







James Tuck  
March 2nd 1860

# SCENES IN MY LIFE:

OCCURRING

DURING A MINISTRY OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY IN  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.



NEW YORK:  
NELSON & PHILLIPS.  
CINCINNATI:  
HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.

1878.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by  
NELSON & PHILLIPS,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

---

## DEDICATION



TO

MY FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE,  
WHO FOR FORTY YEARS HAS SHARED THE TOILS AND BURDENS OF AN  
ITINERANT'S LIFE, WITH NEVER A MURMUR,

THESE SKETCHES

ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED BY HER HUSBAND,

THE AUTHOR.



# CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY DAYS .....	7
II. SIMON PETER SAID, " I GO A-FISHING " .....	40
III. " AND HE WENT OUT NOT KNOWING WHITHER HE WENT " .....	58
IV. ITINERANT LIFE.....	86
V. CASTINE .....	121
VI. HALLOWELL. ....	151
VII. THE MYSTERY OF TRANSFERS.....	183
VIII. THE SLAVERY CONFLICT .....	212
IX. TEMPERANCE .....	245
X. WOLLASTON HEIGHTS. ....	254
MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES .....	279





# SCENES IN MY LIFE.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS.

**B**ANGOR, situated at the head of the tide-waters of the Penobscot River, was settled in 1769. A solitary log-hut was erected on the bank of the river just above the present bridge by a man named Burrel, where he resided for some years with no society save the Penobscot Indians, whose location was twelve miles above. About this time a company of bold adventurers sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., to explore that wild region, and find for themselves and their posterity a home. As early as 1605 this river had been visited by French explorers, and about 1670 a trading post was established by a French gentleman, Baron de Castin, on the Penobscot Bay, at the point where the town of Castine is now situated. After the conquest of Canada the English took possession of this territory, and erected a large fort on the high bluff on the north of the town. The remains of this work are still visible; and a powder magazine, built of brick brought from England, remains entire, or did in 1834, when I spent many hours wandering over the interesting grounds. An old Scotchman

then residing in the vicinity, and formerly a soldier in the British army, used to entertain the writer with many reminiscences of those early days. He was there and aided in the construction of the fort. He said when all was finished—the abattis composed of ash palings sharpened, and the ponderous gates set up—the chief engineer exclaimed, “The devil himself cannot scale these walls!” But that evening, said our narrator, just at dark a great outcry was heard, and we rushed out of the barracks to learn the cause, when we saw a huge black bear rushing across the parade ground pursued by a score of yelling soldiers. The animal made for the wall, which he cleared at a bound and disappeared in the dense forest beyond. Every man there believed it to be the devil.

The little schooner containing our heroic explorers, among whom was my maternal grandfather, Jacob Dennet, with his young wife, Betsey Smart, James Budge, who married a sister of hers, and four others, sailed up this magnificent bay, some fourteen miles in width, passing on the east the high promontory on which they themselves were compelled subsequently to perform a tour of duty in building the fort referred to above.

It was summer; nature was in her perfect mood. What a glorious vision burst upon those adventurers! An unbroken forest of pine and spruce down to the water’s margin, the glassy bay, the grand unknown river rolling in at the head of the bay from an unexplored wilderness; an unbroken silence, and all a mystery. These waters, now covered by white sails and plowed by numerous steamers, were then only

broken by the paddles of the Tarratines, whose home was some forty miles above. It was to them a new world, with unknown and vast resources. They had gazed with awe upon the Camden mountains, rising abruptly from the bend of the bay; and now they reach the outlet of the river at the Narrows, where is situated the village of Bucksport on the east, while Fort Knox frowns on the opposite shore. The forest was stocked with game—the moose, the red deer, the brown bear, with other fur-bearing animals, the beaver, otter, mink, and sable, while the waters literally swarmed with salmon, shad, and alewives. So plenty were the last named that, at a later period, my father has seined hundreds of barrels for compost.

Anchoring the schooner here at the Narrows, the company embark in canoes and push on to find the head of the tide-waters. They had heard of a place named Norumbega, (now Bangor,) and for that they were bound. Milton, in “Paradise Lost,” had sung of this region but a little time before, when this whole bleak coast from Pemaquid to Passamaquoddy was called Norumbega:—

“ Now from the north  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
Bursting their brazen dungeon armed with ice,  
And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn.”

It is eighteen miles from the mouth of the river to the head of the tide-waters. Here they found a stream entering the river at right angles, and called

later the Kenduskeag. They land, and decide to locate upon this spot. All is a grand solitude. A mile above, at Treat's Falls, since named, they may see the blue smoke curling among the trees from Burrel's log-hut, but no signs of human habitation besides. The river here is about three hundred yards in width, and the tide ebbs and flows from ten to twelve feet. The tide flows up the Kenduskeag about a mile, where it meets and is checked by a rocky barrier which was early selected for a water-power. Among my first recollections is Mr. Nye's grist-mill at this point, while the pond above the dam was a famous skating field for the Bangor boys. A perpendicular cliff above the dam, rising some fifty to seventy-five feet, bore the poetic name of "Lover's Leap," a name which then filled my young heart with sympathy; but as I have since seen many other rocks bearing the same name, I conclude they were so called because some one might take a leap from them and so quench the consuming flame.

The little band made their settlement in Bangor in 1771, and consisted of ten families. Of Jacob Dennet, my grandfather, the historian of those times remarks: "A shipwright, thickset, grum voice, industrious, honest, and generous; his wife was a very sensible woman;" and so I remember her, though she died when I was six or seven years of age. My only distinct recollection of my grandfather was when he slaughtered two calves for my father, and to my young and sympathetic heart it was horrible cruelty. I eschewed veal from that day. When he was born I am not informed. There are Dennets in

Wrentham, Mass., and also in Portsmouth, Me. My impression is that my mother told me that she came from Portsmouth.

I have received a copy of the coat of arms of the Dennet family from Judge Dennet, of Kittery, Maine, which was sent from England by a branch of the family still residing there. The family was Norman French, and came over with William the Conqueror. On this coat of arms the *crest* is a *boar's head*; the quarterings, a field *ermine* with *fleur de lis*; the motto, *Per Dei providentium*; the name, d'Anét—and so at last it ran into our patronymic, Dennet. I know nothing of this old savage of the boar's head, but, no doubt, he was a rare fighter, pleased his king, William, and so for his "*guerdon*" took some poor Briton's lands as a gift from his master. But in that old semi-savage, "d'Anét," I have but little interest, nor am I anxious to know more of him. He may have died of a spear-thrust from some oppressed Briton's spear, or in some mad chase been thrown from his horse and dislocated his neck, or died peacefully in his bed.

Landing now in this remote and romantic region, when "the world was all before them where to choose," "and Providence their guide," my ancestor chose his lot on the bank of the river, the southerly line of which included the spacious cove, long known as "Dennet's Cove," since filled in, and where, in the city of Bangor, is now located the Maine Central Railroad Depot.

The elevated portion of his farm is the thickly built region through which runs Pleasant-street to-

day. It was all heavily timbered by magnificent pines and sturdy hemlocks.

To us it would seem a herculean task to clear and prepare arable land in such a forest. But there is a wild excitement in this work, and many a man in the New World has spent his life in such toil, clearing a few acres and then selling his improvement and plunging into the wilderness to commence anew.

On the elevated plateau referred to above my grandfather built his first log-house, subsequently erecting upon the same spot a one-story frame house, which stood there long after my earliest recollection, and on which spot my mother was born in 1775, four years after their arrival and settlement.

The hardships of all first settlers were, of course, theirs to share. Breadstuff must be brought from Castine, or Fort Pownell, below. Venison was found in the woods and supplied by the Indians, and in the spring the river swarmed with fish, so that famine was kept at a distance. Pine timber was cut on the banks of the river, rolled into the water, and floated down to the bay to market; and long since my time the whole region, now filled with fine dwellings, on the high lands back from the river, was covered with enormous pine stumps from which I have hacked many a hand-sled load of pitch kindlings.

Subsequently my grandfather built a wharf on the river bank, and erected a house at the head of it, on the steep bank, which remained until recently, when, to accommodate the European and North American Railroad, the street was cut down, and these old landmarks disappeared.

My maternal grandparents both lived until far past the allotted limit of human life, and died in peace. A china tea-pot without a handle, a three-legged stand, and a part of the old family Bible, which in my childhood I had often peered into, remain as the sum total of all that has come down to me from my heroic ancestors.

My father, Major Theodore Trafton, was a native of York, Maine. He was descended from a Trafton who came from England and settled in *Dighton*, near the Rhode Island boundary, and whose descendants still occupy the original homestead. I visited the spot in 1869, and found Mr. Benjamin Trafton still holding the homestead, with his mother, then ninety years of age, who told me that she was the sixth generation from the original settler. She died the following year. She had sent me a quart mug of common delf ware, which the first Trafton had brought from England. It was the old lady's boast that they had never heard of a Trafton accused of a criminal act, or of one who had disgraced the name. I cannot vouch for this, and yet, so far as I know, it is true. I did hear of a Captain Trafton in the *rebel army*, but I trust he had stolen the name.

A member of this family immigrated to the Province of Maine, and from him sprang the Traftons of that part of New England. York, named after the old English city of that name, was selected by Sir Fernando Georges as the site of a great city, and laid out ten miles square. Its fine harbor, it was supposed, would speedily invite commerce, and the vast and unexplored region around it would sustain



an immense export trade. Buildings were erected, slaves imported, plantations commenced, and all the future filled with hope—to die! There are laws governing these things stronger than the human will, and to them we must bow. York is now a small village of a few hundred inhabitants, while the ambition which planned the vast enterprise has vanished into air. There lies before me as I write a small neat package of *hay* cut by the hands of slaves on the “Rogers plantation,” in York, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. My only brother, marrying a descendant of that family, came into possession of a part of the plantation with the old buildings, and on repairing the barn found some handfuls of hay stowed away on the upper beams in the roof, where it had been for a hundred years, and how much longer the family could not tell—that was over twenty years since. In front of the antique mansion is the family grave-yard, on one side the masters, on the other the slaves. “The high and the low are there, and the servant is free from his master.” The last descendant of those slaves died in Portsmouth, N. H., only a few years since.

My father was born in 1776, in York, on a farm at “Ground-nut Hill,” a short distance from York village. Not fancying farming, he went to an apprenticeship at blacksmithing, and on attaining his majority he also, hearing of the new Eldorado on the Penobscot, started for that region. Finding a promising field at Bangor, (not then named, but called Kenduskeag Plantation,) he decided there to set up his forge.

He erected a shop on the bank of the river on my grandfather's farm, and setting his anvil block and hanging his bellows, he performed the first "anvil chorus" ever heard in that wild region. The Indians found their curiosity greatly excited by the ring of the anvil, and would often crowd the shop, when my father would bring out from the fire a piece of glowing metal, a heavy blow upon which would send a shower of fiery sparks into the crowd, who would rush out screaming with fright. To them he was a "great medicine." He was a fine-looking man, as I recall him in his prime, about five feet eleven inches in height and very strongly built, with a large black eye, very piercing, and black hair. I have heard him say he never, in his youthful days, found the man who could lay him on his back. I recall him, in the days of his prosperity, arrayed in his regimentals—short clothes and a three-cornered hat, with black plume, his hair in a *queue* and powdered; or when dressed for a party, in short clothes and silk hose, with silver shoe and knee buckles, a blue coat with gilt buttons, buff vest, and a white necktie. He was often mistaken for a clergyman when away from home.

But he was a hard worker; early and late his hammer was heard smiting the anvil. At this time, about 1798, some six or seven hundred people were settled in and about this locality, and a large lumbering business was commenced. Of course, numerous teams of oxen were employed, and in the winter they must be shod. My father would toil the most of the night forging shoes and nails, then filling his

large leather saddle-bags, would mount his horse in the morning and visit the surrounding lumbering camps to shoe the cattle.

No man worked harder, or was more devoted to his business. His habits were good. I have often heard him say that he never took a glass of intoxicating liquor until after he was twenty-one years of age. He made money rapidly, erected a one-story house near his shop, married Margaret Dennet, my mother,\* and started out in life. He had one strong passion which he transmitted to me, the love of that fearless animal, the *horse*. He would have the best to be found. Erecting a large stable, with stalls for twenty animals, he was able to gratify this passion. He had a splendid coal-black mare, which, from my mother's description, would have turned the head of Mr. Murray even. He was induced to sell it. A neighbor passing the house soon afterward put his head in at an open window, where my father was sitting, and called out, "What do you worship now, Trafton?" "That boy!" replied father, pointing to the cradle where lay my oldest brother.

He was elected captain of the first company of militia organized in the town, then commissioned major, which brought him more immediately in contact with the drinking customs of the day, and thus began his downward career.

His prosperity increased. He built and opened a retail store, which was a fatal error. He understood blacksmithing, and was master of this business; but

\* August 12, 1798.

of the mysteries of trade he was wholly ignorant. He would ride to Boston on horseback to purchase goods, shipping them on some lumber vessel for the east. Soon, becoming more ambitious, he erected another and larger dwelling near the present ferry to Brewer, in which, on the first day of August, 1810, I was born.

The old house stood on the same spot until a few years since, when it was removed to Main-street, and the basement fitted up for a store. In 1869 I visited it, and, by permission of the woman occupying it, went into the chamber where I first saw the light.

The year 1810 was a sad one for my mother. My father's drinking habits increased; he neglected his business, contracted bad debts, and finally failed. The mental agony endured by my mother before my birth gave to me a temperament which has clouded my whole life: a depression of spirits, an apprehension of some coming evil, a desire to be alone, a distrust often of my friends. No one can tell the terrible conflicts in which I was engaged, even in early childhood, from this cause, then not at all understood.

How often in my early days I have burst into a flood of tears, and yet unable to assign a reason for it. I ever seemed to carry a heavy burden upon my heart, a singular sense of some responsibility which did not belong to me; but this depression was sometimes followed by a corresponding elevation of spirits. As I grew in years I was obliged often to assume a cheerfulness I did not feel,

and so came to be regarded as light-hearted. Poets sing of a "Careless Childhood," of "Happy Childhood," a state which I never experienced.

My childhood was a long-drawn sigh. At the time of my birth a cousin of my father's was at work for him whose name was Mark Trafton, afterward a brigadier-general, and for many years post-master at Bangor. I was given his name, and he gave me a lamb for the compliment. But as this was too small a matter for my father to trouble himself about, the donor put it out for me to double once in four years, so that at twenty-one I should have a large flock of sheep.

This was my ship which was to come sailing into port on some happy day in the future. I well remember our childish discussions upon this subject, when I was regarded as the one of the family whose fortune was made. Alas for my childhood's dream! When my flock numbered about twelve a man in Corinth by the name of Bean took them, failed in business, and my mutton went to pay his debts.

I was the fourth child of my mother. The first-born died in infancy. My memory runs back with great distinctness to my fourth year, though I have a dim consciousness of some things which occurred a year earlier: for instance, the marriage of a young woman living in our family, and the visit of an uncle, (Noah Trafton, from Old York, still living, June, 1877,) who brought a present of some apples from his orchard, and who, having lost his key, was obliged to break the lock of his trunk.

The year 1812 opened darkly upon the community. War was declared by Congress against Great Britain, business was dull, trade stopped, and the people were reduced to a state of great destitution.

In September, 1814, the people on the Penobscot were startled by the announcement of the approach of an expedition from Halifax for the subjugation of that region. The immediate cause of this movement was the entrance of the U. S. Frigate *John Adams* into the river to be repaired and refitted. She sailed up to Hampden, six miles below Bangor, got her armament of thirty-two guns out upon the wharf, and was rapidly being overhauled, when a fleet of gun-boats and transports with a force of twenty-five hundred men entered the bay. Castine, the first point of attack, fell into their hands; Belfast, on the western shore of the bay, was occupied, and the forces pushed on up the river to burn or capture the *John Adams*. The troops were landed three miles below the wharf where lay the frigate, marched up about daylight on a foggy morning, met a small force of hastily collected militia under General Blake, which, after firing a few shots, took to the woods, when the crew of the ship, seeing themselves likely to be surrounded and cut off, set her on fire, and retreated across the country for the Kennebeck.

As the flotilla came up the river firing upon the town the women and children fled into the interior, and the town surrendered. My mother took us three children two miles to the dwelling of a Mr. Lapish, where we found refuge. Very soon the crew of the frigate came hurrying along the road in their

flight, and hardly had they passed ere the roll of British drums was heard, and a regiment of red coats swept around the point of "Thomas's Hill" in full pursuit. A horse, loose in the road, became alarmed, and was rushing backward and forward between the two bodies, when I, bent upon mischief, seized a stick, and as he galloped past gave him a cut, which he instantly repaid by a kick, which knocked me into blank unconsciousness. But for the absence of a shoe it would have made an end of me. When restored to consciousness, the red coats, giving up the pursuit of the seamen, had halted in front of the house, and an officer coming in for water offered me a pistol, saying, "Here, my little man, is a gun about big enough for you." We returned in a few days, and once more memory is stored with the images of burning vessels lying along the shores, while I can recall nothing else, not even the house in which we resided. I was now four years of age, and commenced attending school; at first a private school, where an elderly female with the point of a knife-blade directed our wondering eyes to the mysterious characters A, B, C, the magic key to all we subsequently know. But while of this exercise I have a dim recollection only, I do most distinctly recall the day when I first carried an "English Reader" to school! proud period! I was out of the spelling-book!

On Union-street, a little west of the Bangor House, stands a brick school-house, and on its site was erected the first school-house in town; a small, square, unpainted structure, with a hipped roof,

seats rising on an inclined plane, and a huge fireplace fronting them. In this and a larger building subsequently erected on the same spot I received all the schooling I ever had, save a few months in the country, and a single term at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

The most vivid impression made upon my mind at this period was of a feat of truancy performed, illustrating the influence of boys over each other. Hearing the older ones speaking of running away from school I felt an ambition to try my capabilities in that line, and so one day my seat was vacant, and I, the ambitious truant, passed the entire forenoon in solitary meditation under an old causeway bridge not ten rods from my father's house. It was not, however, so satisfactory as to lead to a repetition.

But my horizon extended now, and life became more and more a reality, a painful fact. My childhood had no brightness, and I think now of it with a feeling of bitter sorrow. My poor father was helpless in the tightening folds of the python Intemperance. His property was all gone, and his business neglected. How distinctly I recollect the appearance of a sheriff in our dwelling to attach our old-fashioned tall clock, and the bitter tears I shed when it was borne away. We had two cows. I see them now, a small brindle and a white-faced red. My eyes, swimming in tears, followed the last as the officer drove her away. O, Rum, I owe thee and the human demons who furnish it to the drinker a terrible grudge! When I was nine years old some of our friends conceived the idea



of getting my father out into the country, away from his old haunts and associates, thinking that on a farm, with his trade, he might possibly recover himself out of the snare of the devil. Accordingly a farm, was leased in Corinth, sixteen miles from Bangor, where lived an aunt, a sister of my mother, and thither we removed. A shop was built, and my father found plenty of employment, while the farm was cultivated at the same time. Many an hour have I stood upon a box and blowed the bellows while my father smote the anvil. For a time he kept steadily at work, and might have done well but that the tempter followed him.

About the time of our removal to that town an orthodox deacon, by the name of Parker, also moved into the place, and opened a store where every thing was to be found, including rum. The temptation was too strong for my unhappy father. My mother sent me to the *deacon* to ask him not to sell liquor to my father; and, can it be believed? he simply laughed in my face. "That's the deacon for me," said the arch-fiend no doubt as he also grinned over his shoulder a ghastly smile.

My life in the country gave me a fine opportunity to indulge my love of nature. I learned all about the trees and shrubs; I soon knew all the variety of feathered fowl and birds, with their habits. My happiest days were spent in the woods, alone. I could always amuse myself, and so did not often seek the society of other children. I was early a dreamer, fond of old tales; and many an hour have I passed listening to my good mother's stories and

old songs, among which was "Wolfe's Victory on the Plains of Abraham;" and now, after threescore of years, these cheering lines run through my head:—

"Quebec, with all her pride,  
Nothing can save her!  
She must fall in our hands  
With all her treasure.  
'O, then,' replies brave Wolfe,  
'I die with pleasure.'"

Books we had none, nor newspapers. News was circulated from mouth to mouth as it was caught up. I remember while we lived there my father came in one day with the announcement, "Old Bony is dead!" Long months after that mighty spirit passed away on the lonely rock of St. Helena the fact slowly crept from lip to lip through the sparsely settled new world. My mother was a great Bonapartist, and filled my ears and fired my imagination with recitals of his battles.

In the winter we attended school for two or three months; but our range of studies was limited, being confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic. It was difficult to procure school books. Adams' Arithmetic, Webster's Spelling book, the English Reader, and, for more advanced scholars, Murray's Grammar, were all we had.

John Bovee Dodds, once a student in the theological school in Bangor, then a country pedagogue, next a Universalist preacher, and lastly a celebrated Spiritualist, was our teacher for two years, living in Levant, now Kenduskeag, and walking four miles and back daily. My brother and myself, he four

years my senior, had the chores to do, the wood to prepare, and then, when not in school, to blow and strike for my father in the shop. A few years since I visited that region, found the old shop still standing and occupied as a blacksmith shop. I alighted from my carriage, went in, and asked the privilege of taking the bellows-pole and blowing a few moments on the same spot on which I had stood *fifty years* before.

We struggled on here for three years, although there was no improvement in my father's habits. He was in the toils, and could not extricate himself. He was the kindest hearted man when himself, but, under the influence of liquor, became perfectly frenzied. My poor mother! what a life was her's. She bore it as well as she could, hoping against hope.

I had a desire to tame a robin, but I must first have a cage; but to make a cage a knife was necessary, and to procure this, money was needed. I had heard that grass-seed brought a high price, and had noticed growing along the fences and walls quantities of herds-grass, or timothy, not reached by the mower's scythe. Procuring a sickle I gleaned the fields far and near, brought home my spoils, carefully drying and thrashing it out, until at last I had six or eight quarts of clean seed. The nearest market was Levant Mills, four miles distant. Taking my bag of seed upon my shoulder I walked off to find a purchaser. I felt a little timid, as the whole distance was through an unbroken forest and the black bear was a frequent visitor in that region; but the prospect of a jack-knife of my own gave courage to my

trembling heart. I reached the store of Dr. Case, displayed my crop of seed, which was praised for its cleanness, and which, to my great delight, amounted to enough in value to purchase two knives, one of which I gave to my elder brother. Pocketing my treasure, I trudged back a rich lad.

Now for a cage. I found a seasoned pine board of about fifteen inches in breadth, and sawed off two square pieces. Then with a gimlet I bored holes around the edges about half an inch apart; then, splitting some sticks of pine, I whittled out the bars of the little prison, and constructing a door, the work was done. I had my eye on a nest of young birds, and when nearly fledged quietly took one and caged him. But not knowing how to feed young robins as well as a mother would have done, the poor thing, to my great grief, died. But I was not to be defeated. I found another nest in an apple-tree containing a single bird. I took him, and setting the cage out of doors, the old bird soon found it and came regularly to feed him. He became so tame as to be let out, and would fly off into the fields among other birds, but always came to his cage at night. He knew and distinguished me from others of the family, one of whom accidentally trod on his leg and broke it; but my mother bound it up with splinters and it healed.

Late in the fall I was requested by a neighbor, who lived three fourths of a mile distant, to stop a few days with his family while he was absent. One morning I went out after breakfast, and as I stepped into the yard a robin came flying from the fence on

which he had been perching and lit at once on my shoulder, fluttering, and manifesting the greatest delight. It was my robin. But how did he find me across the pasture which I had traveled from my father's house? I took him home at once.

Poor Bob! I had cut one of my feet, and it was bound up with bandages, which made me clumsy. Coming out of my room one morning before it was quite light, robin flew from his cage, as was his custom, to light on my shoulder, but in the obscurity missed me and fell to the floor, when I trod on him and crushed him to death. Alas, what a grief was mine! I tamed no more birds.

Those three years spent in the country were of great advantage to me, as they made me acquainted with objects and forms and laws of nature of which I could have gained no knowledge shut up in the city. I did not quite equal Solomon in floral and botanical knowledge, yet there were no trees in the woods with which I did not form acquaintance, nor flowers nor shrubs which I overlooked. My great delight was to be rambling in the fields and woods alone; and when I could secure the loan of a gun, my bliss was complete.

Our religious instruction was such as our dear mother could give us, as a minister was seldom seen in the region.

The only religious service I recollect during our three-years' residence there was held by Rev. Peter Burgess, who when a lad had been apprentice to Zadoc Davis, a tanner, in Bangor, and was known by my parents while in his apprenticeship. He came

one summer afternoon to my father's and proposed to preach a sermon in the school-house if the people could be notified. I mounted his horse, and started on the mission. The neighbors came together, and the minister gave us a sermon. At this distance of time the whole scene is as distinctly impressed upon my mind as the events of yesterday, and the text I have not forgotten: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

But our condition had not improved by our residence in the country, and it was decided to return to Bangor, where we could find employment, as we could no longer depend upon my poor father. He was already suffering the torments and terrors of the damned, without the power of resistance.

And so we packed up our furniture and returned to our former home. My eldest brother had entered the store of G. W. Pickering, in Bangor. Hervey Loomis, a brother two years younger than myself, was taken by an aunt, my mother's sister, Crocker, who resided in Corinth; leaving in the family my sister Adaline, and a younger brother, John Littlefield, and myself, then thirteen years of age. I was left with a neighbor for a few weeks until the family should be settled, and then I was to drive the cow to Bangor, which I did, putting some biscuit in my pocket to eat, and drinking the cow's milk by the way.

A singular fact was that the only house we could obtain in Bangor was my father's old store, in which he had formerly traded, built on the bank of the river, one story on the street, and two next the

water. I was too young to realize the great change in the circumstances of our family, but I have since often thought of the painfulness of the contrast to my poor mother.

Next door was the home of her father, where she had spent much of her girlhood; opposite was the house in which she lived when first married; close by, a large two-storied house in which we lived in days of prosperity; while back in the field stood my father's elegant stable, the finest then in town. My dear mother, what a trial was hers! what a struggle for her children!

We were soon settled in our old store, partitioned off into four rooms. General Mark Trafton, for whom I was named, as I have already related, had recently married a second wife, a Miss B., of Massachusetts, and, with his brother-in-law, had gone into trade at Budge's Point, on the east side of the Kenduskeag stream. The old store is now converted into a depot for the European and North American Railroad.

General T. proposed to take me into his family and put me into the store, to which my mother gladly consented, and, of course, I was pleased with the plan. I went at once to my new home, then in my thirteenth year. But, alas! what a disappointment was it to my young hopes.

The family of B.'s, consisting of the widow and two grown-up daughters, besides Mrs. T., and her brother who was in the store with the general, had moved to Bangor. They occupied one part of the house, and General T the other. His first wife left three daughters, the eldest about fifteen, and the oth-

ers younger. I was chore boy for both families : had a cow and horse to care for, the store to open and sweep, and then spend all the time possible there, as Mr. B. had no other clerk, and this kept me on the run from early morning until late in the evening. I was never allowed to sit at the table with the family, but was kept in a cellar kitchen with the hired girl. I did not go to school, of course, as I was too busy. An additional story was added to the house. I made the mortar and tended the masons, dug a place for a large cistern through the hard clay, and still had all the other work to do. No slave on a southern plantation was ever more hardly worked. I never shirked or complained, but I felt that I was oppressed by a man whose name I bore, and who had been a favored member of my father's family. He never gave me a suit of new clothes while I was with him, nor a dollar in money. I was strictly honest, and, though with abundant opportunities, never purloined but *one cent*, which I one day took to buy a stick of candy ; but that troubled me more than the candy gave me pleasure. I do not imagine General T intended cruelty toward me, but he did not know how to bring up a boy, nor what a boy thirteen years of age could do, and, therefore, put too much upon me.

I stood it a year and then went home. My mother felt that I was wronged, and did not send me back. I went to school a part of the time, and did any little jobs I could pick up to help my mother. Sometimes when a corn-laden vessel came to port I helped to carry the corn into the store at



a half cent per bushel. Sometimes I hoed a garden for a neighbor. I recollect I was hoeing in a potato field one day for Zadoc Davis with some other boys of my age, when during the forenoon Mr. D. came into the field with a bottle of rum, with sugar and water, for his work-boys. All partook of it but myself. I declined it, to the surprise of Mr. D., who looked at me a moment, and then said, "Young man, you have chosen the better way." Yes, God knows I had seen, and was daily witnessing, enough of the evils resulting from rum to turn me against it forever, although it seems strange that I should have escaped with the temptations all around me.

Winter came, and my father was in Exeter, the town adjoining Corinth, from which we had just removed, at work for a Mr. Tibbetts at his trade, but he did nothing for the support of the family. My poor mother struggled on with her great weight of sorrow. My younger brother, Loomis, who had been taken by my Aunt Crocker, had come down to visit us, and returning, fell from the cart on which he was riding and was fatally injured, dying in a few days, which almost broke my mother's heart. And now winter was upon us, and all looked dark. As we lived on the river's bank we could pick up driftwood during the summer, but when the river closed in the fall this resource was cut off. Stoves we had not in those days, and open fire-places consumed a great amount of fuel. When the snow came I got a hand-sled, and, in company with some other boys as poor as myself, went into the woods back of the town a mile or two and

picked up dead-wood and sledged it home, making about two trips a day, and thus kept a comfortable fire. Some time in the winter Mr. Tibbetts, for whom my father was at work in Exeter, being in Bangor on business, called to see how we were getting on, and was somewhat startled on learning the facts. Six teams soon came down with hay for the market, and he ordered them to draw wood for a day, which relieved our wants in that direction.

The winter was passing away, and spring, with an open river and running fish, was at hand. I heard the boys in the neighborhood talking of catching smelts when the ice left, and learned all about the process. With a dip-net they were taken in the night from the rocks on the river bank. As soon as the ice breaks up and leaves the river this fine pan-fish starts from its winter haunts in the bay for the spawning grounds in the streams emptying into the river. Moving in a close column, and keeping near the shore, they are easily taken with a scoop-net.

I must have a net. My mother was knitting a seine for some one for taking shad. She taught me the art, and soon the net, about four feet in length and two feet in diameter at the mouth, and tapering to a point, was finished. I then went to the woods, cut a piece of ash for the bow, and a spruce pole about twelve feet in length, and with some help from the other lads soon had my net completed. When the fish began to run we started down the river to Tom Low's ledge for our first experiment. Our success was not great, as the run was hardly begun;

but if the fish did not come to me I went to them, as, standing on a shelving rock, my feet slipped from under me, and in I plunged into the ice-cold flood. But I was soon fished out, and ran home. In the morning I took my fish and peddled them out from door to door.

But night fishing was not so fine an employment as I had fancied, and I began to raise the question, "Why do not these fish run in the day-time as well as at night? How do you know that they do not?" "O no," all said, "none have ever been taken in the day-time." "But herrings, the next after smelts, do run, and are seined in the day, why not smelts?" None could tell, "only they do not," was the reply. I said nothing more, but watched and waited. At low tide I crept out upon the rocks past which the current was running, and stooping close down to the water, so as to see the bottom of the river, I was rewarded by the bright plash of the silvery side of the smelt as he swept round the rock and darted off into an eddy. The great ichthyological question was settled in my mind: smelts do run in the day-time. I raised no shout of Eureka, but going to the house quietly took my net and went down to the wharf near our dwelling, built by my grandfather, and hence called Dennet's Wharf, stepped out upon the outer edge, and thrusting it down into the water on the upper side, sinking it to the bottom, I pressed it forward, bringing it out and round the corner, when the strong current bore it on, and I felt the pole to tremble in my hands. A thrill of ecstasy shot through my nerves when, after pushing

it along half the length of the wharf, I drew it up, and had nearly a peck of smelts. When the boys found me I had a pile that filled a wheelbarrow. It was a great day for me; I had made a grand discovery. No more night fishing from the rocks. We could supply the town. No monument has been erected to me, yet no inventor or discoverer felt prouder of his achievements than I did at the time.

But I was not to follow fishing as a life-business. My mother was anxious that I should learn a trade; while my choice was, like thousands of like temperament, to go to sea. But, yielding to my mother's wishes, I chose the trade of a shoemaker, and was accordingly indentured to Benjamin Weed to learn the "art, trade, and mystery of a cordwainer," a drawer of cords or threads.

I was now in my fifteenth year, and was to serve until the age of twenty-one, have one month's schooling a year, good and sufficient food and clothing, and, at the expiration of my apprenticeship, receive one extra suit of clothing; a small compensation, it would seem, for a term of six years' toil. Such was the custom of the times. But I had a good home, plenty of food, and comfortable clothing. I was treated with all kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Weed, and I honestly labored to make a just return.

