning to me as I lay, “then, Sister Johnson, we won’t see things away off, after we taste the leaves of that tree that is for the healing of the nations; and our voices won’t seem strange to us, without it’s from the way they ring with the music of glory!”

The labors of the circuit, the field, and the household for this year, were but a repetition of those of the last; but there was one night of trial, an account of which I beg leave to give.

An old woman came to our house one day, and proposed to stay with me for nothing, except, indeed, her victuals. She looked like a grave, quiet old lady, and I was glad to have her stay. She was very large and fleshy, weighing, I should suppose, over two hundred pounds. She was quite taciturn, seldom uttered a word, but was kind and agreeable, and would ply her knitting or cards from morning till night. I never did learn what her name was, where she came from, where her friends lived, or what she expected to do in the future. Indeed, I soon began to regard her with a kind of supersti-
tious fear, as if not feeling quite sure that she was really a human being.

She had been with me but a few days, and was one evening sitting under a tree in the yard knitting, for it was one of those very pleasant days that sometimes visit us in early spring. She had been sitting there for two or three hours, when, about sundown, I looked out, and she had either left her chair or fallen from it, and lay prostrate upon the grass—the green and dry together making a thick coat of it upon the ground. I went out to rouse her, supposing she had fallen asleep, and found her completely insensible, and her breathing very slow and heavy. I knew not what was the matter, nor what to do. I suppose her affection was apoplexy, but this I then knew nothing about. Every effort to rouse her being in vain, there was no resort left me but to try to get her into the house as she was.

The sun was now down, and feeble as I then was, it was out of the question to think of carrying two children a mile, and threading alone the footpath through the woods in the dusk of evening. But what could I do with two hundred or two hundred and forty pounds? Yet the trial must be made. I lifted one limb at a time, then taking hold of her arms, tried to pull her toward the house. Moving the head and then the feet, I gained ground slowly, but at last got her to the door. Exerting all my power, I raised her to a sitting posture, tumbled her in at the door, and, after many efforts, succeeded in dragging her in upon the floor. The best that was practicable then was to make a pallet and roll
her upon it, and there let her lie in peace, for I every moment expected her to die, and that I should have to sit up alone with the dead.

In the pause that ensued after making her as comfortable as I could upon the pallet, I began to realize the horrors of my situation. Always timid in the night, a mile from any other family, no candle or other light, not much wood, nobody to help me, alone with two little children, and with a mysterious stranger that I was afraid of and believed to be dying! But I hastily gathered a little light-wood and brush to start a light in the night if needed, and ate a few morsels of cold bread and milk for my supper.

By the time I had got the children quietly to bed, and turned to see if I could do any thing for the poor woman, her slow and heavy breathing had ceased, and I was appalled to find her dead! If I was afraid of her while living, I was horrified at her now as she lay, a huge, unwieldy corpse, dimly discernible in the faint light of the few coals upon the hearth. Fearful of becoming insane, I tried to compose myself, and lay down to sleep. No—not to sleep! After lying for an hour or so, as I verily believe on the verge of insanity, I was startled by that most terrible sound that ever fell upon a mother’s ear—the unmistakable breathings of croup! My fire had burned down, I had no candle, no lamp—matches, of course, were unknown; and I had no earthly remedy at hand. Uttering a heart-felt prayer for mercy, I sprang up, raked out the coals from the ashes with my fingers, and hurriedly made a little
fire of my brush-wood. I then ran frantically into the garden in the pitchy darkness, stumbling and bruising myself at almost every step, and by feeling, or rather scratching, about, I found some ground-ivy and other herbs that we used for nearly every kind of sickness. To bring these in, and pick out the weeds by the light of a feeble blaze that had now sprung up, and to prepare the tea, was the work of a few minutes; and the use of this tea, with bathing and friction, was all that I was able or knew how to do.

My boy's breathing now became exceedingly difficult, and so loud it might have been heard at the distance of fifty yards or more. It would have been no surprise whatever for any breath to have been his last. Mothers! can you conceive the fear and anguish that wrung my heart in that fearful hour? To make matters still worse, my baby awoke, and from that time till daylight I spent every moment either in trying to quiet my baby, or in trying to do something to save the life of my boy, who I still believed was going to die. At some time in the night, a loud, unearthly moan came from what I had supposed to be the corpse of the woman; and I believe this frightened me as much as any thing that occurred that night. It was as frightful to be in doubt whether she was dead or alive, as to be sure that she was dead.

The night slowly wore away. My boy was some better, and the woman, to my surprise, was still alive. After a hasty breakfast of cold scraps, weak and exhausted as I was, I took one child on each
arm and walked to our neighbor's to ask for help. He came back with me, and we found the old woman dying. She lingered through the day, and died about sundown. The neighbor went away to get help, as he said, to sit up with the corpse. He failed to return, however; and there I was, with no company but my babes, one of whom was yet sick, and no light but the feeble glimmer of the fire; and I had had so little time to collect wood, that two or three times I had to leave my babes and run out into the darkness to gather sticks. And, dear reader, being by nature one of the most timorous creatures in the world, no heart can know how I was tortured with fears that night! Next day, the neighbors came in, made a box, and gave her an unceremonious burial.

I was afraid to ask Mr. Johnson to locate; indeed, I durst not do it. My hardships and distress overcame me. My hopes of a settled home and its joys were blasted and gone. I was utterly disheartened. Hysteria took hold upon me, with frequent choking and pains about the stomach or epigastrium the most insupportable that I ever felt. I had carefully concealed the mental and physical pain that I suffered, but Mr. Johnson saw that I was wearing away, more than suspected the cause, and had determined to locate. Without saying a word upon the subject to me, he had arranged all his business to quit the itinerant life.

His last round was at length completed, and he had a few days to work on the farm without interruption. The day on which he must start to Con-
ference, if he went at all, was at hand: he said nothing about going, and I suspected his design. Mr. Johnson went out to his work. I went to my place of secret devotion, and earnestly, from a full heart, besought the Lord to guide me into the way I ought to pursue. I returned greatly comforted, went out with a light heart to where Mr. Johnson was building what we called a fodder-house for the benefit of the sheep in winter, and the following conversation took place:

"My dear, are you not going to Conference?"

"Why, no, child; I have made all the arrangements necessary to locate, and there is now no necessity for me to go."

"Now, Mr. Johnson, do you really intend to locate? I am afraid you will regret that step after you take it."

"Why should I? I can still preach; and it is too hard for you and our precious little ones to lead so lonely and comfortless a life, and I don’t intend you shall do it if I can help it. I can’t stand it any longer. My heart has ached many a time for your sufferings, and I intend to stay at home and make you and the children a home as comfortable as I can make it."

"Now, Mr. Johnson, I have no idea that you’ll be satisfied. After the press of your work is over, and you have a little time for reflection, I have no doubt you will long to be in the work again. So you had better go along to Conference, and let the good Lord take care of me and the children."

"My dear, how can I go? I’ve already sent up
my request for a location: if I go, I ought to start day after to-morrow morning; and you see I can't even get this fodder-house done to-day."

"I can help you. I can help you carry out the fodder and tops that are yet in the field, and I can hand them up to you as well as anybody, so you can get it done to-day. Then the crop will all be safe, for a while at least, and you can go to Conference as well as not."

"What then? Whom could I now get to stay with you till I go and return? I have received but little this year, and have spent nearly all of it in getting a few things, and repairing the houses; and I don't believe I've got enough left to bear my expenses to Conference."

"Well, Brother Rhodes's boys will feed for us, and I'll go and stay at father's. Or, as I would like to pay your relatives a visit, I will cook enough to-morrow for us to eat on the road: we can stop at Brother Overshiner's at Hopkinsville, and our expenses will hardly amount to any thing."

After a pause and a few minutes' reflection, with some surprise that I should favor his continuance in the itinerancy, Mr. Johnson said:

"Well, I'll go. I'm determined to locate; but I'll go to Conference."

So, throwing down a few bundles for the children to tumble upon, we worked that day with might and main, and got the fodder-house done, and all the fodder and tops secured; and by an hour by sun on the appointed day, we were all in the old gig rumbling—or rather, rattling and screeching—
along on the road toward Hopkinsville. I went to his relatives in Sumner county, Tenn.—or what remained of them, for two or three families had removed to Illinois—and Mr. Johnson went on to Conference.
CHAPTER XX.

MR. JOHNSON STATIONED AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Up to this time it had never occurred to my mind that Mr. Johnson was any thing more than an ordinary preacher, though I knew him to be a good, a devoutly pious man. The events of this Conference, therefore, caused me no little surprise. The Conference met at Nashville on the 1st of October, 1818, Bishop McKendree presiding. The people of Nashville sent up an immense petition praying that the society in that city be made a station, and that John Johnson be sent to take charge of it. If the latter part of the petition could not be granted, they wished to remain a part of the circuit, or be left without a preacher. They said they would support Mr. Johnson, but could not, and would not, support anybody else.

Bishop McKendree urged him to take the appointment, as there was an opening for him to accomplish good, to have his family comfortably situated, and to be with them. But Mr. Johnson persisted in his original design, took a location, came by after me and the children, and started immediately for home.

The first night we got to Major Turner's, near
Gallatin. Mr. Johnson had been sighing and groaning at intervals all the way. I knew that he repented having taken the step, but said nothing to him, except a word occasionally that I hoped might turn his thoughts into a more agreeable channel. He looked extremely anxious and sad. Groan followed groan. At night he lay down to rest at the usual hour, and slept; but his sleep was broken and troubled, for ever and anon he uttered a groan, long, deep, and heavy. At last about midnight he arose, and began to walk the room. And now, for the first time, I asked him what was the matter. Said he, "I've had a dream. I thought we were driving the gig over a very long and high bridge, and when we were about midway upon it, the horse broke through the floor, and hung suspended by the harness. I sprang from the gig, and was trying to recover my horse, when a man on the farther shore shouted to me, 'Cut loose, cut loose, or you'll all go!' I cut the traces as quickly as possible, the horse fell into the stream with a plunge, and I awoke." "Now, my dear," said I, "that is plain warning, and you had better take it. Cut loose at once. Cut loose from the world, or it will be the ruin of us all!" He replied, "I hardly know what to do. After refusing the appointment when urged to take it, what can I now do? or how can I arrange my affairs at home?" "Well, let me suggest," I said. "Write to Bishop McKendree and to Brother Douglas, that you have concluded to take the work if there is no arrangement to the contrary, and will come on as soon as you can. Then let us go home
and advertise at Princeton and the places of resort around, that you will sell the farm, and every thing else that we are not obliged to keep, on twelve months' credit, and they will readily sell for their full value."

After a little reflection, he said, "I'll do it!"—an expression when used by him that always meant as much as can be expressed in so many words. He wrote to Brother Douglas next morning, and he had scarcely reached Princeton before he received a letter from Douglas applauding his resolution, bidding him hope to do much good there, and urging him by all means to come on. Meeting Peter Cartwright, his former Elder, Mr. Johnson unbosomed himself completely to him, and got an abrupt and churlish snarl for his pains. "I should n't do any such thing," said Cartwright. "You had had warning enough, and if you were going at all, you ought to have gone at once, without so much dilly-dallying. You 'll cut a pretty figure there now! You rejected the place when it was offered to you, and what sort of a face can you have to come poking in at this time o' day?"

The reason of this snarl was Cartwright's jealousy. He was miserable if any one seemed to be rising faster than he. Bishop McKendree was of a widely different spirit. Having heard of Mr. Johnson's resolution, he wrote to encourage him, promising to have the appointment made, and duly recorded in the minutes. So, at the appointed day, we sold all that we had of this world's goods, except what could be conveniently put in one wagon. It
was at first a hard struggle to give up all; but after going to the blessed throne of grace, and pouring out my soul to God, I felt a sweet resignation to his will, and was enabled to "take joyfully" the parting with nearly every thing that I had learned to love. But we were soon on the way to our new home.

William McMahon was the Presiding Elder; yet from some cause we were much more intimate with Brother T. L. Douglas, then superannuated in our vicinity. He was somewhat under the medium height, considerably inclined to corpulency, but very erect in his carriage. His demeanor was grave and dignified, his features handsome, and his countenance full of benevolence. His voice was full, round, and melodious, and his articulation unusually distinct. He did not look to be so much as forty years of age, yet I was told that he had been preaching for nearly twenty years. He had been Presiding Elder at Nashville four years, and after an interval of one year, he again served a like period in the same place. I could not have thought that my poor body would outlive his vigorous frame—as I suppose I have—twenty-five years.

At Nashville we found a comfortable home. We rented a house belonging to a young man whose name I do not now remember: it was situated in a suburb of the city which was known as Scuffletown, near Bass's tan-yard, and West's spinning-factory. I had never been in so large a town before, and as we first approached it, there seemed to me to be a myriad of chimneys; and even after a long stay—
for we were there nearly three years—I did not know, or greatly care to know, much about the town. I suppose the population was then about 3,000. It was an incorporated city, and contained a bank, a market-house, a college, an academy for young ladies, a rope-walk, two distilleries, and three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist.

I never met with as kind and generous a people as we found at Nashville. Few days indeed passed without some manifestation of this kindness. An article of dress for some of the family, some rarity for the table, some delicacy suited to the season came with every week, and almost every day. It tried my very heart to give up every thing to be sold on leaving our home in Kentucky, but I believe our friends in Nashville, by gifts alone, more than replaced all that I then gave up. And O what a contrast between our pleasant home in the busy city and that of last year—a lonely cabin in the wilderness!

I wish particularly to mention among our friends Jo. Elliston and his family, Matthew Quinn and family; Drs. Roane and Newnan, E. H. Foster, Mrs. Harrison, Parson Hume, Principal of the Academy, Mr. Southard, or Suthard, Mrs. Ewing—but time fails. I might mention as kind friends nearly every person whose acquaintance we formed in the city.

Mr. Johnson kept an account of every thing that we bought for the table, and the Church made good this amount, and paid him the disciplinary allowance—which was then one hundred dollars to the
preacher, the same for the support of his wife, and sixteen dollars for each child under seven years of age. So our salary, besides table expenses, was about §232.

This was an ample allowance, and far more than we had ever received before; yet I felt that, though rid of many of the difficulties and hardships with which I had had to contend heretofore, I was still bound to do what I could to aid in gaining a competency, and, if possible, "something for a rainy day." So, as soon as we were settled in our new home, I set out to find work to do. I soon found a hatter, a quiet little Methodist, whose shop was only a few rods from our door, and readily made an arrangement to trim hats for him at so much apiece. This kind of work was done in that day, I suppose, exclusively by hand, and chiefly by females. I allotted myself the task of earning 75 cents per day, and so zealously did I apply myself to the work, and so regularly did he furnish me work to do, that I think there were not a dozen days in the year that I fell short of that amount, except when sick.

Mr. Johnson preached twice a week, and held prayer-meeting once a week, besides attending the class-meetings every Sabbath. His preaching was with power, was very acceptable to the Church, and attended with the best results. Hardly one Sabbath passed without a shout being heard in our church, and I think he preached no sermon that was not heard by many with tears, or other manifestations of deep emotion. The Church seemed to
be rather in a state of constant and vigorous growth than of frequent revivals. A great number both of infants and adults were baptized. I remember that a widow lady of the name of Snow, the mother of five or six children, had them all baptized at her house at the same time. It was a very pretty sight to see them all so neat and orderly, standing in a line in the order of their ages, as Mr. Johnson for their mother dedicated them to God.

As before stated, our property in Kentucky was sold on a credit of twelve months, and of course at the end of this year it became due. We had been laying up money, to a limited extent truly, but to the utmost of our ability, during the year. We had a large gourd that would hold about a gallon, with the neck cut off—as was usual in making "soap-gourds"—this we kept concealed in the cellar, and we made it our treasury. The paper-money that came into our hands we spent for necessary supplies, but the specie, every single piece of it that either of us received, went into the "treasury." By adhering inexorably to this rule, we accumulated fifty dollars in specie during the year. Mr. Johnson took this money, and went down to Caldwell county and collected a portion of the money then due upon his notes; then, leaving me and the children at father's, he went to Illinois to purchase land. I think that at this time he bought 200 or 240 acres, lying a mile or two south-east of Mt. Vernon, in Jefferson county.

When he started for Illinois, Sister Rebecca and myself accompanied him to Brother Jesse Pember-
ton's—now Fredonia. On our way back to father's, whirling and rattling along in the old gig, we encountered a lot of wagons driven by negro fellows, who seemed to us unusually large, black, and ill-looking. They had made a full stop in the road, and one of the wagons was turned upon one side, with two wheels up in the air. At this our horse was very much frightened, as we were at the negroes. I said, "Your wagon scares our horse"—hoping that on this hint they would, if possible, turn it down. But one whispered to the other, and both looked surly, and neither of them answered me, or so much as moved. Rebecca was now very much alarmed, as indeed she had been from the first, and my feelings were very much like hers. Having at length got the gig safely past the wagon, Rebecca exclaimed, "Give me the child, and you lay whip!" And so I did, nor once slackened speed till we came to Mrs. Fowler's—the mother, by the way, of the Rev. Lyttleton and Judge Wiley P. Fowler.

A few days after this, my babe—which, pardon me, was born in Nashville, and was a namesake of my mother—became sick, and was sick for several days, we using only herb-teas and the usual domestic remedies of the day. But at length, as she lay on my lap, with eyes half closed, looking so pale, and thin, and sad, I became alarmed, and running over to a school-house near by, got a little son of Mr. Marshall—George, I believe—to go to Princeton for a physician. He found one who promised to come, but he never came, and O how sad I felt!
"Have I indeed no friends, as well as no home?" said I; and father was nearly as much displeased as I. But in a few days the child recovered, which was, perhaps, more than she would have done if the physician had come.
CHAPTER XXI.
SECOND YEAR AT NASHVILLE.

Mr. Johnson was again sent to Nashville by the Conference—the Tennessee Conference, for the Kentucky Conference was not yet formed—which met at Nashville, in October, 1819. He now proposed that the society pay him a fixed salary, and dispense with the necessity for keeping accounts. Brother Jo. Elliston and Dr. Roane declared that less than a thousand dollars would not support a family in Nashville—at least it would not support either of theirs; but Mr. Johnson said six hundred dollars would be enough to support his family, and that was all he desired. At his request it was fixed at that amount.

By this time the young man in whose house we had been living, was married, and had need of his house. Mr. Johnson now rented one from E. H. Foster, who, as before stated, was a relative; though after the contract was made, and we were comfortably quartered in the house, he told Mr. Johnson that we should pay no rent, and besides, if we would remain in Nashville, we should have a lease on the house and lot for ninety-nine years on the same terms. I do not remember the street, or number
THE SOLUTION

...
of the house—if it was numbered—but it was near the residence of General Carroll. I went out but little; I can never forget, however, the dignified politeness and affability of General Carroll, as he almost every day passed our door; nor the extreme stiffness with which lawyer Hayes and Felix Grundy, who were also men of note, passed on without a motion of the head or face.

It was while we were at Nashville that Mr. Johnson had his celebrated controversy with Vardiman. Vardiman was a Baptist, very learned, very shrewd, and very zealous. He came down from Northern Kentucky, and held a series of meetings at Franklin, about twenty miles from Nashville. He soon gained a wonderful reputation; was regarded by his friends as a perfect giant, especially in argument; a Goliath to be snubbed by no David in these ends of the earth. He let loose his anathemas against the Methodist Episcopal Church with a most relentless cruelty. The Baptists actually thought he was going to wipe Methodism out of existence in Middle Tennessee. He brought his mammoth sponge to Nashville. He preached at night, and defied any man to dispute or controvert a single statement that he had made. Mr. Johnson arose and disputed several of them. This led to a debate. Vardiman was pompous and defiant. The rules and questions were soon agreed upon, and it was expected the debate would continue a week or more.

Vardiman spoke in the morning on the appointed day, and then took a conspicuous seat, and pom-
pously drew out his paper and pencil to take notes. He grew exceedingly restless during Mr. Johnson's reply, but still wore a look of confidence. In the afternoon Vardiman spoke again, and Mr. Johnson replied. Next day Vardiman was not present, and upon inquiry it was found that he had left town.

In a day or two Mr. Johnson got a note from Clarksville, stating that Vardiman was holding a series of meetings there, and making violent assaults upon the Methodist Episcopal Church. He set out at once, and reached Clarksville about nightfall. Of course he was present at Vardiman's meeting. The redoubtable debater presented his points, defied the world to dispute or controvert a single one of them, and wound up by saying he had recently been attacked by a Methodist preacher at Nashville—he had forgotten his name—and he had literally sponged him out, and could sponge out any preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

To his unspeakable dismay, as soon as he had announced his appointment for the next night, Mr. Johnson arose in the congregation and meekly said: "I will reply to what the gentleman has just been saying, if the friends will meet me at the Methodist church to-morrow at 11 o'clock." Mr. Vardiman was dumbfounded, but durst not now retreat. With the best grace he could, he stammered out—though hardly ever known to stammer before—that he would be pleased to hear what the gentleman had to say. He took care, however, not to be present at Mr. Johnson's appointment, though it seemed as if everybody else was present, for the house was
crowded to overflowing. Vardiman preached the following night, and left town very early the next morning. Mr. Johnson now thought he was done with him; but in less than a week he got a letter from Hopkinsville, earnestly requesting him to come down and defend the Church from the attacks of one Mr. Vardiman, who was carrying every thing before him. He set out in haste, and on the second night was in Vardiman's congregation, at Hopkinsville. As usual, at the close of the sermon, Vardiman threw out the pompous challenge, repeating that he had never found a Methodist preacher that had the courage to meet him. Mr. Johnson arose, and meekly announced that he would reply to the gentleman at the Methodist church at 11 o'clock the next day. At that hour the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, every nook being jammed by persons sitting or standing in various positions. There too was Vardiman, the invincible hero, with pencil and memorandum-book in hand, seated—for the sake of comfort—near the door. Mr. Johnson began in his usual slow and deliberate style, growing more vehement and rapid as he went on. Some-body had taken notes of all Vardiman's arguments for the past week, and to all these Mr. Johnson had to reply in a single discourse; and he actually poured forth a stream of solid logic and hot shot for five hours! And it is a most remarkable fact, that in all that time, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., not one soul was known to have left the house! But one, at least, had; for at the close Vardiman was not there, having slipped out unobserved; and he never
was seen again south of Green River as long as he lived. As he passed hastily through Greenville, he was heard to say that, truly “there were giants” in the South, and that he had never been so utterly routed in his life.

When Mr. Johnson returned, the Methodists were as exultant as the Baptists had been at first. An old Brother Harris met one of the latter, and said: “John, what has become of Vardiman? I’ll guarantee I can chase him clear out of the United States, if I can just keep John Johnson after him. He runs like a rabbit!”

I had never been baptized, having, perhaps, some Quaker ideas on the subject, though Mr. Johnson had often proposed it. Many a time, in passing the limpid streams which flow from the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, he had mentioned it; but I still regarded it as not strictly necessary, and still declined. But after having my thoughts more fully directed to the subject by these discussions, light seemed to dawn upon me, and I requested that I might receive the ordinance. I was, accordingly, baptized by our excellent Presiding Elder, Thomas L. Douglas, together with our two little girls, Elizabeth F. and Susannah T.

Little else occurred, that I remember, to diversify the ordinary tenor of our lives, except the little annoyances connected with the employment of colored “help.” Brother Southard furnished us with a girl gratuitously for a part of the time, and a vicious creature she was. She grew more and more impudent until a certain evening when I observed her
sulkily standing by the fire-place and rolling her big white eyeballs up at me in a manner that made me quite nervous. Two of the children were in bed, and I took up the other, glided out of the room, scaled the fence, and hastened to tell Brother Southard of her movements. She was at the fence, in a yard of me, with the poker in her hand, when I got into the street. Southard came over in haste, seized her, tied her, took her home, and administered a hundred lashes on her bare back. She came back as good a negro as heart could wish.

Part of the time we had an old woman who was almost as good as a mother, both to me and the children; but she had a great desire to follow the style of the rich. She declared we must have preserves to set on the table. I told her we couldn’t afford the expense. She said she could get “dezuvs” without any expense, and I told her to go ahead. So she sold a little milk in the market every morning, and with the proceeds purchased sugar and fruit, and sure enough in due time set the “dezuvs” upon the table with a look of infinite satisfaction. She also frequently begged me to let her take the children with her to the meetings held for the negroes on Sunday evenings, and it was only when she came back that she told me any thing about the gaudy and fantastic ornamentation she had “piled on” them.

I cannot refrain from giving an anecdote, before closing this chapter, of a good brother who figured in Tennessee about this time; and I am more free to give it, as he often told it himself. His name
was Jacob Hearn, and though an oddity in some respects, and often absent-minded, he was a man of irreproachable character, and of excellent powers of mind. He talked very slowly, and had a habit of frequently inserting an unspellable “'n'r,” or “ner,” between his words.

Well, one day Jaky was out in the woods at a short distance from his house, cutting wood. By one of those unfortunate licks which may cause the best of men to lose a limb, his ax glanced and struck squarely and with terrible force upon his foot. He instantly dropped to a sitting posture, and seized the wounded foot with the energy of desperation, griping it like a vice, to prevent the wound’s bleeding him to death. The next thing was to get help. “O 'n'r, Patsy!” “What do you want?” “Hitch old Buck 'n'r in the sled, an'r fetch him out here! I've cut 'n'r my foot!” With all haste the obedient Patsy attached the old horse to the sled, and in a few minutes was at the side of her poor husband. But he couldn’t let go his foot to help himself, and Patsy could not lift him; she therefore was obliged to tumble and roll him about to the best advantage she could, he assisting with his sound foot and elbows when they could be brought to bear. After a great many uncomfortable lurches, occasionally grunting the mild expostulation, “O 'n'r, Patsy!” he found himself safe upon the sled, but wrong side up. To set him right without rolling him off was now the point. “Laws 'n'r massy, Patsy! that hurts!” But the entreaty was not more than uttered before he was
all right; and except a few grunts and lurches, he was brought, without farther trouble, safely to the door.

The point now was, to get him in at the door. She rolled him off the sled with ease enough to herself, and a "Laws 'n'r massy, Patsy!" from the poor wounded man; and after a good deal of effort on the part of both, he rolled in heavily upon the floor, with another "O 'n'r, Patsy!" She dragged him toward the fire, placed him flat upon his back, and elevated the wounded foot as high as possible upon a chair. Slowly, and cautiously, and with several admonitions to "Be careful 'n'r, Patsy!" she slipped off the shoe, then cautiously slipped off the sock, when lo! there was not one drop of blood! The shoe was cut, the sock was cut, the skin was "grained" a little, but there was no blood. "Well, Jaky!" was the wife's reproach; and "Why, 'n'r, Patsy, I declare I thought 'n'r my foot was split 'n'r wide open!" was the apology of the husband. Too much "plagued" to laugh, he put the horse away, and went back to work.
CHAPTER XXII.

MR. JOHNSON ON RED RIVER CIRCUIT, IN TENNESSEE.

The Tennessee Conference, which met at Hopkinsville on the fourth day of October, 1820, was kind enough to give Mr. Johnson an appointment that would not make a removal necessary. He was sent to Red River Circuit, which lay just across the river from Nashville, but was now included in Green River District, of which Marcus Lindsey was Presiding Elder. It was rather a large and rugged circuit, however, having the Cumberland for its southern boundary, the work embracing Russellville being its bound on the north, that embracing Clarksville on the west, and that embracing Gallatin on the east. But it is a curious fact that none of these towns gave name to a charge at that time: it was Goose Creek, Red River, Roaring River, Fountain Head, or the like.

As Mr. Johnson was no longer the preacher in charge, he would not trespass upon the kindness of Mr. Foster, but packed up our goods, and left me and the children to board at Sister Harrison's—the boarding-house connected with the Female Academy—until he should make a round upon his circuit, find a place for us to live, if one could be found,
and make arrangements for our removal. Old Sister Adams, a Presbyterian, came to see me, and strongly dissuaded me from going. "Stay," said she, "stay among your acquaintances! You have plenty of friends here. I'm sure there's no parsonage on the circuit; and if there were, you would be among strangers. Stay—do stay with us!" But our design was to move on to the circuit.

There were a great many girls boarding at Sister Harrison's, and we had company enough; yet in a few days I became tired of this kind of a life. I told my hostess that she treated me most kindly, and I loved her society very much, "but I must be at home: there is no place like home, and I cannot wait any longer." So I left my children with her, and set out in search of a house, soon found one, and secured it; and in twenty-four hours our little all was safely ensconced, and pretty neatly arranged within its walls.

Mr. Johnson had left me but five dollars. I got Brother Southard to buy a load of wood for me, which cost $2; I got a pair of shoes for my boy—$1; a pound of coffee and two pounds of sugar—$1; and perhaps some breadstuffs with the rest. I then sent word to the nearest tailor that I wanted work, and he at once furnished me as much as I could do. So, when Mr. Johnson came back, he found us at home; and I had paid expenses, and had ten dollars on hand. Nor did our "good luck" stop at this; for in half an hour after he got home, before he had finished his supper, and when he was promising himself a happy hour or two with the friends who
had called in to see him, a carriage drove up to the door, and he was pressingly invited to ride out immediately to a wedding. He went, the carriage being closely shut, stepped out into some house, he knew not whose, performed the ceremony among strangers, and was brought back in the same "close order," with $20 in his pocket. The parties were strangers to him, and he never did know who they were, except the mere names given in the license, or where the wedding occurred. Mr. Johnson was in an excellent humor about the arrangements I had made—especially after his mysterious ride, for he had entirely failed to find a house for us upon the circuit.

Our time here, for more than half of the ensuing year, was exceedingly pleasant. We were surrounded by the best of friends—the Ellistons, Fosters, Quinns, etc.—our house was comfortable, and we lacked for none of the comforts of life. As the weather grew warm the next spring, there were indications of an unusually sickly season. As summer approached, we became uneasy, and determined that I should spend the summer months, at least, upon the circuit. Chief among our stopping-places was Brother Slater's, between Clarksville and Springfield—I think some twelve miles from the former, and twenty from the latter place.

I must say a few words of this excellent family. Brother Slater was wealthy, but very religious, and so much afraid of his children becoming proud, that he always drove to church with his whole family in an ox-wagon. He had a daughter whom we
familiarly called Betsey, who was, it seemed to me, a perfect beauty, and as devoutly pious as her pious father could have wished. I loved that blessed girl. Her father had family prayers morning and evening, and no work of any season could ever be so pressing as to be made an excuse for one member of his household, white or black, to be absent from these services; yet Betsey also had her hours of devotion, and both at home and in the public congregation she frequently became so happy as to shout the praises of God aloud. Brother Edward Stevenson one day related his own experiences to me in about these words: "When I was sent on to that circuit, I was tired of hearing the young preachers praising Betsey Slater. I said to myself, 'It'll take more folks than Betsey Slater to carry me away so.' Well, I put up there, as all the preachers do, and Sunday morning old Brother Slater brought out his ox-wagon to take his family to meeting. I hadn't said much to Betsey; and as it looked very odd for rich folks to go to meeting in that style, and as she was sitting near by me in her plain and neat Sunday clothes ready to start, I said, rather jocosely, 'Sister Betsey, how do you like this way of riding to meeting in an ox-wagon?' She smiled, and said mildly, 'It's a pleasure for me to do any thing my father wants me to.' That answer fixed me!" I may add, that she afterward married the Rev. Newton G. Berryman.

While at Brother Slater's, our second child was taken ill of fever, and as she had a sore upon one foot, which was much inflamed, we supposed that
the fever was occasioned by it, and thought it would soon pass off. It may have been that the fever originated from contagion, to which she had been exposed before we left town—I cannot tell. She rapidly grew worse. By the advice of an old gentleman who lived in the vicinity, we applied mustard to her ankles, which only aggravated the disorder. The fever may have been of a typhoid, at least it was of a very malignant character. Her little ankles were blistered by the mustard, and soon began to exhibit signs of violent inflammation. This—so violent was her disease—passed rapidly into mortification, and all her sufferings were fearfully increased. We sent for a physician, but he lived several miles from us, and was absent from home. Next day he came. Her feet had become nearly black, and she had been sinking fast. Her head became affected, and her headache was the most intense that I ever witnessed. O it still makes my very heart ache, though nearly half a century has passed, to think how my poor child did suffer! It seemed to me my heart would burst, and that I should lose my reason. She was constantly rolling her head from side to side, and crying so piteously, "O dear, dear, dear! O dear, dear, dear!"

When the doctor came, he said it was too late. O how my spirits, my hopes, my very soul, sunk at that awful word! The last token that she was still sensible was, that she still looked after me when I left her bed. Her eyes, once as perfect and clear as the blue heaven itself, became crossed from the intensity of her pain. She died on the 25th day of
August, 1821. We buried her in Brother Slater's family burying-ground, which consisted of a portion of the garden set apart for that purpose. It was a pretty place, and we thought we should plant a stone or a tree at the head of her grave, but it was always so far from our home that we never did so. And now there is nothing to mark the place, and I do not know that it could be found.

This precious child was born on the 27th day of December, 1817, and was therefore nearly three years and eight months old. I know the partiality of a mother for her babe, especially the one that she lays so early in the tomb; but I have always thought she was a pretty child. Her brow arched beautifully over an eye of the clearest blue, her hair was light, and her skin the most transparently fair that I ever saw. She had a calm and thoughtful look—a look of meek and quiet sadness—yet she always seemed happy; and she was so gentle and affectionate, that she was loved by all who knew her. I never saw a frown upon her face. She was especially the favorite of her pa. I was really afraid her loss would drive him into insanity, as for many a day he scarcely ate, drank, or slept—weeping, and still weeping, as if he could not bear it.

A few days after she died, there was an eclipse of the sun; and it was indeed a day of darkness to me. All nature appeared to be in mourning, and all the more sad because the time was at hand for us to leave the dear little child's grave for ever. If she could have been buried at home, or where we could visit her resting-place, and plant something over it
to preserve and to name it, I could have borne it better. But this—to leave her dead, and know that over the precious dust no tear of affection ever falls—this is a grief that wrings the heart of almost every itinerant preacher's wife.

When we started from father's with her the last time, some ten months before, her grandma was weeping. Elizabeth embraced and kissed her, and said, in tones full of affection and sympathy, more touching in the broken accents of childhood, "Good-bye, grandma; don't cry, and when I come back I'll bring you something." But when we came back at the end of the year, the first to meet us was Sister Rebecca, and her first words were, "Where is Elizabeth?" It seemed my own heart must burst as I answered, "She is dead and in her grave!" Rebecca spoke not a word, but returned into the house, weeping and wringing her hands. She did nothing but walk the floor and weep till night, and nearly all night, except sometimes to throw herself upon a bed for a moment with more convulsive sobs. She so exhausted herself that she was seized with a violent fever, and with difficulty was restored to health. Such, indeed, was her attachment to the child, that three years after Elizabeth's death, she wept as if it had just occurred. I told Rebecca one day, that that little bundle of clothes upstairs was doing nobody any good, and that she might get and use them in a quilt. She went up for the bundle, and when she returned, which she did not for two long hours, I was frightened at her appearance. She had opened the bundle, and her eyes were red and
swollen with weeping, her cheeks bathed in tears, her face the picture of grief.

We now spent a few weeks with Mr. Johnson's relatives. On our way back to Nashville, I remember passing the splendid residence of the Hon. Bailie Peyton, and observing a young lady in the portico, I gave way to a feeling of dissatisfaction, and, for a moment, O what sorrow filled my soul as I contrasted her situation with mine, and felt that I had no home on earth!

When we reached the river, the wind was high, and the ferry-man refused to carry us over. Mr. Johnson was sick, and had vomited several times along the road. It was Saturday evening, and we could not stay till morning. Mr. Johnson entreated, and at last the ferry-man agreed to take him over, leaving me at a house north of the river. To this I would not agree, but told them I would go too, and if Mr. Johnson sank, I preferred we should all go down together. They reluctantly consented for me to go. Mr. Johnson led the horse aboard, and held him; I went in, and held one child in my arms while the other sat by me. When about half way across, the water dashed in, and, woman-like, I screamed: to my great mortification, the ferry-man took hold of the horse and sent Mr. Johnson back to keep me quiet, saying that to frighten the horse a little might send him and all of us overboard. But we at length got safely over.

Mr. Johnson immediately took his bed, and his fever raged incessantly for two weeks. Drs. Roane and Hayes, as good as any in the city, attended him,
and I know not his disease, nor the general treatment, but I remember well the large blisters they applied to his back and to his temples. At length a Sister Ewing proposed to employ a course of treatment which she had known the celebrated Dr. Newnan to employ in similar cases. Dr. Newnan was now gone to North Carolina with his daughters. Drs. Roane and Hayes agreed. Mrs. Ewing then had us prepare a large tubful of water. A board was placed across it, and her son placed Mr. Johnson upon the board, wrapped in blankets, and threw red-hot stones into the water. After some time, young Ewing wiped his body dry, and laid him in a warm bed; a perspiration commenced, he began to improve, and recovered rapidly. I cannot advocate the Thompsonian practice, nor the water-cure, but believe that to use more water and less medicine would be better for us all.

While he was dangerously sick, old Uncle Simeon, a colored preacher, visited him. This was an old negro in whose piety every one had confidence, and who had no mean endowment of common sense. Mr. Johnson was in a state between waking and sleep, and did not know the old negro was present till he was starting away. He then asked who it was, and on being told, desired he should be called back and pray with him. This was no new task for Simeon, for he was sometimes called upon in the public congregation. He prayed for Mr. Johnson's life, offering every argument, and making every appeal that a lawyer could have thought of; but concluded by saying, "Yit, notwidstan'in, if it is
dy will to take him from us, why, take him along, take him, take him—he dy own property—take him along.” I must confess I had not more than grace enough to say amen to all the old man’s propositions. I am told this negro, who was then old, lived until the year 1847.
CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. JOHNSON AT HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

At the close of our third year at Nashville—mine at Nashville, and Mr. Johnson's on Red River—our circumstances were comparatively easy. Our supply of furniture was as good as was usual in those days, Mr. Johnson had accumulated a great number of books, and we had some money. On going to Hopkinsville, in the autumn of 1821, Mr. Johnson bought a house and lot, and we lived quite comfortably in our own home. I sewed for the different families near me, and by my needle alone I clothed the family, except a few articles of clothing which were presented to Mr. Johnson. It required incessant exertion, but I felt willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of my husband and children, especially since we began to realize some tangible fruits of our former toil and frugality.

As Mr. Johnson was now, and remained, a member of the Kentucky Conference, I may devote a few words to the origin of this Conference. The old Western Conference was organized by the General Conference, in 1796, and held its first session at Bethel Seminary, in Jessamine county, Ky., in May, 1797. It included all the country west of the
Alleghany Mountains, from the Lakes to the Gulf. The General Conference, which met at Baltimore, in 1812, divided the Western Conference by a line running nearly due west through the center of Kentucky, giving the name of Ohio to all north of that line, and Tennessee to all south of it. The Conference at Fountain Head, in Sumner county—already mentioned—was the first session of the Tennessee Conference. It embraced the Holston, Nashville, Wabash, and Mississippi Districts. The General Conference of 1820 divided the Tennessee into two Conferences, or rather carved the Kentucky out of both the Ohio and Tennessee. It included nearly all of the State of Kentucky, and its first session was at Lexington, in September, 1821.

Mr. Johnson's views of the slavery question were always adverse to that institution, but those who attribute to him the radical opinions entertained by the Republican party of the present day, are greatly mistaken in their estimate, both of the heart and mind of the man. He regarded slavery as an evil entailed upon us by our ancestors, and, therefore, not necessarily sinful; though he knew, as we all know, that many sinned in their treatment of their slaves, as they did in almost every thing else. He held that all opposition to it should be in a spirit of kindness, aiming only at the good of both master and slave. He desired that all slaves should have an opportunity of attending public worship at proper times, and that each should be able to read the Bible for himself. (See farther, Appendix No. 1.)

There was a free negro at Hopkinsville, called
Joe, a member of the Church, and in every respect a good negro. He had a wife named Mary, who was a slave. Mary was about to be sold, and Joe came to Mr. Johnson and besought him to buy her and give him a chance to get the title to her himself. Mr. Johnson consented, and bought her at two hundred dollars. Both now became members of our family. We gave them the use of the kitchen, for which Mary was to help me in my housework, and Joe was to support himself and Mary, without expense to us for either food or clothing. He worked at his trade—he was a cigar-maker—and paid Mr. Johnson a few dollars at a time, at intervals of a week or two, or a month or two. Mr. Johnson got tired of keeping account of so many payments, and gave up the bill of sale to the old negro, before he had nearly refunded the money. Yet we lost nothing, as Mary was an excellent help, and I had use for her, and they remained with us as long as we lived in Hopkinsville.

Mr. Johnson's ministrations here were productive of much fruit. Fountain E. Pitts he seemed to feel some pride in claiming as his spiritual son. Pitts was quite a young man, boarding with a family of his relatives who were Presbyterians, and going to school. He professed religion, and his friends sturdily opposed his manifest preference for the Methodist Church; but being a young man of firmness, and controlled by a sense of duty, he yielded to the inclination of his heart, and gave his hand, his name, and himself to the Church of his choice. The Rev. L. B. Davison, also, was one of his spiritual
children, and a man whose unconquerable energy has been of immense value to the Methodist Church. In short, at the close of Mr. Johnson's first year in Hopkinsville, although the entire population of the town did not exceed eight hundred souls, there were two hundred and forty members in society. Of course, however, the station included many persons near by, but not immediately in the town.

Our eldest son, Thomas B., was now getting large enough to render us a good deal of assistance. Though only six years of age, he had a little ax of his own, and most faithfully did he ply it to supply us with wood. All the wood that was burned in my room was chopped by his tiny hands. He even then exhibited the perseverance and the industry which have since made him so successful in the world. On Saturday he cut and brought in enough to last me till Monday, and never would he stop till I had looked at the "pile" and decided that it was enough. But in one respect he was rude, and caused me some uneasiness: he was passionately fond of riding, and more than once, when he thought he was out of my sight, in riding the horse to water, he rode like some madcap riding a race.

Charles Holliday was our Presiding Elder, and an excellent man he was. He was somewhat tall and very spare, but full of fire when roused. Few men had so shrill and musical a voice as he; and when he became animated with his subject, his thin form seemed to tremble in every muscle, and his clear, ringing tones thrilled like electricity. Thomas
A. Morris—afterward Bishop—was on the Christian Circuit, which embraced the country around Hopkinsville. Brother Morris was a man of pretty good personal appearance, inclined to plainness, and very easy and unaffected in his manners—a very pleasant talker. But he was not a great preacher. His sermons were plain, clear, instructive, and very religious; but there was not much animation in his delivery, and his preaching was by no means calculated to produce a revival. I think I may safely say that he was not considered at all equal to Mr. Johnson as a preacher.

The Conference which met at Lexington in September, 1822, unanimously adopted a resolution requesting Mr. Johnson to preach the funeral sermon of the Rev. Valentine Cook. This he did, at a meeting-house near Lexington, to an unusually large audience, who manifested their love for the sainted man by such attention and such floods of tears as are not often seen in a lifetime. (See Appendix, No. 2.)

Mr. Johnson was returned to Hopkinsville and Russellville. He preached at each place every other Sabbath, preaching, I believe, on Saturday night, and Sunday morning and night, besides leading class. And although Hopkinsville and Russellville were thirty-five miles apart, he did not miss a single appointment, nor did he once fail to hold class-meeting on Sabbath. On one occasion, he went to Russellville, and as the weather was pleasant, he was rather lightly clad. Before he returned, the weather became extremely cold, and a violent snow-
storm blew from the north-west. Yet, as he was to be in Hopkinsville that night, he rode all day facing the storm in order to reach the appointment—rode the distance without an overcoat, and without making a stop on the way. This, however, brought on a rheumatic affection, which troubled him more or less for the rest of his life.

I would be glad to mention all the excellent friends we found in these towns and the surrounding country. I must speak of a few. Sister Harrison, mother-in-law to Andrew Monroe, was a pious and kind old lady, to whom I ever felt that I could look up as to a mother. Sister McGarvey was one of the excellent of the earth. She married Brother James Miller, and they removed to Bloomington, Illinois—Brother Miller has since served a term as Treasurer of Illinois. Richard Bibb, of Russellville, was an ardent friend, but hardly so ardent in his attachment to the policy of the M. E. Church. He published two or three pamphlets, partly to criticise, and partly to defend, our doctrines and discipline. Yet he was kind and generous, and truly pious. Mr. Johnson once solicited from him a charitable contribution—for missions, perhaps—and received what he considered an abrupt answer. A few days afterward, in conversation, he said, "Brother Bibb, you hurt my feelings the other day." "Did I? Well, what will it take to cure 'em?" "I think a plaster composed of a five-dollar bill would heal them up directly." Mr. Bibb laughed heartily at the prescription, handed it over, and it was duly appropriated to the intended purpose.
It was here also that we began an acquaintance with G. W. Robbins, now of South Illinois Conference, and formed a friendship that has lasted till now, and will last as long as life. Miss Charlotte Campbell was a young lady whose society was very dear to me. Brother Gideon Overshiner we ever found a friend both kind and true; and he was a man of so much industry and energy, that his friendship was a thing of real value.

Among the many pleasant and unpleasant recollections of our sojourn at Hopkinsville, which come up without much connection or association, is a little incident that amused me a little, as an example of the borrowed greatness so "hugely" enjoyed by the negro race. A boy among some poor movers got into a quarrel with a negro boy in passing through town; and, after exchanging sundry epithets and denunciations, the white boy said, "You ain't nothin' but a nigger nohow!" Stretching himself up to full size, the insulted African retorted, "I belong to Dr. McCarroll, and I think myself better than any poor white folks!"

Our second son was born here; and having duly honored our parents by naming our other children for them, we now began to compliment the eminent fathers of the Church in like manner. We named this child John Fletcher, and the name was sealed in baptism by Brother Charles Holliday, our estimable Elder.

The closing months of this Conference-year were extremely sickly at Hopkinsville. On some days one funeral train was scarcely out of sight before
another appeared. This made me very uneasy, and I wished Mr. Johnson, before starting to Conference, to take me to the country or to father's, out of the malarious or contagious influence that threatened to depopulate the town. He had an appointment to fill at Russellville, and next day I looked for him to return, but received the following letter:

"My Dear Companion in Tribulation:—I am sorry to inform you that I find it my duty to go on. I am seriously sorry to leave you and my dear children so long; but I am resolved to do my duty and the will of God, however painful to flesh and blood. That I am not lacking in the tenderest love for you, the many letters that I have written to you, and all my conduct toward you in the past, fully show. I have committed you and our little ones into the hand of our kind Creator and Benefactor, who will take care of us; and should I never return, I shall have the consolation of knowing I aim at the glory of God and the discharge of my duty.

"I will write to you more fully when I have a better opportunity. Inquire at the post-office. I would be glad you could write to me. Direct to Maysville: perhaps your letter will reach me before I leave that place.

"I remain your true and loving husband,

"John Johnson."

Sadly disappointed, I sat down immediately and wrote him a letter which was somewhat reproachful in its tone, and not much saturated with "the milk
of human kindness.” Just as I had finished it, Sister Shawl came in, and I showed her what I had written. She read it, and said, “Sister Johnson, just let me lay this on the fire!” I felt rebuked by her voice of love and goodness, and replied jocosely, “In with it!” and in another instant it was in flames. After my feeling of displeasure passed off, the danger and helplessness of our condition rose up in gloomy colors before me, and I promised the Lord that if he would spare me and my little family, I would go without a murmur to any work that his providence might appoint.

That Mr. Johnson’s labors this year had been eminently acceptable, the following, which I take from the Southern Ladies’ Companion for November and December, 1854, will clearly show. The paragraphs occur in the story of “The Unwelcome Preacher;” the name of the man at first so unwelcome, but afterward so welcome, was Edward Stevenson, and the name of the town was Russellville. But to the quotation:

“In the fall of 1823, the Methodists of a certain town in Kentucky concluded that they were able, though but twenty-two in number, to support a preacher by themselves. Accordingly they wrote to the Conference, requesting the Bishop to make a station of their village. But, considering their want of numerical and financial strength, it was deemed all-important that the minister sent them should be a man of popular talents; because, unless he could command the admiration and conciliate the favor of the people, there was danger of failing to support him.
"They therefore asked for a Brother Johnson—at that time one of the most popular and effective ministers in the State—and made the getting of that particular man the condition upon which they wished to become a station. To them it was clear that the destinies of Methodism, if not of Christianity itself, in that particular region, depended upon their having the man they wanted that very year. It was thought advisable, however, to station Brother Johnson elsewhere."

He was stationed in Louisville, and notwithstanding my vow of unmurmuring submission, I felt disappointed and sad; for I had heard, from some source, that Louisville was a very unhealthy town, and especially noted for an annual mortality among the children. Still I opened not my mouth to object.
CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. JOHNSON STATIONED AT LOUISVILLE.

When the year closed at Hopkinsville, we were very comfortably situated. We had a good house, and for that time and place it was well furnished. The trouble was that we had too much. We had more than could be moved so far; hence we were obliged to sell out again almost entirely. Mr. Johnson sold over two hundred volumes out of his library. We reserved nothing whatever but our clothing, two tea-pots, valuable chiefly as keepsakes, and a set of silver tea-spoons. An old friend, Williams, said, not knowing that I could hear him, "Boys, it is hard: I tell you a woman must hate to see everything about the house set out and sold!" Yet I can truly say I esteemed them as nothing. All my concern was for the health of my family, and the approbation of my Heavenly Father; and I felt that if these were left us, we still had enough.

We gave a bed and bedstead for a horse—which my young readers must not understand to indicate that they were very fine, or that the horse was very poor. There were very few horses then worth from one to several hundred dollars. The average range of prices was between twenty-five and sixty dol-
llars. And little use did we have for a second horse going to Louisville Station. He was only needed for black Joe's accommodation, who rode him all the way. And here I may as well finish Joe at once. Mary rode in the wagon with us, our only lading being the family and some trunks; and on arriving at Louisville, Joe readily found employment in making cigars, at six dollars a week. His former master, Mr. Henry, soon passed along on his way to Congress, and gave him ten dollars, so he was soon ready to set up. Mr. Johnson gave him the bill of sale for Mary, and when we left Louisville they were living "in their own hired house," comfortable as need be, and most enthusiastically attached to the Methodist Church.

Having arrived at Louisville, we procured a house on Green street, and, as usual, I immediately sought for employment. I obtained sewing from the neighbors, but prices were exceedingly low. Yet, before I left town, which was long before the year expired, I had accumulated about fifty dollars in specie of my own earnings. An old Sister Harrison was the leader of a female prayer-meeting, which she had steadily kept up for five years, notwithstanding the discord that had prevailed in the Church. She rebuked me for my close application to business. Said she, "Sister Johnson, why do you stay at home, and apply yourself so devotedly to your own affairs, when you ought to consult the interest of the Church and the good of others? Every Thursday evening we have prayer-meeting, but you are not there—you, the very one who ought to take the most active part
with us.” I answered, “I wish to lay up a little money while I can; it may be that next year we shall be on a circuit where I cannot.” I reflected upon it, however, and thenceforward became a regular attendant at the meetings; and many a delightful season we enjoyed.

Soon after our arrival, Brother McAllister brought us a very large basket filled with queensware. Mr. Johnson, from conversations with Mr. Overstreet, who was a shrewd man and an excellent talker, had conceived some degree of mistrust for McAllister, and was not disposed to regard his conduct as prompted by the purest motives. Hence, when the queensware came, though otherwise a welcome and timely kindness, Mr. Johnson was not pleased with it. And when Mr. McAllister had retired, he said to me, “He is fixing up matters for that Church-trial! I reckon he thinks it’s all right now!”

Mr. Johnson thought best to at once dispose of the trials that had been so long disturbing the peace of the Church, and to admit no flimsy pretexts for delay. This he did, and Mr. Overstreet was expelled from the Church by a verdict of the whole society. This quieted the troubled waters, and from that day to this Methodism has not ceased to be a living, growing power in the city of Louisville. (For further particulars see Appendix, No. 3.) I will here add, however, that Mr. Overstreet published a pamphlet entitled “Church Secrets,” in which he made a slanderous assault upon Mr. Johnson, Wm. Adams, the Presiding Elder, Richard Corwine, Philo Beeman, and others. This was responded to by Mr.
Johnson, in a pamphlet called "The Secret of Church Secrets," and also by Brothers Beeman, Adams, Corwine, etc., in pamphlets or circulars of various sizes. Mr. Overstreet closed the battle with a special reply to Mr. Johnson, called "The Secret of Church Secrets Unsecreted," and a reply to the others in still another pamphlet. I believe none of the men whom he slandered ever condescended to take any farther notice of his garrulous productions; and being like many other men, Overstreet lost all power when he lost the power to kindle strife.

William Adams was our Presiding Elder, and Simon Peter was on the Louisville Circuit. Brother Peter lived upstairs in the same house with us for several months. Peter was quite a sociable and nice man, but I did not hear him preach. His wife was one of those pale and fragile creatures whom we pity and love, but who cannot be at all times agreeable companions. Her health declined so seriously, that she was compelled to exchange a home in the city for one on the circuit. My health also failed as summer came on, and Dr. Crissy told me flatly that I must leave town or die.

We accordingly prepared to "break up housekeeping," and as Brother Andrew Monroe and wife, and Sister Harrison, his mother-in-law, were coming down the river, we arranged to bear them company. Passage in the cabin was more expensive than we could well afford, and the weather was pleasant, so we took deck-passage to Smithland. This is not considered a pleasant way for anybody to travel, and it was specially troublesome with three little chil-
dren, as it required constant watching to keep them away from the machinery, and from the edge of the boat. Sister Monroe was young and excitable, and I believe Sister Harrison had as much trouble with her, trying to quiet her constantly recurring fright, as I had with my children. The boat was no very large affair: I do suppose many a large boat in the same trade now, could easily carry such a craft upon her bows like a lot of freight. The winds and waves tossed her about unmercifully, and if too many of the passengers collected on one side, they had to "trim the boat" before she would run true—that is, they had to distribute the weight equally over the boat. For the luxury of this ride of about five days, Mr. Johnson paid twelve dollars, there being five of us in family.

Arriving at Smithland about midnight, we were informed that every family in the town had whooping-cough but one. I requested the tavern-keeper not to allow his children to stir till we could get to our room—a request that was the natural result of my alarm, but was not very necessary at the hour of midnight. On the next morning, which I think was the 16th of July, Mr. Johnson employed a man to take us to father's in a hack. This vehicle was large and clumsy, and hardly so pleasant a conveyance as an ox-wagon. He drove to Brother J. Pemberton's—Fredonia—the first day, then to father's, fourteen miles, and got his dinner, thus incurring no expense on the road, and charged twenty-four dollars for his trouble. But, as specie was somewhat scarce at that time, he proffered to take twelve
dollars in specie. The whole distance was about forty miles.

I was by this time very sick, being weakened and worn out by the journey; and it was several weeks before I recovered. Mr. Johnson remained one day, and was off again to finish his year's work. I saw him no more until Conference, which was about three months. Of my own life during this time, I may only say that it differed in no important respect from the ordinary course of rural life. Of Mr. Johnson's experiences I only knew by his letters, which came regularly every week, but most of which are now lost. He remained at our house, as he considered it not best to pack up till the end of the year, not knowing but we might be sent back to the same place. One of his letters I beg leave to give:

"Louisville, September 1, 1824.

"My very dear Companion and beloved Children:—I feel great solicitude to hear from you, but not one word have I heard from you since I left you, which seems to have been a long time ago. O what would I not give if you were all here and all well!

"You may well suppose I can have but little to write, as I wrote last week and the week before. On last Sunday, at 11 o'clock, I preached with very great liberty on Deut. xxxiii. 29, and at 3 p.m. I preached a funeral sermon at Shippingsport. At candle-light I preached in the Methodist church here. I accidentally overheard some friends who pronounced the last the best sermon I have ever
preached in the place; which excited my vanity a little, but chiefly encouraged me to hope I may be able, with God's assistance, to do this people good. So I met a class and preached three times on that day.

"My pamphlet is in the press, and will be published this week. I have some thoughts of sending you one by the next week's mail, (the mail goes south once a week,) as I could not get them ready in time to send you one this week. I have not seen Joe Henry since I got home; he has been preaching over in Indiana; he was expected home yesterday, but I know not whether he got over or not. Mary is quite well; she walked seven miles to camp-meeting week before last. Dr. Wilson has had a sore attack of fever; he was taken down a day or two after his wife started to Philadelphia, and is at this time very low: it is probable they may not meet again in this world. I wish to be thankful, that although I am very lonesome, I am not sick. I was sick last week, but am now blessed with health. My lonely hours appear to move slowly on, and with great anxiety I look forward to the time that shall place me again in the bosom of my dear little family. Where would I not rather be with them, than anywhere on earth without them? Any place would be a joyful place to me if you were there, while all appears a lonely, dreary scene without you.

"Saturday and Sunday next we have our quarterly meeting. May the Lord pour out his Spirit upon us, and revive his work gloriously! Brother
...
Corwine and his wife are in town: he married Sally Hitt a few weeks ago. I think it was since I wrote last that John Miller shot a black man, and killed him dead on the spot. I do not know that any notice at all has been taken of the affair. The friends here are generally well as far as I know; indeed, the town is just now remarkably healthy, and we have hopes it may yet be made a healthy place.

"Our friends here desire to be remembered by you, and express a great desire to see you. Some have told me to write to you that I expect to be stationed here another year. I do suppose there will go on a petition to Conference for me to return, but I assure you I would rather be removed. I intend to do as I have heretofore done—give myself up to the Lord, and pray the God of providence to send us wherever he would have us go, for I am persuaded that he can preserve us anywhere, or afflict us anywhere. And I can never be so well satisfied as when I am where my Heavenly Father would have me be, doing the work he has assigned me to do. So you must pardon me if I express no choice of our situation for the next year. Let us cast ourselves on the Lord, and he will sustain us. Any place on earth will be agreeable to me if I can have the approval of my God and the company of my family there.

"And now, my dearest one, I hope your prayers are daily going up for a holy resignation to the will Divine. O that blessed resignation! how sweet its heavenly influence on the soul! May the kind
hand of Judah's God take care of us all, and conduct us to heaven, and crown us in glory! Amen.

"My kind and beloved companion, my precious little ones, farewell!-----------JOHN JOHNSON."

At the close of the year, Mr. Johnson went directly on to Conference, which was held at Shelbyville. Finding that his lot was cast in another field of labor, he packed up our goods as best he could, and left them in the care of the faithful Joe.
Mr. Johnson now came down for me, and we made all haste to get to our field of labor. We stopped at Louisville, and got our goods on board a boat; but our horse refused to go on. Mild and harsh means used to induce him to embark, all failed alike, and we were forced to leave him, and Mr. Johnson had to return for him, and take him up by land. But these, and all the other little annoyances of moving, which every itinerant's family fully knows, soon passed away as every thing passes, and we were quietly and cozily ensconced in our little home. I think Brother John Armstrong, a merchant, and a munificent supporter of Methodism, gave us, or rather gave to the station, the house we occupied, free of rent. It was of brick, like most of the houses in Maysville, and was a very neat and pleasant home.

For consumers who produced nothing, Maysville was the place to live cheaply: especially our table-expenses were light. I will give Mr. Johnson’s memorandum of the first quarter’s expenses, as an example: “Two and a half bushels meal, 62½c. ; three chickens, 25c. ; one quarter shrot, 25c. ; three
dozen candles, 43\(\frac{3}{4}\)c.; turnips, salt, etc., 25c.; sweet potatoes, one bushel, 59c.; beef and apples, 31\(\frac{1}{4}\)c.; four pounds butter, 50c.; beef and cabbage, 37\(\frac{3}{4}\)c.; chickens (2) and sausage, 25c.; two bushels meal, apples, etc., 62\(\frac{1}{2}\)c.; one quarter shote, 25c.; ten pounds flour, 25c. Total table-expenses first quarter, $4 87\frac{1}{2}$. Paid for fire-wood laid in for the season, $16 62\frac{1}{2}$."

It was late in October before Mr. Johnson was ready to enter upon his work, and he exerted himself with an energy characteristic of the man, to make good the loss of time. His first sermons were preached October 31, which was Sabbath, the morning text being Psalm 1st, the evening text, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." He also preached twelve times in the month of November, besides having a Brother Emmet, from Ohio, to fill the pulpit for him once or twice at the end of the month. And his preaching was attended with an unction from on high, to such a degree that, although there was not what is usually termed a revival, yet the church was always crowded, and it seemed as if the Christians all "got happy" at every coming together.