Why I have should selected a shoemaker's trade is a mystery, but the sequel, perhaps, will show an overruling providence. Some four or five journeymen were employed in the shop, and one apprentice besides myself. As the youngest apprentice,

it fell to my lot to do the chores at the house and shop.

I had a taste for music, and had bought an old fife, on which I had taught myself to play; and now I was offered a clarionet by the Bangor artillery company on condition that I should perform in their band. I accepted, and, self-instructed, was soon in the ranks, in which I served for three or four years, and played, also, in the choir of the Methodist Church for some time. It was a good and effective means for strengthening a naturally weak chest, but the associations were hazardous. Drinking intoxicants was as common as eating. On parade days rum was as free as water. Often we were out nights serenading, and were invited into the houses to be treated; but I invariably refused the proffered glass. The record of that band is a sad one. Years after I entered the ministry I met the leader, a generous, kind-hearted fellow, and found him a miserable sot, and he soon died of *delirium tremens*. God mercifully preserved me. As my time would be more valuable to my master after I had acquired more skill in my trade, he decided to let me go to school two months during the winter for the first and second years, although I was required to go into the shop in the evening and work until nine o'clock, when it was closed; and so I had the advantages of Master Valentine's tutorship for two months in the year during two years. I went through Adams's old Arithmetic without becoming a mathematician, and plodded through Lindley Murray, learning little except that "in grammar there

be these nine parts of speech, to wit: noun, pronoun," etc.

The life of a shoemaker's apprentice is, of course, an uneventful one, the same tasks day after day, and the only breaking up of this monotony the recurrence of the restful Sabbath, and the three annual and welcome holidays, Thanksgiving, Fast Day, and the glorious Fourth of July.

In the spring of 1828 occurred the great event which colored and shaped all my future life. I had been strictly moral from my early childhood, never indulging in profanity or the vices of youth, and was truthful and honest. I thought much of religious things, while at the same time ignorant of what it was to be a Christian, as no one ever spoke to me personally on the subject. I went to church, heard Dr. Swan L. Pomeroy read his sermons, and retired as I went.

During the winter a great revival commenced under the labors of some Methodist preachers. Then a Baptist preacher, by the name of Going, came into the town, and the work spread through the entire village. Hundreds were impressed.

My mother soon became a convert, and joined the class. I did not attend the meetings, but went upon the Sabbath to the Congregational Church, where I had been accustomed to attend. Soon my only sister became interested, and, as she went with my mother to the Methodist meetings, this created in me most violent feelings of opposition, and I made all possible efforts to shake off her convictions, and by ridicule and laughter succeeded only too well.

But in the course of a few months I began to find my own feelings undergoing a change.

The whole community was moved by the powerful religious influence, and my convictions of former years returned and I had no rest. Yet no one spoke to me on the subject. My good mistress was converted and baptized by the Baptists, and Mr. Weed himself became interested, but did not come out and profess Christ.

One Sabbath evening in the winter of 1828 I was sitting in the conference meeting in the Congregational Church, in company with four or five of the young men of my acquaintance, listening to the remarks of a student of the theological school. My companions were indulging in their usual levity, for none of them seemed seriously inclined, and I had always done my part of it; when all at once, like a flash, the question rose in my mind as distinctly as though a voice had filled my ear, "When are you going to become a Christian?" I had a hundred times thought of this, and promised it. "Why not NOW?" was the next question. "I will," I said to myself. I went home after the close of the service, retired to a room alone, and tried to pray. Monday evening I went to an inquiry meeting. The deacons came around, putting a few questions to each, and a short address by the pastor, Rev. S. L. Pomeroy, closed the exercises. But no light came to me; of the way of salvation I was wholly ignorant. The next day a young man of my acquaintance, who had become interested in the subject, invited me to go with him to a Methodist

meeting in a private house, where lived a family of English Methodists by the name of Penny. I went, and was at once impressed by their warm sociability and earnestness, for I had never seen people on their knees in prayer before ; it was a novelty. They manifested also a warm interest in the penitents.

There was present a Mr. Rowe, a class-leader ; Jonah Higgins, a student in the theological seminary ; and that old saint, Benjamin Marsh—all men of faith, and moved by the Holy Ghost. They all labored to bring me to Christ, but it was some weeks before I came into the liberty of the Gospel.

Rev. Greenleaf Greeley was preacher in charge, and by him I was baptized and received on probation, and was appointed a class-leader as soon as admitted to the Church. It was a severe trial to me, owing to my natural diffidence. To stand up and address a public assembly was a fearful ordeal. Yet it was a great benefit—it accustomed me to the sound of my own voice, and kept alive in me a religious interest. I soon obtained Mr. Wesley's abridgment of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," which became my pocket companion. All Fridays, according to the Discipline of the Church, were observed as days of fasting or abstinence, and upon those days I went without my dinner, and spent the hour in some secluded place in reading and prayer. My particular mentor was that rare old exhorter, Benjamin Marsh, one of three brothers, two of whom, William and Jeremiah, were able and successful preachers, and for many years members of the Maine Annual Conference. Benjamin traveled



largely, attending meetings and laboring with various Societies. His sage counsel was of great benefit to me in my early days.

The Methodists had no church in the town, but worshiped in a school-house still standing on Union-street. But a plan was adopted to build on a lot adjoining the house where I was born, near the ferry. There was but one church in the village, the Congregational first parish, on the east side of the Kenduskeag. Our church, a wooden structure, was completed in the course of the year, and great was our rejoicing when it was opened. How we sang and shouted: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord."

I blew a clarionet in the choir until I left Bangor, and have never failed when visiting that city of going to look on the old sacred walls, still standing, but now converted into a warehouse. The original members are all gone, and two flourishing Churches now exist in that place.

I began to attempt an exhortation in the public assembly, but the cross was heavy—my natural timidity crushed me. The pastor, however, encouraged me to persevere, giving me his own personal experience, and I soon found my thoughts running upon preaching.

One day, in 1829, the preacher in charge, Rev. Greenleaf Greeley, invited me to his study and broached the subject, saying that the judgment of the Church was that I should have to give myself to the ministry. To me it seemed simply impossible. I had no education, nor means to secure one.

I was a bound *apprentice*, and had three years to serve, so that the way seemed shut up. To all this he simply replied, "The Lord will open the way." He advised me to go out into the neighborhood and try to preach.

Joseph H. Jenne, now a member of the Illinois Conference, I think, joined the Church at the same time with myself. He was a brickmaker in Mr. Penny's yard, and was thinking of entering the ministry. We, belonging to the same class, opened our hearts to each other, and finally decided to go out and make a trial of preaching together.

## CHAPTER II.

SIMON PETER SAID, "I GO A-FISHING."

A FEW weeks since I was on my way to Bangor to visit a sick friend. I had taken the cars at a quarter past seven A. M., and it was now about the same hour P M. I was tired, and in a sort of dreamy doze, as we rattled on, nearing the end of a wearisome ride, I heard the brakeman shout "Canaan!" and my dull thoughts had gone to the land of "milk and honey," and were following the old emigrant with his little colony, and Sarah, the beautiful, as they slowly toiled on from the Tigris to the land of hope, of which they had heard a rumor in their Chaldean home, when there came another hoarse cry, "Carmel!" and then arose a vision of flocks and shepherds, and a bevy of damsels gathering the flocks into the folds as the evening shadows were falling softly around them. Hardly had the rural picture taken shape and form when there came another halt, and a shout, "Etna!" I started, opened my eyes; there was a glare of red flame, and a hiss as of belching fire, and I looked out to see the rival of Vesuvius, when I saw it was the flash from the opened doors of the engine boiler, and settled myself again for a nap.

Another "break-up," and another call, "Hermon!" But this name struck another chord, and

other memories were awakened—not of “dew upon Hermon,” but tears, and mental struggles, and earnest wrestlings. I roused myself, and peered out into the deepening shadows of the coming night. Hermon, I repeated to myself as my eye lighted upon a little cluster of farm-houses on a ridge of land lying off there on the left. Ah, yes; there, in a log-house, long years ago, I made my first attempt in proclaiming the “glorious gospel of the blessed God.”

It all came back to me—the struggle, the decision, the bright summer morning, the ride of eight miles out; the little audience in the kitchen, with the great fire-place, the sooty crane, the cluster of pot-hooks suspended from it; the pine cradle with the little sleeper; the plainly clad but devout assembly, seated upon boards laid upon chairs and blocks; the little stand with its snow-white cloth and the “big ha’ Bible;” the two trembling young men who were to preach. Well, I have since seen many and fine-looking congregations, have heard sermons in St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey; but give me, for all that, the little group in the log-house in Hermon. Shall I tell you the story?

I was then living in Bangor, serving an apprenticeship to the “art, trade, and mystery of a cordwainer,” which, interpreted, means making boots and shoes. I had been in the Methodist Episcopal Church a little more than a year, and could “read, write, and cipher as far as the rule of three.” I had heard of one Lindley Murray, but could not exactly make out what he was driving at in a little book bearing his name, and called “A Grammar of the

English Language," and I have gained but very little light upon its dubiousity, to use one of Bishop Soule's favorite terms, since. I had from a child read the Bible through again and again. I was familiar with old Thomas's "Almanac," Weems's "Life of Washington," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Dairyman's Daughter," and the Methodist "Discipline;" I had seen a newspaper, knew I lived in the United States, had assisted in electing Andrew Jackson president by firing tar barrels and shouting "Hurrah for Jackson!"

Of general and polite literature my knowledge was limited to a book called "Ambrosia; or, the Monk," which I found in my grandfather's house—a book of horrors; and though I have not seen it since I was nine or ten years of age, many of its terrible scenes linger still in my imagination, and I can now repeat some of its language. I had read the "Scottish Chiefs," and various other works of the olden time; and of poetry, Montgomery's "Wanderer of Switzerland," which I copied entire from the borrowed volume; and the "Pet Lamb," by Wordsworth. How it stirred my young heart, and filled my eyes with tears!

Well, on this stock of knowledge I had thought of preaching the Gospel. Of course it was to be in the far future, when my term of service should have expired, at one-and-twenty, and I had gone through college and explored a divinity school; then, perhaps, I should preach, or attempt it.

My good pastor, anxious for my improvement, constantly encouraged me, and advised me to go

out and "hold a meeting," not calling it preaching, of course, or intending to preach, unless, indeed, I should accidentally succeed; and many a time since I should have been only too glad to have been permitted to say to my audience, "Ah, I didn't intend to preach a sermon," when no one could have questioned the result, whatever had been the intent.

Brother Jenne was a good adviser, of more than ordinary intellectual power, cool, clear, and decided. With free interchange of thought we finally decided to make the trial, and sent an appointment for a meeting at Hermon for the Sabbath following. The die was cast. The week I passed before that Sabbath "drew on" must ever be marked as *the* week of my life. No one who has not passed through such a mental scarification can form the faintest conception of its horrors. The young student in divinity has in these days, in addition to his acquired knowledge, free access to libraries, to theological works, ancient and modern; I had never seen a commentary when I began my work. I had my Bible and hymn book. I was confined all day to my bench; but my thoughts were in Hermon! It was fearful, the battle I fought that week. I labored to fix my thoughts upon a text, for I resolved, sink or swim, to take a text if I could say nothing about it. The only passage I could keep before me at all was this: "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." I could say something of the circumstances—of the night's vain and fruitless toil, of the disappointment, of the sudden appearance of the Master, the command to try again. The word *nevertheless*

seemed suggestive. I did not attempt to write a line, because I supposed that was not Methodistical. Indeed, for years after I had commenced preaching I never took into the pulpit a scrap of paper, nor wrote any thing to read or recite. I resolved to master myself, and learn to think on my feet. I have passed hours blindfolded, thinking out my plan.

The week sped away, and that awful "Sabbath drew on." Brother Jenne was to go with me, and to occupy half the day. We had engaged a couple of horses, for the distance was too great to travel on foot, and the road was not "macadamized;" indeed, I think MacAdam was not then born. It was a beautiful summer morning. Nature was in her gayest mood; my heart was in the bottom of my boots. Hermon was reached at last, but there did not appear to be much dew upon either it or me. The good brother's house was filled, and I stood up to commence the service. Beyond that I have no distinct recollection of any thing. I was not asked for a copy of my notes for the press. Brother Jenne spoke, after a brief recess, on "ye must be born again." I only remember I wished I had not been born at all.

This first attempt, though in itself not a special success, was yet a beginning. Preaching the Gospel is an art not to be learned in schools, but by persistent practice. One may understand the art and science of music, write learnedly and well of chords, and tones, and chromatic scales, and thorough-bass, and still be unable to play a Jew's harp. One may have a perfect knowledge of theology—famil-

ilarity with the "fathers," and mothers, too—with all schools, old and new—may have been brought up at the "feet of Gamaliel," or Dr. Warren, or Foster, or Stuart—may have passed through Bangor, or Andover, or Newton, or Boston in a lightning train and a palace car, and yet be unable to "speak as the oracles of God," or to present a clear and forcible exegesis of a plain text of Scripture.

A successful public speaker is not born as such; he is made by practice. "Try again," said my mentor; and I did. Some months after my mission to Hermon I sent an appointment to Levant, now Kenduskeag, twelve miles distant. It was some time in October, when the ground froze at night, but by nine o'clock next morning was converted into mud. When the time came, unable to hire a horse, I must walk. This time I had selected two texts, so that if I failed on one I might try the other. Before sunrise, Sabbath morning, with a cold lunch of bread and butter, I was off. I must have four hours for that march. As the sun came up the frost relented, and the way grew soft and sympathetic. Poetry aside, it was muddy. Ten o'clock saw me striding into the village and into the school-house. It was full, for in those days attending a religious service was a luxury, and it was not necessary to plant a mission near every man's door, and lay a plank sidewalk for his accommodation to induce attendance.

I managed to get through; then, without stopping to take any refreshment, I started on my tramp home, which I reached just after sunset. I got my supper, and sat down to rest. Some one rapped at



the door. A messenger from the minister ; he was sick ; I must go and conduct the evening service at the church. It was a long mile from my boarding-house. No use to plead weariness ; the call was imperative. I finished up the day's labor of twenty-six miles' travel and three services, and found the "sleep of the laboring man sweet." "Of course you received pay for your labor?" Never a cent for any service I performed until after I had joined the Conference, when my salary the first year was twenty-six dollars. "O, well, it did not cost much to live in those days," says one. True ; we were clothed in *skins*, and lived on air. Is it strange that one occasionally thinks bitterly of these things when, sick perhaps, and needing a supply, some pious brother, already in receipt of a comfortable income from business, or in an office furnished by the Church, kindly consents to relieve you for the love of—twenty dollars? "But the times are changed, you know."

The year of my union with the Methodist Episcopal Church found me still an indentured apprentice to Mr. Benjamin Weed, to whom I was legally bound in 1825, and I had yet six years to serve. Mr. Weed was a most indulgent master, and treated me with all the kindness of a father. I was, therefore, contented, and endeavored to render him due service and honor. I do not know that I ever gave him offense, or received from him a word of reproof. This was also true of Mrs. Weed, so that my lot was not hard, and my life ran smoothly on.

I had been in the Church about a year, when one

day, happening to be in the shop alone with my master, he said to me, "I do not think you will make this business your life-work if you finish your apprenticeship with me. Now I will make this proposition to you: "You go to work the first of January and earn two hundred and fifty dollars, one hundred to be paid to me, and the balance for your board, and I will release you, and you may go to school." I, of course, was greatly surprised and pleased, and accepted the proposition with thanks. As Mr. Weed was about making some change in his business, and a Mr. Baston was to take charge of the manufacturing, it was arranged that I should board with him; and, as he resided a mile at least from the shop, it gave me a long walk between work and lodging. But I had now a definite object of ambition, and sat down the first of January with fresh courage. Emancipation seemed at hand—not three years and then freedom, but one. I had the usual journeyman's wages, and, of course, could each week ascertain my progress.

I was a class-leader, which took one evening in the week; then I must be at the prayer-meeting weekly. I played a clarionet in the choir, and Saturday evening was devoted to a rehearsal; so I was out of the shop three evenings in the week. The reader will please note in those dark ages, before the advent of "communism" and "trades-unions," and the advent of the "new era," a day's labor was in summer, or from the twentieth of March to the twentieth of September, from 7 A.M. to 7 P. M.; and in winter all mechanics labored after supper until nine o'clock,

and as much later as they pleased. Very often I would return to the shop after an evening service and work until midnight. But this involved a lonely walk of a mile for lodgings, and to meet this difficulty I determined to sleep in the shop.

I procured a seaman's hammock, had some hooks made, which I drove into the brick walls, got half a dozen sheep-skins, tanned with the wool on them, a blanket or two, and a pillow, and all was complete. I was independent. When the day's work was done and the shop cleared I hung up my hammock, putting the sheep-skins into the bottom, then rolling myself in my blankets, with a line attached to the wall, I swung myself asleep. It was not exactly "rocked in the cradle of the deep," but as near to it as one can come on land. The monotony was occasionally disturbed by the sudden parting of the clews, when the floor and the occupant of the hammock unexpectedly met.

This was not entirely in harmony with true sanitary principles, as the air was not of the purest, and the means for ventilation were limited, but it was independence. I had it all to myself. My books, my clarionet, with which I amused myself, my wardrobe, were all under my immediate eye, and were not mislaid by a careless housemaid. When Saturday night came, and my week's work was taken to the store and duly credited, I made preparation for the Sabbath by shaving (a short operation, and the same razor serves me still) and blacking my boots; and then, putting my clarionet in its case, I went to the choir rehearsal. This I never missed, and those

occasions were seasons of real enjoyment to one who had so little of pleasure to fall back upon. Sabbath always found me at church, and in my place among the singers, and listening with eager interest to the warm, earnest ministrations of the saintly and devoted Greenleaf Greeley. He was a man of warm sympathies, and cherished a fatherly interest for the young members of the Church. Poor man, how he suffered from his native diffidence! I have seen him at times almost overcome, and once, I recollect, wholly vanquished. As at that time there was but one other church in town, the new Methodist church was thronged. The Unitarians had commenced to hold services in the Court-house, Rev. Mr. Huntoon supplying the pulpit, and the year before I joined the Church I rang the bell for them.

It happened one day that they had no service, and many of the congregation came to our church. Among others, in walked the majestic high sheriff, General Isaac Hodsdon. This was too much for our timid minister. His face flushed up to his hair; he trembled like a leaf; something must be done. Sitting in the back part of the congregation was an old local preacher, Rev. William Hinman, once a member of the New England Conference, and stationed in Boston—a man of decided talent, but now superannuated, and at work at shoe-making in Bangor, cool as a veteran, self-poised, and fearing no mortal. I saw our good pastor suddenly leave the pulpit, make his way to the seat of the old hero of a thousand battles, who, after a moment's hesitation, followed Brother G. into the pulpit, took the service

at once, and preached a rattling sermon on the text, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." I once again heard him deliver an ingenious discourse from the text, "The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." Poor old man! how many hours I have sat by his bench, listening to scenes and incidents in his itinerant life.

A very laughable incident was connected with that day's service, and which for some days shook the town like an earthquake, and threatened the existence of the Methodist Church itself. At least it gave the little body there a very general notoriety. It chanced that the high sheriff, in turning the leaves of the hymn book which he found in the slip, lit upon Charles Wesley's "Hymn for the Mohammedans," now left out, in which occur the strong lines,—

"The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell."

Horrors! The sheriff would have arrested the whole Church with a relish, and marched them off to prison, could he have done it. "The Unitarian fiend," forsooth! "That's our denomination!" he must have said to himself, "And here am I, 'a justice of the peace and *coram,*' high sheriff of Penobscot County, in the State of Maine, and a major-general of the militia of the State, listening while these fanatics sing of sending all Unitarians to hell!" It was too much for even a high sheriff to bear, to say nothing of his deputies. He called on the minister. It was dis-

cussed in every store, shop, and office in town. Methodist hymn books were in demand; the people heard more of Methodism than they would have heard for years but for this circumstance; and—it died into an echo. The Church survived.

The first of January approached, and my term of servitude was drawing to a close. In the late autumn I had been recommended by the Church for a local preacher's license, which was given me, signed by William Marsh, Presiding Elder of the Bangor District; and, as the best return I could make to him personally, I recollect I worked all one night to finish a pair of boots as a present to him. And I may say in passing, he was a man of rare pulpit talent, having few superiors. I remember to have heard him preach a remarkable sermon from a text I never heard used before or since: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" Will some of the boys please try it?

My last week's work was finished the last of December, and I settled my account with my old master. I had earned the money, and he brought out my indentures and put them into my hands. I was *free!* But I declined, and asked him to retain them, which he finally consented to do. I had no home to which to go, and thought it would be a kind of bond connecting me with the visible world, and I might be glad to go back to my bench again. Had he died his executors could have called me back, by the terms of the instrument, after I had

joined the conference, as I was not of age at the time of my union with that body.

And now for Kent's Hill Seminary. To me it appeared an Eden. I commenced my preparation. It may strike the reader as strange, but I could get no money for labor; nothing but *store pay*, as it was called. I procured some clothes, made a bargain with the stage agent for a passage to Augusta, and paid him in shoemaking. The last of February I got into the stage at nine o'clock in the evening, reaching Augusta in the morning; stopped with Father Oliver Beale, the preacher stationed there, and by some means reached Kent's Hill two days before the opening of the term. The scholars labored for their board, which was rated at one dollar per week, devoting the morning and evening to study. No shoemaking was done there—farming and furniture manufacturing only. I at first went to turning chair stuff six hours a day. After a short time I saw an easier way to get on. I had a good trade, and had brought my kit (tools) with me. Why not become a *cure* of "soles," without ordination?

We were crowded into one building, all lodged in one room on little cot bedsteads, and all occupying one room for study. Connected with the seminary was a little one-story house at a short distance, called the hospital, and, as it was without patients, a few of us petitioned the agent for its use, which was granted. Two took the front room, and I got the old kitchen and a bed-room adjoining. In the kitchen I put a bench, and spread my kit, and put out my sign—"SHEWS MEN DEAD HEAR."

I found I could by a half day's labor pay for a week's board. I borrowed an old bedstead of Rev. G. F. Cox, financial agent of the school, which bedstead wouldn't stand, or couldn't, unless it was supported by the walls. I went into the swamp near by and pulled some hazel-bark, of which I twisted a bed cord, and so lashed the old thing together; filled a sack with straw, procured some blankets from the seminary, and with an old chair, and a little pine table on hinges, so as to be let down out of the way, my room was palatial. It was a decided improvement on the shoe-shop, hammock, and sheep-skins of the previous years. I have seen rooms more elegant, and furnished in higher style, yet I have never, save in a single instance, of which I may tell my readers by and by, seen the equal of that little room.

And thus commenced my all-too-brief student life. None of the "faculty" of that early period in the history of that grand old school which has sent out into active life so many hundreds of laborers are now alive, and but few of the students who were filling the classes at that time.

Kent's Hill is among the most beautiful of New England's localities. A more attractive spot for a school could not be found. Lying upon an elevated ridge of land it has the purest air; on every side are seen fine ponds or lakes; while magnificent mountains lie along the horizon, upon which the eye dwells with never-flagging interest, until at last the view is checked by the snowy peak of Mount Washington as it pierces the clouds. Hundreds of



students who have enjoyed the advantages of this school turn their thoughts back in after life to dear old Kent's Hill with a mournful pleasure.

Mr. Sampson, the founder of this school, intended a manual labor seminary, where indigent young men might secure a good academic training with a small outlay of money, paying their board by labor. Some of them tilled the farm under the direction of a steward, and no slave-driver in the South had imposed upon him a harder task. Others in the shops manufactured furniture of various kinds; while peddlers were sent out through all the region with loads of chairs, tables, and bureaus, which were exchanged among the farmers for provisions for the students. It was not a success, and the whole system is now changed. In addition to a large boarding-house, a female college is in successful operation there at this day. Mistresses and Bacheloresses of Art are annually turned out in large numbers, who are winning golden opinions from the literary and scientific world; while at the head still presides that unsurpassed educator and disciplinarian, Dr. Torsey. Other schools and colleges have enticed him, higher compensation offered, and at last the Federal Government of these United States extend the lure of a foreign consulate, and yet, like a good Christian man, he resists the temptation, and still clings like his shadow to old Kent's Hill.

Zenas Caldwell was the first principal of Father Sampson's boys' school, but he soon fell at his post and was succeeded by his brother Merritt, who bore the rod when I entered. Mr. Caldwell had the rep-

utation of high scholarship, was a ready speaker, and enjoyed the respect of the students. The "hospitalers," however, thought him rather severe when he called them up before the school and administered a mild rebuke for the offense of playing quoits in study hours; and one of them, to the inward consciousness of the writer, was mildly enraged at being reproved for sitting by the kitchen fire with the servant girls when suffering from a cold, having been crowded out of the one little room where only a fire could be enjoyed in the cold months of March and April, although the general sentiment of the students was that it was not the cold at all which drew the accused in by the kitchen fire, but the two red-cheeked Yankee maidens who presided there. And then these prying students, as confirmatory of the opinion expressed, solemnly affirmed that not unfrequently a bowl of milk was seen standing by the plate of the accused at the table, and that, too, when milk was scarce, and none was supplied for coffee. (At this distance of time the deponent can only say that, so far as the milk is concerned, he has a faint recollection of the occasional presence of a bowl of milk, by whose hands placed there he cannot positively tell, but can assert that, if he did not run himself out of breath to be up from the hospital and at the door when the bell rang, he would see his bowl of milk going down the hungry file, each one snatching a gulp, not even waiting for grace, while Professor Marsh stood at the head of the table trembling with suppressed laughter! The rogues! they should have been called up for stealing, and

would have been but that the aggrieved party was afraid of being asked, "Where did it come from?" well knowing that the principal was too sharp to be put off with the answer, "From a cow." And so the matter was hushed up.)

Mr. Moody was the general agent, and his righteous soul must have often been grieved by his peculiar position. The presiding elders of these modern days would have found ample scope for their peculiar vocation as to the question, "Are there any complaints?" A sufficient number of responses would have been made to keep them busy for the next quarter, at least.

There was no endowment, sales of furniture slow, and provisions scarce, and the agent and trustees were not unfrequently at their wits' end. But the greater part of the students being young men who went there to be educated, they could not afford to waste time and money, so they made the best of it; and sure I am Kent's Hill need not blush for her children through the fifty years past, many of whom have left imperishable memories. In June the term closed, and I went home; and work being offered me in my old shop, again I took the seat through the vacation.

But the Methodist preachers gave me ill counsel. There was a great want of men for the rich harvest field. I was urged to get ready and join the traveling connection at once. "I should not live to go through college;" "souls were perishing;" "getting knowledge is good, but saving souls is better;" and many other sophistical suggestions. I yielded to the

pressure, and the great mistake of my life was the result. I cannot rectify, but I have mourned over it long and deeply. The most of the students at this time were looking forward to the Christian ministry; a number of them lived to enter the work, and have made a good record.

Asbury Caldwell, a cousin of the principal, a young man of uncommon talents, entered the ministry, was very successful, but fell early from overwork. Henry S. Blake, whose name in Maine is as "ointment poured forth," was of our class. A short but successful career, "and he was not, for God took him." Albert Barnard and Cyrus Munger, after some years of successful labor, fell in the harness. John W. Merrill, D.D., long a popular professor in our Theological School, and still living, was one of us; and Wm. H. Pillsbury, for years a worthy and useful member of the Maine Annual Conference, but recently called to his reward.

And so to-night, as I sit here in the silence of my study, their familiar faces come smiling upon me out of the misty past just as they appeared long years ago, though the most of them are in their graves, and their spirits are with God.

The short time I spent at school only revealed to me my ignorance, and imposed upon me the double task of preaching the Gospel and acquiring the knowledge essential to a right discharge of that duty which double task no one should undertake.

## CHAPTER III.

“AND HE WENT OUT, NOT KNOWING WHITHER HE WENT.”

THIS sunny fourteenth of April, 1875, is the anniversary of the beginning of my itinerant life. I need not say how many Aprils have come since then, but enough to make up more than a common life. Yet it seems but yesterday, and I see in the faithful mirror of memory all the surroundings of that eventful occasion. Ah, happy for us, poor, short-sighted mortals, that we cannot anticipate and read the future ere we plunge into the puzzling labyrinths, and grapple with its itinerary events. I am just returned from the session of the New England Conference. In the house of my host was a bright, beautiful babe of eight months, which I tossed and carried about the room, to its great apparent delight; but O, reader mine, what will you say when I tell you it was the *great-granddaughter* of one of my parishioners, whose hospitable roof sheltered me often on my first circuit so long ago—General Bolster, of Rumford. Had I dreamed, when staying there some night, that I should in the far future toss the grandchild of that little ten-year-old girl, with raven curls and snapping black eyes, playing around the house, and coming at the call, “Jennette,” I should have laughed at it as a weird,

wild fancy. And I meet often a gray-haired, wrinkled man, whose father's house was the first I entered after mounting my horse on that April morning, who was then a little lad not of a size to lead my filly to a stall. But I am anticipating.

I had been hard at work on my bench all the winter to procure the necessary outfit for an itinerant's life. I must have clothes, a saddle and bridle, a portmanteau, saddle-bags, and last, but not least, a horse. A good Brother Howard, living on a farm a mile out, had raised a fine filly, now four years old, which he offered to me for seventy-five dollars and would give me time on it. A saddle and bridle I bought, paying for them in labor; a valise or portmanteau, (literally, a cloak bearer,) to be strapped on behind the saddle, I made myself; and at last I exchanged my kit (tools) for a pair of saddle-bags, which had already done good service in true apostolic succession, and are good for another generation. (There they hang before me as I write, full of stirring incidents and melting memories.) All was prepared. I had attended church, and sat in the choir on the Sabbath for the last time, looking upon the familiar faces and surroundings with eyes brimming with tears, thinking of the sad to-morrow. I was about to take the great step of my life; I was going I knew not whither; I had never been out of the State in which I was born; I had no training for my work under skilled teachers, as young men now enjoy; I had been in school three months after I was thirteen years of age, with one term at the Seminary at Kent's Hill; I could not have told

the meaning of the word *homiletics*, and had no conception of the manner of arranging a sermon, except from hearing sermons from others.

I had no books, except a Bible, a hymn book, an English grammar, a copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," and Wayland's "Intellectual Philosophy," the most of which are here on my shelves now, and as my eye falls upon them I revere them as some saintly relics. I had not a dollar in my pocket, and borrowed fifty cents to meet any emergency that might arise. I was going out upon a neighboring circuit, under the presiding elder, until the session of Conference in June. Looking back to that point through the mists and shadows of four decades, I see my error. But I was acting according to the dictates of what seemed to me to be a conscience of duty, and following the best light afforded me. To me an old and experienced minister was an oracle. They urged me to go; I was "thrust out." But it was wrong—all wrong. I should have spent six years at school at least, and then at twenty-five I should have been young enough to assume the fearful responsibility of a minister. Strange, it seems now to me, that no one suggested it, that no good friend laid hold upon me and restrained me. But such regrets are vain, and I can only say to my younger brethren, wait until you are thoroughly prepared and then go.

Morning came, April fourteenth, 1831. I saddled my little mare, strapped my portmanteau on behind, threw my bags across the saddle, and mounted. I rode to the door of my mother's dwelling to bid

her adieu and receive her blessing. She came to the door with eyes filled with tears, and with trembling lips she said, “God bless you, my son! I gave you to the Lord long ago; he will keep you, and bless you! farewell!” and I was gone. Sainted mother! She looks out upon me from that frame on the wall as I write, so life-like, and I look up to her earnest, thoughtful face a thousand times, and an inspiration comes to me of hope and cheer and courage, just as in childhood. Blessed mother!

And now, O ye gray-headed men and women! behold this spectacle, and weave your philosophical theories and crude speculations about it. It is a type of the *system* as it arose in the mind of our wonderful founder, John Wesley. There he goes, simply a young lad on horseback. Nothing very wonderful in that alone, for you see or may see it every day. But, laying aside the *ipse* for a moment, look at the embodiment—at it as a symbol.

He has turned his back upon all implied in the word home. Not luxurious it had been, to be sure, but such condition is not essential to constitute home. He leaves father, mother, brother, sister, birthplace, early associates, all worldly plans, hopes, and enterprises, forever. And do not say, “so do others go out from home and the shelter of the parental roof,” for they go to found a home somewhere else, to take root in another locality, to build a fortune, and secure a local habitation and a name. But this young man will not only return no more, but he will stop no more until at last he lays his head, weary and worn, upon the lap of his mother



earth, and then by strangers' hands be laid away in some old cemetery, to be dug up and removed every few years to make way for modern growth and improvement. He may enter into domestic relations, yet even then he cannot pause, and his children will not have the same birthplace, and cannot in their minority look upon any place as home. But look once more. Where is he going? We cannot tell. He has no letter of invitation in his pocket from some organized Christian Church to become its pastor, with a sufficient salary to meet all his wants; no cozy parsonage awaits him; no smiling committee will meet him with words of welcome, and conduct him to a prepared resting place. Ask him where he will stop to-night when the evening shadows gather about him, and he will answer, "I do not know." He will find some shelter, no doubt; and if not, he can, like his pattern and leader, make his "supper of blackberries," and lie down under the star-lit canopy, with his saddle for a pillow, and sleep the sleep of the just. He is cosmopolitan in his habits, having an interest in humanity, and looking upon the world as his field of toil.

This world will never know its full indebtedness to this race of saddle-baggers. No land but has trembled under the tramp of their steeds, no community but has heard their earnest cry. They have inspired with fresh life old and decayed churches paralyzed by dead forms and cold and effete systems of theology, and rapped at the door of the cabin of the new settler in the western wilds as soon

as the fire was kindled on his rude hearthstone. His saddle-bags furnished religious literature and devotional song in the absence of bookstores, and with his little pocket Bible in his hand he gave a theological system so simple, clear, and sharp as to give shape to Church belief for all coming time. "Just like the Methodists," is a remark which has satisfied and soothed many a questioning heart. And so we dismiss him, with the sentiment (to be drunk in cold water, all standing,) "Long live, in fact and in grateful memory, the heroic cavalry arm of the militant Church."

I was directed by the presiding elder to go to Hampden Circuit and report to the preacher in charge, Brother N. Norris, who would give me all necessary directions for the future, until the session of the Maine Annual Conference—a short period of less than two months. I found in Brother Norris a kind, generous friend. I earnestly plead to be excused from attempting to preach in the village church, but to be permitted to go into the back settlements and take the school-houses, and did so.

And now the conference drew on! I cannot describe the mingled emotions of eager curiosity, desire to enter fully on my life-work, and fear which filled me. I had never met a conference of ministers. I had heard of such a being, but my eyes had never rested on a real, live bishop. I had now traveled the Hampden Circuit for about six weeks, preaching in school-houses and private dwellings—whether to the satisfaction of the people or no I cannot say, but very little to myself. I could not

be persuaded to attempt to speak in the church in the village, the only house of worship on the charge, but kept in the back settlement, among the plain farmers.

But in those days with what eagerness the people came out to hear preaching!—poor preaching it may be, but it was Gospel what there was of it, and truth is truth from whomsoever it comes. It may be a busy season of the year; work drives; yet that lecture in the school-house will fill the room with eager hearers, and some one will take the preacher home for ungrudged entertainment.

Extemporaneous speaking was a novelty. To see a man stand up—perhaps behind a chair, or may be a school-house dais—and, with a little pocket Bible in hand, talk, not of philosophy, or science, or the times, (save as illustrations,) but of sin, its effects and cure; of the human heart, its sorrows and its solace, its wants and supplies—this was what the people wanted to hear about, and they came to hear. I cannot say if the same results would follow in this *improved* age, but it would pay to try the experiment. The people enjoyed their religion in those early days; one could read it in their expressive faces; it came out (it could not be repressed) in hearty “amens” and joyful shouts. They stopped to shake the poor boy’s hand, who was half paralyzed with fear, and thank him for his sermon, and pray for the blessing of God upon his labors. They came because they loved the service; not sitting half asleep, or if they did for a moment fall into a doze on a hot day they still held the thread of the

discourse, and a hearty "amen!" demonstrated that their eyes were closed that they might see more clearly; nor did they hurry off as though some contagion was present which they might catch if they remained.

If my young brethren in the ministry will allow the suggestion, would it not be well for us to put the question closely to ourselves, "Do I preach the Gospel as its Author presented it? as Paul preached it? as the fathers pressed it upon the people?"

The first Methodist preachers I ever heard impressed me by their earnestness, their pathos, their simplicity, and clearness in style and matter. Oliver Beale, William and Jeremiah Marsh, Charles Baker, Greenleaf Greeley, James Warren, David Hutchinson—all now gone—seeking no worldly honors, and gaining none; worthy of all the D's in a whole font of type, yet having none, save one of the above-named, and his was a prefix which signified something.

Some facile pen should rescue from oblivion those heroic masters of art in saving men while their memory is still fresh in surviving hearts. Who will write the history of 'Methodism in Maine'?

But I was going to conference, which was to hold its session in Hallowell, on the Kennebec River. Elijah Crooker was closing his labors in Bangor, and was about to visit his friends in Bristol, and thence to conference. We arranged to put our forces together, I having a four-year-old filly, and Brother Crooker a two-wheeled go-cart—a cross between a wheelbarrow and the famous "one-horse shay,"

which he wished to have transported to Bath free of expense. So, lashing my saddle to the cross-piece on the springs, and my saddle-bags under our feet, we started on the eventful journey—not quite as elegant as in a palace car, but far more enjoyable. In those days of primitive simplicity we did not look so much to appearance as to comfort, and not unfrequently a Methodist minister in his comical “flitting” made a most grotesque and laughable appearance.

Some years afterward, when we were stationed in Hallowell, my household goods went into the city on a hay-rack drawn by a yoke of oxen; and I know that one of our old preachers rode to his appointment—a populous village, now a city—in a single sulky, with a pig-coop and pig tied to its shafts forward, and leading a cow behind, to the great amusement of the street *gamins*, and the profound mortification of the Society. But, notwithstanding, I wish my readers could hear him preach; they would forget the porcine accompaniment.

Well, what a jolly ride that was, for all its uncouthness! Brother Crooker was a most sociable man, well-read and entertaining, and one of the most interesting of preachers, clear, cogent, and earnest. How distinctly I remember the last sermon I heard from him in Bangor as I sat in the singing gallery. I see him now, with his thin face, classical features, large, full blue eyes and brown hair, which certainly was not brushed the last moment before entering the pulpit. His face was clean shaven; indeed, for that matter, all faces were so dressed in those days. I

laugh to myself, even as I write, imagining the effect of putting one of our modern, fashionably-dressed clergymen in a pulpit in those times, with gold studs in the bosom, gold cuff-buttons, gold watch, chain, a ring on a finger, and a full beard, with the shattered and wheezy voice struggling through a mass of stiff bristles from the place where the lips ought to be. The entire congregation would have uttered one word, “horrors!” and left the house.

Of course, this is all right now—it is fashion! And the tears fill my eyes (not sorrow’s) as I think of a full style “pull-back” sliding up the aisle of Bromfield-street Church, Boston, fifty years ago. Every woman in the house would have instinctively covered her eyes with her fan or handkerchief; and I see Father Patten, every muscle in his grand face twitching with excitement, calling upon Brother Dagget, the sexton, to “put her out.” But *tempora mutantur*.

Brother Crooker’s face was smooth, as we said, and his manner easy and natural. Strange that I should remember his text that day, “Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion!” and his plan, so natural and distinct, impressed itself upon my memory:—

I. Who? 1. Such as rest in imaginary grace; 2. Such as have no sense of personal accountability; 3. Such as rest upon false hopes.

II. Why the “woe?” 1. A Christian has no right to be at ease—he has neither time nor place for rest; 2. Not in sympathy with a suffering world; 3. Not gathering with Christ—scattering.

- III. *Inference.* 1. We may be deceiving ourselves ;  
 2. This will be a fatal deception.

But by this time our little filly has dragged us over the terrible Dixmont hills, (around which I glided the other day so smoothly in the cars.) The sun is sinking in the west, and now the great question is, "Where shall we spend the night?" In those days of poverty and simple habits the apostolic principle was a prominent trait in Christian character—"given to hospitality;" and as the tramp genus was not then evolved from the lazy jackass, the people were willing to open their doors to strangers; and so, accosting one in the street, we ask,

"Do you know of a Methodist family here?"

"O, yes," was the reply; "there's one in that white cottage."

We drive up to the door, and ask, "Can you entertain a couple of Methodist preachers for a night?"

"Of course we can. Put your horse in the stable, and make yourselves at home."

We at last reached Bristol, where we spent a Sabbath at the parental home of Brother C. and the next week went to Bath, where Brother C. had long resided, passing through two of my subsequent charges—Newcastle, and the old sea-port, Wiscasset. A singular dream I should have thought it had I fancied that in a few years I should move my family into that little old parsonage near Sheepscot Bridge, build a portico over the front door so as to get into it without leaving the outer door open while we crowded in to open another, plastering and painting it with my own hands; that I should dedicate a

a new Methodist Church there, where we had none, which I did a few years since, and sleep in a fine *new* preacher's house. Surely "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Brother C. was stationed at Wiscasset three years after this, and four years from this hasty visit I myself was sent there. We were most hospitably entertained in the fine residence of William Stacy. Do any of my readers remember that family? You will recall that home of the itinerants for so many years; the genial warmth of Brother Stacy and the elegant mistress of the house; and Maria, the beautiful idolized and only daughter, deaf and dumb from the effects of scarlet fever. They are all gone, save one—the babe when I boarded in the family, whom I have carried miles and miles on my shoulder. All gone, and the house in the hands of strangers! There is a mist in my eyes—I must stop.

In Bath I left Brother Crooker and the "shay," saddled my little bay, and started off alone for Hallowell. It was a long and lonely ride. I missed my cheerful friend; the sun poured down his burning rays upon me, and I found my spirits going into the zeros. I was out in the world alone, and this was to be my life-long employment. I felt (what was true) unfitted for such a task, such responsibility. A strong temptation came over me to push on through Hallowell for Bangor and go to work; but I lifted up my heart to God in earnest mental prayer, and the cloud lifted. I tried to sing, but it was in key minor, and very quavery.



I thought, as conference did not assemble until the next week, I would go to Kent's Hill and see the boys I had been associated with the year before, and with whom I ought to have been still instead of being here, going I know not where, to meet I know not what.

On my way to Readfield I must pass through Monmouth, where I found a protracted meeting in progress, under the direction of that warm-hearted and godly man, Rev. Charles Baker. I decided to stop for a day or two, turned my mare into a pasture, and went to church. I was invited to preach in the afternoon, and reluctantly assented. I was very unwilling to attempt preaching before preachers, conscious that I had not acquired the art, and feared a failure. On my way to the service a man came running to overtake me, and asked,

"Did you put a horse into Mr. Blue's pasture?"

"I did."

"Well," he said, "she is so badly injured that she'll have to be killed!"

I turned about and hurried back to the house, and there she lay, with a great rent in her side, her entrails protruding from the wound. My poor filly! She turned her eyes upon me as if thinking, "Master will help me." Poor companion of many an hour, she was past help!

"Put her out of her misery," I said; "but wait until I am out of hearing."

I hurried back to the church, and by a sort of desperation performed what I inwardly intended should be my last service of that kind. Few in the

house knew what a load was crushing my heart and hopes. How I got through I am sure I never knew; but I did get through, and staggered out into the porch of the old church, when the strain upon my nerves culminated, and I sank down upon a bench and burst into a flood of weeping. My good angel, Brother Baker, followed me out, came and took me in his arms, mingled his tears with mine, and spoke words of comfort into my ears; but I would not be consoled. "After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day."

"I am going home," I said. "I have mistaken my duty, and this is an admonition from God to return. He knows how I have struggled on alone; how I have labored, often all night, to purchase my time when an apprentice to prepare for what I dreamed was to be my life-work. He knows my poverty—that I have no one to aid me to a dollar; that I am owing for my poor horse; and he has killed her. I am going back—back to my bench."

If I had not been wild with my sorrow I dare say I should have quoted the first Latin sentence I ever tried to construe, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—no shoemaker beyond his last; or, freely rendered, let the shoemaker stick to his last. But I reckon I did not quote the classics on that occasion. When I had said my say, and the relief of a good cry was experienced, (thank God for crying and laughter!) then the good man talked to me as he could well do.

"It was," he said, "a great trial, but it was intended for my good. It was a temptation, and, manfully met, would be a great blessing. You are

not going home; you are going with me to conference, and you will yet thank God for this seeming ill;" and with other words he exhorted and comforted me. I owe to the warm sympathy and truly godly counsel of that good man that I did not go back from my purposed course. Then the people in Monmouth, hearing of the loss I had sustained, came to my relief, and contributed twenty-five dollars to make up the loss; and a little singular it is, this was the first money I ever received, and this from strangers, while the Church where I was born, and first joined, gave me never a penny. The students at Kent's Hill—bless the boys! old boys now, the survivors—sent me twenty dollars, so that I could almost pay for the dead horse. Still, the loss of my horse was a bitter trial, yet undoubtedly beneficial.

I reached Hallowell on Saturday, where I spent the Sabbath before conference. The preacher in charge was absent, and a local preacher—Brother Williams, of Readfield—supplied his lack of service. He urged me to take one service, which I unwillingly consented to do; but it was a fearful cross to attempt preaching in a large church, as my former efforts had been in school-houses and private dwellings. Seven years later I was stationed there.

And now the great event of my life drew near—the gathering of the preachers for conference. Monday they began to come in from the far East on the St. Croix, from the Penobscot, from the Androscoggin, on horseback, in queer-looking sulkys, in wagons—brown, hearty, noble-looking men. How

glad they seemed to meet each other after a year's separation, for but few of them had met the past year! How hearty the greeting, how strong the hand-grasp! Almost all tall, stout men—"God's noblemen," as Father Taylor used to call them. I would be glad, could I do them justice, to give a pen-portrait of each hero as I see them now in my "mind's eye"—Robinson, Nickerson, Bray, Hutchinson, Streeter, Beale, Baker, Webber, Hill, William and Jeremiah Marsh, Schermerhorn, the two Greeley brothers, Randall, Fogg, Heath, Cox, Husted, Norris, Farrington, Morse, three Fullers, Thwing, (from whose lips praise was constantly escaping, like steam from a locomotive,) Sanderson, Lovell, Ayer, (two of them,) Jewett, two Warrens, Richmond, Jones, and many others. Of all that body assembled on that morning—June 9, 1831—there are but two effective men remaining, I think: Rev. D. B. Randall, now in my last charge in Maine, and Rev. A. Sanderson, whom I greet now for "auld lang syne." Seven of the above named still wait at the river-side; the rest, nearly, if not all, have passed over, whose united voices rolled out that touching hymn:—

"And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace."

We boys were permitted to enter the sacred place for the opening exercises, after which the doors were closed and locked, and the proceedings were strictly private. Preachers on trial or probation were not expected to attend conference, but remained on

their circuits, at their posts, until relieved. Vacations were not known in those days, and seldom had one an idle Sabbath.

But the central point of attraction for me at that conclave was the bishop, a live bishop! That I should have lived to see a bishop! I stood with some others at the door of the church to get our first view of the great object. "There he comes!" was heard, and, looking up the street, we saw approaching a tall man, straight as an arrow, his head thrown back a little, with a long stride, lifting his foot well up, and putting it squarely down, as though confident that it would strike something solid. There was no nimbus about his head, nothing but an ordinary stove-pipe white hat; and instead of a gold-embroidered stole falling down from his shoulders he wore a gray coat, looking like homespun, and cut away in the skirts in the Quaker style. A white cravat without collar (no preacher wore collars) encircled his neck, and he had shoes, with no gold buckles, on his feet. On he came, the preacher in charge piloting him. What a privilege, what courage, we thought, to dare to walk side by side with a bishop!

Our first impulse was to drop on our knees, the next was to take off our hats, which we did, bowing low as he passed. He gracefully acknowledged the salute as he swept by into the church. Another man was with him, quite as tall, with a cant of his head on one side, as if he had run against something and wanted time to straighten his neck. They said he was a doctor of divinity—what that was we

didn't exactly comprehend, and do not now, but it was something uncommon—Dr. Nathan Bangs, of precious memory. His visits to that conference for years after were as "ointment poured forth."

But the Sabbath was the great day of interest. People came twenty miles or more in crowds. Every part of the house was filled, and, as the windows were all open, crowds stood outside to listen.

Bishop Soule preached after the love-feast. But singular it is, though he was the first bishop my dazzled eyes rested upon, I can recall neither the text nor the subject; while the figure of the man standing out upon the platform with his arms folded across his breast, and uttering the one word "sir!" with fearful emphasis, is all I retain. He had the habit of discussing a subject with an imaginary antagonist, and addressing him as "sir" with a force that made one shake.

The end came on Monday afternoon, and with a secrecy that would rival the Inquisition. The appointments were in the portfolio of the bishop. The hymn,

"And let our bodies part,—  
To diff'rent climes repair," etc.,

was sung; a fervent prayer, a short address by the bishop, and then the "reading out." I remember but this: "Rumford and Bethel, William F. Farrington, Orin Bent, and Mark Trafton." The first and last still live. Here's a hand for you, my old friend! Remember you "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!"

In New England, at least, the circuit rider is already an historic person, something in the character of the old knight of romance. If any vestiges of the old heroic system remain among us, so changed are they that the veteran revisiting the scenes of his former labors would not recognize them. A few stations are joined together, connected by railroads, and the circuit rider sits on a cushioned seat and is drawn by a locomotive instead of a horse, and can return home at night. I have an impression that somewhere in eastern Maine a circuit still exists, and if so I should delight, on being *invited*, to seize my old saddle-bags, mount a horse, and take a turn once more. To make it more home-like, I should wish to go in winter, and at a time when Robert B. Thomas, who has been dust for threescore years, says in his weather table, "Look out for deep snows about this time." For unless I should be forced to dismount often, and tread down the snow to get my poor horse through the drifts, it would not seem like old times.

"Rumford and Bethel." Seeking the preacher in charge, Brother F., I inquired,—

"Where is Rumford and Bethel?"

"It is on the upper Androscoggin River," said he.

"But how am I to get there? I have no horse, and no money to buy one. I cannot go."

"Oh, trust in Providence!" said he; "the way will open."

Somewhat those old Methodist preachers had a wonderful way of trusting in Providence, and were not often at fault. Spurring their steeds right

against a mountain of rock, they would find their way over it, or a tunnel through it, and come out all right on the other side.

There is a marked difference between going out not knowing whither you go, with no call from a Church, no pledged salary, no defined field of labor, and stepping out of a cosy room in a seminary, with a nice little (or big) wife on your arm, to glide away in a warm car to a snug station where a committee meets you with a splendid hack, and at a rattling pace lands you at a fine parsonage, warmed and lighted with *gas*, where the ladies (they used to be women) await you, with supper smoking on the table, leaving you in a well-furnished house; and the chief steward, as he bids you good-night, adds, "Your salary will be paid you monthly in advance, prompt, sir!" I am glad for the happy change, and have no wish to see the boys plunging into snow-drifts, and after a long ride, and preaching, and meeting class, climbing a ladder into the attic of a log-house to shiver through the night, while the snow sifts through the crevices in the roof, covering your bed; and after a good breakfast of corn-cake and fried pork, mounting and off again to "fresh fields and pastures new." A good school was that for the beginners in those days, and a happy fact about it was that one could hardly fear of falling into a worse place. But the heroic days of Methodism are gone, to return no more.

Well, Providence did provide for me. That wonderful man, Richard E. Schermerhorn, a man full of "faith and the Holy Ghost" if ever man was,



always laughing and happy, was that year stationed in Bangor. He had a horse, and in Bangor would not need him; he would sell him to me. And such a horse!

"Why" said he as we rode together to Bangor, "this horse has followed a four-horse stage for hours, and can travel as fast as four horses!" Wonderful horse he was!

We rode to Bangor, and I bought the horse for seventy-five dollars. How I paid for him I don't know, but I suppose I did at some time. My impression is that I divided the money given me between the living and dead horses.

Now, then, I was to start again. A long ride it was from Bangor to the circuit on the Androscoggin—some one hundred and fifty miles.

Rev. William Marsh was presiding elder on the Bangor District, I think. He had a "sulky" which he did not need, and proposed to sell it to me, with the harness, (what there was of it,) for twenty-five dollars, on time. He might as well have said eternity, so far as my then present prospect of seeing twenty-five dollars was concerned. I went to look at the thing—what is it? Like Barnum's famous mermaid, neither fish nor monkey—a little of both. It had two wheels, so "dishing" that they would never bespatter one with mud, like the cart in John Gilpin's famous ride, "which threw the wash on both sides of the way," and that surely was an advantage. The shafts were sprung in the form of a half-bent bow; but, "You see," said the good man, "they have more spring, and so it rides easier."

"Ah, that's so; that is an improvement." I see the twinkle in those grand black eyes of his now, for, like Cowper's hero and all good men, he liked a harmless joke. Then the seat was a common kitchen chair, minus the legs, and set on leather thorough-braces, with a thin leather cushion. I took it for these qualities, and it was much better than to travel all the distance in a saddle. I may as well finish the history of that unique carriage at once.

I stopped to dine and bait my horse, after reaching my field of labor, at the house of a Mr. Bartlett. (Why do these names slip so easily from my pen's point after forty-five years?) My horse was sick, and a Brother Perkins let me take an unbroken colt for a time. He was now harnessed to my sulky. I hitched to a post, and the good man ran to the barn for some hay, and then thoughtlessly (I was in the house) slipped off the headstall, and the wild creature, seeing that nondescript behind him, made one leap into the air. Mr. B., having a firm grip upon his nose, went with him; then all came together to the ground. I heard the crash, and rushed out. There lay man, horse, and go-cart in one undistinguishable mass upon the lawn. Neither man nor horse was at all injured, but the sulky was not to be seen. It had gone down, like Holmes's immortal "one-horse shay"—gone all at once, leaving the hubs and the chair! like the prophet's beast, "two ribs, and a piece of an ear." I saved the hubs, axle, thorough-braces, and seat, and had it rebuilt; there was enough to preserve its identity. And may it not be thus with this other vehicle in which

I have been riding about for these years, when worn out and torn out, and at last crushed into atoms? Cannot the great Builder at last bring it out again, in the highest style of humanity, with this immortal consciousness to preserve its identity—putting it in motion to break down never again? Let us believe it.

Thus off I started again, with my all of this world in and about my sulky, and of the world to come in my Bible, hymn book, and heart. In my pocket I had one silver dollar on which to travel one hundred and fifty miles. I had it unbroken when I reached my circuit. I frequently offered it in payment for entertainment, but no one would take it; yet it was not a spurious coin. Sometimes I stopped at private houses, where I was always welcomed; sometimes at hotels; but the landlord would say, "No, we never charge preachers any thing." No doubt they had their reward.

At last I reached Dixfield, on the lower part of the circuit, and called on a Mr. Eustis, as I had been directed. Here I found Brother Farrington, the preacher in charge. He was just going out to preach at a school-house in the vicinity, and I accompanied him. How distinctly that little assembly, gathered in the twilight of a summer's day, stands out before my mind; and the simple, hearty services; and the text, "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers?" are remembered by me as though I heard them but yesterday. I thought it able. This was Brother F.'s second year, so he was among old friends.

I now received a plan of the circuit which contained our appointments, as we followed each other on the field. Peru, the next town below Dixfield, was the eastern point; and Gilead, the last town next to New Hampshire, (sixteen miles distant,) was the western. It was called a six weeks' circuit; that is, it took us that time to pass through our orbit. There were few churches: a free church at Dixfield, another at Rumford Point, one at Rumford Falls, and one at Bethel. Then we found preaching-places on Ellis River, Bear River, Sunday River, Swift River, all which streams emptied into the main river at different points.

Our field lay on both sides of the Androscoggin, and there was then but one bridge, that at Rumford Point. We were necessitated to ford the river, which at high stages of water was not quieting to one's nerves. Once only I was in actual peril. I had an appointment at Peru, and lingered too long at Dixfield, poring over good Brother Farwell's library. It was getting into the dusk of evening when I started up the river to reach the ford. I could easily trace the wheel-tracks in the sand for a short distance, then the rapid current obliterated them entirely. One must then remember the directions—to turn sharply up stream, and then down, as the water was very deep below, and the bar was not straight, though narrow. I kept my eye too long on the exit on the opposite shore, and did not keep up stream soon enough. All at once my horse was swimming, and the dark waters were running over my feet in the sulky. I took in the situation at once,

and by a very slight pull on the right rein gave my good bay a turn up stream, when in a moment or two, which seemed to me a week or more, his fore feet took the sand, and I felt the wheels strike the bar, and we were safe. When I drove out on the other shore my strength left me, and I felt pale as I cast my eyes back over the rushing waters which had so nearly ended my career. My escape spoiled a good newspaper item: "Drowned at the Dixfield ford the junior preacher of this circuit, who very carelessly drove in without duly taking the bearings, and threw away his life," etc. But, to this day, I detest the crooked Dixfield ford.

I found it a task to keep up with my coadjutors, who had the advantage of a longer experience. To preach from three to five times a week was, so far as the matter is concerned, a strain on one's brain, if he has any; and when you have emptied your cup once, it seems, to a novice at least, as though it would never fill again. But there are grand compensations in the *circuit* work. For, in the first place, as you are not preaching to the same congregation at each effort, one may use the same subject again and again; and, as it is not written, one can change, correct, and improve the discourse as new audiences are addressed. Then the out-door life, the ride through nature's varying scenery; the communion with the "things which are made," which declare His eternal power and Godhead—all this quickens and freshens thought, furnishing an abundance of forcible illustrations, which, when wisely selected, have more force for the average mind than

logic; so, if an itinerant has eyes to see, he will pick up arrows for his quiver all along the way.

Let any one look around upon the present condition of our Churches: the small stations, few of them self-supporting; the half-paid and wholly disheartened ministers, and he will cry out, O for the return of the circuit system!

Israel was ruined because she would be like the people of the land. Methodism is weakened by the same cause. Other orders have a stated ministry; we must have one. Other Churches have pews to sell or rent; we must have them. Other ministers read sermons; ours must do likewise. Come, O ye chief shepherds! in your wisdom put the work into the circuit form again, and bring back the glory, power, and success of former days! (One looking over my shoulder says, “You may as well ask this terrible north-east storm to cease its howling; come to dinner.”) At the dining-table, he and she *loquitur*.

*She*. And so you would like to bring the Church back to the circuit system, would you?

*He*. I would like to carry her *forward* to that primitive agency. She has retrograded.

*She*. But where is it in practice now, save in the sparsely populated regions of the West?

*He*. Where? Why, in the British dominions. You do not read of the London or Liverpool stations, but it is “London Circuit.” A man, for instance, is put in charge of “City Road,” and connected with it are a number of Societies in the vicinity, and they rotate regularly. The man in the city spends two weeks in the work there, and

then a preacher from the country comes in, and the city incumbent mounts the circuit horse and gallops off to hear the songs of the larks, thrushes, and nightingales, and to fill his lungs with pure air—blowing out the smoke and dust of the city, and substituting the native perfume of the honeysuckle, hawthorn, and hedge roses for his bottle of cologne.

*She.* But our people wouldn't like such constant changes.

*He.* I don't care what they like; that's not the question at all. It's what they need, and what would be best for them. It has been this variety and this change of preachers which has made them a people, and when that is done away with their "locks are shorn," and they become like other people. But I do not believe they would dislike it at all. Have you not observed, when I used to have a congregation, how the people pricked up their ears and opened their eyes when I exchanged with some brother, as much as to say, "Now, then, here's a fresh gift; we shall have something new?" What's under that cover yonder?

*She.* Why, that's a bit of broiled lamb's tongue I thought you might like.

*He.* Ah, yes; that is something fresh. Don't you see that the very art of cookery lies largely in its variety? One gets weary and sick of monotonous cookery—this everlasting fried pork and boiled potatoes. Now you are a princess among house-keepers—don't try to blush, old lady!—and you are always getting up something new and nice. But I

have seen women with so little energy and taste as to avoid all care for making home a charm. Such women want to vote! I would like to vote on their case; I'd vote them—”

*She.* Hold on! you are becoming excited. But what application has this to the matter of preachers and circuits?

*He.* Did I say it had any? Ring the bell, please, for the cheese.



## CHAPTER IV.

## ITINERANT LIFE.

AND so my first year of itinerant life closed, and I had survived. But how much there is in the inner life of a young preacher known but to God and himself! The hopes and fears, the rising and subsidence of feeling; the thought that perhaps the people feel you to be a burden, that you are rendering no *quid pro quo*—that you are not earning your bread. I am sure I did the best I knew how to do; but the very presence of the people at service, the majority of them older than myself, was a source of discomfort, as it seemed to me they came to be instructed, and I felt my incompetence to teach.

Even the complimentary remarks one may hear are seemingly equivocal and uncertain. I can never forget the remark I happened to hear from my dear old friend Farwell, a lawyer of Dixfield, after I had tried to preach in the church in that village. "Ah," said he to the family, "that's the kind of preaching I like; so plain a child can understand it." It struck me like a blow between the eyes—such childish talk! Yet he, doubtless, was perfectly honest in his remark, and intended it as approval. But I had an ideal of true preaching which I struggled in vain to reach.

The people always seemed to receive me with the greatest cordiality, yet my extreme diffidence

rendered me unhappy, and I fear I sometimes appeared ungrateful, when God knows I was carrying a burden on my heart almost too great to be borne. I remember one night, after delivering a lecture in a school-house, I refused to stop where I had supped, for it struck me that, as they had a large family, to give me lodging might be inconvenient; so I mounted my horse and rode eight miles on a bitter cold night to find a bed. I never came so near freezing as on that ride; and good enough for me if I had been slightly nibbled by Jack, as I had no right to tempt Providence. On another occasion, finding a large number of visitors with the family where I usually stopped, I made some apology and pushed on, and coming to an isolated barn, I crept into the haymow and slept until morning, and then slipped off and traveled some miles for breakfast. But this was all fancy as to the feelings of the good people, although, whatever the learned scientists may or may not say, one's convictions really constitute the *ego*—the true personality. One cannot reason against acute convictions: so I *feel*, so I am, and it is useless to waste words about it. Time may work a change, or, perhaps, a dose of calomel would answer equally well.

I am through with attempting to remove and change people's inward convictions by logical appliances. Mere reasoning will not change the intuitions, as I firmly believe the emotional is more potent and influential in producing change than the intellectual. There's a man who thinks, or rather feels, that he must be put under water in order to

be a perfect Christian. Very well, put him under. But in the act he slips out of the hands of the operator, glides under the ice, and is drowned. Near by stands another candidate, who has reasoned and read upon this subject without a change of intuition. He sees the sad catastrophe, turns away, and concludes that sprinkling as a mode will be just as efficient. The fact is he is frightened out of his prejudices—his emotions have changed his intuitions. I once knew a woman who felt that she must be immersed to meet the convictions of duty.

“Very well, you shall be immersed,” said her pastor.

He led her in; the water was cold, the chill struck her convictions, and they shrunk to “empty, airy nothingness.”

“Take me out,” said she, “I am satisfied.”

The chill did what logic failed to touch. I do not propose to found a new school of philosophy at present, but should any of the learned pundits attack my theory, which, of course, they will not, I shall not attempt to reason with them, but endeavor to move them to laughter or weeping, and thus break through their bristling logical defenses, and take the works by storm.

And this suggests another thought. We are anxiously inquiring in these days whether the preaching of the Gospel has the power of former days—whether the same immediate results follow as formerly. There is one fact established beyond all question, whether or not it accounts for the difference in results each must for himself decide, and

that is, the mode of preaching is much less *emotional* than in former times. It is thought more manly and dignified to attempt to carry the fortress of the heart through the slow, cold, and indirect approaches of the intellect. Our young men are crammed with logical formulas on intellectual engineering; to lay out siege works; to advance the line; to construct rifle-pits; to "sap," and "mine," and carry scaling-ladders, and so to reduce the fortification. And when at last the works are taken, lo, there is no foe behind the ramparts; he has retired to the citadel of the heart.

Our fathers—(still harping on "my daughter:" say some of my young friends, "Will he never get away from 'the fathers?'" no, never, until the likeness of the sons prove a counter attraction:)—our fathers went out in light marching order; no *impedimenta*, no long train of army wagons, no heavy siege guns, no sapping utensils; "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" was the inspiring cry as they charged into the masses, and the slain of the Lord were many. This was followed up by charge on charge, until the triumph was complete. And such to-day are the great revival preachers. Mr. Moody moves his hearers. The great truths of the Gospel are illustrated and enforced by narrative. His memory is stored with incidents and tragic tales, which keep alive the interest. He is a philosopher of the true school. He knows it is useless to depend upon dry reasoning, it only arouses pride and wakes up belligerency. He leads them out of themselves; he brings before them a single picture,

he weeps himself in the narration, and the warmth of the incidents fires the heart, burns up the defenses, and thus, ere they are aware of it, they are prisoners—prisoners of hope—and are guided into the stronghold.

But it is useless to reason. Custom, fashion, education, the times, are all against me. I will come back to my reveries if I can find the way.