Jonathan Stamper was our Presiding Elder. It was always delightful to hear this man preach. He was unsurpassed in powers of description, and his appearance, voice, action, language, all combined to make him what he eminently was—an orator. He preached there once on the parable of The Prodigal Son. In the course of the sermon, he depicted a young man at the hour of death unpre-
pared. We seemed to behold the scene actually before us. There lay the unhappy man, pale and emaciated, his sunken eyes by turns dilated with terror, and turned to his attendants as if imploring them to help him. The physician enters: the young man looks in his face, and there reads, "No hope!" He turns with looks of mingled wildness and wistfulness to his parents and friends who stand around, and in every weeping eye he reads, "No hope!" He turns to the old clock on the mantle, ticking so loudly in the fearful stillness, and every vibration of the pendulum seems to say, "No hope—no hope!" Catching and clutching at imaginary objects around him, as he feels the heart-sinking of the dying moment, he wildly shrieks, "No hope!" and plunges into the abyss of darkness. I can give you no adequate idea of the vividness with which he pictured the scene. Every eye was riveted upon him, and when he raised his shrill voice to its highest key, and imitated the last shriek of the dying man, I suppose fifty women screamed at once, and not less than that number of men sprang to their feet, as if to catch the falling youth.

Brother Stamper was a most agreeable man in the social circle. He had a rich fund of anecdotes; and he had a vein of quiet humor that was liable to "crop out" at any time. We were one day speaking of a young lady whom he had once known, and on being told that she had married a Methodist preacher, he remarked dryly, "Well, Methodist preachers generally make mighty good husbands. It's that way at our house." He talked splendidly
after tea; and, by the way, tea was a decoction he was extremely fond of. I asked him one evening, when he was staying a day or so with us, and as tea-time drew near, if he would have supper before or after meeting. He answered, before. “Well, do you prefer tea or coffee?” “Tea, sister, tea, and that starched and ironed”—which I understood to mean that he wished it “pretty stiff.”

Our third son was born at Maysville. Following out the plan of complimenting the fathers of Methodism, and wishing to make sure of as many as practicable on this occasion, we gave the little fellow as much as we could of both Whitefield and Wesley—George Wesley. T. B. was generally at school, and not much in the way; but the next twain, S. T. and J. F., were just about large enough to be troublesome, and not large enough for anything else. They were always together, and very generally hand in hand, so that we might say of them what the Irishman said about snakes, “Whenever you find two, there’s sure to be one.”

Bare-headed as they were, they one day made their way out of the house, and as I supposed they were playing in the yard as usual, I did not notice their absence for an hour or more. Dropping my work, I ran out and hastily looked around, but they were nowhere to be seen. I called Mr. Johnson from his study, and he set out in search of them. There was a circus in town, and it occurred to him that they might have heard the music, either before or after starting, and been attracted by it to that part of town. He quickly made his way thither,
passed to-and-fro among the groups around the gigantic tent, inquired of dozens of people for the little fugitives, but could neither get sight of them nor find any one who had seen them. He was becoming somewhat alarmed. Passing the door, and seeing the door-keeper at leisure, he asked that dignitary if he had seen a little bare-headed girl and boy passing about. He promptly answered that he had. "They came up to me hand in hand, and the little girl asked me very politely to let them go in. Said I, 'Have you got any money?' Said she, 'No, sir; but we're the preacher's children.' I thought it was a good joke, so I gave them a fo'pence apiece, and told them to go in. Walk in; you'll find them in there." So he did, and brought them home, to our no small relief.

At the close of the year, Mr. Johnson brought me down to father's. I was by no means well, and our babe was but five weeks old. The distance that we had to travel by land, in a rough-going carriage, was over three hundred miles. Of this wearisome journey, a few incidents are vividly impressed upon my recollection.

We left Nicholasville early one morning, and came to New Market for breakfast. I do not remember the landlady's name, if I ever knew it, but she was exceedingly kind. Her regular breakfast was just over, but she quickly prepared another for us, warm, nice, and savory, and waited upon us as if she had been our sister. She then got a newspaper, and filled it quite full of "little things for the children," as she said; and I imagine it was better
filled, and with better things, than it ever was before, for it proved to be more than we all could eat that day. Two travelers came in just as she was putting up the "little" package, and I insisted that she should not rob her table in that style; but she pleasantly answered, "O I can soon get a little more for them." I don't think such hospitality was ever dreamed of north of Mason and Dixon's.

The same day we passed Danville, and put up a few miles beyond, or, I may say, on this side. In the morning, as usual when we stayed for breakfast, Mr. Johnson asked permission to pray with the family, which was cheerfully granted. He seemed to experience an unusual degree of emotion, as he referred to our life of pilgrimage; and as he prayed, he and I, and our host and hostess, and the whole family, wept. They gave us an excellent and an early breakfast; and so far from receiving a cent for their trouble, I believe they were half inclined to weep again when they saw us starting away. To this day I love that family, but never expect to see or hear of them again till we all meet in heaven.

One evening we stopped at old Colonel Stump's—a name easily remembered. He was a deist, but I think his wife was a true Christian. Before retiring, Mr. Johnson proposed family worship, to which Mrs. Stump readily agreed, and prepared the stand-table and books. The old Colonel was writing very busily, and still wrote on while Mr. Johnson read a chapter and sang a hymn, as if it were no concern of his; but I believe, though he stiffly kept his seat, he did lay down his pen when we knelt for prayer.
Mrs. Stump was much affected—there was very generally a melting tenderness as well as a power in Mr. Johnson’s prayers—she sobbed greatly, and only became composed some minutes after the prayer was ended.

But on another occasion we met with a much colder reception than this. We had driven hard all day to reach a place of public entertainment to which we had been directed, and when at last we reached it, we found that the old gentleman had entirely quit the business. I had had a violent ague during the day as we rode along, and now had high fever with terrible headache, and was suffering intensely. My heart sunk within me at the announcement that my poor pain-racked body must endure several miles more of travel, night being now at hand—that delicious season of rest—rest that I needed so much! We were directed to the house of a Baptist minister of the name of Cox, and hoped, with a brother minister, though of another denomination, to find an agreeable lodging-place.

By driving four miles after dark, we reached the place. The farm seemed to be large, and the buildings, as far as we could see, indicated thrift and competence. We called at the gate, made known our wishes, and were met with a flat refusal. We urged the lateness of the hour: they affirmed it was not far to the next house. We pleaded that it was hard for a woman and children to travel by night: they agreed it was hard, but they couldn’t take care of us as they’d like to. We put in the plea that I was sick, the children were hungry, we were all
worn out with a hard day's ride, were strangers in
a strange land, and were willing to put up with
any thing so we might rest, and not have to drive
farther in the night. They reluctantly agreed at
last that we might go in.

We went in. There were a dozen or twenty peo-
ple there, but we were shown to a room where we
could stay to ourselves, and we were glad to take it
without asking any unnecessary questions. As we
ate our supper, we noticed some tokens of distress,
but ventured no inquiries. After awhile, a gentle-
man, such as may always be found in a crowd, who
was at once inquisitive and communicative, stepped
into our room, to hear and to tell what he could.
He informed us that Parson Cox's son had attended
a horse-race that day, had become intoxicated, had
"got into a row," and had been killed; and the col-
lection of people here was to sit up with the corpse.
Furnishing this, and receiving but little, our friend
retired, and we were not troubled either by annoy-
ances or attentions till morning.

Somewhat mortified at the cold and heartless
reception we had met here, though otherwise in
pretty good spirits, we now rolled on. 'But Thomas,
our son, spoiled it all. By the time we were fully
underway, he made the following revelation: "Before
bed-time last night I slipped round into the room
where the young man lay, and the people were talk-
ing about us. Mr. Cox said he didn't know what
could induce a man who was able to work for a liv-
ing, to manage in any such way. Why didn't he
settle down and go to work, and not drag a big
family around over the country to sponge a living off honest people that had to work for it. These Methodist preachers were an absolute imposition anyhow; and if people would submit to their impositions, they never knew when to stop. And he said a good deal more, and they all agreed to it." I think I never saw Mr. Johnson more deeply dejected than he appeared after hearing this; but only his countenance, and an occasional groan, revealed how deeply his soul was troubled.

We had a somewhat dangerous adventure at Muldraugh's Hill. At the very top of the hill, where the road was quite narrow, and the cliffs on one side descended perpendicularly to a fearful depth, we met some men driving three buffaloes. Our horse took fright at the animals, and it was only by the utmost exertions of their drivers and Mr. Johnson that the horse was prevented from running away. The reader can scarcely imagine my consternation at the prospect of such an occurrence, at one time apparently inevitable; while if it had occurred, it was scarcely possible that horse, carriage, and all together, would not have gone over the precipice, and been dashed to pieces four hundred feet below!
CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. JOHNSON ON RED RIVER CIRCUIT, IN TENNESSEE.

As soon as we arrived at father's, Mr. Johnson started in haste to Conference, and I heard no more of him till he came back and told us he was sent to Red River Circuit. This was, as before stated, a large work, embracing all of Robertson county, that part of Davidson north of Cumberland River, and all of Logan county, Kentucky, that lay among the hills of Red River. The country was rugged, and the people generally poor; though then, as now, they were not wanting in numbers. Every hill-top, every hill-side almost, and certainly every valley, had its occupants: the thinness of the soil prevented the majority from growing rich enough to own large tracts of it; and, in fact, a man had little use for two valleys separated by one of those hills, or two hills separated by one of those valleys; yet it was a healthy region, and it seemed as if no child born there had ever failed to reach maturity. In short, the density of the population may be judged of from the fact, that although scarcely able to support a preacher, the Methodist societies numbered more than one thousand members.

What made matters worse for us was, that we had
been for several years upon charges where we had comfortable houses, and all the conveniences of home; where the physical labor at least of the preacher was not so severe, and the pay was good—averaging, I suppose, about $200, besides table-ex-
penses. By this means we had been effectively spoiled.

As soon as Mr. Johnson had received his appointment, he engaged Brother Sutherland to pack up our goods at Maysville, and forward them to Clarks-
ville for us. We therefore now made haste to get to our field of labor—I say our field, for although an itinerant’s wife, especially on such a circuit as Red River, may occupy but little of the field, she has her full share of the labor. The ague had again attacked me, and on every day of our journey I had a violent “shake” as we rode along, and so did our little boy, Fletcher, who sat at my feet. The fatigue of riding when I was so ill and weak, the ague, and the burning fever which followed, the care of my children—one of whom I carried in my arms—all seemed as if they would be too much for my poor body to bear; and at night it scarcely appeared pos-
sible that I could endure them another day.

We reached Brother Slater’s, and I was glad to remain there for four weeks, while Mr. Johnson made a round on his circuit. He also expected to make an arrangement for a house, as there was no parsonage; and he had hopes of having one built, if there should be none for rent. He found it impos-
sible to rent a house, and engaged Brother Thomas Spence to build one. Spence agreed to build a house upon his own land, and it was to be for ever free, to-
gether with five acres of land, for the use of the Methodist preachers in charge of the circuit. This was a liberal offer, for he was a poor man, and had a large family to maintain. He also directed Mr. Johnson to bring me and the children to his house, and let us remain there till the parsonage was ready, which would not be long.

We accordingly went to his house, and a lively time we had there for the next five or six weeks. His house was as good as any of his neighbors could boast, but was hardly sufficient for so many. It consisted, like most houses of that day, of two rooms, with an open passage between, and a kitchen, besides a half-story, or attic, overhead. This latter part of houses of that kind was hardly ever finished, but was left as a sort of open loft for anything that was not wanted anywhere else. I had four children, and Spence had eight! Yet, to my constant admiration, no quarrel or disturbance of any kind occurred amongst them. As to shouts, and laughter, and the rattling of feet, the oversetting of chairs, etc., these sounds could be heard at any time—and, I was about to say, almost at any distance.

At length, the house was finished, and I must confess it was not exactly the thing I had been expecting. It was about half a mile from Spence’s residence, and stood upon the side of a hill, looking down upon a deep and narrow valley on one side, and scarcely looking up at all on the other—so thick were the bushes and rocks above it. It consisted of a single room, about 12 by 14 feet in size, built
of little round logs, "skelped down" on the outside, and roofed with clap-boards. What with the bright stripes upon the "skelped" logs, and what with the new clap-board roof, it looked like a bright spot—a jewel—set upon the side of the hill. The cracks had been chinked and daubed, and the clay in the cracks was profusely ornamented with finger-marks, indicating that the trowel employed was very much like a man's hand. The chimney was built of split logs at bottom, and small sticks at top, being lined with a not very beautiful wall of rough rocks and clay, finished with the same trowel. The doors were of three-foot boards nailed to two upright pieces, with a third piece or brace put in diagonally; and there was no window at all, except a space of about two feet left open in one of the cracks. The joists were peeled poles, and it was expected that boards would be laid upon them at some time to form a loft.

Mr. Johnson went to Clarksville to receive our household stuff, and found, to his amazement, that though more than two months had elapsed, it had not yet arrived. He wrote to Maysville, making inquiries about it, but received no answer. Meanwhile, as we could wait no longer, I moved home to the parsonage. Truly, I then found it large enough; for one box of clothing was every earthly thing I had to put in it. One neighbor, however, loaned us a little home-made bedstead, another a bed, another two or three chairs, and a fourth a frying-pan and a pot; and we felt fully able to keep house with these until our own stuff should
arrive. In the pot we could boil our vegetables—if we had any—and heat water for various uses; in the frying-pan we could cook our meat, and a smooth board was good enough for anybody to bake bread upon.

But good fortune is ever short-lived. We were scarcely settled comfortably in our new home, when some men came on with a claim for our horse. Mr. Johnson had swapped for him while on his way to Conference, in order to get a good work-horse. They swore to the animal as the property of a widowed relative of theirs, and, of course, took him along. There we were, then, without household goods, without a horse, without money, and among a people who, though kind and willing, were not able to do much for any one.

I now felt a degree of resentment toward Brother Cartwright. I regarded him as the cause of Mr. Johnson's appointment to this work, and not very indirectly the cause of our troubles. Cartwright, as before observed, would allow no one to rise faster than himself, if by means either fair or foul he could prevent it. Mr. Johnson had filled in succession the most important charges in the Conference, and was a man of far greater personal popularity than Cartwright. I think the fact that Mr. Johnson had been kept in these stations, while I believe Cartwright never filled a station in his life, nettled the latter a little, and raised a desire in his selfish heart to set Mr. Johnson back, if possible. Red River Circuit was strong in Methodism and in numbers, but weak in every thing that would make a preach-
er's labor light. The territory was large, the roads rough and circuitous, the preaching-places numerous, and, of course, the labor was severe. None, scarcely, but young men had been appointed here, and there were six in our family, while the circuit was, by condition and by custom, quite unprepared for such a burden.

Fortunately*—or unfortunately—an opportunity occurred for me to mention the subject to Cartwright. We met at Brother Slater's: perhaps he stopped for dinner. As soon as with good grace I could, I said, "Brother Cartwright, I've heard that when Mr. Johnson's name was called in Conference a few years ago, you, as his Presiding Elder, were called upon for an expression, and arose and declared that 'he thought too much of his wife.' I don't ask if you said it, for I have better evidence that you did. And you refused to give any explanation whatever of your remark. Now, what was that for?" Cartwright tried to laugh it off as a jest; but I proceeded: "You knew very well that everybody would understand that you meant he neglected his work; this is what you intended they should understand by it; and yet you know perfectly well, and then knew, that every word and syllable of the charge was false. Mr. Johnson loves his family, just as you love yours, but that he ever neglected

*I am not certain that this interview took place at the time and place here stated, but vouch for the manner and matter. Cartwright had taken a transfer to the Missouri Conference in 1822, but never went there, nor for some time did he leave Kentucky.

A. C. J.
his work on that account, is not so, and you know it. You know that he went many a time to his work when I, or the children, and indeed sometimes nearly every one of us, was sick—a thing that you yourself wouldn’t do, and was never known to do. And now you have managed to have him sent to this circuit, where the labor is heavy, and the salary light, as I believe, on purpose to break him down.”

He gazed intently at the coals on the hearth, and I went on: “I know exactly what is the matter with you, Brother Cartwright. You don’t care so much for the Lord, nor the Church, nor anybody else, so you but build up a big name for Peter Cartwright. Every thing has to bend to this; and if anybody is likely to be in your way, so that big man, Cartwright, can’t ‘rule the roast,’ he must be kept down, no matter who he is. You’ve been working against Mr. Johnson for the last ten years: you tried to keep him from going to Nashville, because you thought it would be for him a step upward; and it was by your management, under a pretext which you knew to be false, that he was sent to Red River. Mr. Johnson does not ‘think too much of his wife,’ but you like entirely too well to be talked about. What else could have made you say at one of your camp-meetings, to a man not a member of the Church, and a young man at that—‘If I could have caught that fellow, I’d have knocked the devil out of him’? You don’t even care for your own kin, unless they are—what few of them are—able to help build you up. Who else but Peter Cartwright could say of his own sister, as you did of Pol. Pentecost, when told of
her death, 'Well, I thought the devil had her long ago'? I don't know who can have faith in the religious pretensions of any such a man!'

I think Cartwright never raised his eyes from the hearth till I had concluded this—perhaps too bitter—lecture. He then silently put on his traveling gear, and left.

As I said, Mr. Johnson was left afoot, and utterly unable at this time to buy a horse. But his friends on the circuit, by extra exertions, succeeded in raising fifteen dollars as a horse-fund, and by borrowing twenty-five dollars more, Mr. Johnson bought a tolerably fair substitute for the one he had lost. We will now be all right, thought we, when our goods come on; but still they came not.

During the summer I made a visit to father's, and prolonged it, as I had to prolong every visit, till Mr. Johnson could return and make a round upon his work. Indeed, this time I prolonged my stay to double the usual time. He wrote to me, after his return, a letter, which I am sure the reader will pardon me for inserting here:

"Slater's Place, July 10, 1826.

"My very dear Companion, who long have been the Partner of my Toils, my Joys, my Griefs:—With a kind of mournful pleasure, I take up my pen to address you. It affords me pleasure to think we are in the land of hope, and have some prospect of meeting again in this vale of tears. But well may I call that pleasure mournful, when I remember the distance of time and space that lies between us—the
distance that lies between me and all my dear little family, but one—my lovely, darling child—that sweet babe, Elizabeth—her dear dust sweetly slumbers here! Here she suffered—here she died—here I last looked upon her lovely face—and here I could wish in death's soft slumbers to sleep by her side, were it not for your sake, and for the sake of those tender pledges of our love—our Thomas, and Susannah, and John, and Wesley—these are lovely, too! and should I not with equal grief grudge their little forms to the grave, if death should call them, too, away?

"But we all belong to the God of grace. To him we are indebted for all we enjoy—to him let us give ourselves, our children, and our all. Infinite Goodness must be kind—Infinite Wisdom cannot err! Why should we grudge our God his own? or why mistrust a friend so good and kind? Resignation, sweet resignation, how good it is for the soul! Lord, give us resignation!

"The day I started, I met John Gray above Mr. Rochester's, on his way to Smithland. We got down in the road and had a talk. My horse was unwell, and Gray said he had the hooks; but if I would ride very slowly, he might get me on to Hopkinsville. Moreover, he said if I would see him and Burgess together, I should have a horse. I went to Brother Turner's, and stayed all night: Friday I went to Hopkinsville, and was detained there until Tuesday evening before I could get my horse cut for the haw, or horn, in the eyes, and get a settlement with Gray and Burgess. I ultimately ob-
tained Gray's obligation for as good a horse as the one I lost, to be paid by the first of November next.

"I then came on to Brother Williams's, Tuesday evening, and my horse's eyes were so bad, I stayed and nursed him until Thursday evening; I then came on to Brother Gough's, at the carding-factory. The next day I got to Brother Norflet's, and on Saturday and Sunday we had a two-days' meeting at Baker's Meeting-house. My horse is now mending, and I seem to be going on pretty well. I am blessed with good health, and intend to preach in Clarksville to-morrow, next day at Bethlehem, and so on. I do hope these lines may find you, and the children, and Dicey in good health, and doing well. 'May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all!' Write to me to Springfield, Robertson county, and believe me yours affectionately,

"John Johnson."

Allow me to introduce one letter more, of a few weeks' later date:

"T. Spence's, July 26, 1826.

"My dear Companion:—I once more take pen in hand to write you a few words, by which you may learn, should they reach you, that I am yet alive, blessed with common health, and, though somewhat lonely, cheered with the hope that the 2d September will not be long in rolling round, and restoring me to my beloved family. The days pass slowly along, and I feel lonely, even in the midst of company.
I have been to Springfield to-day, in hopes of getting some intelligence from you and our little ones, but ah, not a word—not one word since I left you!

"I received a letter from Wm. Adams to-day: he informs me that the Quarterly Conference has restored J. H. Overstreet to membership in the Church. Beeman is expelled, and McAllister has withdrawn. I suppose you have heard of the death of Major Long, near Hopkinsville. I was told that Colonel Taylor, of Christian county, died on the same day; and about the same time old Brother Tate, after a singular affliction of three years. Perhaps you have heard of the death of Ann Currier. I am told that Dr. Thomas is to be married shortly to a sister to McNelly's wife. I had appointed this week to survey my land, but the surveyor has disappointed me, and has not yet come: perhaps it is all for the best. My preaching is much applauded, but I fear it is not very profitable: still we had the other day, at Miller's Creek, the most general and powerful shout I have heard in twelve months. Our camp-meeting commences at Woodard's the 4th of August. I have the promise of a bombazet coat and a jean waistcoat. I have received as presents already a pair of socks, and white home-spun enough to make me a pair of pantaloons and a waistcoat. I have paid Hinkle the forty-five dollars I owed him for my horse, but had to borrow of Mr. Low twenty-five dollars of that. I also owe Brother Jos. Fowlkes ten dollars borrowed money. My store-account in Nashville is thirteen dollars, and in Springfield fifteen dollars. All my debts here amount to about
sixty-three dollars. My surveying, etc., will amount to about twenty dollars—making about eighty or ninety dollars to pay all demands. This I hope to collect before I leave the circuit, and I hope all will be well when I get home. I have not bought any thing out of the store since I left you, save one five-dollar bridle, and a few dozen sleeve-buttons, and one twist of tobacco: I paid for them with one five-dollar note, and have two dollars left.

"You know, my dear, this is a scattering place, and I have written you a scattering letter. I have been to our house, and you can imagine what were my feelings when I came within sight of the lonely and solitary place where we had spent so many happy hours together, and where you had spent so many gloomy ones alone—where our children's voices had been so often heard, and where all seemed to be joy and gladness on my arrival. Ah, how changed!—no children there to meet me now, no companion to bid me welcome with a smile of pleasure! The door is closed, a death-like silence reigns, and a sullen gloom pervades the mournful place. Ah! what is this mighty mole-hill—this earth—with all its vanity and show, to those who have no social enjoyments? What can life be to one who has buried a companion, but a scene of gloom—a season of sorrow, of mourning, and of solitude? And must we come to this? Lord prepare us for life and its duties, for death and its solemnities, for heaven and its eternal glories!

"So prays your affectionate husband,

"John Johnson."
The land referred to in the letter, was some that he bought from the State. There were large tracts of vacant lands, and for the purpose of securing to the State an income from it in the shape of taxes, it was sold, some of it as low as one cent per acre. No person was allowed to enter upon more than one hundred acres. Mr. Johnson bought one hundred acres for each of our children; and I may here add, that when the location was made, it was found that older claims held the tracts that he bought for the two younger children.

I do not think my cares for temporal things diminished my interest in the cause of religion. Soon after we moved into the parsonage in Robertson county, some person was there who had a watch, and I made a mark on the floor as my sundial ever after, to mark the hour of eleven; and every day, as the shadow approached this mark, I retired for secret prayer, imploring the Lord to be with my husband, and enable him so to preach as to accomplish good. I know not that this benefited Mr. Johnson or the Church, but assuredly it benefited me.

Mr. Johnson had been long meditating on taking a superannuated relation; and in view of the possibility that he might do so, he had requested father to have a house built for us. Father had given us fifty acres of land, and Mr. Johnson had left some money in his hands at the beginning of the year; so father kept the improvement gradually going on, and Mr. Johnson defrayed the expense. The reader must indulge me now. I wish to insert a letter
from my father on the subject, which I am sure will be found entertaining:

"On the 27th of the First Month, 1826, we write.

"Beloved Children:—We inform you that we received two letters from you since you left us, and are glad to hear you are healthy. We are in a common state at present, and all the connection, so far as we know. A few days ago I received the house of Cannon, and paid him the money. It was almost more than I could do. The house is a great, roomy house, but it's done very roughly, and especially the chimney. I urged him to alter it in many things, and it is yet very rough and awkward.

"John, I was looking at the tops of the fallen timber. There is nearly enough to be got to build a smoke-house, or stable—logs that would do very well if trimmed well—and there is white-oak timber enough down to make fifteen cuts of rails. I was thinking these might all be saved at a cost of twelve or fourteen dollars. Thee can think of it, and if thee think best, let me know; if not, it may rest in silence till thee comes thyself. I was thinking it pity to lose the timber, as I expect midsummer would spoil it pretty much. The steam-boats travel, but we have not heard of thy property as yet. We heard from you lately by preacher Cossitt. I expect Cossitt informed thee of the college being located at Princeton. I was thinking it would make our lands in the Eddy Grove of more value.

"I shall conclude by saying, God have mercy on us all! Thomas Brooks."
By the close of the Conference-year, Mr. Johnson's throat was so seriously affected that he was compelled to ask a superannuated relation, which was readily granted him. But our furniture, beds, etc., had never come on from Maysville, and all that we could learn about them, or Brother Sutherland was, that a few days after we left Maysville, Brother Sutherland was thrown from his horse, or his horse ran away with him, and he was killed. What he had done with the goods, nobody could tell.
CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. JOHNSON IS SUPERANNUATED.

Mr. Johnson now found our goods at Maysville, in an attic, or a back-room of a warehouse, not damaged materially, though they had lain there twelve months. He at once had them shipped to Eddyville; but even there we did not for some time receive all, for some of the furniture, and a box or two of bedding, etc., were carried on by some mistake and left at Clarksville, and it was a month or more before we found them.

We moved at once into our cabin. It was a cabin of the true Western type, but it was delightful to me because it was a home. We now had plenty of real property, but were very much straitened for money. Mr. Johnson had increased his tract of land in Illinois to three hundred and twenty acres, had the fifty acres where we now lived, the two hundred acres in Tennessee, and a house and lot and two five-acre lots at Hopkinsville. The following note to Brother O. Wilkerson, Hopkinsville, will be found interesting:

"June 4, 1827.

"Dear Brother:—By this you may learn that
myself and family are yet numbered with mortals, subject to bodily afflictions, but seeking a better country—'a city whose maker and builder is God.' There we hope one day to meet our dear Brother and Sister Wilkerson and their little ones, together with many of the good friends who reside in Hopkinsville. We have hard toiling in this land of sin and sorrow, but hope to survive the ills of life, and gain a crown of glory.

"Having spent eighteen years of the prime of my life and best of my days as an itinerant minister, I now, under the influence of increasing age and decaying nature, seem as a worn-out instrument, which is thrown aside when no longer fit for use. It is now very unpleasant to think that my good name, which is 'better than precious ointment,' should be lost for the want of that thirty dollars due from my worthy Brother McGrew. Perhaps it is enough to say, that for many weeks past I have not been the owner of a single dollar, and am now really suffering for the want of money. Surely he can pay a part or all of that little sum.

"I would be glad if you could sell my house and lot, together with Brother Richardson's obligation, and the two five-acre lots, or any of them separately, for the following prices, viz., the house and lot with Richardson's obligation for two years' lease, five hundred dollars down, or six hundred dollars paid in six annual installments, taking a lien on the property for security; the two five-acre lots, one hundred dollars—ten dollars per acre. Please write soon to yours, etc.,

John Johnson."
Soon after we were settled in our new home, Mr. Johnson had to take a trip to Tennessee on business, and Thomas was my chief dependence for help. He was a stout boy for his age, and carrying water, cutting wood, feeding, etc., devolved upon him, and not a great deal of heavy labor fell upon me. But I do not suppose Mr. Johnson had got farther than Princeton, on his way to Tennessee, when Thomas cut a frightful gash in his foot. I was very much alarmed, as it seemed to me he would bleed to death before I could dress the wound. After so long a time, the bleeding ceased; but Thomas was completely disabled, and remained so for more than a month. I had to lift him about like a child, and it was no easy task to handle thus a well-grown boy twelve years of age.

And if waiting upon a cross and crippled boy was hard, it was harder still to do this, and at the same time do all the work that had previously fallen upon him—getting wood, bringing water from the spring, and feeding what little we had to feed. To this, of course, was to be added my house-work, and the care of the other children. Fletcher, our second son, however, was a pretty stout little fellow, though only five years old, and he and Susannah, my little girl, now nearly eight, helped me considerably.

But about four or five weeks after Thomas's misfortune, just as I was beginning to think he would soon be able to resume his work, he and Fletcher both took the ague. Fletcher soon got well again, and then every one of the rest of us took it; so
Fletcher and myself had all the work to do, and I sick—it seemed to me that poor human nature could not stand it long. Every other day—my ague-days—I rose early, and hastened through my morning's work so as to have as much done as possible before the ague came on, and especially to have victuals of some kind prepared for the rest of the day, if any of the children should wish to eat. Then, O how I did shake, how my poor head ached, and how deathly sick I was!

As soon as the shake was over—as it never lasted more than two or three hours—I arose to go about my evening's work—the now dreaded work of bringing water, feeding, milking, and preparing for the night. Many a time it was absolutely necessary for me to hold to the fence as I went, to keep from falling; and it actually seemed that my head would have burst if I had not tied a handkerchief around it as tightly as possible. To make matters a little worse, if possible, my little two-year-old Wesley had the ague too, and every time the shake came on, his nose began to bleed, and it often bled till I feared the child would bleed to death.

At length—for Mr. Johnson was necessarily absent for nine weeks—our provisions ran short, and it was necessary for us to get some meal. Fletcher helped me, and we gathered corn by littles, till at last we had enough for a "turn" to send to mill. It was not fully dry, and we had to air and sun it a few days; and you may readily believe, dear reader, that gathering and shelling this, and then keeping
the chickens off when drying it, and all the time doing the regular routine of work and tending three sick children, was enough for one little boy and a sick woman to do.