This old circuit, Rumford and Bethel, has been the school of many an itinerant, and doubtless the good bishop who matriculated me had in memory his own first year on the same ground. Many of the aged members spoke of the boy preacher, Joshua Soule, who would stand up by the wide fireplace and talk and weep, wiping his eyes on his sleeve, right and left. "How undignified!" Yes, my refined friend; and another man above mere conventionalities besought his hearers "with tears" to accept the proffered salvation; aye, and "Jesus wept." But the good old bishop, and those who wept with him, are where "there shall be no more sorrow nor crying." And when I look out upon this sorrowful world, which while I pity I cannot relieve, I could wish myself with them.

The year closed, and it is summer. The conference was to meet in North Bucksport, where it had been invited. Forsooth to say, it was not left out in the cold in those times; but as many places contended for the honor and pleasure of its session as in still older times contended for the birthplace

"Of the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle."

There are a few persons still lingering on these hospitable shores who can remember the animated but good-natured contests over the question, "Where shall our next Conference be held?" From half a dozen to a higher number of invitations were presented, and after a long canvass one place was selected.

Bucksport, June, (1832.) This is our Mecca toward which we now drive on this hot summer day; Rev. W. F. Farrington, Rev. E. Hotchkiss, and myself, in my reconstructed sulky, taking back to the dear old Penobscot the hubs and axle-tree of the old vehicle which rolled away from its rocky banks a year ago. We had a final settlement with the stewards of our circuit; my salary was forty dollars, one half of which was in carriage repairs, and eighteen dollars of the balance credited for cloth for an overcoat, which the stewards had become indebted for, and, failing to pay, I went back a year after and paid myself. Savings banks were not much patronized by Methodist ministers in those good old times. We lived, preached, prayed, sung, and shouted, with never a worry about the solvency of banks or security of mortgages. "Was it not disheartening?" It may have been to a man with a family of children on his hands; but for us young men who, by the law of the Church, were forbidden to plunge into matrimony for a period of four years, while we should be immersed in the sea of knowledge, it was no source of anxiety. We lived among the good people, and as the people.

But what a jolly ride was that from Androscog-

gin to the Penobscot. Two more companionable men, or finer singers, than Farrington and Hotchkiss never shouldered saddle-bags. I hear now, in the silence of my study, the echo of that old Shaker refrain as it rolled off into the silent summer woods as we jogged on through the heat and dust:—

“ Low down in the beautiful valley,  
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly—  
 Where loud storms of vengeance and folly  
 Shall roll down like billows in vain :  
 The lowly soul, in humble subjection,  
 Shall there find peace and protection ;  
 In the low vale of quiet reflection,  
 Shall find relief from sorrow and pain.”

I am not quite sure of the last lines, but never mind. I wonder where it came from, that weird, wild air, so unlike any thing I ever heard before or since, but which took such a hold upon my fancy that now, after forty-five years, it still echoes and moans through the cells of memory. But I would like to hear my old preacher in charge pour it out once more if the vocal chords retain their tension.

The long ride was over at last, and crossing the river in a ferry-boat, we were at the seat of the conference. But as members on probation are not expected to be present, no place of entertainment was provided for me. I could stop at a place three miles distant. What were three miles to a man who had traveled Rumford and Bethel Circuit.

I know little of the doings of that conference, or of its grand presiding officer, Bishop R. R. Roberts, a tall, fine-looking man of fifty-five or sixty years,

with a high but narrow head, little fancy, but much thought, kind and genial in spirit and deportment, but firm and unyielding in purpose. It was, I think, his first visit to Maine, and the last.

When at last the doors were opened, and the roll read, I found myself assigned to Orono. It struck my tympanum like the crash of a Chinese gong, and my heart like ill tidings. Orono! Why it is the next town to Bangor, my birthplace and my home, so far as I had any. I asked the bishop to change it for some other place farther off.

“No, my young brother,” he replied; “fear not, but go there in the name of the Lord, and take this for your text: ‘I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me; I also will show my opinion.’”

I will say to my young readers who attend Sunday-school that the Book of Job is in the Old Testament. Orono included at that time Oldtown, on the upper end of the island, a distance of five miles from Stillwater, the village at the lower end.

Orono took its name from a circumstance which I will relate. It is a thousand pities that the old, quaint, and euphonious native names of rivers, streams, lakes, and mountains in this country had not been more generally retained, rather than import foreign and second-hand titles. The Indian name Agoncy is more musical than Penobscot. So



the name of this young town, Orono, is more poetical than Smith, or Jones, or Flagjack. It is a wonder that it was not exchanged for some English or French term.

The first French explorers of this region discarded the Indian name of this grand river Agency and gave it that of Norombega, and finally Penta-goet. The natives, whose original name was Tarratines, now bear the name of the river Penobscot.

Orono took its name from a great chief of that tribe, a white man, stolen when a child, and adopted by them. I had the following narrative from the lips of a great grandson of the father of Orono, one Colonel Dunnel, who commanded a small military post at York, Me., in the old French war of 1745. The colonel was, in the estimation of the Indians, who were allies of the French, a "great brave," and they cherished a wholesome regard for his prowess. Not daring to make an open attack upon his well-defended block-house, they covertly prowled around in the vicinity, watching an opportunity to catch a straggler beyond the walls.

The colonel had a young son four or five years of age, of remarkable precocity, and very beautiful. One day in early autumn the little fellow strayed into the woods, and being missed, search was made for him in vain; but the appearance of unmistakable signs of Indians, of whose presence in the vicinity the garrison had not the least suspicion, revealed to the grief-stricken parents his unhappy fate. The force of the garrison was too small to warrant a pursuit through an unbroken forest of nearly

two hundred miles to the camp of the wily foe. Years rolled on, and peace came at last with the surrender of the French possessions in the north and east. The fond father now determined to send an expedition in search of his lost son. Selecting a number of men familiar with Indian life and customs, and with a sum of money as a ransom, he directed them to visit successively the Tarratines on the Penobscot, the Passamaquoddys at Mount Desert, and in the event of not hearing of the lost one to visit the Indians on the St. Lawrence.

But just as the party were about to start on their long tramp a party of the Tarratines appeared at the fort, bringing with them the long-lost son, now a stalwart and magnificent savage. But little doubt existed of his identity. He had some faint recollection of his capture, and certain marks certified to his true personality. We will not attempt to enter the "holy of holies" of a parent's heart. Of course the mother fainted or she would not have been a woman, and the old Indian fighter wept, laughed, almost swore, thanked God, and blasted the savages, all in one breath. Rum was brought out, and a fat-ted deer killed, and there was a great pow-wow.

But when the Indians learned that the colonel purposed to retain his son their grief passed all savage bounds. His foster-father and mother burst into tears, fell on his neck, and clasping him in their arms, entreated him not to leave them. All wept, white and tawny. Young Dannel was greatly moved. It was a great weeping, "like the weeping of Jazer." To the great consternation of his family,

the young man drew himself up to his full height, and looking from one party to the other, said, in his Indian tongue, "I will not be son to the white man; I will go home." And go he did; and the tribe made him chief, with the name of Orono, and he lived to be very aged, and begat sons and daughters; and I saw one very aged person who remembered the "old white chief." Here is mystery, here is Darwinian philosophy, here is evolution of the crab kind, working backward—a savage evolved from a civilized white man. Orono, long live his memory!

But, to return to my story, I was to preach alternately in the two villages, and should not need my horse.

That wonderful old patriarch who went to his reward but recently, Rev. Ebenezer F Newell, took a fancy to my unique sulky, and proposed an exchange of a new wagon for it, which I accepted; and before we left the seat of the conference I sold the wagon to Rev. C. L. Browning, and realized a sum sufficient to pay for my dead horse, and was out of debt.

And now putting my worldly all into my saddlebags, with a feeling in the region of the stomach which was not hunger, I started to visit Orono.

A mile brought me to Brother Howard's, of whom I had bought the filly; of course, I called on him. I had many thoughts during that ride of seven miles. I knew nobody in Orono, though living twenty years in the next town. But they, the people, will know soon, if they do not already, that this youngster sent

to teach them was on a shoemaker's bench in Bangor only two years since. Will they receive me? Doubtful; strange if they do. It will be better, then, to leave the saddle-bags and my worldly goods with Sister Howard, and so ride carelessly into the village *incognito*, as if to purchase lumber, or buy a saw-mill! Thus I may find out the state of feeling before I am known.

And so the old saddle-bags were left with that saint, Sister Howard, worthy, if any, of canonization, and I saw them no more for twenty-seven years, when, being in Bangor on a visit, I called one day to learn what had become of them. Both Brother and Sister Howard were in their graves; a daughter only left of the family. "Indeed, sir," she replied, in answer to my inquiry, "the bags are hanging in the attic, where they have hung ever since you left them; and at each spring house-cleaning my mother would take them down, dust them, and replace them with the remark, 'I wish those bags could speak.'" Bless the dear old childhood companion of my darling mother! She still thought of me as the boy-preacher who had taken his life in his hand and gone on a mission to the heathen in Massachusetts, and would have been but little surprised at any time to hear that he had been burned at the stake. Here they hang in my study, the same old bags, and but little the worse for wear.

And so I jogged on to Orono, resolved to be very quiet, and listen to what the people were saying of the imposition of sending a raw shoemaker's apprentice to follow such a man as C. L. Browning—on

by the banks of the rushing river, on by the rattling saw-mills, watching with interest the long rafts of sawed lumber as they dashed through the rapids on their way to the tide-waters of Bangor, reminding of the hours I had spent fishing from such rafts lying along the shore by my father's dwelling, and reflecting, too, upon a scene not many years back when, in learning to swim, I followed the advice of older boys, and jumped into twenty feet of water from such a raft and went to the bottom like a stone, where I should have remained had not a bright thought occurred to me that I should drown if I did not bestir myself; and so, with a sudden spring I came to the surface, and was dragged out half strangled, and deferred further swimming lessons for that day at least. And much like that was this plunge I had now made; but will there be no hand to help me to the shore?

So into the village, and on toward the hotel and solitude.

"Yes, that's my name," I said, as a small, smiling man addressed me.

"I am the class-leader; my name is Crowell. We have been looking for you. Glad to see you. You'll ride up to Mr. Freese's. I'll show you the way; that brown house on the bank of the river. They'll be glad to see you."

And so there was no mob, no rebellion, no rejection.

"This Eleazer of Damascus," the servant of Abraham, sent to find a bride for his son, was not more happily surprised at the **strange** concurrence of

events than I was; nor could he say more feelingly, "Thy servant being in the way, the Lord met him."

How cordially was the young stranger received by the good family, and made to feel always at home.

Retire W. Freese; but few are now living who knew him or his excellent wife Betsey, *ne* White. Both are at rest after long and laborious lives. A family of nine or ten children were brought up, nearly all of whom have passed away. But I can never forget them, or repay the kindly treatment always received at their hands. Somewhere and somehow they will receive their reward. A few years since I drove up from Bangor to Orono, and went out of my way to visit the old house up the lane through which I had so often driven forty years before, hitched my horse to the same post, and rapped on the door. I could hear the echoes in the silent rooms, but no footfall on the floor; I "call, but they answer not again." It was deserted by all but the visions of the past.

Orono at that time was a growing, enterprising town, every body busy, all making money. Lumbering was the principal business, and the trade was brisk. There was a two-story school-house at Stillwater, and an old one at Oldtown. In these the Methodists held religious services. There was not a church in either village, save the Catholic Church for the Indians on the island opposite Oldtown. The hall in the upper story of the school-house at Stillwater would seat about two hundred people, and was always full.

Soon after my arrival the Congregationalists com-

menced holding services in the lower room, while on each alternate Sabbath we held ours above. At last we came to the grand conclusion that we must build a church. But where shall we get the means? was the anxious question. We had a small class, not a man of wealth among the number. It seemed impossible to secure funds to the amount of three thousand dollars for our enterprise. But we will try. I went to John B., the owner of the lot adjoining the school-house, and got his price and the refusal of the lot. But in the meantime the Congregationalists began also to move in the matter of building a church, and made application for the same lot; and as it seemed quite improbable, if not impossible, for the Methodists to build a church, Mr. B. sold it to them before I knew any thing of the movement. It was a transaction which to this day I find it hard to forgive.

Mr. B. offered us another lot, where the church now stands, which we took, and we at once commenced building. I drew the plan myself, not very architectural, to be sure, yet it answered very well. I started a subscription, getting as many as possible to pledge themselves to take a pew or pews, and to pay by installments as the work progressed. When a strain came on we borrowed money, not seeing very clearly how it was to be repaid, but believing that God would open a way. I recall one incident: I heard of an English brother in Bangor who had just come to this country, who had some money he would loan, and I mounted a horse and went after him. I brought back some hundreds of dollars in

gold and silver, tied up in a silk handkerchief. I hope he received it again, and presume he did, or I should have heard from him before this time.

In this exigency a man (Alexander Gordon, who had means and a heart) was happily converted, and joined our little body. Faithful and trustful, ready for every good word and work, his house was opened to the itinerant, and many a happy day have I spent with that good family. He afterward removed to Beloit, Wisconsin, on account of his health, where a few years since he went to his reward.

Well, the house was at last finished, and the dedicatory sermon preached by that old hero, Joshua Hall. I had the pleasure of worshiping in it one Sabbath, when my second year closed, and I left.

I attended the session of the conference in that old church a few years since, just forty years from its dedication. But O, how changed the place and the congregation! Here and there a familiar face, but very few who remembered the struggle it cost to build that house.

My custom was, when my Sabbath at Oldtown drew near, as I had parted with my horse, to start and walk to the village. I remember right well my first visit to that part of my field of labor. It was a current saying at the time, "there is no Sabbath above Stillwater." The lumbermen were proverbially rough and irreligious, and rum flowed as freely as the waters of the river. I gave a temperance lecture there subsequently. All listened most respectfully, swore it was all true, and went and drank to the health of the "boy minister." To go among such



a people was a cross indeed; but it must be done, and I walked into the village with a shrinking heart. Not knowing any one, I went directly to Wadleigh's Hotel, which in that day was what Parker's, and the Massasoit, and the Fifth Avenue are in our day. I possessed, I thought, money enough to get me over the Sabbath if I took no supper and left Monday morning without any breakfast. I had a silver dollar which I had carried a year, which paid my way from Bangor to the upper Androscoggin, my first circuit, being of the same nature as the widow's cruse of oil, for whenever I offered it at a hotel on the way the landlord would say, "You are welcome." And still I had faith in my dollar. Besides this, I owned a French franc, coined under *the* Napoleon in the year of my birth, which I yet possess.

Sabbath morning I took my Bible and hymn book and walked to the school-house, and found it full; and a better class of hearers no speaker ever had. And let me say here for that people, that during the two years of my stay with them I never received a rough word, or the slightest insult, or unkind deed; but, on the contrary, many acts of kindness, the memory of which I shall carry to my grave. And when I contrast with this much that I have seen and *felt* among those who call themselves Christians, I would rather take my chance with that people as I found them than these last, who cry "Lord! Lord!" so lustily.

Monday morning I went to the office to pay my bill, when Mr. W put back my money, saying, "No, sir; nothing! You are welcome to come when you

please, and stay as long as you like!" His warm-hearted wife set apart a nice chamber "on the wall," which was called mine; and though the house was always crowded, that little room was ever ready for me. Blessings be upon such friends! I think of their kindness to the stranger, now, with my eyes full of tears of gratitude.

In the days of which we are speaking the vast amount of lumber sawed in the mills at Oldtown was *rafted*, and run to Bangor over the rapids, as much of it is now. The raftsmen would either return afoot, or take the stage, which was run to Bangor and back daily. It required a pretty clear head to take a raft to Bangor over the rapids, and through the intricate channels, so that the deficiency of *stimulant* they dared not take on at Oldtown was made up at Bangor, and therefore a wilder and more rollicking set of men than those usually filling that six-horse stage is seldom seen. Often it had thundered by me on the road, when the singing of songs, the jesting and awful swearing, would throw an Indian pow-wow into silence. One Saturday, when I was to go to Oldtown, a fearful storm prevailed; the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blew furiously. To walk was out of the question. I must wait and take the evening stage from Bangor if I could get in. I went to the hotel and waited its arrival. The night came, dark as Erebus; one could hardly see his hand before him. Shortly I saw the gleaming lights of the stage, and it soon rolled up to the door of the hotel in a perfect tempest of confused sounds of hilarious jollification.

“Is there room inside?” I shouted at the door.

“All full,” some one replied.

“Twelve inside,” said one. The top, too, was crowded.

“Make room for the gen'l'man,” said a deep, husky voice. “Crowd up there; give 'im a seat in the corner, boys,” continued the same voice.

I own to a slight shaking of heart as I crawled in among them. I could not see a face, and I am sure mine was too pale to be seen by them. Hamblin, good-hearted fellow, holding the ribbons over his splendid team of six steaming grays, (I wonder if he still lives, or has taken the last sad ride?) cracked his whip, and off we dashed, through rain and mud, into the darkness.

“Now for a song,” said some one in rather thick tones; but no one seemed quite ready. They had been singing through seven miles, and the stock was running low, and five miles remained to be provided for. “A song! a song!” they shouted, but each excused himself. Some were hoarse, and others too far gone to make the effort.

“Here's the gen'l'man jest got in; he'll give us a song!”

“Jes' so,” said another. “We gin 'im a seat.”

That seemed so logical that it passed unanimously. I saw, and need not say I felt, that I was in a tight place; I was not much of a singer at best, and here I should make the attempt under peculiar difficulties. But I saw that something must be done at once. No white feathers here.

“Gentlemen,” I said, “I will sing for you a song

on two conditions. First, you shall be quiet, and not interrupt me while singing."

"That's fair," said the same gruff voice I heard at first. "Any body interrupts the gen'l'man goes out in the rain," with a very forcible expletive.

"Jes' so!" they responded all around.

"The second condition," said I, "is that you shall not complain of what I shall sing."

"That's fair," said that same voice again. "Sing what you like, and ef any body finds fault, he goes out in the rain!"

"Jes' so!" said the chorus, with additional oaths.

"O for Wadleigh's!" said I to myself, "or a break down!" I at once commenced:—

"He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

I sang it to the air of Bonnie Doon. Not a tongue moved while I was singing, and I am sure no *prima-donna* or celebrated *tenore* showed finer *trills* and *shakes* than I exhibited. Indeed, I think I excelled, for theirs are artificial, while mine were *natural*, quavers. When the last line was reached—

"And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

there was a dead silence for a moment, when my friend of the deep tones said,—

"That's first-rate!"

"That's good!" said another.

"Jes' so!" went around.

"Now," said my defender, "sing us another."

"Well," I replied, "on the same conditions as before."

"That's fair," said he; "any body as sez any thing goes out in the rain." (No oath this time.)

I then sang, to the old tune Bangor, the hymn—

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
Repent, thine end is nigh."

Not a sound was heard save my tones, and when I concluded they expressed hearty thanks; and just then the stage rolled up to the door of the hotel, and my ride was over.

The next morning I met the driver.

"I pitied you," said he, "when I saw you get in, for I knew what a load I had; but I couldn't think what was the matter in there, for I haven't brought up so quiet a set this season."

Let us hope that, though

"They may forget the singer,  
They did not forget the song."

I did not succeed in building a church at Oldtown, but one was erected by the Congregationalists. The people wanted a Union Church, but the leaders objected. This moved the wrath of John Veazie, a man of great wealth, whose son John, about my age, was one of my warmest friends, and whom I still occasionally visit. Mr. Veazie's business agent was a Mr. Young, whose wife was a Methodist. One day, after the Orthodox house was commenced, Mr. Veazie said to Mr. Young, "Go to work and build a church for Mr. Trafton, and I will foot the bills." Young came to me and stated the fact. "Strike," I

said, "while the iron is hot. Let us at once select a lot of his land." But Mr. Young was fearful that Mr. Veazie would change his mind, and it would prove a failure, and so the opportunity was lost. A church has since been built there, but what is its present condition I cannot say. At the close of my first year in Orono I had no intention or expectation of returning. It seemed an impossibility for me to preach another year. I had said all I could say, and it was not worth saying over again; and so in my talk to the people on the text, "Gathering the fragments that nothing be lost," I went over all the texts which I had used there, remarking briefly on the various topics, and bade them a final adieu. I had overworked myself. I had my examination for my deaconate to pass, and as I could do nothing about it the first year on that large circuit, with no books, I had it all to do this year.

I had no room I could call my own, no permanent home, but must sit with the family, and do my reading as best as I could. We had a prescribed course of study arranged by the General Conference, the questions printed in a little book. It lies before me now. On the fly-leaf is this, "Presented by Rev. Enoch George (Bishop) to Richard E. Schermerhorn, June, 1826," I presume in the bishop's handwriting. Under this is written, "From R. E. S. to M. Trafton, 1832." This course of study for the first and second years embraced theology, the philosophy of language, ecclesiastical history, chronology, and Church government. The third

and fourth years, history, sacred and profane; geography, ancient and modern, including chronology; philosophy, natural and moral; logic, and rhetoric. A formidable task this to lay upon a young man with no access to books, and a salary of one hundred dollars a year. But then I had no family to care for, as the rules of the Church enforced celibacy for four years on the pains and penalties of starvation. I had not time to think of matrimony, much less to rush into it, and so I put myself to the task of cramming for the examination. Now here in this manual are one thousand and forty-four questions to be answered, embracing a period of four years, with all the work of a pastor added. I procured a blank-book, borrowed the text-books I could not purchase, and bent myself to my task. I made the most of my time, and sought out and wrote down answers to all the questions save one subject.

I feared that examination as one might the Inquisition. But I got through the first two years of the course without much stumbling, and then remarked to the committee that I was prepared for the next two years also; but they declined a further examination, and that was my last. "But could you answer all those questions now?" No, nor could any one else, even though with an X. Y. Z. appended to his name.

But I had done too much. I was seized with nervous headaches, which prostrated me; I lost my sleep and appetite. "Stop at once," said my good friend Dr. Ricker, whom I consulted. "You must

stop preaching or you will not live five years." But I did not stop. My friend the doctor has been in his grave for many years, while the good God has held me in life forty-three years since the advice was given.

Bath, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, was the seat of the conference of 1833, Bishop Hedding presiding. I had informed my presiding elder, E. Robinson, of my feelings about returning the second year to Orono, and I gave him little rest until he promised that I should not go back.

It was the last day, and we were going to the church for the reading out, when I again asked Mr. Robinson if I was relieved. He said, "You are not going back." Enough; I little cared where I went. But this itinerancy is a singular system, a wheel within a wheel. I noticed soon a stir among the presiding elders; something had broken, or a screw was loose in some part of the machine. I saw them all go out into the hall a few moments, and in they came, looking very grave, as though they had voted the death penalty for some poor fellow, and I wondered who the hapless victim could be. The reading went on through Portland, Gardiner, and Readfield Districts, and my name was not heard.

"Bangor District. Bangor, Moses Hill; Orono," my heart stopped a moment, "M. Trafton." When I had been assured not a half hour before that I was not to go back. Where is honor? where is truth? whom can we trust? It was a fearful shock. Never mind now, but it had such an effect upon my already overtaxed nerves that on my way back I was obliged



to stop at a hotel and take to my bed. But I lived through it, and some time after was let into the secret, and my presiding elder's integrity vindicated by the following explanation:—

When we went into the conference room, Moses Hill was down for Orono, Dr. Fuller for Bangor, and I was for Winthrop, a beautiful village near Readfield.

For some reason it was thought inadvisable to send Brother F. to Bangor, and, of course, it would never do to send me to Bangor, and then came the necessity, in order to change one, to remove two others.

An interesting book, after the parties are all dead, would be the diary of a presiding elder.

Modern protracted meetings were originally called "four days' meetings," as the exercises were continued during that period of time. I do not know precisely when or by whom the practice originated, but it was not far from forty years ago. A preacher decided to hold one, fixed upon the time, and then invited his brethren in the ministry to come and aid him in the work. In those good old times all Methodist ministers were to all intents and purposes evangelists; so that no special man was sent for, nor was a man asked if he believed in this special mode of operation before he was invited to preach. Then the people often came from quite a distance; and as the old Methodists were given to hospitality, the visitors were generously entertained. I have heard it said that the rule was to accommodate as many on these and quarterly meet-

ing occasions as there were boards in the floor of a sleeping room ; at any rate, hearts and homes were open ; and if the fare was plain, the welcome was luxurious.

The presiding elder of the Bangor District, which extended from Belfast to Houlton, on the frontier line, one hundred and fifty miles, was Ezekiel Robinson, still living, (does his eye fall on this paragraph, I salute you, my old and true friend ! Do you remember the printed sermon ?) who in summer's heat and winter's cold drove his horse over that tremendous district, only now and then passing a night with his family at home. Those were the heroic days of the Church, and, I am inclined to believe, not yet passed away in that old State of Maine.

A mission had been established in the Aroostook region, on the New Brunswick line, and including Houlton, where was a military post to overawe the barbarians on the other side of the line. There was heard each morning the drum-beat and the sunrise gun, which the subjects of Queen Victoria at Woodstock, twelve miles away, might hear if they were listening attentively, and tremble.

Joseph Lull, a quaint, clear-headed, squint-eyed man, long since with the angels, was that year on that circuit, and proposed, what then was a novelty, a four days' meeting at Houlton, and invited a number of preachers to go up and aid him. It was mid-winter. The distance from Bangor was one hundred and twenty miles, through an almost unbroken forest. Four preachers engaged to go : Brother J. H. Jenne, now of Illinois, then preach-

ing in Hampden ; Rev. Sullivan Bray, still living, a member of the Maine Conference, then preaching in Frankfort, fifteen miles below Bangor ; the Presiding Elder, Rev. E. Robinson, and the writer hereof. The "meet" was appointed at Orono, from which point the long ride should commence. I often wonder if these old heroes, now in the stillness of life's autumnal evening, ever hear the music of those bells as we slide along on the hard snow through the grand old forest. Well, we were younger then, and a ride like that was exhilarating and full of interest. We did not fear labor, never thought of weariness, and hunger we were all used to ; and our only prospective vacation was the rest of the quiet grave.

Our first night found us at Passadumkeag, the guests of a good brother now gone, from whence we took an early start. Noon finds us at Whitopitlock, where a hotel, constructed of logs, invites us to dinner. There was plenty for our tired beasts ; but that dinner I shall never forget. A few small potatoes, which had been frozen, some slices of rancid pork, and some cold corn bread. It was all they had ; and we were thankful, paid our bills, and went on our way.

Our second night was at Mattawamkeag Point, at the confluence of the river of that name and the Penobscot. Here again we found a log hotel, but it was grand in its furnishing and larder. My sleeping-room was carpeted, and the couch curtained. And such a supper—only to be appreciated by such appetites ! Moose steak, venison cutlets,

elegant bread, with all the *et ceteras* of a first-class entertainment.

The next day brought us to Houlton, fifty miles, where we were expected, and were distributed among the people. Our meeting had been arranged and published. Notice had been sent to Woodstock, and the Wesleyan minister of that charge, Rev. Mr. Joll, since dead, came over to join us. There was no church in the town, but a large single story school-house was used for worship. It was packed full of attentive hearers day and evening, and at once the work commenced, under the faithful preaching of Christ and the cross. I may be inclined to suspect, notwithstanding Solomon's sage remark about "former times," etc., that some things in former times were better than in these times; and may suggest again, without offense, I trust, that the manner of the presentation of gospel truths was more direct and pointed than in these days; sermons were less artistic—less of the speculative, and more of the practical in matter. In this meeting, as in all others of that day, there was no mere artificial policy adopted; the impenitent could not see a trap laid for them, and be put on their guard against it; they were urged to immediate repentance, to present decision, and to go at once to their closets and close with the offer of pardon. The Church was not defamed before the world as backslidden, and urged to come to the front for the prayers of the few still faithful!

I think more was made to depend on the *preaching of the word*, as *the* great instrumentality in sav-

ing men, than in these days. They believed that it "pleased God by the simplicity of *preaching*," not by the fervency of praying, "to save them that believe." Hence, the conversions were sudden and remarkably clear. Every sermon delivered was intended for immediate effect, and the result met the expectation.

We were invited to visit and preach to the soldiers in the fort, and the lot fell to the youngest of the party. One or two went with him, the commander received us very cordially, and the soldiers were serious and attentive. The whole party were invited to breakfast with Major R. the next morning, when we passed an hour or two most agreeably. There was no post-chaplain in the garrison, and the commander urged the presiding elder to leave the writer in Houlton, so that religious services might be held in the fort. To this he assented, and directed me when I returned to come immediately back, and he would supply my charge in Orono. But the wisest plans not unfrequently fail. I was taken sick with the mumps, took cold on the long ride home, went down with a fever, and before it abated the missionary zeal of the presiding elder cooled, and the plan fell through. But I left my pocket Bible there, and have not since seen it.

Saturday I went with Brother Joll to his charge in Woodstock, and spent the Sabbath with him, taking his morning service. I was struck with the devout appearance of the assembly. Each person on taking a seat inclined the body forward in silent

prayer, and when the preacher led in prayer the entire audience kneeled.

The next week the whole party went to Woodstock, and held the first protracted meeting ever held in the Province. Great results followed the labors of that week. One lady, powerfully awakened, became so profoundly stirred for her daughters that she cried out, "Where are my daughters? Will they not come with me?" The two at once rose, when the mother's agony changed to triumph, and she cried out, "O, you American preachers, go home and tell what a happy mother you saw!"

I lodged with the family of a physician, Dr. Rice, whose son Samuel was then at home pursuing his studies, and is now Dr. S. Rice, of the Wesleyan College in Canada. My old friend, recall you those days and scenes? The family is broken up. I wonder how many are left.

With a swelled face, and feverish, I got into my sleigh, and drove through the one hundred and thirteen miles to my home; and thus ended my first experience in protracted meetings.

But lest I should be asked, "What is the secret of that 'printed sermon' referred to in your allusion to Rev. E. Robinson?" and fearing that unjust and injurious surmises might arise, as, for instance, Did he *print* a sermon? or, Did he take one to read around his district? or, Did you surreptitiously obtain one and use it? I have thought it best to tell the tale myself, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

All ministers know right well the perplexing difficulty of getting up sermons in the infant period, as

it may be called, of their ministry—the selection of topics, the right and natural division of the subject, the presentation of any thing new and striking to awaken an interest among the people, the feeling of being pumped dry at the close of each effort. It is hardly to be wondered at that sometimes they are sorely tempted to borrow a skeleton from some of the pernicious collection of *plans* which have been published as *helps* to young ministers. I confess to trying one, once on a time; but, alas! what the author had planned to say and what I myself could say were two quite distinct things. I did not try another. Indeed, my difficulty was never in the construction of a skeleton; I was well up in anatomical theology. The want was flesh, to cover its nakedness. Let other dead men's bones alone, boys! If you have to begin where nature commences, with a monad, and have faith in development, you will soon be able to construct an entire form, "instinct with life." Stand up, and, looking your people in the eye, say your say and stop. If you can talk but ten minutes upon your theme, do so and sit down.

But I began to tell a story, and, lo, I am giving a lecture on homiletics.

It was my second year of ministerial life, and I had on hand no stock of prepared sermons from which to draw. Two must be got up each week, besides the week-evening lectures; and, of course, when some brother came along whom I could press into the service and persuade to preach, it was a great relief. Well, the "quarterly meeting" was coming, and in

those days the coming event did not "cast a shadow before," but it came like the boom of a distant gun, or thunder rolling along the horizon.

I knew my presiding elder to be a good-natured man, and always ready to aid the boys in all matters connected with their work; and so, presuming on this trait in his character, I said to myself, "He will preach all day Sunday, and I will make no preparation;" so I took a week to myself, lying still in a perfect *abandon* of relaxation.

Saturday, in the forenoon, he came, driving up with that sorrel and sulky. I see the team now, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," just as it appeared then. I rushed out, gave him a most cordial greeting, took his horse out, and led him to the stable; was so glad to see him; offered to black his boots—any thing for *him*; would have offered to shave him, and, indeed, I intended to do so, and had the razor then in my desk. I wonder if he saw any thing peculiar in my manner which might suggest that I had designs upon him! I reckon not. Bless his good heart! he was the most frank and unsuspecting of men; and yet at this distance of time it seems to me that my very demonstrative manner must have impressed him. Perhaps he was thinking I had heard some good news; or barely possible that I was growing in—well, in good manners; at any rate, we were both good-humored.

Dinner over, he inquires about the arrangements.

"Preaching at two?"

"Yes."

"Quarterly Conference after?"



“Yes.”

“Prayer-meeting in the evening?”

“Yes.”

“Love-feast in the morning at what hour?”

“Nine.”

“Your reports are all ready?”

“All right.”

“Well, now for to-morrow. You will preach in the morning,” said he, very blandly, “and I will take the afternoon; or you may take the afternoon.” (He was very kind.)

Well, the crisis had come, and I rose to the height of the occasion.

“I cannot preach at all; you must preach all day.”

“What?” said he, (and his mild blue eyes opened to their fullest extent.)

“Yes,” I said; “I have nothing arranged—not a thought; I am dry as the fleece of Gideon.”

“Well,” he replied, “you will preach once, if there is *any* preaching.” And his countenance settled into a determination that storms redoubts or charges a battery.

“But I cannot,” I said; “it is an impossibility. I have relied upon your generosity, and I cannot attempt it.”

“O, nonsense! I’ll risk you; you must preach.”

I had prepared for this emergency also, which I had anticipated.

“Well,” I said, “I will read a printed sermon!”

His eye twinkled; a smile of ineffable satisfaction spread over his countenance; really, he **laughed all**

over, and within; the bow of his snow-white neck-cloth even quivered with delight.

“Good,” said he; “nothing better. I dare say the people will be delighted; and for myself,” said he, “I should be pleased to hear a good printed sermon—printed, I think you said?”

“Yes, sir. I will read a printed sermon.”

“Capital,” said he; “I have not heard one read for a long time!”

“You shall be gratified,” said I.

I had received from some source a sermon by a Rev. Brother Hamilton, on the text, “Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.” Sabbath morning my dear brother preached one of his best sermons; and as we started for the Hall in the afternoon I slipped that sermon into my pocket, feeling not so much like blacking my presiding elder’s boots as I did the day before. I made a last appeal as we walked along the way, and urged him to preach. “No,” he said; “read your printed sermon!” And again he smiled, as he seemed to anticipate the rich entertainment awaiting him.

I commenced and went through the preliminary services, and as the singers commenced the second hymn I coolly drew out the “printed sermon” and spread it on the desk. He started.

“You are not going to read that?”

“Yes; I said so, and shall.”

“Give me the Bible,” he said.

I passed it to him, he hastily selected a text, and preached, as those old heroes used to preach, with a power that shook the hearts of the hearers. We

have seldom met since but that we have a hearty laugh over the printed sermon. My dear old friend, Heaven make your last days infinitely brighter than those early days of our ministry; and if, at any time in the years when you had charge of me, by my waywardness or obstinacy I have caused you one pang of sorrow, I ask your pardon, and pray that we may meet on the blessed shore and join all the loved who have outstripped us in the race.

## CHAPTER V.

## CASTINE.

ONE of the oldest and most picturesque towns in Maine is Castine, taking its name from its founder, Baron De Castin, who was a French officer in Canada, and came from thence about 1665 or 1670. Marrying an Indian wife, he became a great chief, and engaging in trade with the Indians, made himself wealthy.

As early as 1613 the Jesuits undertook to establish a mission on the Penobscot, but were persuaded by the Indians to stop at a point farther east, at Mount Desert. But they were soon driven thence by a ship from the Virginia Colony.

Queer old fellows were those Pilgrims of Plymouth. It is doubtless true that they "sought freedom to worship God" in their perilous pilgrimage, but they had in them the real protoplasm of the true Yankee, with his horn flints and wooden nutmegs. For in six years from the time they set their half-frozen feet on Plymouth rock, they are found in a little crazy shallop away down on the Penobscot, establishing a trading post for gathering peltries from the Indians; but nothing is said of missionary efforts or of tract distribution.

This was in 1626. They established a post at a place they styled Penobscot. The French called

it Pentagoet, afterward called Bagaduce, which last name is now confined to that arm of the sea which runs up on the east side of Castine, thus forming the peninsula known by the latter name.

But the French were after them, jealous of their interference with their allies, the savages, and so up comes a French force from Arcadia, the home of Evangeline, led by one D'Aulney, and routed them out, sending them back to Plymouth and their prayers.

Great was the wrath of the leaders at this outrage upon peaceable trading folk, and, with true English pluck, they resolved to send some men down to try the trade of war with Monsieur. The country belonged to the French, since Arcadia, as they understood, extended to the Kennebec River. But in those days what title was better than the sword!

So the Plymouth people bargained with a Captain Girling, a man brave at a distance, whose descendants are with us now, who had an immense ship as large as a Cape Cod clamboat, named the "Great Hope." This Bombastes Furioso engaged to drive the Gallic Cock out of Penobscot for seven hundred pounds of beaver. Agreed, and the old Paladin Miles Standish takes the seven hundred pounds of fur in another ship and sails with him to see execution fully done on the French according to contract.

But Girling's courage was all in his tongue. He believed in a long range for his own "peace," as the old chronicler calls his gun, and commencing his fire as soon as he came in sight of land his

ammunition gave out, and so did the expedition, and Captain Standish brought his beaver in safety back to Plymouth, and the French still held the fort.

In 1696 that old Indian fighter, Colonel Benjamin Church, and company sailed up this river in whale boats in search of a fort which they did not find.

What celebrities have visited this classic region since its first discovery! What scenes have been here enacted! In 1779 Castine was visited by another British expedition, and the great fort was commenced on the hill in the rear of the village, and my maternal grandfather, with other settlers on the Penobscot, were required to labor on the works. Among the British officers was one whose bones lie in Spanish soil, but whose memory is immortalized by the genius of the poet:—

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.”

Sir John Moore, then a lieutenant in the regular service, would have thought it a wild prediction that, thirty years after, a French cannon ball should lay him in his grave on Spanish ground.

Many an hour I have walked on those old ramparts, musing on the unseen and recalling the past. A finer location for a summer resort is seldom found, and the wonder is that it is not more freely visited.

Maine is rich in historic associations: and, as compared with other parts of this country, venerable

in age. The old French explorers visited it when they first discovered and sailed up the St. Lawrence, and a settlement was made at Frenchman's Bay, in Mount Desert, eighty years before the Mayflower sailed into Plymouth harbor, and seventy years before the English attempted a settlement at Jamestown, Virginia.

What a charming group of Islands is nestled on the bosom of Penobscot Bay! A sail among them from Owl's Head to Mount Desert is a vision of enchantment.

From the great wheel of the itinerant system I dropped off into Castine in the summer of 1834. There is more or less friction every-where. No system, no man, is faultless, and to demand this is to demand impossibilities. It is not possible always to put a man in the right place. The best of men do not have uniform success; in one place he is an apostle to the people, in another he is rejected, or labors apparently in vain. My predecessor in Castine was Rev. Abel Alton, a pious, devoted, and laborious man. He had been but one year on the charge, but was universally beloved. Some one was wanted for the Aroostook Mission, and Alton was of all others the man, and he was removed, and the writer was sent in his place. I could not fill it.

No sooner did I reach the charge than I was given to understand this. I was not rejected, and received the kindest treatment possible under the circumstances.

But any one who has been kept awake nights by

the cries of a child under the process of weaning can fully appreciate the position of a preacher under these circumstances. Brother A. was a single man, and it touched me to the heart to witness the tears of the young people. Wherever I went I met him. I breakfasted, dined, and supped on him, prepared in various styles of cuisine. It is a good thing to hear people speak well of their minister to his successor, but the people should remember that the successor should not be blamed for the removal, and that it is not a good way to encourage the minister to be forever putting the two men in contrast. I used to suffer untold agonies from this course.

Brother A. was far off from us, and so could not, had he the disposition, which I am happy to say he had not, follow the example of some popular preachers, who make it a point to revisit their former charges and sympathize with the dear disappointed people, and to promise to return as soon as the present year closes, and to express a hope that the present incumbent will not undo all that was done the previous year, etc., etc. This was in the olden time, and, of course, all such men are dead, or ought to be.

My old friend Alton rendered yeoman's service on that mission on the Aroostook. He beat up the enemy's outposts, drove in their pickets, and stormed their stronghold. But I was amused by his relation of an attack of the enemy upon him at a certain place, which illustrates the value of an extra wheel for the guns when going into action.

He had put up one night with a good brother



living in a log-house in the vicinity of Houlton. When he went to put his horse to his sulky to start off in the morning, lo, one of the wheels was missing, clean shot away, not a splinter left. They searched for it for hours, but still could find no trace of the missing article. As they were about giving it up for lost he chanced to cast his eyes upward, and there was the missing wheel in the top of a large maple, fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and lashed to the branches.

Some wild scamps had brought a long ladder, carried the wheel up as high as they dared ascend, and left it. And now the great question was the means for its recovery. No ladder was in the neighborhood; to climb the tree, was impossible. But Brother Alton was a Yankee, and fruitful in expedients. To fell the tree in the usual manner would involve the crushing of the wheel. "I resolved," said he, "to ease it down; so, taking an ax, I commenced a long scarf on one side of the tree, some two feet or so, and kept on gradually weakening the trunk until it began to sway and bend, leaning more and more, until down it came without the slightest injury to my wheel, and I went on my way rejoicing."

The last time I met this faithful minister was when I was in New Bedford. Being on Martha's Vineyard, up toward Gay Head, with a fishing-rod on my shoulder, tramping about, I heard that the Methodist minister lived in a certain house, and calling, found my old Maine co-laborer, Brother Alton. He passed on some years since, and while

I am thus, near midnight, bringing his name and labors to the notice of my readers, he is "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

There is at least one incident that rises before me as I write of Castine which gives me a rich satisfaction. In the little church up on the neck, where I spent the most of my time, I found a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years of age who was engaged in a country store as a clerk. He was intelligent, energetic, and sustained a good character. Fond of reading, and anxious to enjoy the advantages of an education, I persuaded him to leave the store and go to the Kent's Hill Seminary.

He, on his graduation, offered himself as a missionary to the Oregon Flathead Indians. He went out with Lee and others, laboring with success for years until the mission was broken up, when he returned. He is still engaged in some mission work in Boston in connection with the Congregationalists. But he is of Methodist stock. I often meet my old *protégé* in the city, and I dare say he has not forgotten Castine and 1834. I have been writing of Rev. H. R. W Perkins.

Methodism at the period of which I write was hardly known in the village of Castine. I formed a little class of six or eight which met at the residence of Brother J. Hooper, who was the leader.

A total abstinence society was formed by a number of persons, who met casually in his store, which grew into a large temperance organization; and looking over some old papers I found an address

which I read before the society in the Court-house, where I now and then preached. Brother Hooper is in his grave, and of his family I know nothing. Forty-two years may have swept them all off.

I would like to take the time and pass a Sabbath in each of my old fields of labor in Maine. It would be a melancholy pleasure. I bear in mind the family of a Mr. Emerson, with whom I found a home for some time, and, though not Methodists, they treated me with great kindness.

But the year closed. I sold twenty dollars' worth of the few books I possessed to pay my board, and, taking the stage, went to Bangor to conference. I had been in the work four years, and was now entitled to two things: Elder's orders in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to take a wife if I could find one.

Bishop Emory presided at this session of the conference, a small, compactly made-up man, very neat in his attire and gentlemanly in his deportment. No man better understood our ecclesiastical polity, and none could state his points with greater clearness. He was bred a lawyer, and the results of that training might be seen in his presiding in conference, and in his pulpit and platform labors.

Should the conference now meet in Bangor, somewhere about seven o'clock in the evening a train of cars might be seen gliding into the depot, and a well-dressed, portly gentleman would step out of a palace car, to be met by a committee of two or three gentlemen, one of whom would advance, lay his index (*digitus salutatis*) upon the brim of his

beaver, saying, "Bishop ——, I presume? This way, please." He is handed into an elegant carriage and whirled away to his place of entertainment.

On a calm, bright evening in July, 1835, an observer, standing on the elevation where now rests the Bangor House, might have seen a solitary horseman coming slowly up the dusty road. He is mounted on a roan racker, lean and long in the limb, and standing sixteen and a half hands in height. A pair of saddle-bags, and a valise with a cotton umbrella strapped on behind the saddle, complete his equipments. On the top of the hill he pauses to ask a bystander if he knows of a Methodist family in the village.

"O yes!" is the quick reply. "John Ham—every body knows John Ham. Keep on down the street till you come to the bridge, cross over, and take your right hand road, and on your left you'll see his sign—John Ham. He lives over his store."

And on goes the tired man and horse, both covered with dust, and longing for rest. And exactly thus came Bishop Emory into the village of Bangor to attend the session of the Maine Conference; and he had ridden that same pacing horse the entire distance from Tennessee to Maine. Hail, all hail, ye heroes of the olden time, to whom space, distance, toil, and suffering were nothing; who could sing, and mean it too,—

"Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Lying before me as I write is the bit of parchment he put into my hands, bearing date "July 5, 1835," and signed John Emory, in a hand careless and uncouth. He had a sad, pensive aspect, as though struggling with some unseen sorrow. Did the shadow which so soon hid him from our sight by that sad accident even then project itself over him? He sold his horse in B. and left by stage.

Four years I served for my two bits of parchment, each about four inches by three—market value, six cents; and five years for the right to "lead about a sister or wife," or, rather, to be led about, according to the modern gospel!

The most important step taken by the young minister, or old either, is the selection of a life companion, a step often hastily taken, and possibly bitterly repented. The old Methodist Discipline used to contain a clause cautioning young preachers against making any advances toward matrimony without consulting the elders, not presiding, but elders in age. A good caution, no doubt; but after all, as it is your taste to be consulted, not theirs, the final tribunal of appeal is in one's own breast.

The qualities which enter into the make-up of a good wife in one position will produce a miserable failure in another and different position. If I am to wear the garment, fit it to me, O man of the shears, and not to a hunchback!

"When you marry," and they are the words of my old and faithful friend, Rev. J. B. H., and the words fell from his lips measured and with due deliberation, and I am sure I listened with all serious

attention as to one who had been there himself, and therefore was well qualified to give counsel—"When *you* marry"—I smile now as I pen these words again, and remember that the emphasis was on the personal pronoun you, (I wonder if he remembers the time and conversation as we were riding to conference together,) and I have no doubt his expressed opinion had something to do with my subsequent course—"When *you* marry you will be governed wholly by your fancy, and will be pretty sure to be *deceived*."

Well, the prediction was an inspiration, and proved true in both particulars. I did fancy the *young*\* lady of my choice, or I should not have lured her into the hard lines of the itinerancy; and I have been greatly deceived, for I had not supposed it possible to find such a helper, who would take up and bear the burdens of an itinerant life (and with such a companion!) for forty years without the utterance of a single complaint.

"Too good for you!" Who speaks? Is it a fancy, or an echo from the cells of memory? Ah, I recall it. Many a time and oft I have sat in the house of my friend and counselor, J. B. H., when he was stationed in Bangor, and I in Orono. His counsel and words of cheer were a benediction to me in those days of inexperience. And after we both came to Massachusetts we still kept up the pleasant association. His excellent wife is fond of a good saying and a harmless joke, as are all good-hearted people. One day we were discussing the

\* I married Miss E. Young, of East Pittston, Maine.

subject of women in general, and preachers' wives in particular, when Sister H., in response to some remark of mine, directed one of her Parthian darts at me thus: "Well, your wife is too good for you!"

"Yes," said I, "no doubt of it; but it is a remark no one ever made to your husband."

"Dinner is on the table," said the good woman. Who said grace I do not distinctly recollect.

I was now to enter upon a new phase of itinerant life. I had another to care for besides myself, and where I should go was a question of greater interest. Conference assembled in Portland, and Bishop Hedding presided.

I remember one incident which occurred at that conference which painfully impressed me at the time. It was the withdrawal of Rev. Stephen Lovell, the most popular preacher in Maine, from the conference and Church. His speech on the occasion was very touching, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He had adopted the views of the Christian Baptists, and a call had been received to settle over a Church in New Bedford, where a large house of worship, called since the White Church, had been erected for him. Whether the call preceded or followed his change of views I do not know, but I think it was the great mistake of his life, and no doubt he so viewed it before he died. But he was a man of fine talents and a true orator.

At this conference *we* (plural now) were read out to Orrington, six miles below Bangor, a fine charge, and I was greatly pleased. My wife had a number of near relatives in Bangor, and would be highly

gratified when she should hear of it. But, alas! the great wheel had not ceased its revolutions, for though the steam was shut off, its *momentum* was not exhausted. The next morning, as I was about to leave for home, a messenger called at my lodgings, saying the bishop wished to see me. Yes, he knows my inexperience; and as he has given me an important charge, which has been filled by able men, he wishes to give me some fatherly advice. I went. In the room as I entered sat all the presiding elders, as grave as the awful "council of ten" in Venice. I knew at once that some mischief was afoot. I remembered, only two years before, the change made after the appointments were all arranged, and also my Castine sacrifice, and now another! There was the block and the glittering ax of the victor. I have since stood by the block in the Tower of London on which were beheaded the victims of the rebellion of 1744, Lord Lovatt and his two companions in misery; the rusty ax, the three deep cuts in the block made by the ax, as it crashed through the necks of the martyrs; and here was a scene very like it. Again and again since, I have regretted that I had not thanked the bishop politely for my appointment and left the room. The case was stated. A petition had been received from Brunswick for a preacher for the first time, a single man. There was a small class of a dozen or so, but no church. A deserted Baptist house of worship had been hired, and it was thought that a good opening for Methodism presented itself. A single man had been read out for the place the night before; but



the presiding elder, instead of going to sleep, as a good presiding elder ought to do, lay awake all night, seeing visions of disaster, fire, and flood if a change was not made, and then conceived this conspiracy against the peace and quietness of my little commonwealth. And now they wanted me to consent to take his place.

The bishop said he would make no change without my consent. But what could I do with four presiding elders? We spent an hour or more arguing the case, and the change was effected. It was a wrong to me, and a greater wrong to the brother read out for B. I went, and was met by the not cheering remark, "We asked for a single man; we cannot support a man and his wife."

"But," I said, "if you can pay our board for the year I will stay."

They could not do that. I remained three months, and sold my only overcoat from my back to pay our board. I then told my presiding elder if he had any place on the district where we could get a living I would take it; if not, I would take care of myself. He had no place. I carried my wife home to her father's house, and took a temperance agency; bought a horse and carriage, and spent six months exploring Lincoln and Knox Counties. Then the preacher at Belfast failed, and I at once resigned my agency and supplied that charge until conference, when I answered to a charge of leaving my work, which was false on the face of it. I was forced to leave. The committee on my case reported that so far as the circumstances were concerned I was justi-

fied ; but whether any circumstances justifies a preacher in leaving his work was a question they would not decide. That is as clear as Scotch metaphysics. But Methodism did not die in Brunswick, and it was by the efforts and faithful labors of my old fellow-worker, Rev. C. C. Cone, still living, that the Church survives. A few years since I had the pleasure of visiting B. and dedicating the beautiful church erected by the Society. But I said nothing of my overcoat, nor did they mention it to me ; indeed, I do not think they ever knew any thing about it.

On a review of this whole matter I am convinced that a great mistake was made in the change effected, though the parties were doing what they honestly believed to be for the interest of the cause. Our system works well if it is not tampered with.

The prerogative of assigning the fields of labor to the several workers is the bishop's. Of course much of the information, especially to a bishop not personally acquainted in the conference, must come from his advisory council. They meet and pray for guidance and light from God, and when the plan is made it should be left to work out its results. No man on a committee should come between the agent and his action. What sad effects have followed this intermeddling we all know well and sadly. How many ministers have been ruined and driven from the field by it, how many Churches broken up. No fact is more patent than this, that the bishops of this age are only an idea, not a power. Like the occupant of the British throne, a mere representa-

tive of the idea of royalty, with slight prerogative, a mere sanctioning instrumentality.

Committees control the Church, say who shall and who shall not fill the pulpits ; committees direct the presiding elders, and arrange the matter of supplies before the conference assemblies, and admiring angels (and only such) listen to the prayers offered for wisdom to make suitable appointments for the various fields of labor, when half, at least, of these appointments were made months before, and wait only the approval of the sanctioning power. A minister came once on a time to preach for me. Most earnestly he prayed that he might be guided in his selection of a subject suitable for the occasion, and then pulled out of his pocket and read a manuscript sermon. At the conclusion of the service I asked him what was the subject of the other sermon in his pocket ? He had no other he replied. Where, then, I inquired, was the propriety of prayer for wisdom in a selection ?

“ Let it alone,” I once said to some good brethren who were inquiring about some of the available men ; “ pray over it in your church, and leave it to Bishop ——, who will receive all necessary intelligence of your needs, and will sacredly guard your interests.”

“ Yes,” said a brother, “ we would do that if all the Churches would do the same ; but if we do not move early all the best men will be engaged, and we shall be left to what we can get.”

Alas ! tell it not in Newton, publish it not in the streets of Andover, that the boasted system of Meth-

odist itinerancy has crumbled, and Churches call, and the clergy respond, as in other denominations, and over the door of our theological school write Ichabod !

“ We’ll teach you to run away from your work,” we may imagine the authorities to cogitate as, in the secret conclave at conference the next summer they wrote, and inwardly smiled as they penned it, “ Calais, Mark Trafton.” “ Now let’s see you run.” They could not send me farther ; and, while I bluntly told them that it was intended as a punishment, which they as stoutly denied, I did not grumble nor rebel, but girded up my loins and departed. But of that journey and my reception I will speak later.

“ READING OUT,” AND GOING TO AN APPOINTMENT  
IN YE OLDEN TIME.

The “ reading out ” in a Methodist conference is at once a subject for the pencil of the artist and a theme for the fancy of the poet. Few sights are, or perhaps we should say *were*, more impressive—a grand heroism, blending with great personal sacrifice ; a perfect abnegation of self ; a sublime indifference to personal suffering, and zeal for God and humanity that is inexhaustible as the fires of the sun. No phrase, perhaps, better sets forth the true state of the case than that applied to the exodus of the father of the faithful, who “ went out not knowing whither he went.” The authorities said “ Go,” and the itinerant lifted up his feet and departed. With no reflection on these improved times, we may

say that it is not exactly so now. In a majority of cases the people say "Come," and "he cometh;" and an appropriate text for the opening discourse would be, "Therefore came I unto you as soon as I was *sent for*." "I ask, therefore, first, What is to be my salary? secondly, Do you look for more than one sermon a day? and, thirdly, How long shall be my summer vacation?"

I will not undertake to say whether it is or is not an improvement on ancient custom; but forty years ago very few men were approached or *interviewed* with reference to a field of future labor, and I am strongly impressed that the success was quite as great, and the mutual satisfaction in excess. But this is a very delicate question to approach now, in this nineteenth century; and should we attempt its discussion we should meet only the fate of a resolution on the subject passed by an almost unanimous vote at a late session of the New England Conference, namely, be laughed at. But let us return to our subject.

The old Maine Conference had been holding its session for 1836-7 in Hallowell, a village between Augusta and Gardiner, on the Kennebec River. It is June, the month of roses—warm, bright, and beautiful. The session has been held, as was the custom in those days, with closed doors—no reporters, no spectators. What grave subjects had been discussed, what great measures adopted or recommended, none knew, save the members of the august body. There was little temptation to air one's oratory, as the stimulant of a listening audi-

tory was wanting. They did the work of the conference and departed.

It was at last announced that the bishop would "read out" at a certain hour, and now there was a gathering of the citizens and visitors, filling the little, plain, steepleless house to its utmost capacity. The preachers have said good-bye to their kind hosts, (how many of them I see now in my mind's eye; but, alas! their eyes will not read these lines,) and their horses are hitched to the posts around the church, ready for a mount when the bugle call is heard. One by one they drop in, and quietly take their seats after a moment spent in silent prayer. Yes, be sure they need it now if ever—the power to grasp that promise, "I will be *with* you to the end of the world."

All are in, a hundred men or more, not one in ten, probably, knowing where his lot is to be cast for the year to come. There are men of threescore years, and beardless youth; men with families, and an invalid companion, perhaps, pale with the apprehension of a long move. I venture to say that the contents of every pocket-book in the body, laid upon the table, would not have paid for a tithe of the personal ornaments now seen in any Methodist church in New England. Many of them are without means to reach a new field of toil, yet they do not quail nor fly; they counted the cost ere they laid their hand to the plow. There's a hush through the assembly—almost a painful silence—with now and then a half-suppressed "Glory to God!" showing a deep under-current of religious emotion. Easy it

is to fancy angelic beings flitting through the air, and gazing with admiring approbation upon the scene.

There is a heavy step in the hall; the door opens, and the bishop (it is Hedding) walks in. What a grand presence! what a majestic port! Laying his portfolio upon the table in the altar, he drops upon his knees for a moment's silent prayer. You might hear a feather fall. How many anxious eyes are directed to that black portfolio! It is a book of fate. There are some names never again to be read out, but next year to be found on the sad necrologic roll of the body.

A little unfinished business is dispatched after the opening, the Journal is read up, and some one moves that conference do now adjourn, which is carried. This is a sort of parliamentary "previous question," thus cutting off all escape, barring all retroaction, since if you are dissatisfied with your appointment you might ask a location; but now, when your fate is settled, you are not in conference; it has adjourned; you must go, withdraw from the Connection, or meet it at the next session.

A hymn is announced by the bishop, almost always this:—

"And let our bodies part,—  
To different climes repair;"

or possibly that fine hymn concluding with—

"Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

A tremendous tide of feeling is by this time rolled in upon the entire assembly. Shouts of "Glory!"

“Glory!” “Amen!” and “Bless the Lord!” shake the air. Many are so powerfully affected as to be wholly unable to join in the singing. I confess I was never so moved by any cause as by the closing exercises of the conferences in those days, and I should as soon think of singing at the funeral of my dearest friends as to attempt self-control on such an occasion. There was for me but one way through those terrible ordeals, and that was to think of the poorest charge in the field, even that horrible circuit where the *brethren* invariably charged the preacher twenty-five cents per meal when he, in his rounds, sat at their *hospitable* board, and then any better place was a gain.

The usual address of the dear old bishop follows a short prayer, and then he opens that scroll, not written “within, and on the back side,” like that of the prophet, “with lamentation, mourning, and woe,” but its contents will send consternation into many hearts in that body. For myself I had not the slightest idea of my destined place.

It is interesting, and, under other circumstances, would be laughable, to watch the impassive faces of the presiding elders on these occasions. They are not so much moved as the poor fellows who have not been behind the scenes. There is a sort of self-satisfaction, a conscious superiority in knowledge, a grand pose, a sublime indifference to the uncertainties of the future and the contents of the book of fate, on which we gaze with awe, and to which we shall listen with bated breath. You may imagine them a superior order of beings, who *make*



fate. Never mind ; we shall in a few moments rise to the same altitude, and know even as we are known.

These reflections, O reader, are forty years after the events related. I had not then the disposition to laugh or moralize, you may safely believe, and could not have smiled at the most ludicrous picture which fancy could invent. Explain this strange phenomenon, O philosophers ! who prate of “ prayer gauges,” and “ protoplasms,” and “ natural forces,” and all the nonsense of materialistic phenomena. Tell us the secret of this calm resolve, this heroic self-immolation, which so perfectly sustains this body of men about to be thrust out and die, it may be, for and among entire strangers, with cold and hunger in prospect, with sick companions in some cases, and little helpless children, to be moved about from place to place, forming no strong home attachments, and hardly knowing their birthplace. It is wonderful, and to me still, after long years of observation and experience, inexplicable, save only on the ground of a living faith in God. There they sit—every man a hero. Napoleon’s Old Guard were not more reliable than are the men waiting the word of this old Methodist apostle, looking with moist eyes into the faces of his faithful sons. “ I have done the best I could for you, [and the lips trembled as the words pass them.] Some of you may be disappointed,” he continues ; “ but go to your work like faithful servants of God, and he will take care of you. Some of you may fall this year, but fall at your posts ; and remember the crown follows

martyrdom!" (Loud shouts of "Halleluiah!" "Glory to God!") It is the true moral sublimity. When I recall the stirring addresses of those grand old bishops I think of the lines of the poet:—

"One blast upon his bugle horn  
Was worth a thousand men."

But he begins to read. It is like telling off men for a "forlorn hope," where each as he is called calmly steps to the front. But the writer was there, not as a spectator, but one of them, and waiting to know his lot. Portland District was read out, but I was not there. Gardiner followed—not there. Bangor District, pretty near sun-rising, and yet I had not recognized my name. Beyond that was a wilderness. "Calais District, E. B. Fletcher, Presiding Elder. Calais, Milltown, Mark Trafton." My first thought was to run. I could sympathize with the army chaplain who, under fire for the first time, turned and ran a mile to the rear at the top of his speed, and then, regaining his self-possession, ran as rapidly back. But the shock was momentary; it was not the hard circuit to which I had concluded to go. The brother who had been there the year previous came to me and gave a good account of it: "a new church, a good Society; just across the little river, in New Brunswick, were stationed two Wesleyan preachers; and, on the whole, it was about the best place in the conference!" The only drawback was in getting to it—like the Promised Land, "a goodly land," but there lies a desert between; two hundred and fifty miles from

the seat of the conference; no railroad, no steam-boat; a stage part of the way; a long ride for a woman with a child three months old.

On making inquiry we found a small schooner of, perhaps, seventy-five tons, which had brought a load of lumber to Hallowell, and would return to Eastport the next week. I engaged passage at once, and the wife of one of the preachers, Rev. H. Nickerson, had also taken a state-room (the whole cabin was about seven by nine) to Eastport, on a visit to her parents. We were in Gardiner the next Sabbath, ready to take ship as she came down from Hallowell.

I had engaged to preach in the morning, and had just got well into my discourse, when a messenger came to the church to announce the arrival of the vessel; and, as the wind was fair, the skipper could not wait. I left the inferences to draw themselves, and hurried on board with wife and child and our little baggage. I need not describe the discomfort, the utter wretchedness of that passage of three long days to Eastport, made up of confinement in that den of a cabin, sea-sickness, black tea (sweetened with molasses) in a tin dipper, hard-tack, salt junk, and raw cockroaches.

Our dreary voyage ended at last, and never did it seem so fine to tread again one's native heath as when we left that old wood droger and stepped ashore at Eastport. Brother Hobart's family gave us a warm welcome, and a few days of quiet rest prepared us for our next journey of thirty-six miles to Calais. But how we shall get there is the ques-

tion. We must wait and watch for a vessel of some kind going up the river. At last we heard of a brig about to sail. I went on board, engaged passage, and paid "the fare thereof." The captain said she would sail on the first fair wind, and would notify me. The next morning the "south wind blew," not exactly "softly," but as winds do blow in the Down East, as though their time was short, and they must make up in intensity what is lacking in length; and the rain—well, it came down in sheets. A messenger came to say, "The brig has hauled into the stream, sir, and you must be in a hurry." And so the weary wife picked up the things, and wrapped up the baby. I took the child in my arms, and we formed a dripping procession for the wharf.

The tide at Eastport rises and falls from eighteen to twenty-four feet. It was dead low water, and the brig was at anchor in the stream to avoid grounding when the tide was out. Her yawl, with a couple of men, lay at the foot of the long steps at the end of the wharf, slippery with slime, down which in the pouring rain we picked our perilous way. "*Facilis descensus*" here, "*sed revocare*" yonder, up the tall side of the ship lying high out of water, we were in the cabin at last, but how we did it remains a mystery to me, unsolved to this present. My wife uttered no word of complaint. I record it to her honor here, that she has never complained or fretted during our protracted pilgrimage. "Well, I wouldn't have gone," does some reader say? Well, I shouldn't, probably, had I been you; but we were

going to our appointment ; it would soon be over, and the warm welcome of friends would obliterate the painful past.

Up we went before that wind merrily. A boy thirteen or fourteen years of age, a nephew of the captain, took quite a fancy to the baby, carrying it about as something new on ship-board. That little fellow, who told us (confidentially) that his uncle, the captain, was rather cross sometimes, is now Rev. Ammi Prince, of the East Maine Conference.

Landing in Calais, I took my wife and child to a good Methodist's house whose name I have lost, though I think it was Spring. We had then no church at "Calais Salt-Water," as it was called, but Milltown, two miles above, was our destination. I at once started on foot for that village, to make arrangements for my family location. I knew on whom to call from the specific directions of my predecessor. "Call," said he, "on Brother —, the principal steward, and he will direct you as to future movements." And so, armed with this direction, I walked into the village, an utter stranger among strangers. But I should find the steward, and a warm Christian greeting would make all sunshine.

"Yes, I know him," said one I met ; "a carpenter. You see his shop yonder ; guess he's there." The "gate's ajar" close at hand ; our troubles are ending.

How glorious a system is this itinerancy ! One steps out, and another steps in ere his shoes are cold. Then this body of Christian brethren, called

stewards—a “fiscal agent,” says the lexicographer, making provision for the wants of the preachers, taking up so much of their burdens as they can, and so smoothing their way for them. Glorious, wonderful forethought in that great organizer, Mr. Wesley. “Men of solid piety,” (not sordid, mark!) says the Discipline. So I mused, or might have mused, as I lifted up my weary feet and went to find the “principal steward.”