But we had no horse here, and none of us could have gone to mill if we had had one; so I walked—or staggered—over to the Widow Satterfield's, our nearest neighbor, and got one of her little boys to go to mill for me by promising to knit him a pair of socks for his trouble. He came, but we could not get the sack upon the horse's back. The boy, Fletcher, and myself, labored, and tugged, and sweat over it for a long time, and had almost begun to despair, when I thought of getting a chair for a sort of resting-place, at half way. Our united efforts brought the sack into the chair, and after "blowing" awhile, we succeeded, by another effort, in getting one end of the sack fairly over the horse's back. To adjust the contents now, so that the sack would balance, was a comparatively easy task; and, to our great joy, the boy was soon to be seen actually on his way to mill.

After Mr. Johnson came home, our time was comparatively easy and pleasant. He, however, also "took his turn" with the ague, but did not suffer so long as the rest of us had. It was now, I think, December, and as soon as Mr. Johnson could arrange his business matters, he went to work to make a farm; for our house was built in the woods, and all the farm was yet to be made. This, no doubt, was the cause of our suffering so much with ague—(I use the word ague, because in that day
we never had any chills, and "intermittent fever" is a little out of my style of expression.) We always shook, nearly always violently, the teeth "chattered," the bedstead rattled, and sometimes the house itself seemed to participate in the shake.

Much of the time Mr. Johnson was not well enough to labor, yet he scarcely ever lost a day. I once looked out in the field—for it was close to the house—and saw him lying upon a large log, and as I had never before seen him stop to rest in the field, I knew he was ill. Perhaps the reader is aware that every family, in the West at least, kept spirits of some kind in that early day, to be used with barks, or camphor, or something else, as occasion might require; so I now put some water, sugar, and spice in spirits, and took a wine-glassful to Mr. Johnson. He appeared to be discouraged and sad, as well as sick, and my heart was filled with sorrow; but I urged him to drink the cordial, tried with every cheering word I could think of to encourage him, and at length the gloom passed gradually from his brow.

Yet, O how manfully did he labor! He had no wagon or team, and no help, and still he "got out" logs for another room to our house, logs for a kitchen, logs for a crib, logs for a stable, and I scarcely know what else, making, I believe he said, considerably more than two hundred logs for building purposes. He also made boards enough to cover the new buildings he had projected, and when the day came for our "raising," there was little to do but put the logs and boards together. Besides this, he cleared
and "cleaned up" twelve acres of ground, made rails enough to fence it in—about three thousand five hundred—and carried every one of them out to its place in the fence—actually carried every one upon his shoulder! I made him a heavy pad or cushion to protect his shoulder, and would gladly have helped him to carry out the rails if I had been able to do it. After he had fenced and cleaned up the field, belted the trees, and fenced it, it occurred to him that a good many trees were still standing, and he stood in one place and counted more than five hundred trees!

It was some time before he got a yoke of oxen, and he was quite awkward in the management of them; indeed, he borrowed a yoke on one occasion from my Brother Elijah, and though they were old and gentle, he found them entirely unmanageable. They turned this way and that, went forward a few steps and backward a good many, utterly refused to obey any word of command whatever, and at last ran away with him. Being old, they were soon satisfied with running, turned into a shade, and hung against a tree. Just then my brother's little boy came along, and sung out, "Uncle, what have you got the steers yoked up that way for?" "Why, Young, I don't know what is the matter with the oxen; I can't do any thing with them!" "Well, uncle," said Young, laughing, "you've got the off steer in the lead!" So they unyoked the kind but very much bewildered old beasts, reyoked them with each one on his own side, and all was right again.
It is scarcely necessary for me to say, that with such diligence on Mr. Johnson's part, and, I may say, no great lack on my own—and especially with improving health and strength—the comforts and conveniences of a home rapidly increased around us.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

It was here that our precious child, James Lewis, was born, on the 9th day of March, 1827. When he was yet a babe in his second year, I used, when I got a piece of cloth ready for the loom, to leave him in charge of his sister all day long, while I was gone to weave it. So quiet was his disposition, that he gave her no trouble; and so ardent was my love for him, and so anxious was I to complete my task quickly, that after doing my morning's work, I used to walk a mile—to father's—and weave six yards, and then with what a quick, elastic step I hastened back to see my boy!

Ah, how many little incidents rise up as memory runs back to the days that looked so gloomy then—so golden now!—incidents quite trivial in themselves, but to which my heart still clings—every mother can judge how fondly! When Lewis was scarce two years old, Sister Rebecca and a Mrs. Harrison spent the night with us, and at family prayers he knelt with as complete a look of devotion as any of the company. This Rebecca observed, and she touched Mrs. Harrison, and pointed at him with a look that bespoke her admiration better than words.
He one day saw his pa plowing in the field near the house, and ran out to meet him at the nearest point of his "land"—for there never was a more affectionate child—and as he ran along to receive the accustomed kiss and hasty embrace which his pa was never too busy to bestow, he stepped upon some coals and embers where a brush-heap had been burnt, and burned his feet in a dreadful manner. Hearing his cries, I flew to the spot, brought him in, and plunged his poor feet into a basin of cold water. Never shall I forget the gratitude that beamed in those soft blue eyes as the pain ceased, and he looked up lovingly into my face.

Precious child! I seem even now to see how playful he was, a few months later—the last day of health that he ever saw. I was going to wash his feet. It was a pleasant evening in autumn. He ran away, and hid himself for a moment behind the corner of the house, and then came bounding back with joyous laughter, and threw himself into my arms. My poor heart doted all too fondly on the sweet, sweet child!

The next day he was taken sick. His disease was one that I knew nothing about—jaundice. The yellow skin and eyes surprised, but did not alarm me, till we plainly saw that his life was in danger. We sent for Dr. Phelps. He came, and I felt a moment's relief when he stepped in; but O how my very soul was crushed to the earth when he examined, and paused, and looked, and grew sad, and said it was too late! The child was dying! It is needless to dwell upon the increasing pallor that came over
...
the beautiful face, the increasingly slow and labored breathing, the struggle that lasted but a moment, and told that all was over; or to describe the funeral scenes that have broken so many a mother's heart! Mr. Johnson appeared at first quite overwhelmed, but after the first full gush of sorrow subsided, he became calm, and was evidently struggling to preserve his composure. But as he sat motionless, the silent tears ran down his sunburnt face unobserved, and his countenance wore a soul-stricken look of anguish that might have softened a heart of stone.

We buried him at the back part of father's farm. There was a moderate elevation, a pretty site indeed; but it ever after appeared lonely and desolate to me. There were a few other graves—my brother had buried three children there, and a few little black ones rested near—and we thought it would become a common burying-place. This grave was where we could visit it, and we needed nothing to point it out: perhaps it was on this account that we never inclosed nor planted a stone, and I do not know that the spot could now be found; and even to this day I sometimes weep to think that no one cares for my dear boy's grave.

It was now November. Winter was approaching, and the additional room I spoke of was unfinished. I had been exceedingly anxious to have it finished and ready for use before cold weather. It was finished the day before Lewis died, but little did I then care for the "new house"! For days I was not in it—did not notice or think of it.
There is no balm that this world can afford that can heal the broken heart of a mother who has borne her precious lambs to the grave! But I bless God that he has furnished a perfect remedy for wounded affection. Religion is the true balm of Gilead that never fails. To be sustained and supported by Divine grace—to be strengthened and upheld by an unwavering confidence in God—to know that our children are only taken from the embraces of an earthly to those of a heavenly parent—to know that they have exchanged a world of sin and wretchedness for one of pure and eternal joys, and to know of a certainty that they there await our coming, and that the day is not distant when we shall again be permitted to clasp them to our bosoms, and remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of their society for ever—this is comfort—this is a balm that goes to the very bottom of the wound. Lord, evermore pour this precious balm into our wounded hearts!

In the autumn of 1829, Mr. Johnson was seized one evening with cholera morbus. We thought little of it, and employed the usual domestic remedies, as saleratus, paregoric, etc., but without effect. Growing uneasy, I sent for Brother David. Still he grew rapidly worse. We then sent Thomas to Brother Elijah's, and one of Elijah's boys went to Princeton for a physician. Dr. Webb and a young doctor came out, and remained till after breakfast next morning: they then pronounced the case hopeless, and declared they could do no more. Dr. Phelps, an old physician and neighbor, came in, and
declared that a few hours more would close the scene: still, I scarcely know why, I did not believe that death was very near.

The case, however, appeared as desperate as can well be conceived. He was perfectly cold, not only to the knees and elbows, but half way up the thighs and upper arms. He was entirely insensible: he lay perfectly still upon his back, his hands were crossed upon his breast, his eyes were set and glassy, his lips livid and cold, and his nails purple and icy; and about once in two minutes he breathed with a deep, convulsive sob, that could be heard at the distance of twenty yards. He was shrunk to a skeleton, and any one seeing him during the intervals between these slow and labored respirations, would at a glance pronounce him a corpse.

My father and I were the only ones who had any hope. Brother David gave up at daylight, went home, and sent father and mother over to see Mr. Johnson die. After awhile he returned, and with him Sister Rebecca. Sister Polly Mercer said, "Sister Suky will soon know what it is to be as I am—a lonely widow!" But Rebecca exclaimed, "Why don't you all go to work and do something more for him? It will never do for such a man as he is to die thus! Come, come!" So, taking the lead by general consent, she posted David off to Fredonia, after Dr. Stewart; she made a hot and very strong decoction of red pepper, and she and I began with the energy of desperation to rub the cold and apparently lifeless body.

David, at full gallop, met Dr. Stewart at Elk Horn
Tavern, and they came as fast as their horses could fly. The doctor came in. The young doctor ventured to declare that Mr. Johnson would certainly be dead before 12 o'clock. Dr. Stewart looked very grave as he made an examination, paused, cast his eyes upon the floor, and seemed about to despair. My poor heart now began to sink. He arose and paced the room. I cried, "O doctor, do pray do something for my dear husband!" He said curtly, "I must think—I hardly know what to do."

But he went to work like a Hercules when he did begin. He took off his coat, bared his arms, gave Mr. Johnson a warm salt-water bath, hastily prepared some Spanish flies, and with this continued the friction with an energy that soon covered his own hands with blisters. Ever and anon he stopped to drop some liquid upon his patient's tongue, blew upon his burning fingers, and went vigorously on with the friction. Presently I asked, "Doctor, what do you think?" He said, "I can tell in three hours: can't in less;" and went on with his work, repeating the bath, and often repeating the liquid upon the tongue.

At the end of exactly three hours, a slight pulse began to be felt at the wrist and ankle. A continuous and vigorous use of remedies was at length successful in restoring him to consciousness, and, to the astonishment of all, he recovered. My gratitude to Rebecca and Dr. Stewart may be more readily conceived than expressed; but my gratitude to Dr. Stewart was heightened, if possible, when he flatly refused to receive any compensation whatever for
his trouble. We gave his name in full—Washington Stewart—to our next son, who was born in the following February; though it may be disputed whether that was of the nature of compensation or not.

The doctor came by one day, during the following summer, and I took the child out to the fence to show him, as Stewart had not yet seen him. "How he grows!" said he. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make him a doctor, and give him a piece of land." "No, doctor," said I; "you saved me from a life of disconsolate widowhood, and that is enough." I suppose that the gratification the doctor then felt, or which I thought I could plainly see beaming from his countenance, is one of the few real pleasures that the practice of medicine affords.

The remainder of our time passed very much as agricultural life generally passes. Mr. Johnson preached pretty frequently, delivering the sermon for nearly every Masonic celebration at Princeton, Eddyville, etc., and taking an active part in the protracted and camp-meetings of the country. At length, in the autumn of 1831, Mr. Johnson considered himself able to resume regular work, and wrote to the Conference, which met at Louisville in October, offering his services if they were wanted. The following is the closing paragraph of his letter to the Conference:

"It will, perhaps, be expected that I should have some choice and some request to make. My choice is, that God may choose all my changes, may give me the appointment which it is most fit that I should
have, and preside over me and my charge. If I have any request to make, I should make two: 1. That each preacher will covenant with me to read, with serious and prayerful attention, once a month, the 12th and 14th sections in the 1st chapter of our Discipline, if haply it may be a means of our accomplishing more good. 2. That they will grant me an interest in their petitions at the throne of grace."
CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. JOHNSON ON GREEN RIVER, OR HOPKINSVILLE DISTRICT.

Soon after Conference, Brother Littleton Fowler came down and informed Mr. Johnson that he had been appointed Presiding Elder on Green River District. The Kentucky Conference had now attained the magnitude of six Districts. The first, Kentucky District, Wm. Gunn, Presiding Elder, lay between the Kentucky and Licking Rivers, including Lexington, Frankfort, Newport, etc. The second, Augusta District, Richard Corwine, Presiding Elder, included all the north-eastern part of the State from Licking to Big Sandy, and extended almost indefinitely southward. The third, Rockcastle District, George W. Taylor, Presiding Elder, lay in the center of the State, including Danville, Somerset, etc. The fourth, Ohio District, Benj. T. Crouch, Presiding Elder, extended from Kentucky River as far west as Hartford, with Louisville nearly in the center. The fifth, Green River District, John Johnson, Presiding Elder, included all the territory between Green and Tennessee Rivers, from the Ohio River to the Tennessee line, as far east as Simpson county. The sixth, Cumberland
District, Marcus Lindsey, Presiding Elder, included the south-eastern portion of the State, the headwaters of Cumberland, Green, and Salt Rivers, from Glasgow to the mountains, and almost indefinitely northward, to meet the Augusta and Ohio Districts.

Green River was the only District in the Conference that contained less than four thousand members. It was also the only District that Mr. Johnson could travel without moving his family or leaving them for the entire year. On this account I was well pleased with the appointment; and I suppose I should almost deny being a woman if I denied feeling some gratification on the score of pride; for every one knows that a woman feels the praises and the reproaches bestowed upon her husband as keenly as he does, and generally a great deal more so.

But every cup of joy is mingled with grief. My father had been long suffering from the varied infirmities of age, but still we thought him stout, and hoped he might yet have several years of life before him. He was eighty-three years of age, but his form was erect, and his step seemed firm and vigorous. His strength, however, began to decline very rapidly, and it became too apparent that his end was nigh. His life had been one of quiet and peace, and his death was the befitting close of such a life. Resigned, and tranquil, and happy throughout his afflictions, his last days and hours were so eminently peaceful, that truly

We thought him dying when he slept,
And sleeping when he died.

For he dropped into a quiet sleep, and not one limb
or feature moved, but he never awoke from that peaceful slumber. I have many a time applied to this scene the lines of Mrs. Barbauld:

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

It was a source of consolation to me to know, that although my parents had so bitterly opposed my marriage, they had, long before my father's death, not only become fully reconciled to my choice, but ardently attached to my once despised husband. My mother plainly intimated to me at sundry times, that she liked Mr. Johnson a little better than any of her sons-in-law, and felt more pride in him than in any other relative she had; and my father, upon his death-bed, seemed best content when Mr. Johnson was with him.

As I now had a settled home, not a great deal of Mr. Johnson's experiences fell within the range of my own observation. Indeed, my attention was, perhaps, too much engrossed by domestic affairs. We had but a small farm, and we had to labor assiduously, and to make the most of our resources. We had now three boys large enough to labor, aged respectively about seventeen, ten, and seven years; and our general crop was about twenty acres of corn, and five of tobacco. The corn was entirely for home consumption, while the tobacco was the sole dependence for money. This we had Billy Gray, our neighbor, to ship to New Orleans, and the pro-
ceeds furnished the year's supplies of groceries and staple goods, besides bringing in a little money. Three cents a pound was as much as we ever expected to get; the price was more frequently two cents, and not very seldom as low as one and a half. And the supplies that we usually laid in consisted of a barrel of salt, fifty pounds of coffee, one hundred pounds of sugar, a two-gallon demijohn of whisky,* a bolt of domestic, a bolt of calico, and a pair of shoes apiece for all.

While the first crop was being raised—1832—I was kept out of the field most of the time by having charge of a very cross child—our sixth son. To this child we gave the name of Adam Clarke, it being more than probable that, though that man was an illustrious commentator, this young hopeful of ours might become a much more "common 'tater" than he. Yet, I sometimes this year, and often the following year, made my way out into the field to aid the boys. At one time, as the worms on the tobacco were very bad, and the "worming" was falling behind, I resolved to help about even this. As I could not muster courage to put the insects—or shall I say reptiles?—through the usual process by hand, I took a small pair of tongs with me, and by the aid of this simple weapon—one not much used for this purpose, however—I did very considerable execution. The boys laughed at my squeamishness about handling the worms, and my awkward-

*Quinine was then unknown, and ague well known; and the only remedy was barks in whisky or wine.
ness, and they declared that making tobacco-hills was still worse. They said that Fletcher was once engaged at this, and having reached the end of his row, looked back, with a half sigh and half shudder, saying, "I wouldn't be back at yon end, and have all that row to make, for a thousand dollars."

While I am upon domestic affairs, I must relate an adventure that Mr. Johnson had with one of his own dogs. We had two of these animals, both unusually large; one mild and docile, that bore the name of Hector, or simply Hec.; and the other, half wolf, and proportionately ferocious, that rolled up vicious eyes to the less classic name of Trip. Both dogs accompanied Mr. Johnson when he walked out about the farm; and Trip had already acquired some notoriety by snapping fingers that came too near his mouth, and snapping off chickens' heads on every occasion.

Mr. Johnson accidentally struck the irritable beast with his foot, and in a moment he sprang upon him, knocking from his hand a large stick with which he was walking. Mr. Johnson tried in vain to disengage himself from the powerful dog, and presently both came to the ground together. The dog's aim seemed to be to fasten his terrible jaws upon the throat, which would have been almost certain death. But Hec. now came up, leaped upon his fellow-dog, and jerked him off his prostrate master; but not until coat and vest had been torn into shreds, and some serious bites and bruises inflicted. Mr. Johnson arose and recovered the stick, which had a very large buck-horn on the end, and went to work with
full determination to kill the dog; yet such was the animal's vigor and vitality, that although Mr. Johnson was a strong man, and the cane a heavy one, yet he gave the dog twenty blows with all his might full upon the head, knocking away till he knocked the buck-horn off, which was never done before or since, without even seeming to divert his attention a moment from the other dog. The vicious Trip had to retreat, at length, from the valorous Ike, and ran off, as we all thought, to die; but after two weeks' absence, he came back with a head twice as large as he ever had before, and apparently twice as much sense in it.

It was during this year—1832—that the cholera visited our section of the country. We were first alarmed by its appearance in the United States, then by its breaking out "down the river," at New Orleans, then by the report that it was "up the river," then the general rumor in everybody's mouth, that it was all along the river, and on all the rivers. It was at about this stage of the alarm that a decidedly uncultivated neighbor of ours came in one day, scared nearly out of breath by the latest reports, and exclaimed, as she panted, "Well, they say the cholera's a comin', shore! Lord 'a mercy! I don't know what we shall do! It's all along the river, and it's a gettin' more fachuler all the time, and, by jing, I believe it'll be here next!" I thought that her amendment in morals was hardly keeping pace with her fears, and suggested that she employ the former ejaculation more, and the latter less.
It was not long till somebody got off a boat at Eddyville, and started the fatal epidemic there; not long till it was brought by like means to Princeton. Every family that could leave, left the place; but from necessity, indifference, or other cause, the large majority remained; and among these, and especially among transient persons, the disease raged with fearful violence. Almost the only persons who were willing to wait upon the sick, were two brothers of the name of Pach. These courageous and kind-hearted fellows rose from obscurity to fame at a single bound. They carried medicine to the sick, and waited upon them; they were inquired of at every corner, but from the other side of the street, if possible, how the sick were, and what the cholera was doing; and whenever any one felt unwell, the first exclamation was, “I feel mighty bad; I wonder where Eph. Pach is?”

An old widow lady, named Conway, came to stay with me a few weeks while Mr. Johnson was gone upon the District. She had been somewhat unwell one day, and at evening she lay down upon the bed; and I presently noticed her gazing earnestly through the window at the setting sun. I asked her, jocosely, what she was looking at. She said, “I’m looking at the sun; it looks so bright and beautiful! and it is the last time I shall ever see it in this world!” I tried to talk her out of this desponding mood; but she was nearer right than I. Not long after dark, she was seized with cholera. I sent to the neighbors for help, but all were afraid to come, and no one but a son of the old lady came. She was
rational and resigned; indeed, she seemed to have been looking for the grim messenger long, and now she rejoiced at his coming. She died long before daylight, and next morning the neighbors were kind enough to come in and attend to her burial.

A few evenings afterward, I was attacked by the same terrible malady, and may as well own that I felt a measure of the alarm which it seldom fails to inspire. But some one had told me that a diet highly sweetened was a good preventive, and having almost insatiable thirst, I drank freely of water as sweet as we could make it. By virtue of this remedy, or of the mildness of the attack, or of vigor of constitution, or of all combined, I improved, and in a few days entirely recovered. We were very thankful that no one else of our family was attacked; and we ascribed our health in part to a free use of sweetened drinks.

The rest of our time passed quietly, with little to remark, except the annoyances of our very disagreeable neighbor, John Wilcox, the half-brother of Peter Cartwright, before mentioned. Wilcox was not an industrious farmer, but depended more upon his wits for making money—that is, upon swindling. He sometimes went to New Orleans, and always had many stories to tell of his sharpness in getting money or goods for nothing. His fences were not much better than his character; and for our stock to come up lame, or maimed and mutilated, was quite a common occurrence. Still, we avoided having any collision with him. But one morning he came along, and scolded and cursed
very much at my boys, about the pigs "breaking in" and rooting up his tobacco. I called the boys in, and said to Wilcox, "From the fuss you make about tobacco, a person might think you had some. A pig without specks could never find your tobacco." He went on, apparently not greatly appeased by my remarks.
CHAPTER XXX.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

I believe there was no change in the District except in name, it being called Green River last year, and Hopkinsville District now.

I must confine myself to a few general views of Mr. Johnson’s labors during the two or three years that he had charge of this District.

He was always laboring to circulate the literature of the Church. His opinion was, that in no other way could Methodism be established so thoroughly, so generally, and so permanently, as by the general circulation of the Methodist papers and periodicals. Hence I find all over his memorandum-books, and all over the blank pages of letters, such memoranda as these: "Received of Josiah Kemp, of Hopkinsville, $2 in advance for Christian Advocate and Journal." "Received of George B. Petty, Princeton, $2.50 for the Christian Advocate and Journal." "Received of R. Bibb $2 in advance for the Advocate and Journal." "Received of John L. Moore $2.50, Franklin, Simpson county." "Received of W. Brewer $2, Elkton, Todd county, Ky., for 7th volume Advocate, June 12, 1833." In fact, Mr. Johnson did so much for the circulation of the Ad-
vocate, wherever he went, that the publishers sent it to him gratis for twenty years after he quit traveling. It will be remembered that the Christian Advocate and Journal was then the only paper published by our denomination. And he attributed much of his success in preaching to the silent but powerful influence of this paper at the homes and firesides of the members of the Church.

He preached a larger proportion of the sermons delivered at Masonic celebrations, than any other man. Gifted with a power of condensation which enabled him to say as much in thirty or forty minutes—the length of nearly every one of his sermons—as some men would say in two hours, his preaching was eminently satisfactory to all on those occasions, a crowd then rendering perfect comfort in an audience impossible. And the melting pathos of his style was well adapted to foster the feelings of charity, pity, and fraternal love. A distinguished Mason said, "If I always felt as benevolent as I do for a while after I hear Mr. Johnson preach, I do believe I'd give away every thing I've got in the world."

He preached more funerals than perhaps any other man, in those three years. When Judge Dixon Given, of Salem, died, he was buried with the utmost honors of Masonry, and Mr. Johnson went twenty-five miles to preach the sermon. Never, I suppose, was such a concourse assembled in Livingston county as the reputation of the deceased and that of the speaker combined brought out upon that occasion; and never did every thing
connected with the funeral obsequies of any one
give more universal satisfaction than was expressed
by the vast multitude then and there assembled.
Judge Given was father of Henry and his brothers,
of the well-known firms of Given, Watts & Co., etc.
So strong was the desire to have a funeral
preached by him in memory of the departed, that,
in some instances, he was urged to preach, when
the deceased was notoriously an undesirable subject
for a discourse. A young man Harris died at
Princeton; and though Mr. Johnson was not per-
sonally acquainted with him, and though young
Harris had been notoriously and desperately wicked
down to his dying hour, nothing would satisfy the
relatives but that Mr. Johnson should preach his
funeral. He very reluctantly complied. He se-
lected the text, "Say ye to the righteous," etc. He
dwelt at some length upon the distinguishing marks
of the two classes, followed each class to its final
doom, and concluded by saying, "I was not person-
ally acquainted with the deceased. You who knew
him, can best tell to which class he belonged in life
and in death. The great interest with us is, so to
live and so to die that God himself may say it is
well with us." Some of the friends were displeased
that a funeral-sermon should fail to magnify the
virtues and bury the faults of the dead.
There was a wealthy and distinguished family in
Caldwell county when we left there, who had called
for Mr. Johnson's services at every funeral that had
occurred among them for nearly ten years; and
after we removed to Illinois, the mother died, and
her friends offered to pay Mr. Johnson's expenses and give him fifty dollars if he would go back to Kentucky and preach her funeral. She had, upon her death-bed, requested that he should be induced to do so if possible; and as she mentioned no second choice, her funeral was never preached. Indeed, another admirer of Mr. Johnson's style of oratory, hearing of our intended removal, said, as if he himself hardly knew whether he was in earnest or not, "Mr. Johnson has preached the funerals of all my friends for the last ten years; I don't believe he would come back here if I were to die; and I've a great mind to get him to preach mine before he goes away."

His preaching was "with demonstration of the Spirit and of power." There was a camp-meeting at Reed's Camp-ground, which was within five or six miles of us; and it had continued for several days without any apparent fruit. Something was wrong, all was cold, and every thing went on with a drag. On Sabbath morning, Mr. Johnson came. He had been from home, was detained by business, and returned home late on Saturday evening. When he came upon the ground, it seemed a foregone conclusion with everybody that he should preach at 11 o'clock. He was urged to do so, and complied. As I sat rather in the outskirts of the congregation, on account of having a babe to attend to, I heard a wild and profane young man declare, in an undertone, but with an oath, that he would bet fifty dollars that Mr. Johnson would get up a shaking among the dry bones. I thought he did
preach with uncommon liberty and power. Though his sermon, as usual, did not exceed thirty or forty minutes, he so reached the hearts of the people that, before his time was half expired, he had much more than half his congregation bathed in tears; and before he closed, I think there could not have been less than fifty persons shouting the praises of God at once. I saw an old man, mentioned before, who was known all over that section by the familiar name of Old Billy Gray—a man who struggled hard for wealth, and seemed to care for nothing else—exerting himself manfully to repress his feelings, but so far failing that, while his eyes were fixed on Mr. Johnson like those of a statue, his whole frame quaked and quivered like an aspen leaf. It was with difficulty that he could so much as keep his seat. Hearing a cry for mercy at a little distance, I turned my eyes to the point from whence it came, and what should I see but the young man who was ready to bet the fifty dollars a little while before, prostrate on the ground and crying for mercy at the top of his voice! It is needless to add that the meeting became a glorious success.

Mr. Johnson seemed to know all the avenues of the soul, and he could certainly reach and rouse the feelings with as few words as any other man. At one of his camp-meetings, when of course he had to preach at 11 o'clock on Sabbath, an urgent request came up from many leading members of the society, that he would preach on Campbellism. He generally avoided controversy, as not tending to spiritual edification; but the disciples of Campbell
had been so loud and violent in their demonstrations at that place, that he thought his duty to the Church required him to notice them. In order "to get the job off hands at once," he spoke about an hour and a half; and so completely did he do his work, that it proved the quietus of the "Disciples" in that section for a number of years. I have been told that, for ten years after that time, there was not a society of Campbellites organized or known to exist in all that section of the country. At the conclusion of the subject, he paused, and then said, "I am almost ashamed that I have given so much attention to what really deserves so little. I feel as if I had had hold of something that was not fit to be handled. Campbellism, since I have turned loose a few bolts of Scripture-truth upon it, looks bad; it looks pale; it looks mean; it looks shabby; it looks absolutely nasty!"

And thus he sneered "at the ruin he had wrought," until the congregation were all a-grin, except indeed the victims, and these were excessively enraged. I thought it was a bad state of feeling for the Sabbath morning service, and one which it was impossible to supplant by a feeling of devotion. But he adroitly dropped the subject, and said that religious experience was one of much more vital importance. He noticed his own experience; and though he gave not more than ten minutes in all to his concluding remarks, I never witnessed such a change. Every word seemed to take hold of everybody's heart; and when he sat down, there was such a universal shout in the congregation as I
null
hardly ever heard before. It was like the bursting forth of a tornado. There could not have been less than two hundred people shouting at the top of their voices, besides twice that number who gave vent to their feelings in a more quiet way. I think there were some big-mouthed fellows among them, that shouted all the rest of that day.

I reckon there never was as glorious a meeting, and at the same time no meeting at all, as Mr. Johnson had in Hopkinsville one night. He had an appointment to preach, but the sexton had misunderstood it, and was gone to the country with the church-key in his pocket. Of course the congregation could not get in; but they had come out intent to hear, and lingered about the door, "waiting for something to turn up." At the hour, Mr. Johnson came, and was soon informed what was the matter. It reminded him of the five virgins shut out from the marriage-feast, and he began to talk about it, with no apparent intention of making a discourse. His feelings became warm, however, and he talked for about twenty minutes. The people were sitting, standing, or leaning upon whatever was at hand, nobody was "in position," but all had stopped to listen. Mr. Johnson became happy—all became happy—and for many minutes, the very town rang again with the shouts of happy men and women. And even when the company dispersed, some being "unable to carry home all their load," they went shouting along down the streets in every direction; though they could scarcely tell when they got home whether they had had meeting or not.
I believe that, without any effort to win the public favor, Mr. Johnson possessed a very great degree of personal popularity. A Miss Cobb—afterward Mrs. Dr. Clark—comparing their estimates of Mr. Johnson and of other preachers, said, "When Mr. Johnson comes to our house, we put the big pot in the little one; and we scarcely think worth while to sweep up the ashes for the other preachers." A very pious old lady bestowed her compliment in a different form: "Brother Johnson," said she, "there's a woe pronounced against you!" "Well, how is that, Sister Burgess?" "Why, the Scripture says, 'Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!'" A compliment which gave but little of the pleasure it was intended to give. An old brother, from the borders of Christian and Caldwell counties, declared, a few years ago, "I'd ride twenty miles, old as I am—I'd ride twenty miles this day to hear Brother Johnson preach one time as he used to preach, if I knew I'd have to ride every mile of the distance back to-night."