On opening the door of the shop I saw a good-looking man at the bench pushing the plane.

‘Mr. —?’

“That’s my name.”

“I am the preacher appointed to this charge, and was directed to call on you.”

He never paused a moment in his work, but his plane seemed to travel more rapidly over the board.

“Know nothing about what you will do!”  
(*w-h-i-s-h, w-h-i-s-h*, went the plane.)

“But I am a stranger here; to whom shall I go for direction?” (gates seem closing.)

“I don’t know any thing about it; shall do no more for the Church; they haven’t treated me as they should, (*w-h-i-s-h, w-h-i-s-h*, went the plane,) and I shall have nothing to do with them!” (gates closed.)

I sat down on a saw-horse and meditated. I will not run; I will not get angry. Indeed, I think I smiled, a sort of a grim smile, as one may sometimes do when conscious of an advantage which an adversary does not see. I had not showed all my

hand, in gambler's parlance; I had a trump in my sleeve. I mused. All was silence, save that sharp *w-h-i-s-h*, *w-h-i-s-h*, as the shavings rolled off upon the floor. I knew this dear brother by word. He had been a guest of my wife's father's for days and nights. My wife had waited upon him again and again, and I knew it would be a real pleasure to him to meet her. He was not cold, or wanting in sympathy; but he felt grieved and indignant at the course pursued by the Church. He had built the house of worship the year before, and in some matters of business thought himself wronged, and had resolved to let them carry their own burdens; and, no doubt, had some grounds for this feeling. At last I ventured a remark:—

“You were at school at ——.”

“Yes; I was there once;” (*w-h-i-s-h*, *w-h-i-s-h*.)

“I have heard my wife speak of you as a visitor at her father's,” said I, and rose to leave. He stopped, looked me in the face for the first time, and asked,

“Who was your wife?”

“My wife's name,” I replied, “was Eliza Young.”

“Bless my heart!” (and he dropped his plane.)  
“Where is she?”

“At the Salt Water Village.”

It was over. He took us to his house, where we boarded for six months; but many a laugh we had together over that first interview in the joiner's shop. I know not if that dear brother is still on these mortal shores; but if he is, and his eye falls on these lines, let him and his good wife know that we think and often speak of them still, grateful

for their kindness to us in those days of ye olden time.

But whatever may have been the motive in sending us—myself, wife, and babe a few weeks old—on that voyage to Calais, we, nevertheless, had a good year of service, left many excellent friends, formed acquaintance with many of the English preachers and people on the other side of the St. Croix, and came back glad of that discipline, (yes, it was penal, no doubt,) “which though at first seemeth grievous, afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.”

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.”

Often these truthful lines occurred to me while in Calais when sitting in the shoe shop of my old friend Clark, and listening with delight and astonishment to his profound and clear discourses upon philosophy and metaphysics. I sat at his feet in admiration. He was an uneducated man, had the aid of but few books, had associated with no men of science, and yet for acute analysis, cogent reasoning, and clear statement of philosophic formulas, he was the peer of Samuel Drew and John Locke. I would like to hear him discuss the philosophy of Darwin and Huxley. I dare say (for he still lives) he has hammered them all out so thin upon his old lapstone as not to leave a single protoplasm that is not smashed. A worthy son of his is a Methodist preacher and a chaplain in the United States Navy.

Our first housekeeping was in Calais. After



boarding for six months we hired two rooms, with some furniture, of a Brother Waldron, and organized the home parliament. I took my horse and drew some slabwood from a saw-mill, made a fire on our hearth-stone, set a little "Yankee-baker" before it, and my wife, who could always make much of nothing, prepared such a breakfast! We sat down opposite each other, with the baby in her high chair, clapping her chubby hands, and crowing in her glee, making a picture of home life worthy the pencil of an artist. I have sat at many tables since, but none like that pine table (and that borrowed) in Calais.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HALLOWELL.

MY readers will, perhaps, remember that I joined the "traveling connection" in this pretty Kennebec village, and now, six years after, I returned to it from Calais.

Long moves we had then. In these modern times of swift locomotion we old stagers look back upon those days of marching and counter-marching with a grim smile of satisfaction, saying to ourselves, "Well, we did it, and it will never be done again. And so we are heroes in our own estimation, if we are old fogies and fossils in the conception of our contemporaries." So it is tit for tat. But we each and all think we have had the hardest lot of living mortals. There is, however, this consolation in all human allotments: somebody is below us in the scale of suffering. And then, until we experience a better position, we do not feel the full force of the evil. I am often relieved in my sympathies for the poor by the reflection that they do not know a better condition, and so are saved the bitter pains of contrast. It is the one who goes down from a higher to a lower position who suffers. But hold! I am not sure of finding my way again to my subject.

I was coming back out of the East to the Promised Land. In those days it was a hard region to cultivate, and we dreaded an appointment east of

the Penobscot. I smile inwardly, now, when I remember a proposition Bishop Hedding made to me on my strong remonstrance against being returned the second year to Orono. "Well," said the good old man, and there was a twinkle of genuine humor in his eye, "you may exchange with Brother Aspinwall, who goes to Calais and Robinston, but if I were you I wouldn't do it." And poor Brother A., hearing of the proposition, rode up to Orono on his way east, and offered me the use of his horse and sulky if I would make the exchange. But I was seized with a sudden fit of loyalty, (it always came to me by fits,) and said, "No, I am sent here; I shall stay."

We went to Calais, as I have said, in an old lumber schooner, and we spurned that mode of travel for all the future. There was a stage running from Bangor to Cherryfield, seventy-five miles from Calais. I wrote to a brother-in-law in Brewer some weeks before conference to drive over to Ellsworth, twenty-five miles, and meet my wife on a given day, who would take the stage to that point. It was much like the movements of an army, where one had so many points to keep in mind and exigencies to guard against. I then hired a horse, and an open country wagon, as easy in motion as a dumpcart, and took my wife and child and started for Cherryfield. It was a two-days' ride, the first bringing us to Brother Talbot's in East Machias. The drive was mostly through the solitary, unbroken forests.

We were jogging along the second day, some

twenty miles from Cherryfield, thinking of no danger, and wholly unprepared for defense against attack, when we were suddenly confronted by a stalwart Indian. Three scalps in that wagon, sure. You may imagine our feelings under the circumstances, looking into the muzzle of a rifle not ten feet from your head, with the forefinger of a savage upon the trigger, or brandishing a glittering scalping knife before your eyes. I say, you may *fancy* one's feelings, but I cannot describe them, as I never witnessed such a scene.

There was no rifle, no knife, unless a pocket-knife; no war-whoop, no fight, no danger. I would rather meet the whole Penobscot tribe in a forest than one white tramp.

"Da-na-ba, nitche?" I asked.

"Putty well," he said; "how far you ride?"

"To Cherryfield," I replied.

"You carry my bundle?" he asked.

"O yes; throw it in behind; I will leave it at the hotel."

He wished me to stop a moment. He untied his package, took out a pair of moccasins, which he put on in place of his shoes, threw the pack into the wagon, and I started on. Instead of dropping behind us he kept on by the side of my horse, which was going an easy pace of six miles an hour. I saw pretty soon that he had no notion of leaving his property in the keeping of a white man. And no wonder; for when has not the poor Indian been fleeced by his white Christian brother? And so mile after mile passed, and there he was by my wheel or

horse with no apparent fatigue. When within two or three miles of Cherryfield we came to a long descent, and I took a fancy for a race.

I had a splendid animal in harness. (My old friend, Nathaniel Lamb, of Calais, will remember that sorrel of his.) I let him out. Faster and faster he sped on, and still the Indian held his own. We were now going at a rattling pace in sight of the hotel, and it was neck and neck. The crowd around the hotel became excited as the racers drew near, and gave a grand hurra as we rushed into the yard, the horse the winner by about the length of his nose, but far more blown by the effort than the Indian. (The above is written for my young readers; the older can pass it by.)

My wife went on in the stage to Ellsworth, a ride which came near proving her last, while I returned to Calais to finish up my work, and then to go over that long road again, a ride I shall never forget. Brother Levi C. Dunn, a member of the conference, was going through, and kindly offered me a seat in his wagon. A tearful farewell, (we used in those days to weep when we left our old charges, either for sorrow or joy, and it was about an even chance on which side the tears fell,) and off we drove. I have not been able to visit Calais since, but I went away with sincere regret, leaving a large circle of true friends.

We got on very well, annoyed only by the heat and dust, until we reached a stretch of forest, seventeen miles, without a clearing, called "Black's Woods." It was after sunset when we took the

woods, and cloudy. Soon it was dark as night can be in the thick evergreens of the Maine forest. As it was impossible to guide the animal, and knowing he could not stray farther than the ditch, we gave him his head. We were, perhaps, two thirds through, when down we went, and both rolled out into the road. Feeling about, we found a hind wheel, which, getting tired, had concluded to stop, and rolled off into the ditch.

We had been fighting mosquitoes with a bush in each hand all along, and now that we stopped they seemed to gather from all parts of the State. I thought I had seen these pests before, but they were only specimens. With a bush I beat now Dunn, and now the poor horse, and now myself, in rapid succession.

A linchpin was gone, and could not be found, and Brother D. succeeded in whittling one out in the darkness. We fastened on the wheel, and got through to a hotel, where we could not sleep; for if the flies were not there before, they had accompanied us through, and concluded to stop at the same hotel.

Hallowell is one of the many beautiful villages which lie along the banks of the Kennebec. Four miles above Gardiner, it nestles in the bosom of her hills. Two miles above is Augusta, the young but vigorous capital of the State. Gardiner has her mill privileges on Cobbossecontee stream, which here enters the Kennebec, and the manufacture of lumber has been the principal business of the people.

Hallowell has her granite hills, and furnishes the

best building-stone in the world ; while Augusta has the great dam and the State-house, the first managed by the Spragues of Rhode Island, and the last by the politicians of Maine.

There has always been a strong rivalry between these three villages, and for years Hallowell led ; but she has suffered in these latter years, and her rivals have outgrown her. The Boston steamers ascend the river only as far as Hallowell, and when I was there a little steamer called the Huntress was on that route. Then came the great steamboat king of those days (who has just met such a fearful financial loss of eighty millions by simply dying) and put on an opposition boat, as was his policy, the C. Vanderbilt.

I have nothing to record of any special interest relative to my success in that charge. Those were days of fierce antislavery discussions, and I was a radical ; of course the excitement was great. What grand antislavery conventions were held there in those days, when St. Clair, and Garrison, and Thurston, and Pomeroy, would pour forth such fiery denunciations of the giant evil as would shake the house ! And I unfortunately came near blowing the village into the river by taking the ground, in a convention sitting there, that marriage between whites and blacks is a matter of taste, and is nobody's business. If the parties are satisfied that is enough. Of course I should not advance such sentiments *now* ; O no ; and especially as the two sections are now harmonized, and all differences adjusted for all time. I hope my southern brethren

will forgive my youthful indiscretion. My idea now is, that every person should consult some judicious friend, and then be governed by their own judgment and *taste*.

My residence there was marked by two stirring events. The first was the hanging of a man at the Augusta jail for murder. It was a bitterly cold day in midwinter, and as the exhibition was in the outer jail-yard, and no charge made for tickets, all the people in the region flocked to the entertainment. I had no curiosity to witness a hanging. The poor wretch was brought out, shivering with cold and terror, and had he been left a short time sitting in his chair would have been frozen stiff, and thus the hanging been dispensed with.

But the humorous side of the spectacle is the occasion of this narration. It had been determined by the friends of the doomed man to attempt resuscitation after the strangulation. A hot bath was prepared in Hallowell, and a span of horses and sleigh ready, driven by that knight of the whip, my old friend, Simon, who gave me the account. Physicians were in waiting, and the moment the attendant surgeon pronounced the words, "He is dead," the rope was cut, the body, wrapped in robes of fur, was hurried into the sleigh, and the horses put into a dead run for the town, Simon standing up in front laying on the lash unmercifully, while the runners hardly touched the crisp snow as they flew. It was literally a race for life.

On they dashed up to the door; the man was plunged into the hot water, his clothing stripped



off, and the body vigorously rubbed, stimulants poured down his throat, and in the course of an hour or so unmistakable signs began to appear of—death! But to this day some credulous people insist that Seeger's coffin, which was buried, contained one hundred and fifty pounds of stones, while the criminal escaped, and was afterward elected to Congress from Texas. Well, what do you think? The reader has an undoubted right to the writer's opinion. I have no doubt of the fellow's death; but he may have gone to Congress for all that.

The next startling event was the great Aroostook war. I was there. I do not remember that any remarkable signs or prodigies prognosticated the coming conflict. No comets crossed the heavens with tails ablaze to prelude the coming strife.

Many of my older readers will recollect the cause of the dispute. A little strip of land in Maine, lying up near the north pole, in market value about six cents per acre, was claimed by England, and also by the United States. The whole value of the land in question would, perhaps, build and equip an ordinary gunboat. “‘But the principle, sir, it is the principle;’ should we yield here, the next thing we shall know the British lion will put his paw upon our State-house and claim all Maine.”

Some English timber-cutters were taking lumber from the disputed territory. Governor Fairfield sent up a large piece of parchment by the hand of the high sheriff and a *posse comitatus*, and it bore at the bottom a huge piece of red wax, with a fearful word impressed thereon—“DIRIGO,”—which, freely trans-

lated, may be read, "Die, or go!" The officer very gravely waved this bit of sheép-skin in the sight of the English wood-choppers, who gave three rousing hurras for "horn flints and wooden nutmegs," and went on chopping logs.

The wrath of Governor Fairfield was stirred. He put out a flaming proclamation: "Our State is invaded! Foreign mercenaries are on our holy soil! Our liberties are in danger! Spirit of '76! Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord! rise, or be forever fallen!"

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

The troops came pouring into Augusta in hot haste, were reviewed and addressed by the governor, and marched off towards Bangor and the frontier,

"Cannon and caissons, ambulances sunk  
Hub-deep in snow, and half the drivers drunk."

I see them now as they filed over the bridge with rolling drums, and the "ear-piercing fife" playing "The girl I left behind me." O, it was glorious! and how the governór and the mounted officers, splendid in their gilt buttons and epaulettes, could restrain themselves from bursting into a loud laugh is a mystery to me to this day. On they went through the dark evergreen forest and heavy snow.

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's fragrance as they pass;  
Grieving, if aught inanimate ere grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave--alas!"

On they poured, o'er hill and stream, and many a lengthened plain, and women fainted, children screamed, dogs howled ominously, while on marched the brave phalanx with shouldered musket and gleaming bayonet, with stout hearts (each of which was beating high for—home!) and compressed lips—poor lips, which, if they could speak, would say, "I wish I could see mother!"

O, it is glorious, this war! I know of nothing to exceed "Battle's magnificently stern array," unless it be a procession of the miserable political scoundrels who urge on war marching to the gallows, preceded by a piper playing the "Rogue's March."

And now war had surely been inaugurated between the two nations by this foolish movement had not the command come borne upon the wintry air, "*Halt!*" It struck the ear of the soldier plodding through the deep snow, and he stopped in his tracks. The drivers of the artillery heard it, and reined in their weary steeds. The eagle heard it, and lighting upon a noble pine, folded his wings and listened. It was from Washington, the voice of the President—" *Halt!*" And it was high time to pause. Here was a single State, a great State to be sure, but still an individual member of the great Union, plunging into war with a nation with which we were at peace without the slightest sanction of the General Government! This was an assumption of State rights with an emphasis. "*I will settle this little matter,*" said the President, "without your cutting throats." And so Mr. Webster invited one Mr. Ashburton to run over from England and

make him a friendly call; and with a basket of champagne to quench the fire of the campaign, and a bottle of brandy to kindle the fires of friendship, they in a few hours amicably settled the whole matter, running a new line and fixing bounds. The State saved her timber and her honor without burning a particle of villanous saltpeter! Maine was a little ashamed of this boyish outburst: she will never try it again. It is a burning disgrace for two professing Christian nations, on account of some little matter of wrong, or supposed wrong, to fly, like two bull-dogs, at each other's throats, and then, after sacrificing thousands of lives and millions of treasure, appointing some commissioners to arrange terms of peace, which could just as well have been done before the first shot was fired.

“ War is a game which, were the people wise,  
Kings would not play at.”

It moves my indignation to hear ignorant political adventurers in these days, for some small political misunderstanding, pouring out their drunken bile in threats of civil war. Such scamps should be at once arrested for misprision of treason, tried and hanged.

Had this course been pursued on the first mutterings of our late civil strife; had there been a *man* in the presidential chair who could have risen to the height of the occasion, and apprehended a dozen of the leaders in Congress who stood up in their places announcing their intended acts of treason, and hung them, we should have been saved the disgrace of that conflict.

But hold, I may not discuss these questions here.

## NEWCASTLE-UPON-SHEEPSCOT.

One of the many beautiful locations on the long coast-line of Maine, and not the least interesting, is the old town of Newcastle, lying between two rivers, the little Sheepscot on the west, and the Damariscotta on the east, and thus forming a peninsula.

The Sheepscot meanders through the towns of Alna and Whitefield, and finds its outlet at Wiscasset; while the other, above-named, is the outflow of Jefferson Pond, a grand body of fresh water, twelve miles in length by from two to four in breadth, lying some seventy-five feet above tide-water, the whole of which elevation is overcome by the falls at the foot of the lake, at Damariscotta Mills village; after which plunge the waters find a brief repose in a broad bay some two miles in extent, into which the tide ebbs and flows through a narrow rock-bound passage spanned by a bridge at Damariscotta Village.

The bay above-named was once a famous oyster bed for the Indians, who gathered here from all parts for oyster stews and clam bakes. A bed of oyster shells of five or six feet in depth lies upon the west bank of this bay, from which the writer has drawn shells nearly ten inches in length. Soil and large oaks cover this deposit of crustacean fossils, showing a long period since the deposit was made. In making excavations, remains of fire-places, with charred wood, have been brought to light, showing that the savages did not always take their bivalves raw.

Dr. Jackson, the State geologist, concluded that an Indian burying-ground must have been located somewhere in the vicinity, fixing upon a small island lying a little off the shore which he visited. Putting in his spade, a few feet of excavation brought to view a perfect skeleton, which he exhumed and took away. The reader, before starting to visit this interesting region, and hoping to bring away the remains of some old sachem waked from a sleep of a thousand years, will please bear in mind that the writer is drawing from a cell in memory's store-house closed for thirty-six years, and must not be held responsible for the changes made by the barbarism of modern times—forests cut down, estuaries filled up, hills leveled, and valleys raised; in fine, nature despoiled by art. That great leader of modern times, a railroad, has swept up through that beautiful region from my old home, Wiscasset; now creeping along on posts sunk in the water for miles, now dashing through a hill, now spanning a river, now circling round a bay, until at last it plunges into the Atlantic at Rockland; and who knows but that the next we shall see of the crawling thing it will push itself out at Cape Clear, in Ireland, and so crawl on up to the Giant's Causeway, and down to the beautiful Lakes of Killarney. Heaven speed it if it is worming its way under the billows of the ocean, and in the hope that the diggers of it will finally reach that romantic spot and stay there.

The reader will readily see that I am not in favor of railroads, except when I have a long distance to travel and no bridges to cross. They are icono-

clasts, smashing all the objects we love and cherish, the heart-idols of nature, leaving behind them but mangled forms. They are innovators, breaking up the good and wholesome customs of other days, producing a restlessness and distaste of home, and enticing the people to gad about from place to place, leading even to a break of an apostolic command to a certain class "to be keepers at home." They are demagogues. They lead the people by slimy pretexts and artful wiles to invest their hard and often scanty earnings in stock with the prospect of large dividends, and then the bubble bursts, and it all goes into the pockets of the railroad kings, and the poor dupes are left to bite their nails in disappointment. They are arch deceivers; they promise a thousand little busy Yankee villages great prospective gains from their passage through them, and then the deceived wake up some fine morning to find that they have cut a ditch through the town to drain off their wealth, depositing it at the great terminus. And so, to go back to our subject, do not blame me if, on going to visit that marvelous deposit of fossils, you shall find that the shovels of Patrick and his geological companions have pitched the whole mass of precious matter into the bay, cut down the grand old oaks, and entirely defaced the site of a beautiful encampment of the "noble red man" for the location of a railroad. *Sic transit!*

"Come in." *She.* Have you forgotten your engagement to lecture to night?

*He.* Not at all. I am to go to B., only twenty-five miles, you know.

*She.* Yes; but it is a biting air, and now it is near four o'clock—it's a long ride.

*He.* Once I should have thought so, but now we shall rush through in an hour, and it will be so warm and cosy in the cars.

Six minutes' walk and I am seated in one of the rolling palaces of the Old Colony Railroad. I do not suffer myself to read in riding in the cars, it injures the eyes; nor converse, the noise demands effort of the vocal chords, and the dust creates hoarseness; so I muse and read a chapter in the most wonderful book ever written—human nature.

*Solus.* Well, this is a comfortable mode of travel, to be sure, but then at what a cost to public interests; and would it not be better to abolish the whole system, and go back to the slower though safer mode of travel by stage? Just then we rattled over a bridge, and the Ashtabula horror came before me; but we went over safely, and in a moment the whistle shrieked its note of alarm, and the pressure of the air-brakes brought us to a stand. It was not at a station, and the passengers raised the windows and thrust out their heads to ascertain the cause. On going out I found a stage overturned in a huge snow-drift, and a half dozen men hard at work digging out the passengers; one old lady, with a dislocated wrist, blowing the snow from her mouth, and sputtering, "I'll never—I'll never ride in a stage again the longest day I live!"

I resumed my seat and my musing. There is no absolute safety in this world, no good without its opposite of evil; score one for railroads.



## OUR PARSONAGE.

It pleased the authorities in 1839 to locate us in Newcastle-upon-(not Tyne, but) Sheepscot, and an ox team dropped our household goods in front of a little one-story unpainted house at Sheepscot Bridge, which was called the parsonage, a term doubtless borrowed from the old standing order, (so named, perhaps, because they did not kneel.) Their clergymen were called parsons, from the Latin *persona*, a person, and so applied to the clergy as prominent persons. Well, this house was pre-eminently a house, a parsonage. It had in front two rooms, one on each side of the entrance, which was so small that one could not step in and close the outer door until the inner door was opened. Then the back roof sloped off so as to cover two rooms, called bedrooms. There was a tight cellar which held water until I dug a drain, and no chambers. A stable for the horse, but no garden. But when I had built a portico over the front door, making a fine hall four by five feet, (the plastering and painting of which my own hands did,) and our little stuff was set in order, it was palatial! Never before having had a house all to ourselves, we were somewhat elated in mind.

My field of labor embraced Newcastle, Damariscotta, a part of Nobleborough, and Bremen—a very fair stretch of territory. Our head-quarters were in Newcastle, at Sheepscot Bridge, where was a union church, occupied by the Methodists two sixths of the time. We have now there a fine new church and parsonage, which our society occupies *six* sixths

instead of two. Another Sabbath appointment was in Nobleborough, about a mile above Damariscotta village. That church was afterward moved down to the bridge, and still later abandoned; and the new one erected, in which the East Maine Conference held its session a year ago last spring.

Lying in an amphitheater at the head of this beautiful sheet of water was the village of Damariscotta Mills. It had been a place of considerable business in lumber and ship-building; but the lumber had disappeared, and the ship-building transferred to the Bridge village below. On the occasions of my visit to the eastern part of my circuit I looked across to this village, secluded and neglected, with an increasing sympathy and strong desire to visit it. There was no church in the village, save a Catholic, and no service in that.

“Are there any professed Christians there?” I asked of some of the brethren.

“None that we know of.”

“Well,” I said to myself, “I will take a day, and ride over and see what can be done for them; here surely is mission work without going abroad.”

It was somewhere in this region that a good deacon startled his brethren, one night, by reading from a newspaper that a new race of heathen had been discovered, called “Chin-se pawgans,” (Chinese pagans,) and who knows but they are nearer home? So I saddled my horse one afternoon and rode over through the evergreen woods to the village, about four miles. Calling at a store, I inquired if they had any preaching in the place.

“Not any,” was the reply.

“Have you a school-house in the village?”

“No; there has been one, but it was turned into a cider mill.”

“Have you no school?”

“O, yes; a school is kept in a room over a store.”

“Who owns the building?” I asked.

“Major B.; he lives in that house yonder,” pointing to a good-looking house on an elevation.

I at once started for the house and knocked.

“Yes; the major is in.”

“I will see him, if you please.”

Major B. received me with great cordiality and true politeness; a fine looking gentleman of forty-five years of age, and bearing a striking resemblance to the late Franklin Pierce. He was gifted with great conversational powers, and I could with difficulty bring my mission before him.

“Had I heard of the marriage of Queen Victoria?”

I had not yet heard of that event—a matter of great interest to Englishmen, no doubt. But I got in a word at last.

“I am a Methodist preacher, and am desirous of preaching to the people of this village; and, learning that you own the only hall in the place, I have called to ask permission to hold an evening service in it.”

“You shall be welcome to occupy it as often as you please,” replied the urbane major; “and if you will leave an appointment with me the room shall be opened and prepared.”

Thanking him warmly for his kindness, I said "I will be here on Wednesday evening," and left.

On the day appointed, after tea, I rode over, reaching the village about time for the service. I hitched my horse, and went to the hall. All was dark. I mounted the stairs, on the outside of the building, and found the door fast locked. Sitting down on the steps I waited; no one came. I called at the door of the major; he had forgotten all about it. "He was prodigiously sorry—even mortified. Would I not try again? It should be notified."

"Yes, I will try again next week."

I went home, and at the next visit the hall was lighted, and packed with eager listeners; they were hungry for the Gospel. I followed it up; a revival broke out, and a great and good work resulted.

A Captain Lincoln, a member of the Congregationalist Church, came to my aid. Our place became too strait for us, and we must find room. A Roman Catholic lady, Mrs. C., owned a one-story block of stores, unoccupied, which she generously tendered for our use if the people would put it in order. This offer was accepted; the citizens assembled in force, took down the partitions, removed the chimneys, and thus made a hall seventy by thirty feet, put in plain seats, built a pulpit at one end, thus forming a comfortable place of worship. While I was away on the other part of my field, a Baptist minister, hearing of the enterprise, came into the village, opened my hall, and dedicated it! "Cool!" Yes; but I subsequently gave him such a castigation as will not lose its virtue for a life-time.

I soon put in a Sabbath appointment on Mr. Wesley's principle of preaching—"where you can get the most quiet and attentive hearers"—and soon we began to talk about a church. "Can we build a church?" A Captain Borland, who kept a hotel in the village, offered to donate an eligible lot if I would build a free church. Starting out, and riding in all directions, I soon had a sufficient number of pews taken to warrant the undertaking, and the work was begun. It seemed almost miraculous that a church should be built in the Mills village, but faith in God carried it on. It was not completed until the next year, when I had the great pleasure of revisiting the people and dedicating the church. A school-room was finished in the basement. In 1856, I think, the church took fire, and was burned; but another was at once erected, and I came on from Washington and dedicated that, which still stands.

In the meantime our worship in the hall continued successfully, and the Baptist minister of Nobleborough put in an appointment once in two weeks; and I made it a point to ride over, sit in the pulpit with him, and correct any mistake he might fall into in the matter of theology, as I had toiled too hard there to have the work marred by one who had spent years within two miles of that people without making an effort to save them until another had pioneered the enterprise. I was bishop in my own diocese.

In the spring I was removed, and a preacher was stationed there. A union protracted meeting was

held there the next autumn, and I was invited to visit and aid in it. Of course I started for my old parish, reaching there at noon on the second day. The church was not yet finished, and the services were still held in, to me, the most beautiful hall in the world—the old store. A good degree of religious interest was created. Five Baptist ministers were present, and two or three Methodist preachers. The Baptists were about to organize a Church, and when I arrived they became a little excited, and decided to hasten the work a little. The time was divided between the preachers, and the next day the Baptists were to occupy the hall morning and afternoon, and the Methodists were to have the evening.

In pursuance of their plan, it was announced, at the close of the afternoon service, that the next forenoon a sermon would be given on the organization of the Church, and in the afternoon one on baptism. I at once suggested to the good brethren that this controversial discussion would extinguish the revival, and wished them to change the proposed plan. They replied, very curtly,

“We are the best judges of what is proper for us to do!”

“Very well, gentlemen,” I replied, “if to-morrow you present the subject of baptism and the terms of communion, as announced, I will discuss it in the evening.”

“You can do as you please.” (I knew that right well.)

On the next day came the sermon on Church

organization and on restricted communion; and in the afternoon Dr. —, from Augusta, said all that could be said on exclusive immersion. At the close of each service I announced that in the evening I should discuss two questions: First, Who are proper subjects for baptism? and, Second, Is immersion essential to valid baptism?

I had a sermon written on that topic, but it was sixty miles away. I had not had occasion to discuss the subject for some time, and had no means at hand to refresh my memory. I put a boy on horseback, and sent him to Newcastle to procure of a Congregationalist minister a little work on "Infant Baptism," by Professor Pond, of Bangor.

Meantime the excitement rose to fever heat; the news flew on the wings of the wind. As the Baptists had commenced the strife, the sympathy was on my side, the people knowing that I had remonstrated against the opening of the controversy. The word had gone out that five Baptist ministers had attacked Mr. T. Of course there was a rush when evening came. The gathering of the clans of the old Scottish chiefs, drawn so vividly by the poet in the "Lady of the Lake," was hardly a circumstance to it, and long before the hour the old hall was literally packed; every foot of standing room was occupied by an eager and interested crowd.

My Baptist brethren did not forsake me, as I had not forsaken them, but listened to all they had to say. Nor did they skulk, but marched boldly up, and filled a seat together directly in front of the desk.

At eight o'clock I commenced my discourse, and

continued until nine, when I told the people, as many were from a distance of a dozen miles, I ought to close; but the response from scores of voices was, "Go on; we'll stay!" I went on until ten o'clock, when I again paused, and proposed to close though not yet through, when out came the cry again, "Go on and finish; we'll stay." Again I went into it, and wound up at eleven o'clock. I was weary, one may well believe; but the occasion demanded the effort, and if God ever helped me it was then and there. The result was that I baptized the next day a number of converts whom the Baptists had expected to immerse, and received them into the Methodist Episcopal Church; and exclusive immersion received a check in that village from which it did not soon recover. We finished the church which I had the pleasure of dedicating a year later, as I have said before.

One other incident occurs to me in connection with this circuit: I was giving a lecture on temperance in the church at the Bridge village one evening, when my voice suddenly and entirely left me. I could articulate no sound, only whisper. For over a week I was thus dumb. A new church had been erected in Bristol, and I had engaged to give the dedicatory sermon. The time was the week following my affliction. I at once wrote to the preacher, Rev. D. Fuller, saying that I could not possibly fill my engagement. Early on the day of the dedication he drove up to our palace door.

"You must go," said he, "if you are able to sit up, voice or no voice."



“But I cannot utter a sound.”

“Well, you must go, and stand up before the people, and let them see that you cannot speak. Wrap up and get into my carriage quickly, as we have no time to spare.”

So off we drove, a dumb man to preach a dedication sermon! It was to be a most marvelous exhibition! We reached the church; it was crowded with people, and the service commenced. Of course I should stand up and try to make an apology. I opened the Bible, found my text, laid my brief on the page, and when the time came, rose and intended to say, “You perceive, my friends, that I cannot utter a word, but your preacher would not excuse me; he will now preach the sermon.” I opened my lips, and, to my almost consternation, the word “You” came out clear and distinct. I went on: “You will find my text,” etc., and made no apology. My voice held out to the end, and did not again leave me.

“How do you account for it?” I do not know. Was it the excitement of the occasion, filling my heart and brain with blood, and thus relieving the surcharged vessels of the vocal organs? Most likely. But I do not recommend this remedy for common throat troubles; it might not result so favorably.

“What has the patient eaten?” asked a French physician of the nurse, as he found his English patient greatly improved.

“A roast salt herring, monsieur,” said the man.

Down goes the item, “Salt herring cures an En-

glishman of typhoid." His next typhoid patient took the prescription—a salt herring—and died. Item second: "But it kills a Frenchman!"

My own conviction is that a preacher who is filled with his subject, whose feelings are roused to a proper pitch, may speak for almost any length of time without injury. The amount of steam must be proportioned to the amount of machinery to be run. I have stood and listened to that wonderful orator, Rufus Choate, for six consecutive hours; yet he did not become hoarse, or lose his physical power. The perspiration literally ran from his pores, so intense were the fires within; but his clear, clarion tones still rang through the hall of justice, and literally shook the hearts of his auditors. I wonder if Choate ever lost a case? I doubt if he did. His point was to capture the jury, which he usually did by magnetic influence. No hapless bird ever fell into the jaws of the snake, more powerless to resist, than did the unwitting jurors drop into the arms of this charmer, while he seemed to press them to his bosom, murmuring, "My dear fellows, I am so interested for *you*, lest you should fall into an error and convict the accused, and destroy the peace of your dying hour!" So well was this done that each separate juror felt himself to be the client of Choate.