Of the circuit-preachers with whom I became acquainted during this period—George W. Brush, George W. Robbins, Abram Long, Robert Y. McReynolds, Alex. H. Stemmons, John Redman, Henry J. Evans, Robert F. Turner, Wilson S. McMurry, Hooper Crews, N. B. Lewis, etc.—I have not space to say all that I would love to say. But I will say this of them all: they were truly evangelical men—men whose soul, body, and influence were wholly given to their work, and preachers to whom it always edified the Church to listen. They
also cherished the social qualities that a preacher ought to have, and made themselves exceedingly pleasant in every household where they came. There was about them none of that cold and distant demeanor which so often throws a chill upon my heart when I meet with ministers of our own Church from the North and East. They were as fathers to the young, as brothers to those of their own age, and as children to the aged—kind and attentive in every relation, and no one who had a heart could choose but love them.

For fifteen years or more, Mr. Johnson had been investing his little surplus means in land in Illinois; and he now owned about four hundred acres in Jefferson county, lying east and south-east of Mount Vernon, from a half mile to two miles from that place. He had now sold his house and lots at Hopkinsville, and had bought four hundred acres in Livingston county—now Crittenden—about five miles north of the present town of Marion.
CHAPTER XXXI.

FIFTEEN YEARS IN MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS.

In the autumn of 1834, we began in earnest to prepare for a removal to Illinois. I had long been opposed to the step; but for the last few years we had had a great deal of sickness, and Mr. Johnson's relatives constantly assured us that theirs was a healthy country. James Johnson wrote to us that he had been living there for sixteen years, then had I think fifteen in family, and had never had a physician called in since he left Tennessee. By degrees my opposition wore away, and I consented to move. Mr. Johnson located. He sold his land in Crittenden county to Alexander Dean, now one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of his county. He sold the home-place to Thomas Hunter, then quite a young man, but now one of the most substantial men of Caldwell county. Hunter paid $7 per acre for the land in Caldwell, which Mr. Johnson had increased to seventy-five acres; and I am told Hunter has recently sold it for $45. Dean paid $2, I think, for the land in Crittenden, which he now holds at $10. He also bought the greater part of our stock—among the rest, I remember he paid me $7 for one hundred chickens, which would
indicate an abundance of fowls in the neighborhood, and a low price. And there were many things which would have brought but little if sold at public sale, but which every farmer needs, and these Hunter knew we could not help but leave, so he refused to buy.

I need not dwell upon the parting scene: it is familiar to any of the myriads of families who have sought new homes in the West. My mother was now nearly eighty years of age, and it was but too evident that I should never meet her again in this world. Her parting admonition showed the high regard she had for Mr. Johnson, and—I may as well own it—her knowledge of my own irascibility. Her last words were, “Farewell, Suky! Be kind to Mr. Johnson!” In the midst of the sorrow at parting, I was a little amused at the contemptuous sneer of a negro girl of my brother’s, who had been living with us. Said she to my daughter, “You gwine off to dat stinkin’ ole Eelinoy? Well, I acteelee would not go!”

We were now a scattered family. My Brother Thomas and brother-in-law and sister Gordon had already moved to Missouri; my brother-in-law Pemberton soon followed; and now we were off for Illinois. My youngest brother and sister—still single—lived at home with mother; and they had a sufficiency of the comforts of life; but I felt exceedingly sad when I thought of the sense of desolate loneliness that must so frequently almost overpower my mother, as she thought of old family associations now severed for ever. For the young, the future is
always full of light and hope; but with the aged, all hopes of this world are buried, and all the light that life affords is the bright and beautiful glow which now irradiates the days, the scenes, and the loved ones that are gone—never to return.

Our train consisted of a gig and a dearborn—which, my young reader, you would call a hack—for the family and family baggage, a cart and oxen of our own, and two wagons which Mr. Johnson's nephews, Russell Tyler and James E. Johnson, had brought from Illinois. These nephews were young men, full of life, and very much elated at our removal; and they exhibited a corresponding degree of hilarity on every possible occasion. A man living at the roadside—the cabins were sometimes within ten feet of the wagon-track—asked where we were from. "From?" sung out James—little Jimmy, we called him, to distinguish him from his Uncle James, who was six feet three—"from everywhere but here, and we want to get from here as fast as possible."

Their incessant jokes with one another, and with everybody we met, spiced with an occasional burst of song, went far to neutralize the saddening effects of leaving the home and associations that had grown so dear in the lapse of years. Still, as we ascended the hill on the north side of the Ohio at the famous Cave-in-Rock, and as I looked back over the forests and hills of Kentucky stretching away into the blue distance, and felt that I then beheld them for the last time, I could not refrain from tears. I even regretted the step we had
taken—He alone who knoweth all hearts ever knew how bitterly.

We found most of the country within twenty miles of the river extremely hilly, the people very poor and few in number, and their houses the most wretched shanties imaginable. And, to render this part of our journey yet more unpleasant, we were so heavily loaded that all hands had to walk up most of the hills, and I had to carry a child two and a half years old in my arms. He could walk; but being benumbed or sluggish from riding, or from some other cause, he utterly refused to proceed when placed upon his feet. At length, however, about the middle of October, we reached Mount Vernon, and proceeded at once to the house of Mr. Johnson’s Brother James, who lived some two miles from town.

Here we remained about two weeks. There was no house upon our land except a single small cabin, and Mr. Johnson had bought a house and lot in town, but the house was not quite ready for occupancy. I had all along, ever since we left South Carolina, considered myself to be in a new country; but Jefferson county appeared so very new, that all we had ever seen before seemed old in comparison. On my so expressing myself to some of the friends, they assured me that the country was a great deal older than when they came out in 1817. I cannot forbear to give you, dear reader, the substance, as nearly as I can recollect, of two or three incidents which they related to me; and I think you, too, will be convinced that the country was new in those
days. I think our niece—now Mrs. Anna Moss—was the narrator.

When Lewis Johnson—Anna's father—came out in 1817, there were but four families in the entire settlement. Nothing could equal the excitement produced by the arrival of new settlers. Lewis arrived at his Brother James's about noon, and the news was soon sent to "all the rest of the folks." All came, and such embracing, and kissing, and weeping for joy, are nowadays unheard of. The children ran, and capered, and yelled, and laughed that forest-stirring laugh that is heard nowhere else but in the backwoods of the West, till they seemed really on the borders of insanity. After dinner, the new-comers hastened on, about two miles, to "get fixed up" in their new residence before night, three other families accompanying. An hour's drive brought them to the camp. This edifice was constructed by driving four poles into the ground, and, by some means scarcely to be understood now, making these support a roof—a roof that deposited water on one side only. The floor was wanting entirely, but was soon supplied by broad strips of bark peeled from the hickory-trees. Here Lewis spent several months; and Anna assured me it was the happiest period of her life.

Not long after Lewis's arrival, there came in a family of old friends from Tennessee, of the name of Maxcy—a very interesting family, as it included a young gentleman or two and several young ladies. The natural result was, after a while, a threefold wedding—three Caseys and three Maxeys all going
null
off at once. This was the first wedding, and of course the most important event, that had ever occurred in the settlement. The excitement was intense. Every man, woman, and child was invited. The lick was no safe place for the deer, nor the night-perch for the turkey; and the hunting excursions in the woods, the resting hours at home, and the vacant moments at meeting, were carefully dedicated to the absorbing topic. The elders seemed to grow younger as the day approached, and the juniors less and less able to keep off the malady known as "duck-fits."

At length the identical evening came; and here the people came teeming by dozens—that is, by two or three dozen; and the bright copperas of the striped pants, and the bright white and blue of the checked coats, and the bright yellow of the straw hats, and the bright checks of the sun-bonnets, formed a picture bright enough to please a king. The feast—for it was a feast—was both sumptuous and substantial. Venison, turkey, and smaller game, in all varieties and in all forms; corn-bread in all its varieties and forms; butter, milk, etc., made it such a feast as too seldom blesses the present generation. The pranks, the jests, the anecdotes, the capers, the good hearty laughter, and all the merriment of that evening, it would, I suppose, be much easier to imagine than to describe.

But in the "last extremity," they were reduced to a shift more susceptible of description. The house was quite a large one for that day, large enough for all ordinary purposes, but it consisted
of only one single room. The stable was out of the question; and the only rooms on the place besides were the smoke-house and cook-shed. But time was precious. The hour of rest drew near, and some provision must be made for it. So all turned out, and with a few nice clapboards and round poles that were at hand, they soon reared three "as nice bedsteads as ever you saw"—made under such circumstances. Then two of the couples were disposed of in the smoke-house, and the other in the cook-shed.

Another little incident, rather ridiculous in itself, shows that whatever else they do not have in a new country, they do have a streak of human nature. For twelve years after the first settlement, there was but one Leghorn bonnet in all that country; and as this belonged to Sister Milly Tyler, a very motherly lady, and was also very plain, exceedingly plain, nobody objected to it. But, after so long a time, Sally Hails—now everybody's Aunt Sally—"went to town"—which then meant going to Alton, about fifty miles—and brought back a Leghorn bonnet. Nobody doubted her getting it honestly; it was plain enough, having not an "artificial" nor an extra ribbon; but it was new—not a hole, nor break, nor weather-stain about it—and that was a little too much. So the first time she was caught in company, one of the elder ladies approached her, and asked her if she was "spruced up" to court the young men while her husband was still living. The well-meaning but too inquisitive friend, however, was made to "smell brimstone" for her im-
pertinence, and Leghorn was thenceforward studiously let alone.

These little narratives, and a great many more, satisfied me that, although Illinois was a new country, there had been a time when it was a great deal more so.

We removed into our house on the third day of November. We found Mount Vernon, as the phrase now is, "a hard place." There were only five professors of religion in town—three Methodists and two Baptists; and there was the same number of groceries—five: the former, however, having no connection with the latter. There was no church; and the school-house was a wretched little log-hut, a quarter of a mile from the court-house, and consequently entirely out of sight of town; for the town stood at the northern side of a prairie some two miles square, just at the edge of the woods. There were two blacksmith-shops and three stores, and about a dozen residences of different kinds, mostly of logs; one which I particularly remember, was a little dirty-looking cabin near the north-west corner of the Square, occupied by S. H. Anderson, afterward lieutenant-governor of the State. The court-house was a miserable two-story brick, built with two gables, etc., like an old-fashioned farmhouse, but small and rusty; and a dingy-looking log-house in ten feet of it, was denominated the jail. There was a wagon-track, wide enough for wagons to meet and pass, in the middle of the two or three principal streets; and all the rest of these streets, and the entire Public Square, and nearly all
the rest of the town, were completely covered with bushes and dog-fennel. I believe there was not a lot in town fenced with any but crooked rail-fences; and most of these were completely buried in summer under a luxuriant growth of elder, poke, and jimson-weed.

Yet the physical condition of the town was better than its morals. Business was generally dull through the week, and most of the men were wont to while away the idle hours with gambling in the groceries, playing at marbles morning and evening, hunting, fishing, etc., with foot-races and shooting-matches at short but irregular intervals.

But Saturday was always a lively day. The Moores, Jordans, and Long Prairie gangs, and the Horse Creek gang, then came to town; and from two to six fights were the invariable result. It seemed as if a man who went home sober, would not think he had been to town at all; and no man who did not see him there would believe he had. Races and shooting-matches were now carried on with the frenzy of intoxication; and oaths, knives, clubs, guns, and whisky were kept going with an energy and a gusto that were truly appalling. A. has been cut to pieces, B. is shot, C. has had his jaw-bone broken, D. has had his nose bit off—these, and a hundred other such items, went to make up the gossip of the day; and many a time, midnight passed before all was quiet in the street. Then there were generally from six to eight drunk men lying helpless in the streets or fence-corners, snoring away the dying fumes of the whisky, to
get up and mope off before daylight next morning, like so many hogs with cholera. The groceries were kept open on Sunday, and the reports of the huntsmen's guns were constantly breaking upon the partial stillness of the day.
CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

Mr. Johnson was not the man to be an idle witness to such scenes as I have described. He was not satisfied with merely keeping himself unspotted from the world, and keeping his boys in the field or closely shut up in the house while those brutal frays continued. He quietly went to the Clerk’s office, examined the books, and found that three of the grocery-keepers were selling without a license, which fact he promptly reported to the Grand Jury. He then ascertained that all of them had violated the laws, by selling on Sabbath, etc., and he took steps to have the evidence brought before the Grand Jury. The penalties imposed upon the transgressors were as light as the law would allow, for the Court was not much better than the rest; but it was sufficient to arouse the indignation of the entire whisky ring and their friends against Mr. Johnson.

They therefore inaugurated a system of petty annoyances, which they kept up, in a more or less aggravated form, for more than ten years. Scarcely any of them would return his respectful salutation, but on the contrary, nearly every one of them would salute him with a nickname, a curse, a sneer, or a
ribald jest. Many of them invariably heaped curses upon him whenever they chanced to meet him, especially if he was alone, and they in company with some of their own clan. Conspicuous among his persecutors—conspicuous, perhaps, because they had really some qualities that might have made them excellent men—were two men of the names of Ab. Estes and A. K. Adams, the latter better known as Supple Sawney. More of these by and by.

A big, ruffianly fellow, Shelt. Livingston, the son of pious parents, but noted for his wickedness, being now instigated by the grocery gang, and made drunk for the purpose, annoyed us greatly. He came to our house at night, called Mr. Johnson by every kind of villainous name, accused him of all kinds of crimes, uttered all manner of threats, dared Mr. Johnson to come to the door, etc., mingling a profusion of oaths and blasphemies with every sentence, and kept up his brutal ravings for more than an hour. I and the children were frightened almost out of our wits. Mr. Johnson, I suppose, never felt fear in his life. To all my exclamations of fear and inquiries what we should do, he calmly replied, "He knows better than to come in. He only seeks to provoke me, and drive me to do something that will give him the advantage of me. Let us pay no attention to him. If he comes in, or attempts to come in, the old musket is well loaded, and his blood be on his own head: I'll defend you."

Having spent his rage and his strength, and perhaps the strength of his whisky, to no purpose, Livingston finally retired, and our fears were relieved.
Outside the whisky gang, Mr. Johnson, I think, enjoyed the esteem of all. He was quiet and unassuming, was generally recognized as a preacher of no ordinary powers, paid his way, and still seemed to have money enough to answer his purposes. His farm was at an inconvenient distance—about a mile and a half before he made improvements nearer to town—but he labored steadily, and his crops were as much better than his neighbors' as they were better worked. Indeed, he raised such crops of wheat and corn as had scarcely ever been seen in this section before.

But after the first crop, his main hand—Thomas—was out. Thomas had been thinking for some time of the medical profession, and had frequently importuned his father to permit him to begin his studies. At last Mr. Johnson consented, and Thomas began to study under an accomplished physician from Baltimore—Dr. John W. Greetham. But our other boys, Fletcher and Wesley, were now large enough for farm-work, being respectively thirteen and ten years of age, and with their help and some hireling labor, Mr. Johnson raised excellent crops, and made a very comfortable support.

Our family was still farther reduced in 1837, by the marriage of our only daughter. Blackford Casey, to whom she was married, was a wild, wicked young man, though of respectable family, a nephew to Governor Z. Casey; and I was very much opposed to the alliance. But when we found that every effort to prevent it was destined to fail, we yielded a reluctant assent, and she was married at
home, with the usual outward signs of rejoicing; and although I opposed the marriage so earnestly, I must now say that Blackford has always deported himself so as to be respected by the community in which he has lived; that he has shown himself a liberal provider for the wants of his family; and that, notwithstanding I have given him lectures on various occasions which were pretty lacerating, he never so far forgot the character of a gentleman as to give me one disrespectful word.

Our last child, a son, of whom I shall speak particularly by and by, was born at Mount Vernon, Sept. 27, 1835.

Mr. Johnson's circle of friends was gradually widening. There had been, all along, a few families in the vicinity whose influence was decidedly in favor of Methodism and all that is good. There were Johnsons, Caseys, Maxeys, Rogerses, and a Brother Hobbs and wife, who were of the excellent of the earth. It would have made anybody respect religion, if not love it, to be fifteen minutes in Uncle Davy Hobbs's house. It has been mainly by the influence of the families I have named, that Methodism has attained the position which it now occupies in Jefferson county.

But the system of petty annoyances commenced against us, continued at intervals still. One Christmas morning, on going out, we found our door completely barricaded with goods-boxes. Looking about, we soon discovered a huge grocery-sign posted over the front-door. We then noticed that one string of our garden fence—a worm-fence of rails,
like all the rest—had been moved, and reset directly across the street before the door; the privy was overturned, and I know not how many other such acts had been committed. We were not the only recipients of such attentions, indeed, but only of a very disproportionate share; while, in firing their volleys of musketry at night, I think they had got closer to our windows than to anybody’s else.

On another occasion, an old man named Jarrell was sent, as Livingston had been, to make night hideous with his ravings around our house. This, however, was not nearly so serious an affair as the other. Jarrell was old, and a much smaller man than Livingston, and was known to be, when sober, entirely harmless, and nearly so when drunk. He also had a fashion of shouting at irregular intervals, and without connection with any thing else he might be saying—“’St boy! ’st boy!” or, as he pronounced it, “Seboy!” with full accent on the last syllable. He was known as well by the name of Old Seboy, as by his proper name, and, indeed, a little better. This habit made his ravings rather ridiculous, and he was much less profane than Livingston; but Livingston never came a second time, whilst Old Seboy came often. He came one night while Mr. Johnson was absent on a trip to Kentucky, and a sadly frightened set we were. And we had another alarm, fully as intense, but of shorter duration, a few nights after. The street-door was opened, there was a clatter and a clang in the entry, with heavy footsteps on the floor. We sprang to our feet in great fright, and Susannah exclaimed, “Mercy!
there's that good-for-nothing old rascal come back again!" These words were scarcely spoken, when Mr. Johnson, who had thrown down his saddle in the entry, stepped into the room. The boys teased Susannah no little about talking, as they said, "so disrespectfully of pa."

Our party—the party in favor of religion and good order—gradually gained strength. In five or six years the town was incorporated, and Mr. Johnson was elected one of the trustees. This board laid such restrictions on the liquor traffic as well-nigh crushed out its life. Its friends—friends of the traffic—got a petition numerously signed, for licenses to be granted on easier terms; and the board being still immovable, they sent in a similar petition, requesting John Johnson, William Edwards, and Abner Melcher to resign, and allow the people to elect men who would carry out their wishes. The last petition was signed by fifty-six persons: more than half the names subscribed to that petition, are now inscribed upon tombstones! The board held out till their time expired. About this time, also, a Methodist church was commenced, and after the usual delays of a year or two, completed. During the autumn after it was begun, when it consisted only of walls, roof, and floor; Abraham Lincoln and John A. McClernand, electors for Harrison and Van Buren, had a spirited debate under its roof. The church is now occupied by the Christians, or Campbellites. How little could we then have guessed of the future of the house, or of the men who that day occupied it!
About the same time—1839-40—a new courthouse was built; and this still farther fortified and built up Methodism amongst us, as the contractor—an Englishman, the Wm. Edwards before named—was a preacher, and a full-blown Methodist "in every nerve and fiber of his body." The town, too, by this time, had improved greatly; many old buildings had disappeared, and many new ones sprung into existence; new streets were opened, or old ones were opened and took shape for the first time since the plat was recorded; groves of saplings, which had grown up since the town was laid out and the burning of the prairies stopped, now began to melt away, and signs of improvement met the eye on every side.

I suppose that in 1840 the population of the town was between three and four hundred, and a very goodly proportion of these were members of the Methodist Church. Among these were Ab. Estes and "Sawney" Adams, two of the indignant grocery-keepers, now not only Methodists, but class-leaders. Adams was converted at a prayer-meeting held at Esq. D. Baugh's, and I was a little amused at an expression he made use of while rejoicing at the change. Said he, "I used to think people could keep from shouting if they wanted to;" then raising his voice to its highest pitch, and prolonging the word "want"—"but I don't want to keep from it!" Our son Thomas made a profession of religion and joined the M. E. Church about the same time, and at that famous prayer-meeting I was delighted to see him very happy.
The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image provided.
He went back to Kentucky in 1838, located at Fredonia, and began practice with Dr. J. S. Gilliam. He expected to go South when we became inured to his absence, but succeeded well, and remained at Fredonia. Before dismissing him entirely, I will venture to relate a little adventure of his, for the benefit of such of my readers as may be fond of ghost-stories; and relate it, as nearly as I can, in his own words:

"I was out at Uncle Lewis's last night, sitting up with their sick, and about three o'clock this morning I started for home. Being fatigued and very sleepy, I fell into a doze as I rode along, and even slept soundly, until all at once my horse stopped, stood still, and snorted as if very much frightened. This awakened me, and on looking up, I saw I had just reached the grave-yard at Old Union. It is not inclosed, and the path runs directly through it, almost amongst the graves. In a moment my eyes rested upon an object which I at once recognized as a man on his knees, with a very large white sheet thrown loosely over him. I was not alarmed or excited at all; and looking at him for a few moments, I could distinctly see the folds of the sheet, both around his person and on the ground, and there was a glow about the whole figure, something like the first streaks of light in the morning.

"As it was the only ghost I had ever seen, I determined at once to subject it to a close inspection; but my horse obstinately refused to proceed. I urged him with switch and heels, but in vain. Resolved that I would not be defeated in my under-
taking, I dismounted, and led him toward the ghost. He went very reluctantly, snorting, prancing, and shying in every direction. When within about twenty feet of it he stopped, and I soon found it was impossible to drive or coax him any farther; so I hitched him to a bush and proceeded.

"Now, for the first time, I began to feel some misgivings as to the propriety of acting so rashly in the darkness of the night, and entirely alone; but recalling my original resolve, and the man and his sheet becoming more distinctly and clearly visible at every step, I walked cautiously up and laid my hand upon him. I felt a momentary shudder as I did this, but that very instant the illusion vanished, and I saw before me, as plainly as can be imagined—a stump! The birds had pecked off most of the outer bark, some of the fragments of rotten wood lay scattered about on the ground, and all was slightly phosphorescent: this was the glowing sheet. I walked off a few steps and tried to recall the illusion, but it was gone, and I was quite unable to see my man with the sheet thrown loosely over him any more. My horse, however, still labored under the illusion which I suppose at first possessed him, for he would not pass it; and it was only by making a very large circle that I succeeded in getting him past the grave-yard at all."

Although by this time—say 1810-41—the opposition to Mr. Johnson was greatly diminished, it seemed to grow more virulent in those who still cherished it. He one day had a conversation—intended to be very friendly—with S. G. Hicks, who
distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and in the great Rebellion, as colonel of Illinois regiments; and the conversation glided into politics, a subject on which Mr. Johnson talked but little. Hicks, the impetuous fellow, became greatly excited. Mr. Johnson's arguments were very stubborn, and Hicks became enraged, jumped up, gesticulated violently, and swore that "if it wasn't for Mr. Johnson's age, he'd kick him to ——." Brother Edwards, whose son afterward married Hicks's daughter, quietly remarked, "I suspect Brother Johnson's broad shoulders have something to do with it, as well as his age." Yet—unaccountable inconsistency!—I suppose Colonel Hicks would ride farther, then or at any other time, to hear Mr. Johnson preach, than he would to hear any other man living; and N. Johnson, one of the former grocery-keepers, though he would not speak to Mr. Johnson on the street, would repair to the church when Mr. Johnson preached, would go softly to the door, or near to it, after the people were all in, and there sit and listen with the most intense interest, till the sermon was ended, when he would slip away again before dismissal. This man, I may add, reformed entirely, and for many years has enjoyed an enviable reputation, partly owing to his having one of the best of women for a wife. I may also add that Mr. Johnson employed him, in his last illness, to write his will.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SAME—CONTINUED.

For nearly ten years after our removal to Mount Vernon, our temporal afflictions were very light. We all enjoyed excellent health, and we were even more fortunate as to loss of stock, etc., than we could reasonably have hoped to be. I, indeed, had a fall one morning upon the sleet, by which my collar-bone was broken, and other severe sprains and bruises inflicted; but my general health was good. I have not, it is true, seen a day in fifty years that I did not suffer more or less from pain in the back; and this has become so much a part of my nature, that I scarcely know what I should be without it. Fletcher also began to suffer with dyspepsia before he was quite grown; and for many years he experienced the pains, the horrors, and the hundred remedies prescribed by everybody for this disorder, but during most of the time was able to do the lighter work about the farm.

Wesley had a very violent attack of fever—bilious fever, I suppose—which brought him down to the very verge of the grave. At one time we regarded his death as inevitable, and it was the source of keenest anguish to us that we had no evidence
that his peace was made with God. It is a poor time, parents, for you to impart religious instruction to a child when the hand of death is already upon him. We obtained additional medical counsel, and by strenuous efforts and assiduous watching, succeeded in having him restored to health. Washington, also, our next son, had a severe attack of what I think the physician called nervous fever. He sank down to a state of extreme debility, and in our efforts to raise him from this, special examinations were neglected, and after a time we discovered that he was completely paraplegic—had lost the use of both legs entirely. Remedies were now directed to this affection, and after a long time we succeeded in relieving him of it, except in the right leg from the knee down. Here the paralysis settled, and became permanent, and he was lamed for life.

On one occasion an assault was made upon Mr. Johnson from an unexpected source. Brother James II. Dickens, the preacher on Mount Vernon Circuit—and a very zealous young man he was—thought Mr. Johnson did not preach enough; thought he could do a great deal of good if they could only get him to work; and perhaps he was the man to stir him up. So at a quarterly meeting, when the character of Mr. Johnson came up, Brother Dickens arose and said, "Brethren, it seems to me Brother Johnson keeps his talent wrapped up in a napkin. He has a power and an influence which I think he owes it to the Church to employ more actively than he does. He preaches some, but he might preach a great deal. The people desire to hear him, and
he ought to gratify that desire. I therefore move that Brother Johnson be censured by this Quarterly Conference, for not preaching more frequently and more regularly than he does." Some brother promptly seconded the motion, and Mr. Johnson was asked if he had any thing to say. He arose, and spoke in substance as follows:

"Brethren, when I began to try to preach, I had no education, being the son of a very poor widow; I had no money, and no friends who were able to help me. By day I preached and rode over the rugged roads of a new and rugged country; and by night, when others were asleep, I was sitting up, and, by a pine-knot light, or often by a poor fire-light, trying to improve my little stock of knowledge, and prepare myself for the work. Hence, I might say I was laboring both day and night in the service of God and the Church, long before Brother Dickens was born.

"My whole life has been one of privation, of arduous toil, and of painful anxieties. In one year of my itinerant life, I rode about eight thousand miles, and preached nearly four hundred times; and all of this world's goods that I received, were a few garments of homespun cloth, and fourteen dollars in money. Many a time have I rode for miles upon miles, wet and cold, when the clothing I had—all that I had, or was able to get—was by no means sufficient to protect me from the cold. Many a night, weary and wet, cold and hungry, I have hobbling my horse, commended my soul to God, and lay down to rest alone in the dark and silent forest,
with no bed but the grass, and no pillow but my saddle-bags or saddle. At one time I had to ride nearly twelve hundred miles to go from one year's appointment to the next; and of this distance several hundred miles was among the scattered abodes of the savage Indian.

"For the last five-and-twenty years the cares of a family have been upon me. It has always been my desire and my prayer to God, that I and my family might not become a burden upon the Church when old age laid his heavy hand upon me. To this end I have used the most rigid economy. Most of my life I have been content with clothing such as any of you, perhaps, would be ashamed to wear. My family have denied themselves the luxuries, and many of the comforts of life; my companion has toiled and struggled to assist me with all the diligence of which a mortal was capable. Many a time have I rode fifteen or twenty miles from home to preach, returned home, and then labored in the field till midnight, and till I was scarcely able to drag my weary limbs along; and many a time have I gone to my Master's work when my little family was sick, and I doubted if I should ever see them all alive again; and only my Master knows how my poor heart ached, and how the bitter tears ran down my face, as mournful and solitary I rode along!

"I think I may say I have done some little for the Church, through the grace of God. I have traveled on horseback about two hundred and seventy-five thousand miles, and received into the Church nearly six thousand members, besides preaching eight or
nine thousand times; and whatever I have of this world's goods, we have chiefly made outside of all that I ever received as allowance for preaching the gospel. Two precious babes we have left, scattered about as we passed from place to place as pilgrims and strangers, and I know not that I shall ever see again the graves where rests their precious dust; but, glory to God! I feel to-day that I shall soon drop this cumbrous clay, and methinks that, 'Yon-der comes pa!' will be among the first and gladdest sounds that greet me as I near the shores of the heavenly Jerusalem.

"I have sorrowed; but in all my sorrows it was sweet to think of that land where sorrow never comes. I have grown old; but it is sweet to think of that land where the bloom and the vigor of youth shall last for ever. My poor body has become subject to racking pains; but it is sweet to think of that land where pain is felt no more. Fatigue and exposure sadly affect my frail body now, but I am happy in the hope of a home where 'no chilling winds or poisonous breath' can ever come.

"Brethren, I don't wish to quit the field, but am still willing to do what I can for Christ and his Church; but I am not able to do much. I am old, and need rest; I am subject to pains and various infirmities which the young and vigorous know but little about; I am worn out. I don't complain, for my blessed Jesus has paid me a thousand times for the little I have done and suffered for him; and my soul, even now, is filled 'unutterably full of glory and of God.'"
When he sat down, nearly every man in the house was sobbing aloud, and Brother Dickens a little louder than anybody else. After a pause of a minute or two, Dickens arose, weeping violently, and said, "B—hoo—hoo—hoo—Brethren—oo—hoo—I withdraw my motion—oo—hoo—hoo." A zealous young brother, with voice like a lion—Jick. Maxey perhaps—now struck up, "Jerusalem, my happy home," and perhaps never, this side heaven, did the same number of persons enjoy a more refreshing shower of divine grace, or raise a louder, longer shout of praise.

Mr. Johnson engaged, perhaps in 1844, in an enterprise which did not end in any great balance of either loss or gain, but gave him a great deal of trouble and anxiety. A Mr. Haynes, from Tennesse, wished to have the use of his name and some means, as partner with him in taking some contracts for carrying the mail. Mr. Johnson was not much disposed to accede, but Haynes was importunate, and did all that he could to secure Mr. Johnson against final loss; and at length they sent forward bids for several routes. A route from Salem to Shawneetown, and one from Shawneetown to Belleville—in all, about two hundred and ten miles, were awarded them; and then followed the bustle of securing horses, stages, harness, stands, etc., etc., which always attends the business. It is true, Haynes threw but little of the labor upon Mr. Johnson, but the latter had a burden of care from which he could not be so readily relieved. After carrying on the business for two years, Mr. Johnson wished
to withdraw. Haynes had now acquired some means. He took the stock, refunded the money that Mr. Johnson had furnished, assumed all liabilities, and released Mr. Johnson entirely from the contract. Haynes acted a very honorable part throughout, but I was apprehensive that the cares and fatigues of those two years would shorten Mr. Johnson's life, and I do not know but they did.

But the cause of deepest trouble to us all, was a malicious suit for trespass, brought against Mr. Johnson by one Dan. Anderson. He had been one of our persecutors for years. He owned forty acres of land adjoining ours, which lay in a creek bottom, and was worth very little for any thing else than an annoyance to us. He one day told, in the presence of one of our boys, the following story: "I was riding through the bottoms a few days ago, and heard more hallooing, and louder, than I ever heard before. As I drew near, I could discover that it was somebody driving, or trying to drive, a team. When I came full in sight, behold, there was old Jacky Johnson, with his steers hitched to a big board-tree that was standing on my side of the line, trying to pull it over on to his land!"

Mr. Johnson was out one evening, looking for his cows, about two miles from town; the sun was nearly down, when he heard dogs in the distance and approaching, as if in pursuit of game. He plodded on, and after coming pretty near him, the barking ceased, and he heard it no more. Pretty soon he heard his own dogs baying, turned about and went to them, and found that they had attacked a
wounded and exhausted deer, and he was just about dead. Mr. Johnson listened, but could hear no voice; he hallooed, and there was no answer but the echoes of his call. He then dispatched and disem-boweled the deer, swung it on a stick, shouldered it, and actually carried it to town on his back! From this circumstance, in which Mr. Johnson could hardly have done otherwise than as he did, Anderson and his friends tried to raise a great cry about “deer-stealing.” They said their dogs caught it, they themselves killed it, etc., but failed to explain how Mr. Johnson got it from both them and their dogs by stealth!

But the great trouble was the suit for trespass. Mr. Johnson had bought an improvement and pre-emption right on an entire quarter-section of land, and had also entered the west half. Some time afterward, H. B. Newby went to Shawneetown to enter the quarter-section for himself and Anderson, and finding that the west half was out of their reach, he entered the east half. They now notified Mr. Johnson that they were going to run the dividing line, and asked him to accompany them, to which he readily agreed. They, with the county surveyor, field-notes, chain-men, and markers, ran all around the east half, and Mr. Johnson considered his right to the half west of the dividing line thus established, as perfectly valid, especially as he had bought and paid for it twice. All parties, for two or three years at least, regarded this as a well-established, as it was a plainly marked, line.

In 1846, our boys, Fletcher and Wesley, wished
to build a house on the farm; and proposed, that if we would aid them a little, they would get out all the timbers, haul logs to the mill and get lumber, get out bolts for shingles, etc.; so that it would not require a great outlay of money. Mr. Johnson consented, went with them to the woods, carefully showed them every marked tree on his east line—or rather, Newby and Anderson's west line—and cautioned them not to venture very near to it. They scrupulously followed his directions; but after they had got out most of the timbers, Anderson came along and told them they had been cutting timber on his land; they must quit it, and pay him for what they had cut.

When Mr. Johnson heard this, he went directly to Anderson, and said, "Mr. Anderson, my boys tell me you think they have cut timber on your land. I am very sorry indeed, if it is so; and I would be glad if you would go down with me and examine the premises, and if they have cut a stick or committed any trespass on your land, I will pay you every cent that you are damaged." Mr. Johnson thought he could convince Anderson that there had been no trespass. Anderson "couldn't go just then;" and that day or the next, the sheriff came to serve the warrant—the first in Mr. Johnson's lifetime. Anderson got the new county surveyor, Lewis Casey, and another hand or two, and without Mr. Johnson's knowledge, went and surveyed his (Anderson's) land three or four times during that winter. The suit lasted about eighteen months; and the same precious fellows surveyed Anderson's
land three or four more times during the second winter. By these six or eight clandestine surveys they succeeded in establishing an entire set of new lines and corners, and including in Anderson’s line eleven trees which the boys had cut, for which he confidently expected to recover eight dollars each. But by a little too much work, Anderson had made too flimsy a thing of it, and the suit was dismissed at his cost. So the boys went on and finished the house.
CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY JOSEPH.

The reader will pardon me for introducing here a sketch of our beloved boy, Joseph Benson, youngest of our children on earth, but one of the eldest in heaven.

He was born at Mount Vernon, September 27, 1835. Of his childhood I have little to record. I know with what partiality a mother is prone to regard her youngest child, who grows up at her side just as the first impressions of age begin to be felt; and I shall try, as much as in me lies, to divest myself of this natural partiality. He was always a quiet, gentle child, obedient, and easy to control. It seems to me—it may have been only the eye of the mother—that, from the first dawn of rational understanding, he showed in an unusual degree that quickness of apprehension, that tenacity of memory, and that pure and lofty tone of character, for which we all know that some of the early dead were distinguished in life. He was so quick in intelligence, and so gentle in his disposition, that we thought it would be best—or perhaps I might say we felt as if we ought—to educate him, as far as practicable, at home. Our son Fletcher, by educa-
tion and by patient diligence in imparting instruction, was pretty well qualified to take charge of his mental culture. Accordingly, we never sent him to school, except indeed the Sabbath-school.

By the time he was ten years of age, he had read most of the unobjectionable juvenile books of the day—at least, of such as were to be found in this section of the country; and I think he had read nearly as many volumes of the Methodist Sunday-school and Youth's Library as he had seen weeks after he began to attend the Sunday-school; for he never failed to attend when well enough to do so—always selected a book, and read it during the week. He was generally the smallest boy in his class; and though modest and retiring, almost to a fault, he always stood at the head of his class. Indeed, when but twelve years old, he was placed in a Bible-class composed of both young and elderly men; and he answered all questions with so much readiness, clearness, and propriety, that he never lost his place or his rank in the class. At this age, also, he had acquired a very respectable knowledge of the elementary branches of an English education—grammar, geography, arithmetic, general history, and history of the United States. And I beg leave to insert a letter or two which he wrote about this time to his Brother Adam Clarke, in Kentucky, and which I think show a degree of mental culture and maturity not usual in a boy but twelve or thirteen years of age. (See Appendix, No 4.)

He studied Paley's Moral Philosophy very closely, reviewing portions that he had marked; but he dis-
approved of the method of leaving religious principles so entirely out of the question. His moral sense thus became exquisitely nice and discriminating. His brother sent him a beautifully bound volume of Moore’s Melodies: he read the Sacred Songs with pleasure, but with the remark that they contained more of sentiment than of religion; read some of the Patriotic Songs with approbation; looked at a few of the rest, laid the book aside, and I think I never saw him take it up again.

In the course of his short life, he read the whole Bible regularly through, of his own accord, three or four times; and I never saw any one more shocked at the instances of impiety therein recorded than he. Indeed, he said he thought some of Job’s own expressions were a little too positive, and some a little too severe, until he found that Job was indorsed in the last chapter as having spoken the thing that was right. He completed the study of the common English branches, and of algebra, philosophy, and chemistry, and was making rapid proficiency in Latin. But he seemed to have a growing love for the Bible, the Hymn-book, and other books of devotion. I can safely say that he read the New Testament regularly through more than a dozen times.

I have no doubt that the work of divine grace was begun upon his heart at a very early age; and that he yielded so readily to the Spirit’s influences, that the love of God sprang up by insensible degrees in his soul, and in process of time Christ was fully formed in his heart the hope of glory. Not
more than two or three months before he died, he read the Hymn-book daily: he frequently read to me, when no one else was present, hymns and portions of hymns that he thought particularly good; and I observed that these portions were such as breathed most strongly the spirit of holiness, of vital piety, and of confidence in God.

In all his life, I think he never gave me a disrespectful word, or was guilty of an act of disobedience. As I had no other help, he generally remained at home to aid me in my domestic labors; and in these he was always willing, ready, handy, kind, and agreeable. If I consulted only my own feelings, I should dwell long upon these precious recollections. What I have said may be sufficient to excuse a mother's partiality, like Jacob's of old, for her Joseph—her youngest, dearest, tenderest child—and to give some idea of those fondly cherished hopes, which every parent will comprehend at once, but which were doomed to be so prematurely blasted.

In the spring and summer of 1853, his health was bad, chills coming on at intervals of a few weeks, and his general health in these intervals being evidently much impaired. All the remedies usually recommended in such cases we employed, but with no permanent benefit; and at length, about the 10th of August, he was seized with fever—I know not of what kind, as our physician never ventured to express himself with any clearness respecting the case. Our son George Wesley was at this time in Kentucky, and Adam Clarke was teaching in the
country; but of Fletcher I can truly say, that I never saw a more faithful attendant at a sick-bed than he. We were not very apprehensive of danger at first—unless, perhaps, Fletcher was; but he grew rapidly worse.

On the next Monday morning, Adam Clarke would not start to his school until assured by Dr. Gray that there was no serious danger. Still he grew worse; and we watched and tended him, prayed and wept for him, God alone knows how earnestly. Adam Clarke requested us to send for him if there was no improvement; but we were still hopeful, and it was not possible for any of us to go, nor easy to get any one else. I never saw any one follow the advice of physician and friends as willingly as Joseph Benson did; and though as patient through all his sufferings as a lamb, he seemed anxious to recover for the sake of his mother and friends. When he saw that I was sad, he tried to speak words of encouragement and comfort to me; and nothing could be more touching than his efforts, amidst the pain he suffered, to be cheerful and pleasant on my account. That earnest love of my dying boy still comforts at once and breaks my heart.

Fletcher said it was our duty to let him know his danger; and accordingly he and his pa approached the bedside, told him that his situation was very critical, and asked him if he felt prepared for the worst event, and if there was any thing that he wished. He was very weak, though perfectly rational; and he received the announcement with composure,
saying he would like for Brother Taylor to come and pray with us. Brother Taylor, I suppose, was fearful of contagion—at any rate he was “engaged;” and Mr. Johnson read and prayed in the poor boy’s room with that fervor and power which ever characterized his great and tender heart. It was not long before Joseph Benson’s mind began to wander; and that night I noticed that his feet were cold. Reader, if you never felt the strong yearnings of a mother’s heart, you cannot conceive how industriously I bathed and chafed those precious limbs, and sought by applying outward heat to revive the languid circulation! I did not, could not, would not, believe he was dying; but my efforts to restore the natural warmth were vain, and soon the withering, killing truth flashed upon my mind, that it was no other than the icy touch of death! Reason tottered, my heart sank; and in the overwhelming tide of anguish, I was not sensible of what transpired until his loved form was extended prone and cold in its last pale apparel.

But God’s dispensations are always mingled with mercy. The watching and fatigue of the last eight or ten days had, to a great degree, blunted my natural sensibilities, otherwise I am satisfied that reason and even life itself would have sunk under the stroke. We buried him in a little burying-ground at Salem Church, two miles from town; and though willing to make some allowance for apprehensions of contagion, it made my heart ache to see so few of our friends and neighbors with us there. Though there were two or three ministers in the town—W.
H. Taylor, J. H. Hill, Z. Casey, etc.—my stricken and heart-broken husband had to perform the religious services at the burial of his own boy! I do not think the same amount of danger would have prevented any one of those ministers from going as far to make a good trade for a horse, to shave a note 40 per cent., to loan money at 25, or to attend a wedding.

So lived our youngest and most promising child, and thus he died on the 18th day of August, 1853, at the age of seventeen years, ten months, and twenty days. I wept till the fountain of tears was nearly exhausted; and still, at times, in a moment of reverie, forgetting all, I would miss the accustomed presence; and when the recollection of the cause of his absence burst upon me, it seemed too hard for me to bear. Once, as I sat in such a mood, it all at once occurred to me that Benson was not with us, and quickly raising my head, I said, "Where is"—but before the question was finished, I remembered all; I almost sank upon the floor, and a torrent of tears came with their poor relief to my bleeding heart. The 18th day of every month was to me a day for unlocking afresh the fountains of sorrow; and even now, when the 18th day of August returns, it brings the heartache and the gushing torrents of grief.

Often, in fits of despondency, I entertained the terrible fear that perhaps all was not well with the departed loved one. Then I would go to the blessed throne of grace, and I hardly ever failed to receive some answer of peace. Many a passage
in God's precious Book was at such times impressed upon my mind; and many a time, on turning at random to its hallowed pages, my eye fell upon words of consolation which it seemed to me I had never seen before. Some of those passages were: "Is it well with the child? And she said, It is well."

I may add, that although Dr. Gray had been our family-physician for ten years, I could never divest myself of the impression that in this case he was not attentive as he might have been, stayed with us too little and away too long, and was, in short, guilty of most culpable neglect or incapacity. But of this I am not qualified to speak with much assurance.
CHAPTER XXXV.

NINE YEARS IN THE COUNTRY.

In 1849, our family consisted of Mr. Johnson, myself, and three sons. And I now find myself under the necessity of going back a year or two to explain the reduction to this number.

Thomas wished Adam Clarke to go to Fredonia, to keep shop for him, and prepare himself for the practice of medicine. To this we at length reluctantly consented, and he left us for Kentucky, in company with Blackford Casey, February 29, 1848. Before he was out of sight, as I looked after them, and saw Adam Clarke walking along before the wagon—it was a cold morning—I bitterly regretted that I had agreed to let him go. And for a long time, it pained my heart, and frequently brought tears from my eyes, to see his place vacant at the table, and to think of the probability that he never would, except as a visitor, form one of our family circle again. I also feared that his (sixteen years) was too tender an age for a boy to be released from the long-established restraints of home, and thrown into society and influences to which he had never been accustomed. But I at length became partially—only partially—reconciled to his absence. I cannot re-
frain from inserting a letter from Mr. Johnson to our absent boy, as it shows at once the mind and heart of that good man now gone from earth forever, and our anxiety about the distant loved one. (See Appendix, No. 5.) George Wesley appeared to lack constitutional adaptation to the labors of the farm; had been serving as clerk in a dry-goods house in Mount Vernon; and when a stagnation in business came on, he had gone to McLeansboro and engaged in teaching. So he was at McLeansboro, and Adam Clarke at Fredonia, when we left town.

In the year named—1848—the cholera prevailed throughout the country to an alarming extent. Four in one family, of the name of Frizzell, died of this terrible epidemic in three miles of us, and several others in Mount Vernon, and the immediate vicinity. We felt a degree of the alarm which pervaded all classes; and as our house on the farm was nearly finished, we resolved to move into it at once. Many deaths occurred at McLeansboro, and George Wesley had to dismiss his school for several weeks. We were all fortunate enough to escape the fatal disease entirely.

Soon after we were settled upon the farm, Adam Clarke paid us a visit, and it was but too manifest that his mind and body both were feeling the ruinous effects of too assiduous application to his studies. He was scarcely sixteen when he began; had labored on the farm for years; and now, to cease from labor, and devote all his time to study, with the insatiable thirst for knowledge with which he had
null
always been—I had almost said cursed—was too much for a constitution not very robust at best. It was told me, as an instance of his excessive application, that he read a large work on Materia Medica about two months, and then, upon examination, gave a synopsis of its contents, a statement of the plan of the work, the name of every class, and each individual in every class of remedies; the botanical character and medical properties of each, the process of preparation, etc.; sometimes repeating as much as sixteen pages at a time verbatim. At Thomas Brooks's suggestion, we brought him home in September of this year, and he resumed the labors of the farm. I do not think his mind has ever recovered its proper tone and a perfectly healthy or normal condition, though he has acquired some reputation as a scholar and a man of letters.

There is not usually a connected train of events in the ordinary life of the farmer, and outside the monotonous routine of his regular labors; and the reader must not expect from me a connected train of "recollections" in this chapter.

In 1830, George Wesley went to Kentucky, got into business there, married there, and there he still remains. In the year following, Blackford Casey went to California. He left Susannah pretty well provided for at home, and there she lived for a year or more; but she complained so much of loneliness, and her boys were so small to have the management of a farm, that we thought it best to have her rent out her farm, and live in a house that we fitted up for her near our own. She remained here
until Blackford's return, in 1854. He had saved some money, and now made some additions to his land and improvements, and lived more comfortably while he remained upon his beautiful farm in Moore's Prairie.

The next spring after Blackford's return, his second son, John William—we called him by the full name—while lifting a rail in making a fence, hurt himself—probably produced a rupture of the inner coat of an artery, or, in other words, an aneurism. He said he felt a quick, sharp pain in his breast, and a sense of something giving way, and for a moment felt sick and giddy. But these sensations passed off, and he enjoyed a tolerably fair degree of health for a year or two, still feeling a faintness and pain upon making any considerable exertion. At length, however, his health began to fail, he became very weak, and dropsical symptoms appeared in his hands and feet. We now became apprehensive that his disease was incurable, and watched with deepest anxiety the progress it was making in its fearful work. He had formerly been a very stout boy, and it was piteous to see how weak, and pale, and thin he had become. He sat up most of the time; in fact, from the nature of his affection, he could lie down but seldom, and never except for a very short time.

Blackford had brought him up to our house, hoping that a change of scene might improve, or at least gratify him for awhile; and he and his mother had been with us more than a week. One Sunday morning—an unusually bright and beautiful morn-
ing—all had gone to Sunday-school except Mr. Johnson and myself, and, of course, Susannah and her boy. He had often talked about dying, and though only fourteen years of age, seemed to comprehend the import of the change, and to be ready to meet it. He appeared to be conscious of his fate, expected it, and awaited it with the utmost composure. He said he did not think he should know anybody in heaven except his Uncle Benson, but thought that in his company he could, after awhile, become acquainted with the rest. Among other requests respecting his departure, he said he wished to be buried at Salem Church, as near as possible to the grave of the beloved Benson.

Still, we did not think the end was so near; but on the morning above mentioned, as he sat in the porch, John William said to me, "Grandma, I have a strange kind of feeling this morning." I said, in cheerful tones, "May be there is too much air out here; suppose you sit in the house." He agreed, as he always did, to our suggestions, and we set his chair in the room, but between the doors, so that he could look at the beautiful morning scenes without. He again remarked, "I feel so strangely!" "Differently," I asked, "from what you generally feel?" He said, "I never felt just like I do this morning." I started to pass out at the door, when he reeled, cast up a wistful look in my face, and was falling, when I caught him. We laid him upon his trundle-bed, and in a few minutes he died without a struggle. Though this event had been so long expected, yet the anticipation of it was so mingled
with hope, and so relieved by the enjoyment of his company, that when all centered at once in the certainty that he was dead, the shock was such as no one can describe, nor any conceive but they who thus have lost a friend.

We now had a lonely life, our family being reduced to three—Mr. Johnson, myself, and Washington Stewart. Thomas Brooks was in Kentucky, with a lucrative practice, accumulating money and property. George Wesley was there also, with slender means, struggling manfully to maintain his growing family and to secure them a comfortable home. John Fletcher had also married, and located in town, and had a little family growing up around him. Washington Stewart had, on account of his lameness, engaged in the harness-maker's business. He first worked with an unfeeling and unscrupulous tyrant named Thorn—"a thorn in the flesh" he was to anybody connected with either his shop or his household. Thorn was, most of the time, a Methodist; at one time went violently into the ministry without license; at any time would sing and pray louder than anybody else, and at no time could refrain from cursing when he got angry. Yet he had one of earth's angels for a wife. After working awhile with this man, Washington Stewart went to Richview, and worked awhile with his cousin, James Barnes. Here he was treated kindly; but Barnes was so exceedingly economical. Many a time did my heart ache at thoughts of the poor lame boy's working so far from home, working so constantly, and working for so little. But now, when
all the rest had left us, though he had acquired such
a proficiency in his trade as to have made good
wages, he quit it, and returned to the unpalatable
society of two old people, and the lonely precincts
of a now desolate home.

I may as well acknowledge, that even after we
were settled at Mount Vernon, and while we lived
upon a pretty good farm, we all lived hard. Too
much of our means was invested in real estate—

nearly all we had, in fact—and this gave us the care
of a great deal, and a great deal to pay taxes upon,
and very limited resources with which to meet
either the care or the taxes. The rise in value of
lands in Illinois was very slow during the financial
pressure and onerous taxation that prevailed there
for a period of not less than twenty years; and
during all this time we were straitened for means,
and compelled to use the utmost frugality. There
was no market for wheat, and no mill to grind it;
so that all the flour fit to eat had to come from Belle-
villey, and little of it, indeed, came to our door. We
got a barrel every year or two, and used it for break-
fast every Sunday morning, as long as it lasted.
Every two or three months we got a gallon of mo-
lasses, and the children were delighted for a season.
We had no lack of corn-bread, meat, and vegeta-
bles, and had coffee regularly for breakfast.

I was no longer prepared or able to make cloth-
ing; hence, we had to trade for the goods by the
best and easiest terms we could, and I made the
garments. Until grown, our boys had no Sunday-
clothes, but had two suits each; laid off one and
took another every Saturday night; greased their shoes with tallow, and were then all right for Sunday. I think not one of them ever had a pair of boots, or a shirt with a bosom in it, till he was a man in size, if not in years. We always had something to sell, but before the Illinois Central Railroad was built, it was not easy to find a market; hence, it took nearly all our money to pay the tuition of so many boys, to pay the doctor's bills, to pay taxes, and to buy the few things which we could not dispense with nor get without money.

When all had left us, as before noticed, except Washington Stewart, our time on the farm was lonely indeed. Mr. Johnson amused himself by walking about the farm, by doing little turns which fell in his way and required not much strength, and especially by hunting and feeding his hogs, of which he had a good many running at large. Washington Stewart attended to our feeding in winter, and gardening in summer; and I did all the work that usually pertains to the housekeeper. Fletcher was kind and attentive to us, aiding us much in getting firewood, etc. Of course we had to rent out the farm to the best advantage we could, and to no very great advantage, as it often proved. The fences got sadly out of repair, and the whole farm wore a dilapidated appearance. We wished to sell it, but it was in no condition to sell.

The boys now came in—John Fletcher and Adam Clarke—to raise a crop and try to bring up the farm. They worked like heroes, making and hauling out rails, repairing nearly all the fences, and
putting the place in excellent condition. They raised an excellent crop, too, and by the 1st of August, were ready to resume their usual business. In less than a month from that time we found a purchaser—one Stratton, of Ohio—and sold out four hundred acres for six thousand dollars. Mr. Johnson was glad to be relieved from the cares of the farm, but he soon became convinced that he should be the victim of other cares; for Stratton exhibited a design, as soon as the writings were all closed, to swindle us, if possible, and to shirk from every part of the contract that he could. He was a loud-voiced Methodist, particularly while the trade was being made, and after awhile got a license to preach; but he was satisfied with a short probation in this work, probably because it was too plain that he had but a slight hold upon the popular confidence. Still, as he had property, and was making money, of course he was a leading member of the Church. I may here add, however, that after getting all the time he could, by quibbling, etc., he at last paid all. Yet, I must also add, he kept possession of plows and every thing else that we chanced to leave about the place expecting to take away at our convenience; and these he never paid for.

These things annoyed us considerably; but we returned to the old homestead in town, and there expected to spend, as comfortably, as quietly, and as religiously as we could, what might still remain to us of the evening of life.
CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. JOHNSON'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It was in the autumn of 1857 that we returned to the old home in town—a place dear to us, because we had lived there fifteen years—a longer period than we had ever remained at any other place. It was also the only place at which we had ever resided long without having the death-angel cast his gloomy shadow upon the threshold. It retained not long the latter distinction, however, but soon became like nearly every other home that earth contains.

Mr. Johnson had been for many years suffering from occasional attacks of palpitation of the heart. At first they seemed to be associated with acidity of the stomach, and we were fain to believe them purely functional; but as age came on, they appeared to be more connected with nervous influences, and he was seldom excited or troubled without experiencing an attack. At length the paroxysms seemed to come on without any known cause, and he now found tincture of assafetida, or some other kindred preparation, a very efficacious remedy. I think there had been for years a gradual increase in the amount of pain that he suffered during these attacks, but generally his health seemed otherwise good;
TIME SERIES FORECASTING: A REVIEW OF METHODS

This chapter provides an overview of various time series forecasting methods, focusing on recent advancements and applications. We begin by defining time series data and its importance in various fields. Then, we explore different types of time series models, including autoregressive (AR), moving average (MA), and ARIMA models. Each model is explained with examples and their applications highlighted. We also discuss the selection of appropriate models based on the characteristics of the data. Finally, we introduce advanced techniques such as seasonal decomposition, forecasting with neural networks, and unsupervised learning methods. This comprehensive review aims to equip readers with the knowledge to apply these methods effectively in real-world scenarios.
and even down to old age—say to his seventieth year—he was able to endure a great amount of labor and exertion. Labor, except it were severe and long continued, appeared to have little tendency to produce the palpitations.

These attacks now became more frequent than ever, partly, I believe, on account of the bad faith and double-dealing of Stratton, in whom he had no confidence whatever, nor ever afterward did have any. About the 1st of February, 1858, he was bringing a cow up from the farm; she drove quietly, and he was walking along after her in his usual slow and deliberate pace, when she met some other cattle in the street, and turned out of her course. He ran a few steps to bring her back, and inadvertently stepped in a little rut that the rains had washed out at the side of the way. He was instantly seized with a violent palpitation and pain at the heart, which lasted for two or three days with very little intermission.

His usual remedies, as before stated, were, an alkali, if he thought the disorder arose from indigestion; and assafetida, if from a more general disturbance of the nervous system. These remedies, however, in this instance, failed to give relief; and even after the violence of the attack had measurably subsided, he was still unable to take much exercise, or to walk more than a few hundred steps without symptoms of another attack. At intervals, also, when both body and mind seemed to be reposing in perfect quiet, the disorder would suddenly make its appearance, and cause intense sufferings for a pe-
period varying from fifteen minutes to two or three hours.

We applied to our highly-accomplished family-physician, Dr. Green, the most skillful, in what they call auscultation and percussion, that the country affords; and he, after careful examination, told Mr. Johnson frankly, that ossification of the valves of the heart had taken place, and consequently, the disorder was out of the reach of any remedies but such as might afford a temporary palliation of his sufferings. Dr. Green, however, continued his kind and faithful attentions until the closing scene. There was a characteristic of the attacks now, different from any thing that Mr. Johnson had ever experienced in previous affections of the heart, namely, that the palpitation was attended with a sense of suffocation which made it impossible for him to lie down while the paroxysm continued.

Fletcher, our son, was with us almost constantly, and I am satisfied we owed many days of his pa's life to his kind, prompt, and indefatigable attentions. While waiting upon his honored parent, he seemed to be incapable of impatience or fatigue; but day and night he was always willing and ready, with assistance which he seemed to know exactly how to bestow. We had written to Thomas, and he came about the 1st of March, and remained some four weeks with us. He, too, was very attentive, but on account of corpulency, could not be as prompt and active in rendering assistance as his Brother Fletcher.

Mr. Johnson was constantly confined to his room,
I believe, after the 1st of March; generally sitting up, but not unfrequently lying down. When first told the nature of his disease, he had no expectation of living so long as he did; and he all the time felt the apostle's "desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." He was daily visited by the neighbors and friends, and he suffered none to depart without a few words on the subject of religion. When visited by ministers, or by others who were accustomed to pray in public, he requested them to read and pray with him before leaving. He seemed never to tire of hearing the word of God; and O, how he enjoyed the grand and glorious old hymns that he had sung and loved so long!

One day a Brother A. P. Elkins, a local preacher, a truly good man and an earnest Christian, came in, and Mr. Johnson, knowing him to be one of the sweet singers of Israel, asked him to sing. He promptly began, and sang, "The sun above us gleaming," his clear, shrill voice often trembling with emotion as he sang; and Mr. Johnson became so happy, it seemed as if the poor old body could scarcely longer hold the enraptured spirit. At the singing of the passage—

The immortal land is far away,
I'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow—

and even more so at this—

There is a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Above the world's last burning—
it really seemed as if the intensity of his happiness was too much for his waning strength to bear. For half an hour or more, as his strength permitted, and even beyond his strength, he would break forth in exclamations of joyful praise to God.

These seasons of singing and prayer were frequent, and he enjoyed them exceedingly; but his strength was evidently fast failing, and his paroxysms of suffering became more frequent and of longer duration; yet he frequently praised God for the privilege of suffering his will when he was no longer able to do it. He also derived much comfort from the assurance that all of his family that were not already "safe landed on that peaceful shore," were earnestly striving to make their way thither.

On Thursday, the 8th of April, nine weeks from his first attack, we observed that he was extremely weak, that his breathing was slow and difficult, and that he lay in a stupid or comatose state, except when roused, and was then in a great degree delirious.

We feared he was dying, and the result proved the justness of our fears. About noon he became quite restless. Adam Clarke asked him if he wished to sit up; he answered in the affirmative, and the weeping boy lifted him up and placed him in his easy chair; but he sat only a minute or two, his head dropped, and he expressed, by gesture, a desire to lie down, when Fletcher and Clarke laid him gently down upon his bed. He was restless for a few minutes, sank gradually to a perfect quiet, and about 1 o'clock, without a struggle or a groan, the
null
load of clay was dropped, and the unfettered spirit
took its flight to the bosom of God.

The funeral was preached by our old Kentucky
friend and brother, G. W. Robbins, and the pre-
cious form was deposited at Salem, by the side of
our sleeping son, with all the tokens of respect and
sympathy that a community could bestow.
CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION—TEN YEARS OF WIDOWHOOD.

Often during my dear husband’s last illness, which I was sure would result as it did, I tried to conceive what my feelings would be when the long-suspended stroke should fall; but never was I fully sensible of my condition until a night’s rest had partially restored the powers which weeks of fatigue and watching had nearly exhausted, nor until the hurry and confusion connected with the burial had passed by, and I returned alone to my desolate home. Then the lonely feeling of widowhood fell like a mountain of darkness upon my wounded spirit. The words of a poet whose writings I never read but in occasional extracts, struck me as portraying well the sorrow of the widow’s soul:

Think’st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Can bear the dark, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? Ah, no!

But I “sorrowed not as those who have no hope.” I was greatly comforted by the perfect assurance that all was well with my departed husband; and the bit-
terness of the cup of being left alone after forty-four years' companionship with one so great and good, was mitigated by the certainty that I too was at the verge of the last river, could neither hope nor fear that I might linger more than a few days, and must soon rejoin the loved ones that were gone before me. Cut off, by age, from all pleasure but what originates above, lonely here and desolate, with a mansion in my father's house, and a husband and three children awaiting me there, truly to die now seemed more like going home than it ever did before.