People object to any extraordinary means for arousing the slumbering religious sensibilities of the masses, while no exceptions are taken to the various tricks of trade in the mercantile world, or the lawyer's arts in legal practice. I recall that

case referred to above with perfect distinctness. The case was Tyrell, who murdered his paramour, Mrs. Bickford, whose husband, by the way, was a fellow-apprentice of mine. Every body believed him guilty, and I now recall the smile of incredulity which rippled over all faces save the jurors' when he announced the ground of defense—"somnambulism." As for the jurors, they were so magnetized by the exordium that if the counsel had announced that Mrs. B. had killed Tyrell they would not have seen the joke.

Mr. C. arranged the tableau himself: he placed in full view of the jurors the aged and grief-stricken father and mother of the accused, and his young wife and children. At once the eyes of the jurors took in the prisoner and the whole family. He kept the poor crushed husband of the murdered woman out of sight; he was not wanted. Now, placing himself where he could see both jury and the family group, he commenced:—

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar is indicted for the highest crime known in criminal jurisprudence—murder. If you bring in a verdict of guilty he will die like a dog; no earthly power can save him. Your honor cannot save him, the executive of the State cannot save him. Gentlemen of the jury, look on this picture, then on that. Look on this unfortunate young man, in the bloom and beauty of his young manhood, [he was a fine-looking scoundrel,] 'his breasts are full of milk, and his bones of marrow.'" He then called attention to his aged parents, and afterward

to his young wife and helpless children ; and when he had completed the picture, he turned his terrible eyes, by this time ablaze with excitement and moist with tears, (or perspiration,) full upon the jury, and in a voice of thunder burst out, "And you will hang this man by the neck like a dog!"

After this it was not strange that the jury acquitted the accused on the ground of sleep-walking! Great is the jury trial!

I received yesterday by mail a copy of the "Keene Sentinel," containing on the first page a "Memorial Sermon, delivered in the Protestant Episcopal Church by Rev. George W Brown, rector." I do not propose, in this article, to review the sermon of the rector, which was a very good discourse, but to follow the train of reminiscences awakened by the familiar name of its author.

Instantly, as by an electric flash, which unquestionably it was, memory, that faithful custodian of the soul's treasures, unlocked a little cabinet, the door of which bore the date 1840—thirty-six years since. I will, in a few words, present to my readers the contents of a roll therein contained, written, like the prophet's, "within and on the back side," not, like his, "lamentation, mourning, and woe," but rather "joy, labor, and success."

The Maine Conference of 1840 was held at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Bishop Hedding presiding. A goodly sight was that body of "manly men." Well-proportioned physically, many of them turning the scale at two hundred: intellectually, also, not suffering by comparison with any body of work-

ers in humanity's busy hive. Hutchinson, Cox, Robinson, Nickerson, Streeter, Beale, Husted, Randall, Bray, Baker, Sanderson, and scores of others—*par nobile fratrum*—all heroes in the great fight, nearly all discharged and crowned. There was no crowd of people except on Sunday, as the conference was always in secret session, the business going on direct to its close. Work and mount was the motto.

I noticed two young laymen in the street and about the doors eyeing the members sharply as they passed in and out, as though searching for a lost friend, or taking the gauge of their powers. On inquiry I learned they constituted a committee from a charge in the vicinity of Portland, looking for a minister for the coming year. As I had not seen such a body before, (I have seen a number since,) my conviction is that they initiated the modern practice of kindly relieving the bishop of the great responsibility of assigning the field of labor for the itinerant and assuming it themselves. The bishops should be grateful.

Whether they had any special influence or not, I cannot say, but I distinctly remember the following announcement when the appointments were announced: "Saccarappa, Mark Trafton." It was a good appointment, for me at least, for which I was thankful; and, moreover, if I was sent there against their remonstrance I forgive them heartily; or if by their agency I wish, at this late day, to give my warm thanks to Benjamin Partridge and my old and faithful friend, Rev. Dr. Samuel Brown, of the

Providence Conference. I wonder if he remembers the hard theological (and other) nuts we so often cracked in my study?

I took my family (wife and two children) in my buggy and drove to Saccarappa. A warm welcome awaited us, and we were soon settled in our own hired house. An argument in favor of "parsonages furnished" is the painful fact that, during our two years of service there, we occupied three tenements.

Soon after our arrival Brother Brown took me around among the brethren for an introduction. Going into the large cotton mill, among other places we entered a room in one corner of which, sitting on a pile of "cotton cuts," was a fine-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age, engaged in reading a book. Walking up to him, my guide said,

"This is my brother George, who plays our chapel melodeon; this is our preacher, George."

And allow me to introduce to my readers the popular and worthy rector of St. James Episcopal Church, in Keene, N. H., referred to at the head of this article as "George," on that pile of cloth. My heart warmed at once toward the fresh young lad as I remembered how recently I myself was a friendless boy seated upon a shoemaker's bench, with never a helping hand extended to me.

George was a natural musician—a self-taught and fine performer on the melodeon, but not a Christian; ere long, however, he sought and found the great treasure. Should he see this he will doubtless recall the scene in that grove of spruces where we wrestled together in prayer for the pardoning grace

of the Saviour. I received him into the Church, and he has since preached in a pulpit I was filling, though the terrible "canons" of the Church of his subsequent adoption prevent his reciprocation of the courtesy extended to him.

Our chapel in S. was a poor one, built upon leased ground, and seating only about two hundred and fifty, and we soon began to agitate the enterprise of a new and larger church. In the village was a new Congregational church, and, as in all other places, there was a sharp rivalry. I am sorry to say there was not much hesitation in taking off a shingle from a neighbor's house to stop a leak in ours.

A wonderful revival was soon in full force, such as I never before witnessed. Business was suspended in many instances, and the whole village was stirred to its foundations. In the mean time a lot was purchased, and our new house commenced.

One day Brother S. C. Brown came to me with the startling announcement, "George is going to play the melodeon in the Congregational Church!"

"No, this can't be."

"Yes," said he, "George is crazy to play an organ, and they have promised to have one built; indeed, have already contracted with Edwards, of Portland, to construct one in three months. In the mean time George is to play their instrument."

"Go and get your overcoat while I put Charlie into the sleigh," said I. "Let us go to Portland. We'll see about this 'organic movement.'"

Calling on a Mr. Paine, a music teacher, we inquired if he knew of an organ suitable for a church. Yes, he knew of a fine parlor organ, English built, of six registers, which the owner would sell very low. Off we drove to the fine mansion of Mr. — (I have lost his name) and found him at home. He took us into his parlors, and there stood a beautiful organ, of splendid tone, in a mahogany case. He (the owner) wished to sell, would take \$300, and give us time as well as tune.

Back we went to S., got our officials together, stated the case, and secured a vote to purchase. An injunction of secrecy was imposed, especially upon the married men. The next morning early found us in the city and the trade completed. Going to the organ factory, we procured a practical operator to take it to pieces, box it, and set it up. We stayed by him until it was near night, when we took the key-board into the sleigh, and arriving at the chapel, slipped it quietly in and locked it up.

I smile now when I recall the experience of the next day as I walked about the busy village, meeting now and then a good orthodox brother, and fancying him saying to himself, as a sly twinkle flashes over his eye, "I wonder what Mr. T. will say next Sabbath morning when he finds his organist gone?" while, could he have read my thoughts, he would have detected me asking with equally Christian feelings, "I wonder how these good brethren will feel Sabbath morning when the tunes of the Methodist organ, manipulated by George, shall roll down the street and silence their Jew's-harp?"



Brother Haseltine, who went into the city with his span of horses in the morning, brought it out late in the evening. Carter, George, and the writer were at the chapel to take in the precious boxes, and early in the morning the man came to set it up. The great secret could be kept no longer. Through the village the tidings flew: "The Methodists have got an organ!" Through the stores, through Ropes's knife factory, through the great cotton-mill, through the saw-mills, into private dwellings, the astounding tidings flew. The entrance of the famous wooden horse into old Ilium, or the news which fell like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the allies in council, "Bonaparte is in Paris!" or the report, "Lee has surrendered to Grant," were nothing to it. Nobody was injured—it was nothing but organic excitement!

When our new church was finished, and the organ was to be removed, to save expense I proposed to move it myself. I had seen it taken down and assisted the man to set it up, marked his process of tuning, and said, "Give me some men to do the lifting, and I will be responsible for its safety;" and we did it, George and I, and nothing was injured. But the church was burned some years after, and another more spacious erected, and my poor organ was injured in the hasty removal. I should like to possess the wreck.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE MYSTERY OF TRANSFERS.

THE Methodist ministry is fundamentally itinerant. A limited period of labor is assigned to each man, and all parties interested know that when that limit is reached the present incumbent goes and another comes. I was about to write, without friction, when certain visions of the past came rolling in upon me as I have seen fog-banks from the sea obscuring a summer morning's sun.

Transfers from one conference to another are strictly within the purview of our ecclesiastical constitution. It is based upon the conceded right of the bishop to station or appoint the preachers to their several fields of labor, and, in the absence of any statutory restriction or limitation, the authorities are at liberty to remove any man put into their hands for work to any field of labor which in their judgment demands the labor of the candidate. He is no more bound by conference lines than by district lines in a given conference. It is our denominational boast that the Methodist Episcopal Church is a unit; the work is one over the wide field of the world. The demand is the ground of the authority for the *dictum*, Go. Every itinerant, before being received into the grand cohort, solemnly promises to do the work of the ministry in such places and at such

times as the authorities shall determine, and woe to the erratic wight who attempts to flee from the presence of the bishop; no absence of an extradition treaty can save him, no darkness can cover him. He may not be burned at the stake, or shut up in an Inquisition; but he is advertised as a runaway, and has no more place among us.

And this is not tyrannical or unjust, as he knew the conditions when he entered the field, and is at liberty at any time to withdraw from the Connection, but not to abscond. Of course there is more or less of friction in all things save the movement of the spheres—and the Corliss engine—but the friction in this system arises not from any misadjustment of parts, but the tampering of meddlers.

But what right has an Annual Conference to pass a resolution that the bishop shall not transfer any man into the body without a vote in favor of it by the conference? This action is revolutionary and pernicious; it is like putting a ligature around a limb, thus preventing a free circulation of blood, and pressing it back upon the heart.

In every Annual Conference of any age there are men who are suffering from a local superannuation, whose ministrations have lost much of their interest and efficiency from long local exercise, but who in a new field would be revived and filled with a fresh life. I can name a number in this conference who have been so often and long before the people that it is fancied they can give them nothing but hash made up of the odds and ends of joints served up to them in former days. Put them

into new fields, and there will be a novelty at least in seeing each

“Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won.”

If in this matter of transfers there is any hardship or personal suffering it is with the one transferred. In this case “’Tis the survivor dies.” Very few men can suffer this “translation without seeing death.” One loses caste by this operation; jealousies and envyings are created. One becomes a

“Speckled bird, which all the birds do peck at.”

The common courtesies of society are denied him. He must expect none of the usual honors of the Connection—none of the prominent positions on committees, or a place among the delegates to the General Conference; in fine, must be content to be the tail of the kite. But such men can usually bear this, with a grim smile at the thought that the kite cannot say to the tail, “I have no need of thee;” nor yet again the tail cannot say to the kite, “I have no need of thee.” The kite cannot ascend without the tail, and if the kite rises the caudal attachment will be pretty sure to be not far behind.

The unlucky transfer must be a wandering star, to which will come the darkness of, I trust, only a temporary obscurity. Comets are just as essential to the perfection of the planetary system as fixed stars, and take the place of *feeders*; so that, sitting here in the quietness of my study, I startle the silence by the shout “Hurrah for the comets!”

The writer has suffered five transfers and still

lives, and has vitality left sufficient to endure another; but should the good bishop at the ensuing conference conclude to try my loyalty, I humbly hope he will of his clemency give me a speedy execution.

I never asked for but one transfer, and that request was flatly refused; while some of these changes have been made against my earnest remonstrance. I had traveled eleven years in the limits of the old Maine Conference, and began to have a laudable desire to see something of the world beyond. Never having journeyed farther than Boston, it was not strange that a desire should be evolved for a further acquaintance with things terrene. Mr. Wesley started out with the grand motto, "The world is my parish;" and one greater than Mr. Wesley has said, "For we are come as far as to you also in preaching the gospel of Christ."

Well, the wish was father to the purpose, and I resolved to see Bishop Waugh, who was to dedicate the Worthen-street Church, in Lowell, the week before the New England Conference assembled in Springfield. Dr. Tefft, who had been preaching in the Odeon, in Boston, had engaged me to supply that platform on the conference Sabbath, which furnished me funds, or I could hardly have afforded a trip to Boston. I had received two hundred and forty dollars salary, and paid eighty dollars house-rent out of that. Five years later I went back and settled an arrearage of twenty dollars on this house-rent, with interest, which the stewards had assumed but neglected to pay; yet I carried in a

full certificate to the conference of my claim of four hundred dollars, as the Church had made a desperate effort to build a church. Those were days when we knew that a dollar was made up of a hundred cents, and when for weeks at a time a Methodist preacher would not find a single dollar in his pocket. I remember only so far back as 1846, when stationed at Cambridgeport, I have been unable to reach Boston over the long toll-bridge for lack of two cents to pay the toll. Poverty! Yes, but it was honorable poverty. We did not run in debt; we defrauded no creditors; we compounded no obligation. Do not laugh at us old fellows; but instead, now that you are rich, pay your honest debts. There are many aged and poor preachers among us to-day who would be in circumstances of financial ease would the Churches they have so faithfully served pay them what was honestly due when they left the charge. Do not allow these unbalanced accounts to go up to the great Auditor for final adjustment, lest you be required to work it in some hard field in the future. And for your soul's sake don't sing that song, "Jesus paid it all," and lay the flattering unction to your soul that this cancels all your obligations. But I am not writing upon finance, but transfers.

I met that tender-hearted man, Bishop Waugh, in Boston, and went with him to Lowell to the dedication. On opening the subject of a transfer he at once discouraged me by the remark, "O, you are wanted more in Maine than here, and I advise you to remain there at present, and when Provi-

dence (not Providence, R. I.) wants you, your way will be opened." I returned to Boston and saw the presiding elder, Rev. D. Kilburn. No opening in this conference! That ended it. I preached that afternoon and morning at the Odeon, and, by request of the brethren, at Bennet-street in the evening. Monday evening I took the boat for Portland, and Tuesday noon was at home. "We shall get no transfer," I said to my wife, "so we'll begin to pick up and get ready to flit, as we must in a few weeks."

So we plodded on through the week, now and then speculating as to our next objective point, hoping it might be as agreeable as our present home in S. Sabbath came, and we all went to church. It was warm, and as there were no tramps in those halcyon days, our windows were left open for the entrance of the spring breezes. On our return, as I stepped into the hall and cast my eye into the parlor, I saw lying upon the floor a long strip of paper. Picking it up, I read, "Appointments of the New England Conference," and the first on the list, "Boston, Bennet-street, Mark Trafton." Did the reader ever see a ghost? Never? Well, I would not have you see one, it might shake your nerves. How came the paper there? Easier asked than answered. There are stranger things in this world than that the slip in question should be taken up in Boston by a strong south wind, floated on for one hundred and fifteen miles, and thrown in at my open window. Don't believe it? What, a believer in all the vagaries and wonders of spiritualism and not credit this! I blush for you!

It was some time later that I learned the secret of the slip of paper. Rev. E. W. Jackson, residing in the next town, had been at the conference, came down in the Saturday-night boat, and riding past my house and seeing an open window, threw it in. And so what seems almost miraculous is made plain when you clutch the clew.

Lying before me, as I write, are the appointments of Boston District for 1843, the next year after my transfer, and as a matter of curiosity, and as throwing some light upon the question of the gain or loss of Methodism, I will give them here :—

*Boston District*—THOMAS C. PEIRCE, (*dead*) Presiding Elder.

Boston: Bennet-street—Mark Trafton.

Bromfield-street—S. Remington.

Church-street—George Pickering, (*dead*.)

North Russell-street—G. Landon.

Odeon, (now Tremont-street)—M. Raymond.

Richmond-street—Z. A. Mudge.

South Boston—J. W. Merrill.

East Boston—D. R. Merrill.

Mariners' Church—E. T. Taylor, (*dead*.)

Roxbury—A. D. Sargent.

Dorchester—Mark Staple.

Cambridgeport—I. A. Savage, (*dead*.)

Charlestown—J. D. Bridge, (*dead*.)

Chelsea—E. M. Beebe, (*dead*.)

Malden, North—D. Richards.

Center—J. Whitman, Jun., (*dead*.)

Lynn: Common—J. Porter.

Wood End—J. Sanborn, (*dead*.)

South-street—J. B. Husted.

Saugus—William Rice, Jun.

Marblehead—to be supplied.

Salem—Iosenh A. Merrill. (*dead*)



Danvers—Amos Binney.  
Bradford, West Newbury, North Reading, and Topsfield—each to be supplied.  
Newburyport—B. K. Peirce.

Of this list, supplying Boston District in 1843, eleven are gone home, four only are in the regular service; the rest are superannuated or in some other department. At that time the presiding elder of the district, T C. Pierce, and his son, were in the same portion of the work, and another father and two of his sons on the same district. On the Boston District in 1843 there were twenty-eight charges; turning to the Minutes for 1876 we find on the same district sixty-six appointments. To make his quarterly visits the presiding elder then had nine visits in a month, now twenty-two, almost one each day.

But a great change has passed over Boston since that time in its local residents. The North End was then the great emporium of trade. The railroads have triumphed over old ocean, and the trade has been drawn south. Then Federal, Pearl, High, Bromfield, Summer, Tremont, and Franklin streets were made up of fine dwelling-houses; while Fort Hill, which was the court end of the city, with its princely mansions and beautiful gardens, has been shoveled into tip-carts and dumped into the dock to form the Atlantic Avenue.

The great railroad facilities for reaching the suburbs of the city have drained it of its population; only the most wealthy and the poorest classes now reside in the city. This change has greatly affected the Churches of Boston, and ours more than others.

We do not draw our recruits from these classes; the first go to other Churches, while the most of the latter are Romanists. But our loss in the city is made up in the suburbs.

In 1842 the North End was the seat of nearly all the strong Churches of Boston: the Unitarians having two—the Old North, (Dr. Parkman's,) and the South, or "Cockerell," (Dr. Robbins's.) The first is now a Catholic Church; and the last, rebuilt while I was at Bennet-street, and afterward sold to the Methodists, is demolished, a feeble mission being continued in an "upper room."

Bennet-street Church, having a membership of five or six hundred, colonized and built Richmond-street Church. The old hive has now become an Italian Catholic Church, and the last an Episcopal Seamen's Bethel.

Salem-street (Congregational) was a strong society; the building is now used for some sort of a seamen's home.

Baldwin Place Baptist Church was the largest society of that denomination in the city; the building is now the "Home for Little Wanderers."

The Universalists had a large church on the corner of Hanover and Bennet streets, A. Streeter, ("Father Streeter,") pastor, a man who will have more to answer for than any other pastor in Boston, as it was said he had united a greater number of couples in matrimony than any other minister in the city. That church is now a Baptist Seamen's Bethel. The old churches at the North End seem to run to sea, if not to seed.

Then Rollin H. Neale had a large church on Hanover-street, now removed to Somerset-street.

Last, but not least, was Father Taylor's Bethel, always full.

The old Episcopal Christ Church, from whose tall belfry flamed out the magic words to the surrounding country, "The red-coats are coming," which led to the first clash of arms, still stands, and long may its sweet chimes stir the air on Christmas eve.

What has wrought these great changes? Surely not a decadence in religious interest, or a diminishing in the numbers and efficiency of church membership, but simply and alone a local change in population. The churches are either moved up town or out of town; it is taking from one pocket and putting into another.

The North End of Boston is now given up to Italian organ grinders and Jewish poor grinders, and it cannot be checked or remedied.

I have wandered again from my subject of transfers, but, perhaps, enough has been written of that. After my transfer, meeting Bishop Waugh in Gardiner, at Maine Conference, his only explanation was an exclamation, "I pity you!" Dear, kind man!

The "Curiosities of Literature" is an interesting subject upon which one has written an entertaining as well as instructive book. I wonder no one has as yet touched the curiosities of the itinerancy, and the secrets of making out the appointments at an Annual Conference. How much of philosophy, of unselfishness, of brotherly love, of heroism, of sagacity, of the unfitness of things, of the reliability

of human judgment, of a studied regard for others' rights, would be found! (On looking back through that long period I find I have left out one very important item which certainly ought to be found in that category, namely, true gospel charity; but it is too late now to insert it, and so my reader may imagine it to be there.)

There is more or less of error, and often injustice, in this work, and it must necessarily be so. Indeed, if there were no wrongs in the world we should need neither the ministry nor the Church. Mistakes must come, and from the best of men, and they cannot always be rectified, even though regretted. It has been said that matches (not lucifer) are made in heaven; but I confess I am slow to believe it, and equally slow to believe that our appointments are always arranged in that locality.

Old Bennet-street! What pleasing associations linger around that name! I have found in all places in which I have since been stationed some persons who belonged to the old hive. How many of the old guard have been called home!—Skinner, Newcomb, Hooton, Bowers, Hickman, Pratt, Mills, and others—“who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens;”—men and women never to be forgotten, and who, gathered at last in the green fields above, will talk over their exploits, and give glory and honor to Him who made them over-

comes through "the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony."

Boston never before saw, and, I fear, never will again see such a moral and religious upheaval. Six hundred probationers were received by Rev. J. Porter, who preceded me, and one can appreciate the wise remark of the sagacious bishop when stationing me there, "I pity you," considering the care and anxiety which such a charge imposed. In this instance there would seem to be some reason in the prevailing sentiment, that in peculiar cases a preacher should remain in a charge for a longer period than the constitutional term. No man can train converts, which is a more important work than getting them on the course, like the instrument in their conversion. There is a mutual sympathy existing which is not transferable, and which must precede successful training.

The young people of to-day cannot realize the change in Church operations which has occurred in only forty years. There is a marked difference between the mode then and now. It is possible that I am becoming dull of hearing; but I find it somewhat difficult to say amen often in prayer-meeting because I cannot hear with any clearness the prayer mumbled from chilled lips. We had no such trouble in those times. I would willingly walk into Boston the coldest day of the season to witness and enjoy one of those old Bennet-street prayer-meetings with living and departed heroes of those great battles. "Of course you would," says one looking over my shoulder, "and that is only saying that you would walk

into Boston to be again young; and no doubt many of the Bennet-streeters are saying they would walk five miles to hear you again, as in 1842, who wouldn't walk as many rods to hear you now; the time's gone, and it's no use to greet about it at a'—ye're ne'er so canny as ye wa' whin your snow white pow wa' black as the haw cock on the heath, an' yer dim een wa' bright an' clear, an' yer heart fu' o' courage; the time's gane, an' let them ga, an' aiblins 'twill a' coom back to us ayont the reever an' a bonnie time ye'll hae at the back end o' yer days; sae dinna greet about it a' ” The reader will pardon my critic, who is of Scotch descent, and when much excited falls naturally into that expressive tongue.

#### AN INSIDE VIEW OF TRANSFERS.

I one day received from an utter stranger a letter from Providence, R. I. I was then just closing my second year of a second term with the Pynchon-street (now Trinity) Church in Springfield, Mass. The letter referred to was an inquiry of my willingness to take a charge in that city. At the same time a letter was received from the Hanover-street officials, Boston, asking me to take that charge. Justice demands that I state that the writers of those letters proceeded on strictly constitutional grounds, and in a spirit of loyalty, by wishing to know if I should be willing, should the authorities elect to send me, etc. Now this style of address is a slight, though unintentioned, reflection on one's loyalty; for an itinerant is bound to obey orders. As I had been twice in Boston, I rather inclined to throw

myself upon, or into Providence, and so replied, saying that if the bishop should think it best I should raise no objections—which is surely the right of the appointee where he can learn any thing of his destiny.

A week had not elapsed, when up came a letter from New Bedford (such is the irregularity of the mails, or from *some other cause*, I am not now in receipt of such missives) saying that, hearing I was coming into that conference, the old Elm-street charge wished to secure my services for the new church about to be occupied. I simply stated in reply that if I went into that conference it was at the request of the Chestnut-street Church, Providence.

One Sabbath, as I was about commencing the service in church, I saw coming into the house a large good-looking gentleman, who took a seat and seemed devotional. "A committee," said I to myself. I had seen some of this genus before; they are very attentive, and yet assume an appearance of utter indifference to all, save the minister; they say amen with much zest, and endeavor to get it into the right place. Yes, I know them. At the close of the service he introduced himself to me. He was from New Bedford; he wished an interview. I invited him to my house.

"Yes, I had received a letter from New Bedford. I had replied to it. If the bishop transfers me, I shall go to Providence."

"But they don't need you, we do; they have no debt; we owe, or shall when our church is finished, \$43,000."

“But my business is not to pay debts, but to preach the Gospel.”

He went home. Another letter from the presiding elder. All right: “Providence will give it up; we shall see the bishop at the conference at Fall River next week, and the transfer will be effected.” All *couleur de rose*. I shall see the bishop. I was there at the time, called on Bishop A., and met, as I was entering the door, my old, tall committeeman of the previous Sabbath, reinforced by two others, all good-looking men. We met the umpire. They presented the case, and it was unfortunate for them that I was present, as every statement made touching the difficulties under which they labored only strengthened my opposition to going. I made my plea, stated the facts, and the bishop said, “I think, Brother T., you ought to go to New Bedford; and as the Providence people give up any claim they have, there is no reason why you should not go and help these brethren!”

“I will see the Providence people,” said I.

Off for Providence and home. I inquired in Providence for the gentleman with whom I had corresponded, found him, and, introducing myself, stated the case in its present aspects. “Give it up!” he burst out, “we have never thought of it, nor shall we. Wait a moment,” said he as he put on his hat and went out. Soon he returned with two other gentlemen. “We,” said the first named, “are a committee of so and so. We shall go to conference this P M. and insist on the arrangement made with you, and it will be carried out.”



I sat down and wrote to the bishop, putting the case as plainly as possible, and concluded by saying, "To avoid all trouble, please do not transfer me at all, but leave me where I am." Two days after I received the following telegram, "You will go to New Bedford," signed by the bishop. "And you refused to go?" Not a bit of it; I packed up and went, and never regretted it either. Among my most pleasant memories are the four years I spent with the dear people of County-street Church, New Bedford. But for six years, until I was stationed there, the Chestnut-street people of Providence supposed that I chose New Bedford rather than Providence. Such are some of the hidden wires of this great and complex machine, the itinerancy.

But there is a fault in the mode of procedure in this matter of transfer, and, indeed, in the entire method of securing a minister for any given Church. Leave the minister alone, make no proposals to him at all, as he is not legitimately a party in the transaction, but is supposed to consent to go where the powers that be may send him. By communicating with him you raise hopes or excite fears which may not be realized, or may defeat your purpose. Go to the bishop and presiding elder, present your request, and leave the man in blissful ignorance. Then it is unjust to lay the burden of this great responsibility upon the preacher. "Don't do it," I said only this week to a young brother who was urged by a certain Society to consent to take the charge. "Tell them you have neither the power nor the disposition to make your own appointments, if

you can say this last and speak the truth. In all my somewhat protracted service in the ministry I can honestly say that only in two instances have I chosen my field of labor, and in one case it was a source of ceaseless regret. I am in the itinerancy for this reason, among others, that I am saved the pain and anxiety of making my own appointments. It is a consolation for one to be permitted to say, 'I am here because I am sent here; I am doing my best. If I fail of being an apostle to this people it is not my fault.'

"How about your transfer to Troy Conference? Some at least of the preachers of that conference supposed you handled some reins to get there."

Yes, I am aware of that, and some of them manifested any but a Christian spirit, passing me in the street without giving me as much notice as would have been given to a heathen Chinese. Yet all the evil it did to me was the creation of a doubt in my mind whether such men, with all their profession of sanctity, might not be wholly destitute of the spirit of the Gospel. Of course the transfer of a man into a conference creates jealousies, and the man leaves behind him more or less of envy; so that the poor fellow is between two fires, and one can only console one's self by the thought, that these jealous fellows would themselves go if called, and those left behind would be only too glad to fill his place if they could. "But how can these things be among ministers?" O, my innocent interlocutor, ministers are but men. But let us open this little cabinet.

One Saturday in the early days of March, 1861, a passenger stepped from the train from Boston in New Bedford about 6 o'clock P. M., and, satchel in hand, made his way rapidly to the Parker House. He registered his name, "G. D., Albany, N. Y." He was a short, stout man, with a good head and face, and a brusque and independent manner, which declared at once his profession—a member of the bar.

After supper, and as a knot of boarders and others gathered in the reading room, he at once opened his case; and as the jury was improvised, the examination of witnesses was at once commenced. Starting off with a leading question, "Do you know if there is a Methodist Church in this city? I think it is a city."

"Yes, this is a city," replied an old whaling captain, "and, if you will allow such a liberty, I would like to put a conundrum to you: 'Why is this city like Athens?'"

"Well, you give it up. Because it is the chief city of Greece!" (grease.)

This brought down the house, and the old salt at once answered the question, "There are four Methodist Churches in this city."

"This chief city must be supplied with men of ability, I should suppose," remarked the lawyer.

"Yes, I reckon," said the captain, "they understand navigation, and can take an observation, and work up their reckoning, especially our Bethel chaplain, Butler, who was an old salt himself."

"Which is the largest church?" inquired the cautious barrister.

“O, County-street! that’s a new church, just built; cost \$43,000, and isn’t paid for yet.” (It is now 1877.)

“And who is the pastor of that Church?” asked the lawyer, with well-feigned ignorance of the very existence of a man to see whom he had traveled two hundred and fifty miles.

“Well, that is Mr. Trafton. Came here two years ago from some town in the eastern part of the State.”

“Is he a man of ability?”

“Well, sir, he jest is. He’s been down the bay with me fishing a good many times, and can sail a boat as well as I can, and catch about as many fish, and I call that ability. I dunno what you call it.”

“And he is popular I should infer, then, with fishermen at least,” dryly remarked the lawyer.

“Popular, sir, with every body; some of the women name their pet dogs for him.” (I was riding over to Fair Haven in an omnibus one day soon after my arrival in New Bedford, and a lady [woman] sitting in the corner with a lap-dog in her arms was asked by some one the name of the dog. “O,” said she, “it is Mark Trafton;” not from any affection for the unrecognized stranger, as she was evidently traveling to the celestial city by another road.)

After the afternoon service on the Sabbath this gentleman called at my house and opened the subject of a transfer to me. I had no desire to go to the Troy Conference, but was intending to return to the New England Conference, and had then in my pocket a transfer certificate from a bishop, which he

had promised me when I was sent to New Bedford. But he urged it hard, and finally said he should not return without my consent. Here was a dilemma. I pitied his family, who would never see him again, and I could ill afford to keep him so long; and then the thought of his guilt, for he "had sworn to his own hurt," and I could not think of forcing him to change, led me to say, "I will do nothing about it *pro* or *con*. If you can persuade the bishop to transfer me I shall go, of course."

He left, and a correspondence was opened with the authorities, and I was notified that it would be arranged. Conference assembled in Providence; my goods were packed up, and my family had gone to Springfield to visit our daughter, then living there, and I started in haste to see my son, who had enlisted and was with his regiment in S., about to go to the front. When I reached the depot I felt an unaccountable impulse to take the cars for Providence instead of to Boston. Stepping from the cars at Providence I met a brother, who said, "You will not be transferred; the presiding elder of the Albany District refuses to ask for your transfer, and the bishop cannot do it against the resolution of the conference."

We may here ask, What right has an Annual Conference, which is only an administrative body, to put itself against the action of the great law-making body of the Church, which has given to the bishops the power to station the preachers? This is the old democratic doctrine of State rights, baptized by a narrow and selfish ecclesiastical partisan-

ship. "We want this field, keep strangers out of it," is its language. The bishop confirmed the statement. I simply sent a telegram to Albany stating the fact, and went to Springfield. The Hudson-street trustees sent for the presiding elder and said something to him, and he sent the request to the bishop, and we went to Albany. Bless the good people at Albany! A committee met the strangers on the east side of the river, and we were given a warm reception. I shall remember to the last consciousness their unceasing kindness in the days of our great affliction, for in the parsonage there our first-born and idolized daughter left us for a better land.