It is a merciful provision of our nature, that the first fearful intensity of grief cannot endure for ever. With the lapse of time, previous impressions fade; and new cares, new ideas, new recollections, gradually occupy the mind. The mind, also, like the body, has the capacity of adapting itself to a change of circumstances, so that what is at first intolerable, seems at length to become a part of our natural condition—a part of ourselves. But, above all other influences, the Comforter is able to strengthen us, to mitigate the severity of the stroke, and to heal the wound that the hand of Providence has inflicted.

By his will, Mr. Johnson left the entire estate to me, without conditions, during my life-time. He said that I had done much toward acquiring it, and it was right that while I lived I should enjoy it. He gave our lame boy, Washington Stewart, the old homestead in Mount Vernon, and an equal share of the other property with the rest of the children.
All the rest, at my death, goes equally to all the children. He had no debts to provide for, and had money enough on hand to defray all the funeral expenses. John Fletcher was made the executor of his will.

Not wishing to be burdened with the care of more than I needed, and at the same time not wishing to leave myself quite dependent, I placed six hundred dollars in the hands of each of my children as a perpetual loan, of which I am never to collect the principal, but may demand the interest at any time, if I want it.

I have sufficient means for a support, but there are many little, nameless annoyances which it is scarcely possible to escape, which are, singly, quite insignificant, but, in the aggregate, make a load for a poor old body like mine to bear. John Fletcher has the care of his own family and business, and I cannot expect him to attend to these and at the same time attend to my wants as he that is gone would do. I am not able to see to those things of which I used to have sole charge, and Washington Stewart is not much abler than I; hence, I frequently want for things or for assistance, for which I am backward to ask, and which my children do not happen to observe that I need. I am subject, also, to despondency in regard to my business; and on such occasions, lacking both the quickness of apprehension and the buoyant hopes of the young, I find it hard to obtain either satisfaction or confidence from the explanations and assurances of my son.
The infirmities of age are gaining ground upon me. I have suffered from a rheumatic and almost dislocated back for more than fifty years, not having enjoyed in that time one single day’s exemption from pain. I suffer from frequent attacks of giddiness—from debility, perhaps—and to such an extent is my nervous system affected, that at times a cramping has seized the back of my neck, and jerked me instantly to the ground. But I need not dwell upon these afflictions; I may sum all up in one short sentence—*I am more than seventy-four years of age.*

Here I stay, at the old homestead, and I never expect or wish to stay anywhere else while I stay in the world. I don’t expect to be a mile from my earthly home, until I leave it to go up to my home above.

My son Washington Stewart lives with me, and as good and kind a son he is as ever blessed an aged mother. The family altar has never been permitted to fall down for fifty-four years; and Washington Stewart and myself, by turns, still strive to keep the sacred fires burning there. Amidst a thousand changes that have come, and passed, and been forgotten, the Bible remains the same, and the daily recurrence to it in family worship seems like a continued enjoyment of the society of an old acquaintance—the only friend of the radiant morning of life that still lingers with me in the world. I bless God that the merest fragment of a family may sweetly worship around the family hearth-stone still!
The text on the page appears to be a paragraph, but due to the nature of the content, it's not possible to accurately transcribe the specific words or ideas without further context. The paragraph seems to discuss a topic, possibly related to science or technology, but the exact content is not discernible from the image provided.
Washington Stewart has the least vigorous constitution of all our sons. A great many times, from nervous debility, indigestion, or some other cause, he has suffered from a sense of sinking and of suffocation, accompanied by more or less congestion, which it was alarming to witness; and more than once he himself thought that his last hour had come; but I believe he is always ready, and makes it the grand object of his life to continue so. This comforts me; and it comforts me to know that not one member of our family ever had a fine assessed against him, or was charged with a violation of law; and that every son, daughter, and daughter-in-law is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, either North or South.

Whatever kind neighbors can do to make me happy, is never lacking. Young and old, from the little child up to those of my own age, treat me kindly, and, stranger still, seem to enjoy my society. When I am sick, messages and more substantial tokens of love come in from every direction. I am convenient to church, and enjoy many a precious season there; though it don’t seem to me that the room in which we worship, with its lofty ceiling, its embellished walls, and its elegant furniture, ever gets so full of religion and of heart-happiness as some of those forest cabins of the olden time.

I will close these desultory Recollections with a brief sketch of my dear departed husband.

In person, he was somewhat over five feet ten inches in stature, and his general weight in health was not far from one hundred and seventy pounds.
His movements were slow and quiet, but he seemed capable of superhuman exertions when aroused. His countenance wore an aspect of profound gravity, heightened, if possible, by the darkness of his complexion, the raven blackness of his long locks, and the somber heaviness of his brow. But no man, woman, or child, that ever approached him with civility, received an abrupt or unkind reply. He spoke with calmness, deliberately, and as if he wished to convey his thoughts as clearly and in as few words as possible; hence, he always commanded attention. He never laughed audibly, yet he enjoyed well-timed and harmless wit and humor as much as other men. He always reproved excessive and ill-timed hilarity in a minister; he frequently reproved Cartwright, though the only answer he got was, “I've got no use for your sulky godliness.” But a man of kinder feelings, of a more tender sympathy, or of a more unselfish and generous heart, I never knew. Fully did he come up to Cowper's measure of a merciful man; for never, when it was possible to avoid it, would he give pain to any of God's creatures, but secured the aid of some other hand, even in providing meat for his family.

It often saddens me to think how deeply he felt for me in my sufferings, and how little any one now living feels.

As to any thing farther, I believe I have stated enough in my Recollections to give the reader as good an idea of the man as I can give. May God grant that you and I may go up
To our Father's house,
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
And love no broken ties!

And there, if he wears not too bright a robe and crown, or is not exalted to a seat too near the throne, we shall see, and more perfectly know, the man. And to God be all the glory!
APPENDIX—NO. I.

MR. JOHNSON'S VIEWS ON SLAVERY.

[Note.—The following letter will be understood from the protest given below, which was dated Oct. 7, 1820.]

PROTEST.

Be it remembered, that whereas the Tennessee Annual Conference, held in Nashville, Oct. 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 unnecessary to instance any except the case of Dr. Gilbert D. Taylor, proposed for admission, and Dudley Hargrove, 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 a 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-named course and principle.

Thos. L. Douglass,  
Thos. D. Porter  
Wm. McMahon,  
Benjamin Malone,  
Lewis Garrett,  
Barnabas McHenry,  
Wm. Allgood,  
Wm. Stribbling,

Ebenzer Hearn,  
Timothy Carpenter,  
Thomas Stringfield,  
Benjamin Edge,  
Joshua Boucher,  
Wm. Hartt,  
John Johnson,  
Henry B. Bascom.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 1, 1820.

Dear Brother:—Yours of the 25th ultimo came safe to hand this day; its contents have been noticed, and I now attempt an answer. I have entertained for you and your family the warmest affection for many years, and I do hereby assure you that the same regard still exists in my bosom with unabated warmth; and while I retain my mind I shall not forget the favors bestowed upon me and my companion by you and your family. Yet I think that you, like other men, may err. I fear that you have not that charity toward some of your brethren which "hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things," and which "never faileth."

As to myself, I never made any "stipulation" with any person or party for the maintenance of myself or family, nor did I know that I was considered a local preacher the last year. As to what the Bishop said to me in the Conference, he has since made his acknowledgments to me and given me satisfaction. As to the loss I am doomed to sustain in the affections of my brethren by signing "that mis-
erable protest,” it must be very small; for, he who has nothing, cannot lose much. I feel disposed to thank God from my heart that I crave no higher honor than that of doing good.

That it might have been “an unguarded moment” with me, is quite probable; for there certainly were “unguarded moments” at Conference, to say nothing of our conduct in private life! Is not that which is recorded in our journals taken as the acts and deeds of our Conference? and is not that protest recorded? Surely, men on their guard would not bear record against themselves! As I have always felt a disposition to help the weaker side, I had some hope that I might be of service to my afflicted brethren: afflicted, I say, first, with the curse of slavery; and second, with the taunts and gibes of their brethren, which last is no small affliction to men alive to worldly honor.

I had, and still have, nothing to fear on your side, but a want of love and Christian moderation. On the other side, there is much to fear, viz., a “schism in the body.” My dear brother, I fear that you have not duly considered the extent of that evil. If a partial division in the members and in the time of our Conference produces devastation, consider the effects of a division in Conferences, division in Districts, in Circuits, in Classes, etc. Who, that has one spark of regard for Zion’s prosperity, but trembles at the thought of an evil so extensive? I, for one, feel determined to use my influence, if I have any, to prevent the evil. However, I still feel opposed to slavery in all its forms, as I ever have been. But what is the ground of our opposition? Is it pity for the slave, or is it enmity to the slaveholder? If the latter, it is a work of the devil, or at least of the flesh, and ought to be mortified; if the former, should not that pity send us into their dingy abodes with the sweet balm of the gospel, to pour light and comfort on their be-
nighted and afflicted souls, and with the finger of faith to point them out the road to eternal rest?

Alas for us! we have come to the waters of strife, and the devil always loves to fish in muddy waters. Let them settle! let them settle! Do not disturb them, even with the point of your pen. It is much easier to foment strife than to make peace. Although I signed the protest against the majority, I am far from being a party man. I am seriously opposed to the minority, and to the majority, as parties; but as men and as ministers, I am in love and friendship with both; and so I wish to live and hope to die.

You offer me the privilege of signing another protest. The specimen you gave me precisely meets my wishes, and the only objection I have to signing it, is my ignorance of the residue of its contents.

You talk of armies, and wings of armies, and of galling fires, kidnappers, etc., and say that you are as invincible as the Macedonian Phalanx. My dear brother, such things savor too little of Christian meekness and brotherly love! That you are strong, we have no doubt. Archimedes used to regret, that, though his mechanical powers were irresistible, yet he could never raise the world, because he had no place in the heavens whereon to fix his lever. Even so our Church will never be raised above the shameful factions and miserable discords which now disgrace her, until her ministers come to have their hearts, as Archimedes would have had his lever, fixed in the heavens.

The world sometimes makes such bids for ambition, that only heaven can outbid her. The heart is sometimes so imbittered, that nothing but divine love can sweeten it; so enraged, that nothing but devotion can calm it; so broken down, that it requires all the force of heavenly hope to raise it. In short, religion is the only saving and controlling power over man. Bound by that, ministers will never
usurp, nor members rebel. The former will govern like fathers, the latter obey like children; and thus moving on, firm and united as a host of brothers, they will continue “invincible” as long as they continue to exist.

You speak of the opposition of Bishops, itinerant and local preachers, etc. I wish the contention to be conducted with meekness and fear, and much brotherly love. What can we do with slavery? It is easy to see that the result of the course you have taken will be a division; but in plucking up the tares, will you not root up much of the wheat? Would it not be better to “let both grow together until harvest”? If a division takes place, which I much fear, what effect will it have in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, etc.? Will it not deprive us of access to both the slave-holders and the slaves? Who will then warn the slave-holder that he beware of “the chosen curse, the hidden thunder, the stores of heaven red with uncommon wrath,” that are ready to blast the man who so treats his slave as to gain his fortune by the blood of souls? Who will then teach the degraded Ethiopian to “stretch out his hands unto God”? What friendly finger will point him to the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world”? Who will touch the burden under which he groans, with one of his fingers? Will it be one of those great men, who, like great mountains, are famous only for their sterility; who fatigue the earth with their weight, and chill it with their shade? No! these are not the men to visit the sooty cabin and pour the light of heaven in upon the gloomy soul. Shall we, out of a mistaken zeal to do good, for ever deprive ourselves of the opportunity?

These are but a part of the evils attending a division. I hope I shall never raise my hand or move my pen to create a division so destructive in a Church composed of more than two hundred and thirty thousand souls, many of whom
would certainly suffer in some way or other by such a division. While I am admitted into the number of the minority, and looked upon as a friend, I hope to have some influence with them; but if, after all my efforts to prevent it, a division should take place, I shall assuredly take that stand which shall correspond with the whole tenor of my past life—against the more bitter severities of slavery.

You grant me the privilege of suggesting my wishes respecting the business in General Conference. I would propose, for your consideration, the passage of a slave-rule to this effect:

1. That every slave-holder in our Church shall provide a comfortable house, with sufficient bed and bedding, for every slave in his possession.

2. That each slave shall be clothed in decent apparel in summer, and warm clothing in winter; and shall have plenty of good and wholesome food, and time to eat it.

3. That every slave over — years of age shall be taught to read the Holy Scriptures.

4. That every slave over — years of age shall be permitted to attend the worship of God — times in every —.

5. That every slave shall attend family worship twice a day.

6. That each slave shall be allowed one hour for reading, in every —.

7. That no master shall inflict more than — stripes for any one offense, nor any stripes on one who is over — years of age.

8. No slave shall be compelled to marry against his own will.

9. No master shall suffer man and wife, or parent and child, to be parted without their consent, when it is in his power—he being the owner of one—to prevent it by buying or selling at a fair price.
10. On any complaint being made against a member for violation of these rules, let the preacher in charge appoint a committee of —— to investigate the facts and report to the society.

11. Any member violating or refusing to comply with the above rules, shall be dealt with as in other cases of immorality.

I never thought I was fit for a legislator; but in much haste I suggest the outline of a plan, and submit it to you for improvement. Something like this would cover all the ground that any reasonable man could hope to occupy, and would accomplish all that it is possible for us to do.

I much regret that our poverty here is such that we are not able to help you to finish the house of the Lord in Hopkinsville.

I must close by subscribing ourselves,

Your affectionate brother and sister,

John and Susannah Johnson.
FUNERAL SERMON IN MEMORY OF VALENTINE COOK,

Preached at the Bell Meeting-house, near Lexington, Ky., on Sabbath, Sept. 28, 1822, in compliance with a resolution of the Kentucky Conference, then in session. By Rev. John Johnson.

"For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him." 2 Sam. xiv. 14.

We have this day convened for the solemn purpose of paying a tribute of respect to our departed friend and brother, Rev. Valentine Cook, whose memory is still dear to thousands, whose frail body slumbers in the dark silence beneath the sod, but whose happy spirit has gone up to join the redeemed hosts that shine brightest and nearest the eternal throne.

The text is a part of the address of the wise woman of Tekoah to the King of Israel; but the words are true of every land and every age.

I. "We must needs die." This earth is too small to accommodate unlimited numbers. It is computed by the learned, that if for four hundred years the reign of death should cease, we should have a human being for every rod
of land upon its surface; and men and animals would be so crowded together, that scarcely one of the number could find room to move or breathe; and even in a century, the population would become too dense for this poor, sterile earth to bear. Death certainly was not contemplated in the original creation of man, and perhaps this repletion was to be avoided by a slow increase and the translation of the ripe shocks to the Master's garner on high: Enoch and Elijah were but men, and the road they trod, up through the "con- cave towering high," millions of millions might have trod as well. But, as the ruined world is constituted now, "we must needs die," to make room for the hosts that are coming up like an innumerable army to hurry us off the stage.

"We must needs die," because the frail machinery of our bodies cannot but wear out after awhile. The continuance of life depends upon the soundness and the concurrent action of a thousand different members and parts; and short as a life may be, it is still

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

The very processes which build up the strength of youth, stiffen and encumber the action of age, and every process upon which life itself depends, contributes to bring on the final catastrophe and make it inevitable. As it is impossible to use a machine without wearing it out, it is also impossible that life itself should not result in death. And this had been true of man, even before his primal fall, had not the great Physician planted "the tree of life in the midst of the garden."

"We must needs die." Our bodies are frail, and are exposed to injury from a thousand causes; and it is scarcely possible that we should for ever walk secure amidst so many agents of destruction. There is no bone in our frames that
a comparatively trifling weight may not crush; no organ, no tissue, no depository of life, or its resources, that may not be pierced, and severed, and destroyed by an insignificant force. This delicate organization is liable to damage from every thing that our fancies or our necessities can bring before us. The air we breathe may rise in furious gales, and bring destruction and death upon us; the water which saves so many a life, has taken the lives of millions, drowned beneath its surface; cold, which comes so often as a relief, comes as often to congeal; and heat, though indispensable to life, may burn up our dwellings and our bodies too. The beasts upon which we depend for labor and for travel, are all able, if so disposed, to destroy the feeble form of man. Trees, stones, houses — every thing above — may fall upon us; we may fall from heights, or into depths beneath; and any fall may so disorganize our bodies as to make the wheels of life stand still. Every machine, every implement, every weapon used by man, is liable at any time, by a single inadvertent motion, to take away his life. There is not one moment of absolute safety from the cradle to the grave; and man, to be immortal here, must have a different body from that in which his spirit tabernacles now.

"We must needs die." Innumerable forms of disease are ready to fasten upon us and wear out life with days or weeks of anguish; and from these there is no escape. If we shun those produced by heat, we incur those which arise from cold; we avoid dearth, and fall victims to humidity; we escape "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," and fall before "the destruction that wasteth at noonday;" our best defense against the disorders of one season, draw down upon us those of another; and what was safety in the fervid glow of summer, is death in the gloomy reign of winter. The atmosphere is never free from impurities; much of the time it is loaded with the elements of disease, and the deadly
epidemic that floats invisible around us is inhaled as a source of pleasure and a source of life. What one constitution, sex, age, or manner of life averts, falls with fatal certainty upon another; and every climate, location, and calling proves at last, each in its own way, the cause of inevitable death.

“We must needs die.” When man received the inheritance of his lovely home in Eden, the God who made him declared of one tree amidst the groves, “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” The daring man put forth his hand and tasted of the fruit; and Jehovah could not do less than inflict the penalty of his violated law. Alas, poor man! Denied access to the tree of life—the taint of disease festering in his blood, and gaining volume and intensity with every succeeding age—surrounded by an atmosphere and a world of poisons that grow more poisonous still from generation to generation, and above all, that fearful and immutable sentence of the great Judge hanging over him, what wonder that he and his millions of descendants have sunk into the grave as falling snow-flakes go down in silence to the depths of the flowing river? That fearful curse, which spread the first cloud over the beautiful morning of time, hangs over us still; and just as sure as the throne of Omnipotence still shines in heaven, so sure are we to die!

II. We “are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.”

Like “water spilt upon the ground,” we leave no trace that lingers long. The office, the shop, the field in which we labor, will soon recall to the passers-by some other name than ours; the stations that we occupy in society, will soon be occupied by others; and the community will soon forget that they ever owed any thing to our influence, our liberality, or our toil. When we are gone, the sun will shine as
The text on this page is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a document, but the content cannot be accurately transcribed.
brightly, and men will be as careful, as busy, and as gay as now; and Church and State, business and pleasure, will all be driven forward as vigorously as if we were here to join the throng. A few remarks in the first days that we are missed from our accustomed places, and then few whispers of either praise or censure shall evermore disturb the profound oblivion in which our names shall rest. Our own friends will soon forget us, however much they weep as the coffin goes down to its lowly bed. The mother weeps for the missing child; the child weeps when the light of home is put out, and the only ear that ever listened to his tale of sorrow is cold and deaf for ever. The wife or husband mourns that the dear companion is gone; and every object about the lonely dwelling has become a memento from which they turn away and weep; but this overwhelming tide of grief will, after a time, subside; other cares and other associations gradually efface from memory the sorrows of the parting scene; they weep less frequently now; they visit the sod that covers the buried treasure, less frequently now; they enter more readily into light and mirthful conversation; the badges of mourning, one by one, are laid aside; and the little mementos that they loved to look at and weep over, are thrust away where they may meet the eye no more. A few more fleeting years, and our children too must follow us to the tomb; and in less than a century, not one human being on earth shall know that we ever lived.

And when once the grim tyrant has laid his icy hand upon the heart-strings, and the unchained spirit has winged its flight from earth, no power in all the universe but God can remand the fugitive back to its tenement of clay. Vain is the boasted skill of the physician now; vain are the grief and anguish of the broken heart; vainly the screaming babe clings to the cold bosom of its mother; vainly the frantic mother clasps the lifeless form of her babe, as if to
warm its chill and stiffening limbs in her bosom. Powerless alike are the splendid mourning of wealth with all its pomp and pageantry, and the silent tear that poverty steals away to some unnoticed grave to shed alone. We "cannot be gathered up again"—never, never!—

Till wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below.

III. "Neither doth God respect any person." Death, like a commissioned officer armed with sovereign authority to ravage the fields of nature and desolate the world, pursues the children of men through every lane of life, and drags the monarch from his throne, the peasant from his cottage, and the beggar from his dunghill, with equal ease and with equal haste. The power of majesty and the glory of the great, the care of the toil-worn and the shame of the criminal, all alike crumble to dust, and vanish beneath his magic touch. Royal robes and beggarly rags are exchanged on even terms for the winding-sheet; the grimy cell and the gorgeous palace, for the dark and gloomy caverns of the dead. Other monarchs, great in the admiration and terrors of the world, have had their petty dominions, circumscribed by narrow bounds; but death rears his ebon throne and sways his iron scepter over every land where human feet have trod, over every realm on which the blessed sunlight falls.

Many of the race, like migratory birds, perch upon our globe, and tarry for awhile—a day, a month, a year—and then fly off as if in quest of distant sunny regions. Ah, what did those little hasty sojourners discover in our guilty world that was so forbidding? Did they taste the bitter cup of life, and turn away their heads disgusted, and refuse to drink? Or did they open their eyes upon this scene of woe, and then choose rather to close them in death, than to see
and suffer the afflictions under which we groan? No, no! It was death, whose cold and cruel hand tore the tender babe from the bleeding bosom of parental affection. Others tarry longer on the stage than these—until youth and beauty sweetly mingle in the countenance; a longer intimacy has strengthened the ties of attachment for them, and the opening prospect of life and pleasure cheer their giddy imagination; but some of the thousand fierce diseases that wait around seize upon them, and then, O how quickly fades the luster of the sparkling eye! how quickly withers the bloom of the ruddy cheek! how soon that form, so fair and beautiful, goes, pale and shrunken, down to its dark and lowly bed! Others remain till the strongest ties that nature knows are formed. Bound to the object of their love by wedlock bonds, surrounded by the cares and elated by the prospects of life, forming plans and devising schemes to secure the pleasures of the world and to alleviate its woes, the future seems to them a boundless plain, with an endless succession of joys glittering along their path. Then comes the relentless destroyer: plans are baffled, prospects blasted, designs frustrated, and in spite of the groans and tears of the broken-hearted companion, and the cries of the little dependent loved ones, the helpless victim is cut down and hurried away. Not many of the sons of earth live long enough to wear the livery and receive the appellations of age. To such the last summons frequently comes as a welcome sound; but whether they receive it with pleasure or with dread, it is alike imperative; and the furrowed cheek, the tottering limbs, and the hoary head, which commanded the willing reverence of men, go down, without defense, to the silent dust.

IV. Our present life is a life of banishment. Eden was our fatherland. There was our home and portion fair. A brighter sun than ever blessed Italian skies, shone softly down
on lovelier scenes than poet ever dreamed. The soft winds that wafted perfume from flowery bank and blooming grove, bore no breath of poison or contagion then, but life instead, and vigor, and abounding joy; and, best of all, the smiles of God were intercepted by no cloud: there was no barrier to the full flow of his love into the soul, and the cup of heavenly joys contained no drop of woe. But man sinned, he was driven from his home, and for six thousand years he has wandered in exile, suffering and sorrowful, forlorn and weary. Like a bird transported to some ungenial clime, drooping, dissatisfied, unhappy, he pines away; longing, for ever longing, for the unsullied bliss of his ancient home, through toil, and suffering, and gloom, he slowly drags out his miserable days.

We, as Christians, are banished from the world. So long as we were ready to join them in their unhallowed employments and sinful pleasures, the wicked were willing to receive us as companions and love us as friends. Their assistance and sympathy, their counsel and their approbation, were cheerfully vouchsafed to us then. But the moment we set out to try to secure the salvation of our souls, they turned their backs upon us. They profess to approve of religion, yet they deride, and mock, and defame, and point the finger of scorn at every man and every woman who seeks or embraces it. They and their sovereign—"the god of this world"—have possession here, and they take a malignant delight in making us feel that we are not at home. Like Israel of old, we are both led and driven out of Egypt; this wilderness in which our weary pilgrimage lies can afford us no supplies; and but for the blessed manna that every morning sheds around our tents, and the refreshing stream that flows from the eternal Rock, we must perish—perish unheeded, and perish for ever!

But, in the most affecting sense, the dead are banished
from amongst the living. While the father lived, his presence was a source of joy to his family—they regretted his absence for a single day; and when he returned, his children ran bounding to meet him, and his wife received him with a face all beaming with pleasure. The family circle around the evening fireside never seemed complete without him. But death touched him; he became an object of terror to the children he loved so well, and his presence was painful to her who had been so long the idol of his heart. The mother—O what a desolate place is home without a mother! While she still lived, her mere presence diffused a cheerfulness and sunshine around the precincts of home. The father intrusted to her the care of the little loved ones, assured that all their wants would be promptly supplied, and their sufferings relieved or soothed, by her tender care. She was the guardian angel of her children. They looked to her as the one on whom all their comforts depended; she was the only being who fully sympathized with them in their joys; and hers was the only ear in which they could with confidence pour the full tide of childish sorrow. Her soothing voice was their only remedy for a wounded spirit, her gentle hand—when they were sick—the sweetest relief that was ever applied to a burning brow. But death lays his hand upon her! That face, which they have kissed a thousand times, and which they once regarded as the embodiment of all that was lovely, is so pale, so cold, so wasted now, they shrink from it; and like the grand old patriarch of ancient days, they are fain to bury their dead out of their sight. The child*—its little feet pattering around upon the floor, and its voice ever and anon breaking forth in shrill and broken accents—formed the sweetest music that ever rang through our dwellings. Precious babe! so gen-

---

*In this passage the loss of his own little girl seems to have risen vividly before his mind.—A. C. J.
tle, so confiding, so harmless, so mild! our hearts said, "How can we give thee up?" It seemed as if we could never be satisfied with embracing the lovely form, with looking upon the smiles that played over its innocent face, and listening to the merry chirpings and the bird-song of its voice. But, no sooner has death performed his terrible work, than the loved form is laid aside, the little round and chubby limbs—so cold now!—are tenderly placed in the coffin, and gently, softly, the precious charge goes down to its resting-place in the dust. The great and good of earth, like him whose death is the mournful occasion of our assembling here to-day, may cheer us with their presence for awhile. We rejoice at their coming; our eyes follow them with pleasure and with admiration as they move around in our midst; we listen with interest and with reverence to the words of instruction that fall from their lips; and we are ready to ask how the Church could spare them, or who could fill their places if they should fall. Yet, dearly as we love them, and highly as we value their society and their influence, it is all changed when death has laid the great man low; and he is banished from earth, without one advocate to plead that the form we admired and loved be allowed to remain among men. Thus death banishes from the shores of time all that is dearest, all that is fullest of greatness and of blessing, as well as all that is vile; and we, too, when a few more fleeting years have circled away, shall be banished for ever from the associations and the scenes in which we are now taking a pleasing or a painful part.

But, blessed be God! he deviseth "means that his banished be not expelled from him." Those, it is true—and sad, O sad!—who are not of the heavenly household, who have constantly rejected the offers of salvation, and all their lives-long trampled with bitter scorn and hate the goodness
of God under their feet, those must be expelled from him for ever. When they are hurried off the stage of action, they shall never but once again in all the vast circles of the eternal ages be permitted to stand before the throne of God; and then it will be to receive the sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" and to take their flight, amidst the thunders of divine vengeance and the wild shrieks of the doomed millions,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition.

May God grant that not one of your handsome forms may thus go down to feed the flames of hell, and that not one of those voices that ring out so cheerily now may ever join in the screams and curses that startle the gloomy reign of eternal death!

But O, ye mothers! weep not for the precious loved ones that are gone. Far away beneath the cold clay their innocent forms may lie, but they lie in ease and quiet; they no more ask you for bread to satisfy their hunger, or for garments to shield them from the cold; they weep, they sigh, they suffer no more; and there let them lie, secure from all the storms that howl over the living so rudely; but lift up your eyes of faith, and away yonder, shining high up before the throne, see them, "too happy to be still," tuning their harps of gold to the melodies of heaven. They are not banished from God, they are only taken home; it's a blessed, happy home, and they will be well taken care of till we can go up to meet them there; and methinks that, "Yonder comes pa!" or, "Yonder comes ma!" will be the first and the gladdest sounds that greet us when we pass through the gate into the city.

Weep not, thou poor, forlorn, and forsaken orphan child. That father or mother who loved you so tenderly, and
treated you so kindly, is gone—gone for ever from earth, but not for ever gone from you. You may still have to suffer here awhile; you may have to bear reproaches and abuse, unkindness and severity; and all the warm affection that this world ever had for you may be buried in a father's or a mother's grave; but you are not separated for ever—they are gone home to our Father's house in the skies, and there they are waiting for you, looking for you, perhaps this very moment bending over Eden's walls to see if the little boy or girl they loved so well is beating along toward their home in the good country. Try, O try, to live so as to secure the love of God; and in a few more days, or years at most, you may go up to join their company, where they shall never be taken from you again! Be religious, and God will be more than father and mother to you here—

For ah! methinks angelic hands,
With kindly beamings mild,
Extend unseen their stainless hands,
To guard the orphan child.

Be comforted, O man or woman, whoever thou art, whose dearest bosom-friend has been banished from the household to the tomb! Go to the grave if thou wilt, bedew the sod with tears, and learn to be holier and kinder in the time to come; but praise the name of God, that though they are gone from earth, they are not gone from him. You tried to make them happy here, which was impossible. O be content that they now dwell where they may be, with no care of thine, infinitely happy, and happy for ever! You loved to be in their company. O be content that they, even now, dwell not far away! They are waiting for you, and they will not have to wait long. The very form you used to love will be rescued from the grave; and O what a happy time it will be when we, whole families together, may walk about
the glorious city, or sweep, on easy wing, over the beautiful fields of heaven, or ramble among the delicious groves that flourish along the banks of the river of life—father, mother, sister, brother, companion, child, all safe landed on that peaceful shore! And mingled with all the sweets of heaven, that sweetest, widest, deepest flood of joy—the communion, the presence, and the smiles of the blessed Jesus, whose blood bought all these blessings for us—shall fill the enraptured soul for ever!

I need not devote many words to him whom you all knew and delighted to honor. Father Cook was born in Pennsylvania, and brought up in Virginia. His education was thorough; and even before his conversion, he studied his Bible much. He became convinced that he was a sinner; and his parents, though professed Christians, thought little of his fears, and discouraged his struggles. He joined the M. E. Church, still struggling hard for the witness of the Spirit. Young as he was, he erected the family altar in his father's house. Having obtained a bright evidence of his acceptance with God, he soon began his ministry, joining the Philadelphia Conference in 1788. In 1798 he came to Kentucky, and located the following year. He had charge of Bethel School, in Jessamine county, for awhile; awhile was principal of an academy at Harrodsburg; and finally located in Logan county. Here he labored on his little farm, taught when opportunity offered, and was always ready to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. In manners he was plain and simple as a child, and utterly regardless of the vain show of the world. His language was so clear and so unaffected that even a child might understand him; but there was a power in his earnestness that few hearts were so callous as to be able to resist. He was most lamb-like in his meekness; and he seemed as if his heart was always engaged in communion with God. His
earnestness appeared resistless with God as it was with man, for he had that powerful faith which leaves not the mercy-seat without an answer of peace. His last words were worthy of so great and good a man. "When I think of Jesus," said he, "and of living with him for ever, I am so filled with the love of God that I scarcely know whether I am in the body or out of the body!"

O, thou Most High! whatever else thy sovereign will denies, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Amen.

[Note.—It is to be regretted that the notice of Cook is so brief; but men not accustomed to writing much, are apt to become weary, and hasten to a close.—A. C. J.]
APPENDIX—NO. III.

MR. JOHNSON’S EXPOSITION OF THE CHURCH-TRIALS AT LOUISVILLE.

The Secret of Church-secrets; Or, an attempt to remove some of the odious aspersions cast upon the character of John Johnson by J. H. Overstreet.

The telling of one secret oft divulgeth;
For if you tell on me, I’ll tell on you.

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.—Popc.

Who steals my purse steals trash:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to many.
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robe me of that which not enriches him,
And leaves me poor indeed.—Shakespeare.

No glass or coloring will avail,
But truth and justice must prevail.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.—Virgil.

“For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.” James iii. 16, 17.
INTRODUCTION.

Some people say I cannot write. I profess to have nothing to boast of in point of ability, but, like Washington, I can make my mark.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Overstreet has, of fixed purpose, opposed the administration of the preachers in charge at this place for five or six years past. If this has been the case, may we not easily account for the discord and confusion, the strife and contention, that have prevailed in the Methodist Church in Louisville, and the reproach which has been heaped upon it? How soon may men of talents and influence destroy the peace of society if they be disposed to do so! Witness the case of Absalom, of the three principal leaders in Jerusalem, when besieged by the Romans, etc. Under this view of the subject, and from many other considerations, I am persuaded that the expulsion of J. H. Overstreet was one of the most fortunate events that ever transpired in the history of Methodism in Louisville. He may have been a good man once, but I fear it was long ago. I think he has caused the Church more harm and disgrace than any man I have ever known. Witness his public and private quarrels, his publications, his method of getting and trying to get certificates, etc. But I can say, “Father, forgive him;” for surely he cannot be sensible of the evil he has done. There is nothing, as relates to Mr. Overstreet, that I so much desire as the happiness of himself and family in this world and in that to come; yet I cannot admire the nobleness of soul manifested by him. I suspect he was aware that I would and could prove certain facts by the men who had been eye-witnesses of my conduct; for what could induce him to tell the very worst he knew or could imagine about them, if it was not to invalidate their testimony? Nevertheless, I shall
refer to them as living witnesses whose characters are too well known to be injured by the bare word of Mr. Overstreet. As to P. Beeman's trial, I have the documents now in my desk; and any one who wishes to be satisfied on that subject, will please to call and see for themselves.

DEFENSE.

It is with great reluctance that I take up my pen, confused as my mind is with a thousand other things, to perform the painful task of pleading my own cause. But imperious duty demands it at my hand. Conscious of my own weakness and of the frailty of human nature, I acknowledge I may have erred. If I have, I am sorry for it, and hope to be forgiven. But let the reader judge for himself.

Shortly after my arrival in Louisville, in October, 1823, I found that I was censured for having voted, in the Annual Conference at Maysville, for the restoration of J. H. Overstreet to membership. To these censures I could only reply, that I had acted according to the best judgment that I could form, and had done what I believed at the time to be right. In fact, just before I left Maysville, I was told that if Overstreet was restored to membership, other charges would be preferred against him in Louisville, and he would be expelled as soon as the preacher in charge came on to the station. Accordingly, a few days after my arrival, a list of charges was handed me, which, as I find on comparison, are of an earlier date than Overstreet's objections to McAllister. How the former could be predicated upon the latter, as shown by some of Overstreet's certificates, I must leave the public to judge.

When I presented the above charges to Overstreet, I wished him to attend trial on the Friday following; but he had a suit pending in court, which he expected to have to attend to on that day. I then informed the members of the
society that the business was postponed from Friday until the next Wednesday. When I conversed with Overstreet on the subject, perhaps the next day, at his house, he asked Mr. James Hasbrook when the twenty-ninth day of court would be, if not on Wednesday. Hasbrook paused, as one making a calculation, and replied in the affirmative. Overstreet then said that he had a suit respecting a boat, which was to be tried on that day. We then agreed on Friday as the day of trial.

Thursday night, at church, I received his request to put off the trial; also was informed that he wanted the evidence of his lawyers. I inquired, after sermon, if any one could tell me at what hour the court usually adjourned. Some one in the congregation spoke, and I understood him to say about 2 o'clock. I then requested the male members all to meet at the church at 3½ o'clock, for the purpose of attending to the charges against Overstreet. I had an interview with him, perhaps on Friday, and reminded him of his telling me his suit would come up on Wednesday. He then told me he had two suits. At the trial I reminded him again of his saying his suit would come up on Wednesday. He said he had been mistaken in the time: he then thought Wednesday was the twenty-ninth day of court, but now said Friday was the twenty-ninth.

When Mr. Overstreet appeared, to enter his plea of not ready for trial, the only plea that appeared to be of importance was, that he wanted the testimony of Adams, Merrill, and Jones. I asked him what he wished to prove by those witnesses, and he said he wished to prove Beeman's character. I asked, "Is that all you wish to prove by them?" He answered, "Yes; I will prove every thing I have said of him," etc. I was then appealed to as chairman—poor ignorant one as I was—to decide whether his plea was a sufficient one to put off the trial. I gave it as my weak
opinion that it was not sufficient: first, because Beeman's case and character were not the subjects of inquiry at that time; and second, I supposed Beeman's character was as well known in Louisville, where he had spent most of his life, as in Indiana, where he had occasionally been a transient visitor.

Thus, reader, you have the history of one of my "offenses" committed in Louisville—ruling Mr. Overstreet into trial—and my reasons for doing so. The following may go in confirmation, as far as the witnesses are entitled to credit:

"The chairman asked Brother J. H. Overstreet if there was any other evidence that he wished to have introduced in this case, except Dr. Adams, Merrill, and Jones; and he—Overstreet—replied there was not. Question 2d—Did you wish to prove any thing more by these witnesses than the character of Brother Beeman? He answered he did not. We, the undersigned, certify that at the close of the evidence in the above-named trial, Brother Johnson and Brother Overstreet had the conversation above given.

Richard Corwine,  
Littleton Quinton,  
Solomon Wooters,  
Philo Beeman,  
Daniel McAllister,  
James Hasbrook,  
William Farquar."

When we had examined the witnesses, I asked the accused and the accuser if they had any more evidence to produce. They answered in the negative; then the above conversation took place, and the parties retired. I then read the paragraph in the Discipline governing the case, and ending with these words: "or shall enter into a lawsuit with another member before these means are taken, he shall be expelled, excepting the case be of such a nature as to require and
justify a process at law." I then told the members they had heard the evidence on both sides; I had nothing to do with the making up of an opinion; I wished them, without embarrassment, fully and impartially to weigh the facts, and form a just and righteous opinion. The first question was, "Has Overstreet instituted a suit or suits at law against Beeman?" The second, "Were the circumstances of the case sufficient to require and justify a process at law?" In making up an opinion on these points, I did not know that it was unlawful, as Overstreet intimates, for any member to speak. I had thought it was not uncommon for jurors, after hearing the evidence and pleadings, to retire and converse together, in order to make up an opinion. Our members did no more, on the occasion in question.

Now, if I did call for any evidence after the parties withdrew, as Overstreet avers, or admitted improper evidence, I am ready to acknowledge it to have been wrong, and to beg pardon for the wrong. But I have no knowledge or recollection of the one or the other, and hereby defy any man to prove that I did either.

From the judgment of Mr. Overstreet, who was a party concerned, I beg leave to appeal to every unprejudiced man who attended that trial, for the correctness, justice, and impartiality with which it was conducted. The public have read and heard the opinion of one man; but I think I may say it is impossible for them to form a correct opinion from a few garbled scraps of the testimony produced on one side of the question. They should hear all the evidence on both sides, in order to form a righteous judgment. But I have not space to introduce it here; and to give one-sided and garbled passages, is a thing that I will neither do nor expose myself to the charge of doing.

The next heavy censure I intend noticing, is that relative to the court by which Mr. Overstreet was tried. It may be
recollected that I was friendly with him, had voted for him in the Annual Conference, and wished to do him good. From a conversation between him and myself at the court-house, I was inclined to think that he had objections to some members’ sitting on his case. Being an entire stranger here, I was not prepared to select such a committee as would satisfy him, without some instruction; hence, I requested him to give me a list of such names as he would not object to. He did so; and unfortunately, one of his choice was my near neighbor, Mr. L——, who was not a member of our Church. A man whose powers of mind were as limited as mine, could not have a perfect knowledge of men whom he had never seen, nor even heard of, before; hence, how could I know but others of his select list were in situations not altogether dissimilar to that of Mr. L——? Was not this calculated to produce reflection, and to excite inquiry? And is it common for an accused person not only to choose the court, but the jury, beforehand, by whom he shall be tried? Is it now, or has it ever been, the practice of any Christian Church for a member to object to his brethren sitting to hear and judge his case? If such a precedent has ever come within the narrow range of my observation, I have now no recollection of it.

I soon began to fear that the influence of my friend Overstreet might lead me astray, for it is well known how easily weak minds are controlled by men of strong intellect. I then asked P. Beeman to give me a list of such as he would wish to have on the trial, thereby to enlarge my restricted knowledge of the membership—thinking that, out of the two lists, I could choose such impartial men as would do justice and satisfy all parties. But I soon found this to be impracticable; and Mr. Overstreet having privately given me to understand that if he should be expelled, three-fourths of the members would leave the Church or withdraw from
the society, what would appear so likely to clear my accused friend and give general satisfaction, as to summon the whole society—three-fourths being in his favor? Accordingly, I summoned all the male members to attend; but, fortunately for us, we could not succeed in justifying my friend and continuing his membership. The majority said he had instituted suits as charged, and that "the circumstances were not sufficient to require and justify a process at law." His acknowledgments, which he showed no disposition to make, might have saved him from expulsion on all the other charges, but the finding of the members on this one compelled me to expel him.

When I sat as judge on his case, I could neither argue nor vote. I wished him to take an appeal, as I could then have had a vote, and could have pleaded his cause, which I wished to do. (I knew little about him then. The records concerning him were never laid before me until after his pamphlet appeared. I now think he is the last man on earth for whose membership in any religious society I could either vote or plead.) He would also have had an opportunity to obtain the evidence of Adams, Merrill, and Jones; and I think it probable that I could have saved him from any ill feelings toward me. But, fortunately for us all, these plans failed; and I must confess I was astonished when I found Mr. Overstreet was angry with me. I thought that if ever one man had tried to befriend another, as far as justice and honor would at all permit, I had so tried to befriend Mr. Overstreet. I then regarded him as a man of talents and influence, calculated to do good, and would gladly have retained him if I could upon proper principles.

Having made these statements to the public, suffer me to say a word to Mr. Overstreet. And now, dear sir, is this your kindness to me?—to blacken my character and hold it
up to public view in all the hateful colors that envy itself could paint? You say you are a man of truth! The learned and pious Mr. Wesley says, "A lie is something said with an intention to deceive, and a liar is one who says a thing intending to deceive." Now, thou man of truth! please to answer the following questions: Why did you say anything in your pamphlet about "a new coat and sixty dollars in Commonwealth paper"? Did you not say it with an intention to deceive the public? Was there any truth in that implied assertion? No, sir; you knew that there was not, and that it was a malicious and slanderous falsehood; and I am sorry that other men should be so far influenced by you as to trifle with my character. Who told Rev. Mr. Fall, if you did not, that Mr. McAllister gave me a new coat and sixty dollars in Commonwealth paper? This Mr. Fall stated last Saturday as a fact, as I am told by unquestionable authority, though I am sorry to say it was, both in originator and propagator, a malicious falsehood. Neither did I ever say, as Overstreet avers, that Messrs. Fall and Blackburn were emissaries of the devil. No, gentlemen, these things, like many others, have no foundation in fact, and are told only "with an intention to deceive."

Now, Mr. Overstreet, where are your high-sounding claims to truth? Could you think I would sell my character so cheaply as for a coat and a few paper dollars? No, sir! Slender as you may suppose my character to be, it is more to me than all the dollars that have ever been coined. And could you think I would betray the cause of God, bring a reproach upon the religion of Jesus Christ, and prostrate the ministerial character for a few dollars? In your inmost soul you know the charge is false. I would rather carry my integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than to receive in exchange for it liberty and life. Should I ever be called to make my choice between these extremes.
I would choose to be prematurely sent to heaven, rather than to linger on earth, and at last sink to hell and infamy. In every situation a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is more so.

Will an enlightened and friendly public bear with me—2 Cor. xi. 1—an injured stranger, while I perform the disagreeable task of saying a few words in relation to myself, as I think the aspersions cast upon my character demand?

I am a native of Louisa county, Va. In 1803, I removed to Tennessee, and settled in Sumner county. There I obtained religion, and joined the M. E. Church, of which, by the grace of God, I have remained a member until this day. I have never been sued or warranted by any person in my life, but have always paid my debts when called on. I have been, for more than seventeen years, a member of the Methodist Church, and have never had one charge preferred against me, nor was ever a single witness called upon to give evidence against me, either in a civil or ecclesiastical court. I traveled the Hockhocking Circuit one year; and I had charge of the White Oak Circuit one year; of the Sandy River, one year; of the Natchez, one; of the Nashville Circuit, one; of Livingston, three; of Christian, one; of the Nashville Station, two years; Red River Circuit, one; of the Hopkinsville Station, two years; of Russellville, one. These circuits and stations, containing from one hundred to upward of a thousand members, have been committed to my charge as above, with all their intricate and difficult business. I have sat as their chairman, and have never, to my knowledge, had one appeal from my decisions. And you, Mr. Overstreet, dared not appeal from the decision in your own case. How strangely kind has the Father of mercies been to me, a poor, weak-minded mortal!

If this is not a true account, my brethren in the ministry, who have succeeded me in all those places, and have been
intimate with me, will detect me, and I shall be punished for my fault; for the character of every itinerant preacher undergoes a close and impartial investigation at each Annual Conference, and no villain can hide himself long among us before being detected. And is it possible that, after turning my family out of as comfortable a home as any man has—a home furnished with all the conveniences of life—and sacrificing three or four hundred dollars to come to this unhealthy place, where every preacher dreads to come—I say, is it possible that after all this, without fee or gift, without either threats or promises, I should sell myself for naught, become the dupe of a corrupt and unprincipled party, and renounce my God, my character, and all that is sacred? I do not think an intelligent public can believe it.

The principal controversies I have ever had were in Hopkinsville. Rev. Mr. Fall knows something of my character in that place. Rev. Dr. Blackburn has had an opportunity of knowing something of my character for these ten years past. I imagine no one will suspect either of these gentlemen of being guilty of gross partiality toward me; but I am willing to refer to them for my character, so far as they have had an opportunity to know it.

But, Messrs. McAllister and Beeman are the men, it is charged, who have induced me to betray the sacred cause of God, and prostrate my character. And how did they accomplish the work? Neither of these gentlemen ever has, to my knowledge, made me a present,* or offered me as hire or fee a single dollar, or any thing to that amount of value. They have never threatened or promised any thing of as much importance as a dollar; and if they paid their quarterage, they paid it to the stewards, and I stand charged with it. Now, Mr. Overstreet, if the fearful threatenings of

*It turned out that McAllister was merely the bearer, and not the donor, of the gift he presented with so much kindness.—Editor.
the loss of three-fourths of my society—which to me was more than all the dollars on earth; of being published to the world and losing my character—which is dearer to me than all other things; of being caricatured, etc.; I say, if these threats, combined with friendship I felt for you, and my dependence on you for my support, failed to induce me to follow you "one hair’s breadth from the path of rectitude," how could you suppose those men led me astray? I do not think you believe it, and it must be the malice of your heart that induces you to say it.

As to Brother Corwine, I must confess that the statements of Mr. Overstreet created a prejudice in my mind against him, so that I did not vote for him as a delegate to General Conference; and after he was elected, I would have voted him out and elected another in his place if I could have done so; for I suspected he had done wrong to some considerable extent, and with this prejudice I came to Louisville. A short time after my arrival, a large file of papers was put into my hands by Mr. Overstreet, for the purpose, ostensibly, of ascertaining if Mr. Beeman was a bona fide member of society, or not. Mr. Harrison testified, in one of those papers, that Beeman was received by a unanimous vote of the society; his name was enrolled in the class-book, and he had more than stood his six months’ probation. Mr. Overstreet could hardly have been ignorant of all this. This file of papers also contained much of the testimony against Mr. Corwine. But I still suspended my judgment, as well as I could, until I could hear both sides, when I was quite agreeably disappointed by finding Corwine innocent. I wish you, Mr. Overstreet, to answer the following questions: Did you not, when you handed me that file of papers, expect that I would be one of the committee on Mr. Corwine’s case? And did you not wish to bias my mind before the trial came on? Is this some of your fair dealing and hon-
cesty, to clandestinely show the evidence on but one side? You were sorely disappointed to find that “none of these things move me.” I think, to use a boatman’s phrase, you feel as if you had run against a sawyer.

I now appeal to Mr. Overstreet as a man of truth, on this sentence in his supplement, viz., “Nine specifications for lying and slanderous declarations; all proven positively,” etc. “Cave quid dicis!” You were not present at the trial of Thompson and Beeman—unless as an eavesdropper—and how did you obtain so distinct a knowledge of it? But to the “positive proof:” I would appeal to any competent judge for a decision on the following case: Suppose that four respectable witnesses come forward in open court and testify that a given horse is the property of A, and three of equal responsibility make oath that the same horse belongs to B; is it “proven positively” that it belongs to B? Speak, Judge! I am sorry that this man of truth is caught in these dilemmas: First, he must either produce these nine specifications, and all the evidence on both sides—not a few garbled sentences—and thus show to the public that they were all proven positively; or else he must bear the imputation of malicious falsehood. Second, he must prove that it was through my unjust and unheard-of decision that Beeman was cleared of them all, or go down to the grave under the charge of wickedly trying to injure the character of an innocent man.

I appeal to every man who attended the trial of P. Beeman, whose mind was not biased by Mr. Overstreet—for he acknowledges that he intimated to some that justice would not be done—to say if any man could have acted more impartially and justly, and with more lenity to both accused and accuser, than I did on that occasion. Did I not admit all the evidence on the part of the accusers that I ought to have admitted, and more too? When their own testimony
was written down, did I not have it read over to them, and even permit them to amend and modify it next day? Did I not permit the accuser to form and modify the answers of his witnesses to suit himself, and even to read his written answers to questions to teach the witnesses how to form their answers? Did I suppress any good evidence? Did I not permit the committee to make out their own verdict, when we retired for that purpose? Did I use any efforts to influence their opinions? Answer, ye committee-men—Wm. Lampton, Wm. Kirkwood, Jeremiah Tarlton, Wm. Humphreys, John Jobe, J. R. Barefield, George Noch, Solomon Wooters, and Wm. Farquar. But, was all this strictly consistent with legal proceedings? No; but knowing the disordered state of the Church here, I allowed it, in order to leave no ground for censure or complaint.

Relative to Mr. Overstreet's exceptions taken at the time of his trial, I never did promise to sign them but on condition of his altering them to suit me; this he did not do, and I never signed them. As to his account against the Church, I never promised to adjust it, but told him that I would try to have it adjusted. It was some days after I received his account before I knew who the trustees were. When I ascertained, I found there were only two remaining in office; one of them was gone down the river, and there could be no quorum till he returned. Before he returned, Mr. Overstreet had filed a bill in chancery, and the trustees ultimately resolved to defend the suit.

Thus I have noticed some of the principal things which struck me, in looking cursorily over his pamphlet, and which I thought it my duty to notice.

And now, gentle reader, I confess it is exceedingly difficult to enter the lists of controversy without placing our peace of mind in jeopardy. Revenge cannot be indulged, even in a war of words, with impunity; a spark of it is
never smitten from the flinty heart without kindling a flame which cannot burn in the bosom without consuming the best feelings. The boiling fury of resentment scalds the heart from which it is poured out. Let us then retire into the sanctuary of our own integrity, and, while the enemy of our peace foams around, remote in our feelings from the tumult he occasions, enjoying the holy calm of forgiving mercy, recollecting "he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he who ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Scandal, left to itself, soon loses its power to injure. Suspicion will not readily attach to a good man while he maintains the dignified posture of self-approving silence. He who steadily pursues the path of duty, however attacked, carries his vindication with him, and usually proceeds more successfully, and always more nobly, than he who stoops to indulge the littleness of anger, and returns the barkings of the whelps that follow and yelp along his path. When duty calls, to shrink from public scrutiny is pusillanimous; for we should then face the reproach, and if need be, become a voluntary martyr to righteousness. But even in that martyrdom, we need watch our hearts, that righteousness, and not self, be our motive. Under the influence of these principles I wish to write, to live, and to die.

John Johnson.
Dear Brother:—I have already acknowledged the receipt of your favor, and confess that it awakened emotions of not the kindest character, since there were some things in my last which, though not extremely important, I thought you might have referred to. But these emotions were transient, and have now entirely passed away. Your favors to pa and the boys were received by yesterday’s mail. Long and anxiously had we looked for a letter, and we had almost come to believe that you were dead, or, “as good as dead.” One of your statements shows an utter unconsciousness of a fact plainly stated in one of my late letters, and this induces me to fear that that epistle has “come to some untimely end.” You seem to have written in a very jovial mood. You ask if we knew we had a brother there, “six feet three, good-looking, and smart.” Why, no! we never had any idea in the world of such a thing, and were “perfectly thunder-struck” when we heard of it. You also ask if our town has not been swallowed up, or destroyed in some other way, as you cannot hear from us. Now, to this inquiry I will say, that if it has been, we have not heard of it; but then, our eastern mail is so irregular, that if any thing happens, it is often a long time before we hear of it.
As to family affairs, we are all well at present, except ma; she does not seem at all stout nowadays. Brother W. is teaching, has a good school, and improving still. I am reviewing some of my studies, to keep what I have acquired from rusting; but ma and I are so “engrossed in business”—cutting carpet-rags—that I have not much time to devote to any other branch of study (cutting carpet-rags is steady work, if it isn’t study.) Almost any one except myself, after carefully studying grammar, geography, arithmetic, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, history, etc., would be prepared to go into business, or into writing a book, if he has the gift of composition; for you know Cicero says, “Quoniam din vixisse denegatur, aliquid faciamus quo possimus ostendere nos vixisse.”

Mr. Edwards has gone to M. to establish a Division of Sons of Temperance. W. A. T. has returned to his wonted ways, and has been expelled from the Division; so true the proverb, “The hog returns to his wallowing in the mire.” Albert H. went hence, a few weeks ago, “unanointed, unannealed, and unappointed.” Health of the town is good, and the town filling up rapidly; the old Adams house is packed to overflowing with people, and I don’t know but the jail will be full next—very probable.

The winter has been severe. Not till to-day has the snow been off the ground since the first day of December. A heavy rain fell last night, the snow is gone, and it is warm, foggy, muddy, and disagreeable. But we feel as if winter will soon be gone, and hope the hibernal snows may no more, at present, whiten our soil, or deck terra firma with their coat of bleaching wool. “Sound thy trumpet in the blast,” say we, “and call thy storms away!”

It is probable W.’s letter and mine will “collapse together,” on some points. He wrote because it was his turn; I, because there were some bright ideas in my head, and
they not feeling themselves at home, I was obliged to get rid of them. If you find any incomprehensibilities in my letter, get some glossographer to elucidate them; for it was gotten up so subitaneously that it certainly is quite quodlibetical. There's a mouthful for you, as big as some of your own.

Yours affectionately, J. B. JOHNSON.

MOUNT VERNON, ILL., March 23.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your very welcome favor of March 2, came to hand by last Tuesday's mail. I thank you for the little encomium you were so good as to pronounce on my last epistle. Such praise is very inspiring, especially to such a one as myself. I was sorry to hear of your violent falls. Beware of passing over dangerous "culprits," and "scary on such riding-horses." Perhaps you realize that being tall is often a disadvantage, unless you could be out of the reach of gravitation. It's hard to stand a pole on end. Brother Washington has received the book you sent him. Ma also has your letter of the 13th instant, in which you say your California-fever has abated. From the first time we heard of your wishing to go, I thought strange that you, in the comfortable situation you have, should entertain and carry out such a notion. We should have thought such an inclination most foreign to you, reared up, as you have been, almost to maturity, within the very threshold of home: thus reared—and then to pad off across creation at a dash! "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;" but we can't claim his protection outside of our own proper sphere.

The regular session of the circuit court was held here last week; and, beyond expectation, not one fight or tumult occurred during the week. Tolerably rigid justice was dispensed; yet there was not business enough in the county to detain the court all week. It seems as if our county will
fail to support its doctors and lawyers, while merchants and mechanics "get a good practice," all of which is a good indication of improvement.

Though health has generally been so good, we are still frequently reminded that death reigns. Aunt Clarissa Johnson is dead—died of consumption. C. T. is also dead. W. T. was killed by a limb broken from a falling tree in his clearing. Mrs. R. has returned from Pittsburgh, leaving her husband to return to his mother earth in that city. I believe no wedding is anticipated, except that of Dr. Edwards to Miss Hicks.

It would delight us all very much to have you visit us this summer or spring. If you can consistently do so, as you expected to when you left, I promise you that, like the guests at old Caesar's 'possum-suppers, we shall "rejoice ourselves fuss' rate."

I have had serious thoughts of copying this letter, with a view to its amendment. I have never yet written a letter with which I could be more than half satisfied. I suspect I have good grounds to dislike them, for if they had redeeming qualities, who so ready to appreciate them as myself? I am sure I write in too much haste, and put too much "foolnishes" in my letters; but hope you will overlook the poor penmanship, and "the broken and dishonored fragments" of subjects and paragraphs which they contain.

We are all well, "and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same like blessing." Write soon and copiously. 

Yours affectionately,

J. B. Johnson.
null
Dear Son:—Yours of the 1st instant, came safe to hand, and is now before me. We were looking for you daily until it came; now we do not know when to expect you will visit us, but hope to see you some time this summer. We are pleased to hear that you are well, and so well situated and pleased in Kentucky.

As for news, we have little or none worth notice; generally favored with health, but few cases of sickness in our vicinity, and crops generally very good. Times hard and dull in relation to both pecuniary matters and religion. Otherwise, things move on in their usual course, and

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase,
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

We are all traveling with the rapidity of the rolling spheres to great eternity! When or how our earthly pilgrimage will end is kindly hid from us, and we are taught to be
always ready, for we know not when the time is. Most and best that we know in this uncertainty is—

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

Without this, all else is but vanity and vexation of spirit. You are entering upon a course which, if carried out, may lead to an association with the various grades of society, from the humble domicile of the poor and needy to the splendid mansion of the rich and great. Look upon yourself as a member of the great human family, and consider every man as a father or brother, and every female as a mother or sister. Never imitate the vices of any, but endeavor to imitate the virtues of all. Reprove those who do wrong, and encourage those who do well. There may be more danger of being led astray by the example of the rich and great, than by that of the poor, the low, or the vulgar; therefore be careful, very careful! This is good advice: "Converse sparingly and conduct prudently with women." Character is a very sacred thing: be very careful of your own and that of others. Always remember this: when you have said nothing against a person, you have given them no advantage over you. You have two eyes, two ears, and but one mouth: see much, hear much, let your words be few and well chosen. You have much to learn and much to read; but don't forget or neglect to read the Holy Scriptures. Do you want advice? Read Prov. iii., Matt. v., vi., vii., and 2 Peter i. And a thousand other useful lessons you may find in the sacred volume. To whatever part of God's creation you may wander, carry this with you; consult it in prosperity, resort to it in trouble, shield yourself with it in danger, and rest your fainting head on it in
While you comply with its requisitions and follow its unerring counsels, your happiness is secure. In all your intercourse with mankind, rigidly practice justice, and scrupulously adhere to truth. In every situation a dishonest man is despicable, and a liar is more so. To imitate the best is the best of imitation, and a resolution to excel is an excellent resolution. Consider your present attainments, though respectable, as but the first rudiments of an education; and never think that you know enough while there are large fields of science yet to be surveyed. Our bodies, originally of the earth, soon gain their greatest stature, and then bend downward toward the earth from which they were taken; but to man in pursuit of intellectual glory, God has nowhere said, “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.” Under him, therefore, it depends on you to say how great, how honorable, how useful you may be. By patience and perseverance, great difficulties have been overcome and great things accomplished.

Man's is laborious happiness at best—
His joys are joys of conquest, not of rest.

I hope you will yet, by diligence and perseverance, become a blessing to civil and religious society, an honor to your parents and teachers, and a blessing to mankind.

I am pleased to hear you say you fear the fair sex may distract your mind from more important and necessary things. Be you well assured that fear is not groundless. There is danger, and great danger. You are now in the slippery path of youth; be careful, be watchful, be sober, be diligent. "The fair sex are, perhaps, the most dangerous of animals." Be cautious of young company; for either sex is dangerous, perhaps the female the most so. Never sacrifice prudence or propriety for popularity.

Your parents and brothers feel much interest in your
welfare, and often invoke the blessing of the Most High upon you and your Brother T. and Sister M. We hope you will watch and pray much for yourselves and for us. Write often, and come and see us when you can. May grace, mercy, and peace attend you all!

So pray your affectionate parents,

JOHN and SUSANNAH JOHNSON.

THE END.