In 1864, at the close of my pastorate in Albany, I was solicited to return to New Bedford, but was indisposed to go. There was a constitutional difficulty; I had been absent but two years. Then when one has closed a pleasant and prosperous pastorate in a given charge, it is a hazardous experiment to return to the same field. The imagination of the people picture the same circumstances to exist as in the first appointment, while a great change has really taken place. The people have changed, the minister has changed; it will not be the same field. I have tried this in three instances; in one case I have been three times appointed to the same charge. I would not recommend it to my young brethren. Still they will all wish to try it for themselves. Be it so.

One of the bishops advised me to go to New Bedford, and the charge was left to be supplied. I was put into the hands of the presiding elder for work,

and he appointed me to County-street. Our system is a very pliable organization, standing a great strain without breaking; adapting itself to all circumstances as a system of utility. I have never regretted my return to that charge. It was in the dark days of the slave-holders' rebellion, and the excitement was very great; but the Church was harmonious and active, and I do not think suffered from my reappointment.

I said above that I had in my pocket a certificate of transfer back to the New England Conference. Thereby hangs a tale illustrating the power of seemingly slight circumstances.

One Monday, after our return to New Bedford, I went into the hall to put on my overcoat to go out, and it was missing. We searched the house for it in vain; it was stolen. Some weeks after, and when I had given it up, and another had been given me by some friends, I received a call from a policeman, asking me to go to the chief's office to look at a coat which had been found among other stolen articles. I went, and at once recognized my nice coat, which had been found wrapped in a piece of an old sail in a stable. The buttons were all cut off, and the pockets rifled of my note-book and Discipline. How the last happened to be in my pocket may be a mystery to some of my friends. The breast-pocket contained a linen handkerchief which bore my initials, so I could easily identify the coat.

A young man very respectably connected had been seen going into the place where the stolen articles were found, and was under arrest for the

theft. I was summoned before the grand jury at Taunton, and identified my coat, but it was not found in the possession of the prisoner, and therefore it would be difficult to fix the act upon him. An officer then handed to me a piece of half-burned paper, crumpled and scorched, and asked me if I could make out what it was. I smoothed it out, and read it much more quickly than the recent Oregon dispatches have been deciphered. I saw a part of my name, then the words "New England" very distinctly, then the signature of the bishop: the rest was mostly burned off.

"Did you ever see that paper before?" asked the district attorney.

"I have."

"State where and when."

"This paper," I replied, "is what remains of a certificate of transfer of myself from the Providence to the New England Conference, signed by a bishop, whose name is clearly seen, and I carried it in a pocket diary in the inside breast pocket of my overcoat."

The officer then stated that he found the paper with some others in a stove in the room where the prisoner was confined. Upon the flash of a lucifer match hung freedom or the States' prison for this young man. That half-burned paper fixed the theft upon him, and a bill was found against him, and he was committed for trial.

But now came the painful phase of the case. That evening, after my return home, his almost broken-hearted sister called on me to intercede for



her brother. Her poor father and mother were crushed by the sad calamity. I said to her that I was not the prosecutor, only a witness, and he was in the hands of the law, and I could not stay action in the case; but I would call on the district attorney and see what could be done when the trial came on. I went to the young scamp, who could eat and drink, and say to me that it was done for a joke on the minister, when the mother who bore him was dying of grief; but for his parents he might and should have gone to prison. I then said to him, "When your indictment is read plead guilty, and the sentence will be suspended. You will be put under bonds, and then be at once sent on a whaling voyage, and, I hope, reform." This was done, and his bonds signed by his father, and he was released. About eleven o'clock that night my door-bell rang. I went to the door, and there stood the coat thief. He handed to me the note-book which was in the coat pocket, thanked me for what I had done for him, and said he would do as much for me some time!!! I have not seen him since.

The year 1857 was marked by a wide-spread religious interest. In all directions the sacred influence spread, and all classes of people were affected. I was then stationed at Pynchon-street, Springfield, and we were having a great work of revival, from which I received a hundred and twenty-five probationers. But there was a large class of men who were reached by no methods as yet employed—the railroad employees. I was told that two hundred engineers and brakemen passed the Sabbath in

Springfield, very few of whom attended a religious service. I decided to make an effort to reach them, and to effect this must find a place near the depot for a service. I set about it at once. The only hall I could find was one belonging to the railroad fire-engine company. To see the officers was the first step. I inquired for the foreman at the shop where he labored, and was directed up stairs. I went up and up, and found him at last in the attic, seated on a box, and weeping under powerful conviction of sin. I sat down and endeavored to lead him to Christ, but he was reluctant to open his heart. Poor fellow, he afterward went out of the world by his own act. He consented to the opening of the hall. I then saw the executive committee, and got their consent. Then I sent a man to the superintendent of the road, Mr. Gray, to obtain final authority. Mr. Gray was a man rather blunt in his manners, but had a heart nevertheless.

“What the —— does Mr. Trafton want of a place to preach in? Hasn't he a church?”

“Yes, but he wishes to reach the railroad men, who do not attend church.”

“Well, he may preach in the engine hall as much as he pleases, it shall be ready.”

My heart was glad when this announcement was made to me. I at once appointed a service in the hall for Sabbath morning, Rev. Brother Rice consenting to fill my place in the church.

Sabbath morning opened bleak and cold, with a furious driving snow-storm. I had engaged some brethren to sing, and at the hour took my Bible and

hymn book and started on my mission. As I turned the corner of the Massasoit House I met the brethren who were to accompany me returning, with faces white as the driving snow.

"You had better go back," said they; "the hall is locked, and the members of the fire company swear you shall not preach in it. You had better give it up, or there'll be a row."

"He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God."

"Come on," said I, "there'll be no row, and I shall preach there."

I was not at all alarmed, nor agitated even. I walked on across the track and reached the little engine house. A crowd of scowling faces confronted me. I walked briskly up to them, saying, "Good-morning, gentlemen; hope you are all well, and your families; a driving storm to be standing out in. Isn't the hall open? Come in, come in," said I, as I took one of them by the hand and gave it a good hearty shake. "Ah, the door is locked! Where's the key?"

"You had better get a vote of the company," said one of the crowd.

"O!" said I, "the committee and foreman gave me permission to hold a service in the hall."

"Don't care any thing about that; they didn't take a vote of the company; you can't go in."

All the while the crowd increased, and the excitement was rising. The throng expected to see the preacher foiled and put to flight; but he had no thought of running. Better excitement than

apathy, better wrath than indifference. I was in earnest now, and palaver was at an end. Assuming a look of authority, and speaking calmly but earnestly, I said :—

“Gentlemen, Mr. Gray, the superintendent of the railroad, has given me permission to preach in this hall this morning, and said it should be opened—where’s the ‘key?’” That was a name they little expected to hear in this connection, and its effect was magical. A key came from somewhere at once, and the door was opened leading into the fire-engine room, and beyond this was the hall, nicely carpeted and furnished, where the men gathered on the Sabbath and evenings for mirth and jollity.

The hall was soon filled, but the malcontents remained in the outer room, and at once lit their pipes and commenced to clean “the machine” and to smoke out the parson. I would not allow the door to be closed, as I was resolved that they should hear for once, and I could stand the smoke of the battle at least.

I gave out a hymn, and as the rich melody shook the air for the first time all was still, illustrating the poet’s words ;—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

I preached to them on “your reasonable service,” and all the while could hear from the outer room the mutterings of the maddened men ; but I believed that they would yet be reached, which came to be the result. I appointed a service for the next Sab-

bath morning, wished them all "good-day," and left. I have often preached in grand churches to devout and elegantly dressed congregations, with splendid choirs, and the rich tones of magnificent organs rolling and echoing among the arches, but never with so much real satisfaction as I felt in that engine hall.

The place became too strait for us, and I found a large hall in, or connected with, Cooley's Hotel, to which we removed, and where I continued to preach until conference, about six weeks.

We now began to talk of a church above the depot. Many of the residents in that part of the city were anxious for it, and Mr. Gray (the gentleman who had given me permission to preach in the engine-house) offered to make a liberal subscription for the enterprise. I laid it before the trustees of the church, but they feared to start an enterprise that might draw on them; but I urged it until they consented to purchase a lot, which in a short time they sold to the city for the Hooker School-house, and our opportunity was lost, never to return. A Sunday-school was started in that region by my successor, which was united with one started by the Congregationalists, and the Memorial Independent Church was organized, and worshiped in the school-house on the very lot I had induced the Church to purchase for a Methodist church.

This new society invited me to preach to them, which I did for one year. It was my ground. I first entered it in storm and opposition. I gathered the first congregation, started the enterprise, and

thus felt I had a right to reap where I had sown. I opened and offered the field to the Methodist Episcopal Church, which she declined, and I could, without the sacrifice of conscience, faith, or fealty, serve this enterprise. I was reluctant to abandon my old Church, and at my time of life it is difficult to establish a new and satisfactory Church *status*. By such a step, one loses his old friends, and has not time to gain new. Our true friends are those attached to us in early life; few lasting friendships are formed after we pass our fourth decade. And so we packed up again and returned to Mathewson-street, Providence, where we spent two pleasant years. But I am not writing biography, but sketches.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SLAVERY CONFLICT.

WHEN I was about ten years of age I came across a pamphlet containing a report of the trial of an inhuman wretch, a slaveholder, in one of the West India islands, for the murder of a runaway slave, who was caught and returned, and the demon who pretended to own him resolved to make a terrible example of him, to deter others from like attempts at escape. He gathered his slaves together in a large sugar-house, kindled a blazing fire, laid the poor victim on a plank, and, standing by him, proceeded to lecture the trembling crowd on the awful sin of trying to regain their freedom; then, pausing, he cut off one of the shrieking creature's feet and threw it into the fire, so proceeding—lecturing and cutting—until the whole body was consumed. What his punishment was I do not recollect—probably a fine. It was horrible! The recital burned itself into my brain; it affected every fiber of my body, and gave direction to every power of my soul. From that hour I was an abolitionist. And when, in 1831, I joined the Maine Methodist Episcopal Conference, I at the same time put my name to the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Antislavery Society. Well, let my readers remember, it was no boy's play then to go into this great

struggle. I sat recently with a company of friends looking upon the great picture of the "Battle of Gettysburgh;" all was quiet in the room, and we spoke to each other in whispers; but it was not so on the actual field sketched by the artist's facile pencil:—

“And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning sun.”

And now

“Their children’s lips shall echo them and say—  
‘Our fathers here were warring on that day.’”

And now that the great antislavery battle is over, the dead buried, the field cleared up, the slaves freed, Garrison, who came near being hanged to a lamp-post by “citizens of property and respectability,” honored, and Fred. Douglass appointed *marshal* of the District of Columbia, through which so many “slave coffles” have marched, lifting their manacled hands and singing “Hail, Columbia, happy land!” I am sure we, the few survivors of the original phalanx, may look back, and without egotism, but with a good, honest, manly pride, say “I, too, was of the army of Italy.”

In truth, it was a tremendous conflict. “Gog and Magog”—“truth fought with error, darkness fought with light”—“principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places,”—were aroused in fearful excitement. From the seat of justice in Bos-



ton mercy had fled affrighted. It was surrounded by huge chain cables; the judges crept under them like sneaking menials. United States troops from the Navy Yard (no democrats then yelled and howled about the employment of troops to keep the peace) marched down State-street, "all the while sonorous metal braying martial sounds," to convey one poor trembling fugitive back to servitude and slaughter. My eyes, moist even now while recalling the scene, saw it all. Boston—aye, glorious old Massachusetts—was in the dust, licking the bloody shoes of the slave power. House was divided against house, father against son, and son against father. Churches were shaken and rent in twain. God was in earnest then, saying, "Yet once more I shake heaven and earth." Soon the chaff flew before that mighty fan in the hand of Omnipotence; how the good seed settled down into good soil. Bishops and priests hastened with pale faces and trembling hands to prop up with "godly advice," with grand, cooling resolutions, and semi-pious admonitions, the trembling edifice—fatuously forgetting the grand declaration of the Master, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it"—"my true Church." And in the great council of the nation, senators and representatives hastened with indecent speed to lay appeasing offerings upon the altar of the great Moloch; aye, human sacrifices were called for and freely offered. Massachusetts, clamoring for cotton for her mills, that her greed of gold might be gratified, offered her greatest son, the peerless Daniel, for a burnt-offering to the monster, and on

the 7th of March, 1851, he was burned in the Senate chamber—burned to a crisp, so that nothing was saved of him after but a gliding shade.

Yet the battle rolled on. Stripped to the skin, our heroes stood by their guns in smoke, and flame, and thunder. Solid shot and hissing shell were hurled against the walls of the black citadel. How the fragments flew, and the dust thickened the air. On!"—I still hear them call—"On! it is but a question of time; God and the right are on our side."

Heroes all: Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Wilson, Parker, Lovejoy, May. O, it was glorious to see them step to the front, and rush to the breach! No timidity, no seeking to save one's life.

A great meeting was held in the old cradle of liberty, called by the "solid men of Boston" to inaugurate the grand peace measure, the Fugitive Slave Law—to pacify the country, to save the Union, to bring cotton to their ever-hungry mills and glory to God. All the *élite* of Beacon-street were there, and all the ghosts of the old Whig party, the flunkeys of the cotton-ocracy, and the low, dirty, whisky-steeped roughs, the intense "nigger-haters" of the Boston grog-shops. Benjamin C. Curtis, with his hands cased in kids, was on the rostrum making a "great speech." In the course of his remarks he put some questions to an imaginary opponent which he thought unanswerable, pausing for a moment, as though inviting a reply, (I do not recall the precise point,) when there came from the gallery, in a rich, smooth tone, clear and ringing as a cornet,—

“Do you *want* an answer to that question, sir?”

I looked up from my standing-place on the floor, and there stood Theodore Parker, that noble face of his calm, yet resolute, and his full, piercing eye fixed on Curtis, who hadn't the manliness to say, “Yes, I asked it to be answered,” but looked as Macbeth looked upon the rising ghost of Banquo. In an instant rose the real rebel yell, “Put him out!” “Put him out!” “Throw him over!” “Pitch him out of the window!” And I could hear rolling down the ages another cry so like it: “Crucify him!” “Crucify him!” But there stood the hero in all his conscious rectitude, unmoved. Put him out! Put truth out of God's universe as well! They dare not lay a finger on him, the poltroons! It was a grand exhibition of moral heroism and the majesty of truth. That one act of Parker's—that exhibition of heart—condones a hundred errors of the head, with me.

Ah! it is something to live for to have been permitted to witness those scenes. “There were giants in those days,” and the giants were born of the times.

It was a great upheaval of the moral world, like the mighty convulsions which have shaken and consolidated this earth of our possession. Truth and justice had been so long and so deeply buried, and over them had accumulated so great a mass of error, ignorance, and bigotry, that no ordinary shaking could bring them to the surface. No wonder the leaders in Church and State were alarmed. So rough was the way, and so fearfully did the “oxen stum-

ble," that fearing for the ark, and forgetting who had it in charge, many a hand was stretched out to save it. "We advise you wholly to abstain from the agitation of this subject;" that is, slavery. Ha! one smiles now on reading this godly advice of our good bishops, none of whom who sent out that apostolic letter to the ministry lived to see the vile system overthrown, unless it was Soule, who, though northern born, cast in his lot with the slave power; and perhaps now, unless some angel has brought word to them of the results of the slaveholders' rebellion, are still dreaming that the evil exists, and that the great quadrennial resolution is still passed, "We are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery!" I should like to slip in and say to them, that we became *more* than ever convinced," and that the beast is dead.

Dear old men! What a torment, what a thorn in the spirit we incorrigible abolitionists must have been, to be sure! But we would not yield a jot of our convictions, notwithstanding bishops' advice and fugitive slave law's penalties. On we went, preaching, lecturing, praying for the slave and his master. Poetry, music, and painting came to our aid. Jurists, political economists, and heartless politicians, might labor together to sustain the foul system, but none could sing in its favor. Whittier burst out with that ringing lyric, "The Dismal Swamp," and lesser bards joined in the chorus. Hood had just published the famous "Song of the Shirt," which turned all eyes to the condition of the starving sewing-women of London. • I wrote a par-

ody upon it, "The Song of the Hoe," and took it to the old warrior, Leavitt, the editor of the "Emancipator."

"This is no parody," said he, "it is an imitation; let me print it."

Clarke, the famous antislavery songster, set it to music, and it rang all through the North and West. I have one mutilated copy left, and am tempted to insert it in this sketch for its preservation.

### THE SONG OF THE HOE.

With sinews weary and worn,  
 With tears never ceasing to flow,  
 A woman, clad in tow-cloth rags,  
 Plies ever her mattock and hoe:  
 Dig, dig, dig,  
 In weariness, weeping, and woe,  
 And still with a heart with sorrow big  
 She sang the song of the hoe.

Work, work, work,  
 While the master is sunning himself;  
 And work, work, work,  
 While the wretch is counting his pelf.  
 O, but to be a slave,  
 A slave 'neath an Arab's hand,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,—  
 If this be a Christian land!

Work, work, work,  
 With her infant strapped to her hip;  
 And work, work, work,  
 With the crack of the driver's whip.  
 Plant, and hill, and pick,  
 And pick, and hill, and plant,  
 'Till I drop asleep, while bowing low,  
 Murm'ring freedom's chant.

O, men with sisters dear !  
O, men with mothers and wives !  
It is not cotton you're wearing out,  
But human beings' lives :  
Dig, dig, dig,  
In sickness, sorrow, and want ;  
Digging at once, with feeble hand,  
\*A grave, and a hole for a plant.

A grave ! O God, for a grave !  
*There* is rest from this weary task.  
If death would but appear,  
I could smile at his hideous mask :  
He would seem so like a friend,  
Because of this bitter grief :  
Would that my wretched life might end—  
That death might bring relief !

Work, work, work ;  
My labor never flags ;  
And what my gains ? A bed of earth,  
A quart of corn, and rags.  
To be robbed of my children dear,  
To hear their cries in vain,  
To see my husband sold like a brute,  
Marched off in the clanking chain.

Dig, dig, dig,  
From early dawn 'till night ;  
Dig, dig, dig,  
No hope to make labor light.  
Pick, and plant, and hill ;  
Plant, and hill, and pick ;  
'Till my heart is faint, my blood on fire,  
And the lash cuts to the quick.

Work, work, work.  
Through winter dreary and lone ;  
And work, work, work,  
When spring and summer are come :  
While the birds on free, light wing,  
But mock me with liberty's song,  
While I with the sting of the hissing lash,  
My unpaid toil prolong.

O, but to feel the breath  
 Of northern breezes sweet !  
 With God's blue heavens over my head,  
 And Canada under my feet.  
 O for the start of a day,  
 Of the bloodhounds so cruel and fleet !  
 Swiftly I'd fly from this hell away,  
 The boon of freedom to greet.

O, but for one short hour !  
 O, for one resting day !  
 No moment to feel love's soothing power,  
 No moment to weep or pray.  
 E'en tears unchecked might ease my heart,  
 But tears away I dash ;  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Brings down the merciless lash.

With sinews weary and worn,  
 With eyelids reddened with woe,  
 Columbia's daughter, in hunger and rags,  
 Still plies her heavy slave hoe :  
 Dig, dig, dig,  
 In weariness, weeping, and woe ;  
 And still with a heart with sorrow strung,  
 (O that its tones through the world were rung !)   
 She sang this " Song of the Hoe."

Then came the great plan of *pacification*. Some doctor had discovered the grand panacea, curing all the ills the Church was heir to, more potent than the late "blue glass" method. Indeed, I am not so sure but it might have worked as effectively, had not some rogue of an abolitionist made the timely discovery that it was *green* glass. It was intended to check the great excitement by stopping all discussion, all allusions to the great evil, and all prayers in public for the slave.

It may excite surprise to say that not unfre-

quently pious people refused to attend church because the minister would remember in his prayers "those in bonds, as bound with them;" and, sooth to say, such prayers had an odd mixture of logic, denunciation, and bitter invective, intended rather for human than divine ears. But they could not be stopped, whether answered or not.

Down to the Maine Conference, with the mighty sanction of the Bench of Bishops, and all the eloquence of the author, came the Bull of Pacification. A tremendous effort was made to secure a unanimous reception of the plan.

"No," said some of us, "it's of no use to put a plaster on this ulcer; the disease is in the blood. Stop the discharge, and you kill the patient. Do you want peace? Then purify the body politic. 'First pure, then peaceable.'"

On putting the question to vote, four of the whole body said "NO." We were called afterward the "immortal four." Three of the number are still living to read on this 17th day of March, 1877:—

"Fred Douglass is confirmed Marshal of the District of Columbia!"

This is the greatest revolution that has occurred since the news ran through the astounded masses of old Rome, "Constantine is a Christian!" God is great.

A session of the Maine Conference was held in Hampden in 1839, I think. The bishop presiding was that good man, beloved by all, Waugh. The antislavery fever was high, and the patient (the Church) was supposed to be in great peril. No pre-



scription as yet made seemed to have reached the disease.

“Apply blisters,” said one.

“*Similia similibus curantur!*” cried another doctor. “Send these recusants down South to preach to the niggers they love so much.”

“Go yourselves and join your brethren in raising and selling your own *nigger* babies to raise missionary money,” said one.

“Try amputation; cut off the diseased member,” cried another.

“Put your finger on the law of God, or man, or of the Church, that we have broken,” was our reply.

“Try phlebotomy,” said a New York empiric. “Let out some of the feverish blood.”

Well, this was feasible: “Send these disturbers of the peace to some out-of-the-way places and they’ll cool off.”

I do not recall the fields of my three colleagues, but I shall not soon forget my own, as it turned out to be one of the best years of my life as to results. But there was one whose fever ran so high that he became, as was thought, a little “wandering;” at least, he did wander off as far as Utica, N. Y., and was a member of a convention of these fanatics; and he was a presiding elder.

“This will not do,” said the authorities. “If this thing goes on, ‘the Romans, or the ——, will come and take away our place and Church.’ Heroic remedies must be tried.”

This sick man was Rev. Ezekiel Robinson, still

living at Kent's Hill, Maine. All honor to him! Look into the meeting of the cabinet; the four presiding elders and the bishop are seated around a table. The appointments are about all arranged, save fixing the presiding elders to the four districts severally. But here's the sick man to be treated, as it will never do to send a man with such a disease upon a district. It is contagious; the flock will be poisoned. But the sick man must say, "I regret my attendance on that pestilent convention." What he did say was, "I have only this to regret, that we did no more to root out of the Church that system of which Mr. Wesley says, 'It is the sum of all villainies.'"

"You will, of course, for the peace of the Church, promise never to attend another."

"I will make no such promise."

Well and nobly said, old hero! "Faithful found among the faithless."

A little back of this in time, and the next act in the tragedy would have been to strip him of his clerical robes, (a shad-bellied coat,) scrape the tips of his fingers, put on him a black robe, with painted flames and dancing devils, and send him to the stake. But persecution for opinions sake is a little softened, though in force still, and all the good bishop could do was to degrade him from his office of presiding elder, or, *a la militaire*, strip off his epaulets, and reduce him to the ranks. Ah, but this was not a descent, but going up. A few more such degradations and he will be a bishop.

Some are living who will recall the scene the next

morning when we were read out. I see it all as though it were of yesterday. My seat on the bishop's left, in a wing slip; the martyr just in front, a little paler than usual, but unshaken, with fire in his eye; his wife in the back part of the house, bless her heart! who had come to witness the act. I cannot say "she had nine small children and one at the breast," (whether that was the ninth or tenth has never been settled,) but a goodly flock, all worthy of such parentage. The bishop, poor man, really the only sufferer present. How he trembles! And all who were present will remember the shock that went through that body when, as we waited for the announcement of that grand hymn with which our sessions always closed—

"And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair"—

instead of this the bishop gave out—

"Surrounded by a host of foes,  
Stormed by a host of foes within."

We could not sing. None but the *pros* could sing that, the *antis* were mute.

The reading out followed, and when the Gardiner District was reached, swinging his glittering blade around his head, down it came upon Robinson's neck, and—his head stood squarely upon his shoulders, where may it stand yet for years! An act like this made hundreds of abolitionists.

In such heated controversies there will be evolved more or less of fanaticism. Good men, wanting in

sound judgment and mental equipoise, will fall into error, and so check the work they would advance. Slavery was in the Church, and we could no more put it out at once than Congress could legislate it out of the States.

It was an error to leave the Church, and to attack and vilify her from without. If the foe has crept into the citadel, it is folly to put the wall between you and your enemy, and you on the outside.

The most bitter attacks were made upon our Church, and we who were fully committed to the antislavery cause had the double task imposed—to fight slavery and defend the Church. The old antislavery society of Massachusetts at its annual meetings in Boston used to come down upon the Church as a body with the greatest vindictiveness. Mr. Garrison, of course, felt grieved that his efforts were not met and abetted by all the clergy. But they could not do otherwise without bringing in an evil that would counterbalance all the good they might do. They could not “come out of her,” as they were incessantly called upon to do; they must stay and save the Church.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its quadrennial session in Boston in 1852; the anniversaries of the various societies, as usual, convened in the month of May. The antislavery anniversary was held in the old “Melodian Hall,” and drew together a great crowd both of friends and foes.

It was an opportunity to assail the great Methodist Episcopal Church, “the mother of harlots,” not

to be lost, consequently the most fiery denunciations were hurled against the body of delegates in session, and inflammatory resolutions passed, all of which were reported by the press. It was stated that there were two slaveholders in the conference, and the Church fraternized with them, etc. I determined to go into the antislavery convention and defend the Church against this charge of proslaveryism. I went to the delegates to our conference from Baltimore who had been accused of owning slaves, and obtained a written statement from them that they were not then, and had never been, the owners of a slave and never should be. I procured all the documents necessary to fortify the position I intended to maintain, that the Methodist Episcopal Church was, and had ever been, antislavery in her constitution and administration, and that this opposition to the institution had resulted in a division of the Church in 1844, and no fraternal relations now existed between the two bodies. Thus armed I started off alone, not even taking a surgeon with me to dress any wounds I might receive, or a "stretcher" to bear back my mangled remains. I knew right well whom I should meet, and what a hornet's nest I should stir up. Reaching the hall before the session opened, at two P. M., I took a seat quietly on the platform with my "pockets full of rocks."

The president was a venerable Quaker gentleman. As soon as he declared the session open I sprang to my feet, and was recognized and the floor accorded to me.

“Mr. President: I wish the privilege of addressing a few remarks to the convention.”

“Thee can speak as long as thee pleases.”

“Very well; I have some statements I wish to make, and when I have made them I shall leave.”

I took the precaution of throwing in this remark, as I had no intention of remaining to be badgered in that bear-garden. Pulling out my documents, I began. I was, for a wonder, perfectly self-possessed, without fear of man or fiend, if present. But what a storm! A large part of the audience were spectators whose sympathies were with me, and as I lashed the leaders for their unjust accusations and bitter intolerance they cheered me to the echo, while hisses and calls “to order” created a scene not to be described. The president ruled in my favor, and I retained the floor for two hours and a quarter, when, gathering up my papers, and gracefully (!) bowing to the president, I walked deliberately out amid confused cheers and cries of “stop,” “coward,” “He that fights and runs away,” etc. Well, it was a good fight and a grand hubbub, and I think the auditors knew more of the Methodist Episcopal Church than they had known before.

As I crowded my way out a gentleman gave me his hand, with the remark, “Thanks to you, you have saved me.”

So we fought on, never disheartened, never defeated, looking for the final overthrow of a system of cruelty, oppression, and murder that had no parallel in the history of this sin-cursed earth, until the end came, as I always affirmed it would, in thunder.

flames, and blood, the train fired by a southern hand. And though I did little in the great struggle, yet when the bolt fell and melted the chains of four millions of human beings, I felt that my work was done. I have done but little since.

“Glory be to God on high: on earth peace, and good will among men.”

#### TWO YEARS IN WASHINGTON.

“How did you go to Congress?” asks an inquisitive friend.

“By railroad.”

“Yes, but how came you to go?”

“Because I was sent.”

“Nonsense, but how did it happen?”

“Simply because I had more votes than my two competitors.”

“You are very dull of comprehension or facetious; but how did it happen that you were elected?”

“Because I was nominated.”

“Are you ashamed of your congressional career?”

“Not at all; I did nothing to secure an election; did not expect or seek it, and while in Washington did nothing to disgrace myself or my constituents; lived as quietly with my family as I did with the Churches I had served, and when my duties there were discharged returned to my work. There is no man, or layman, or minister who might not be coaxed into consenting to go to Congress once in his life if he could be assured of an election without running the fearful gauntlet of uncertainty in the canvass. I had not been in political life only, as

I had lectured on slavery, and had, when I could, voted as a citizen.

I was one day walking the street in Westfield, Mass., where I was then stationed, when a gentleman met me and said, as I understood him,

“We are going to send you to the Senate; would you go?”

I supposed he referred to the State Senate.

“I would go to the White House,” I replied, “should the people send me; but I will do nothing to secure it.”

The next day I learned that my name was before the convention for nominating a member of Congress, then in session at Pittsfield, and at night my nomination was announced. My competitor was a Mr. Platner, a manufacturer in Berkshire County. He wrote me saying my nomination was not fairly secured, but that it really belonged to him.

In reply I said, “I will not have it if it was not honestly received.” I at once sent a committee to meet Mr. P and his friends and investigate the matter. A thorough examination showed that the nomination was honestly made. I continued quietly about my work, and when election day arrived I was chosen by a large majority over both the Whig and Democratic candidates; but that was the great upheaval of the American party, alias “Know Nothingism.” And we shall ere long need another similar thunder-clap to startle and shake out of slumber the sleepy guardians of the public weal. There was no canon law against a clergyman taking a seat in the national council, and all the objections raised



against me on that ground were of envy—a dog-in-the-manger principle.

When, after two years' absence, I resumed my position in the active ministry, two settled pastors in the city where I was stationed resolved not to recognize me as a Christian minister because I had been in political life. One did venture so near to fraternization as to send word to me that he was to baptize the next Sabbath, and if I had any converts who wished to be immersed he would be pleased to do it for me. I sent him word that I preferred to wash my own sheep.

Such intolerance and bigotry is a shame and a disgrace. It nettled me a little at the time, but I have outgrown all feelings of bitterness. I was elected as a "Native American," but I was as thoroughly antislavery as Garrison himself. I received a letter from Alexandria, Va., inviting me to give a lecture in the Lyceum Course in that city after I should reach Washington, which I accepted. But soon after I arrived, and the great struggle commenced on the speakership, it was stated that I was a "black republican," and the little, dirty village was in a blaze of excitement. "A black republican to lecture before Virginians! Never! it will neither be safe for him personally, nor for the church in which he lectures." And so the poor frightened committee wrote me that "the trustees of the church, fearing a mob, had decided to close it, and the lecture must be postponed." I sent them a fitting reply. I never had but one other church shut in my face, and that was under quite similar circum-

stances. I was invited to give a lecture in the village of Holmes' Hole, Martha's Vineyard island. I sent my subject—a poem entitled “Parson Brown's Experience.” When I landed on the wharf from the steamer I was met by a committee of young men who seemed greatly excited, and evidently in trouble. They soon came to the point; the Baptist Church had been used for the course, but the committee had decided to close the house against my lecture.

“On what ground?”

“Well, the leading men in the Church are democrats, and they object to having politics or slavery introduced into the pulpit.”

“Yes,” said I, “but I was not intending to touch either the one or the other. What have you announced as the subject of my lecture? Let me look at one of your bills.”

One was produced, and I burst into laughter as I read in large letters this: “Rev. Mark Trafton will lecture this evening. Subject: ‘John Brown's Experiment!’”

“John Brown's body” was hardly yet cold; he had just been executed, and the excitement was high.

“Please look at my letter again,” I said.

On seeing it again it read, “Parson Brown's Experience.” I gave the lecture in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and when the great scare was explained there were some audible smiles.

Life in Washington differs but slightly from life in other places. From the descriptions of sensational letter-writers, one would expect to find moral and political corruption knee deep in the streets.

We found mud of the most adhesive character in abundance, nothing more. I dare say if one went diligently about it he would not need the candles of the prophets or the lanterns of the philosopher to find corruption. Can more be said of Boston? We found the residents agreeable, kind, and church-going people. I think a larger proportion of the population attended church at that time than in Boston. I saw no rowdiness, except in the House of Representatives; no drunkenness about the streets; and was never insulted except by an "Honorable Member" from Alabama, and he at once apologized for it and so prevented a duel! I am pained to say there was drunkenness in the House.

Our night sessions were a disgrace to the people who sent representatives to Congress, but they were from sections where drinking is the rule and sobriety the exception. But for the climate we should have enjoyed life in Washington; that is the most capricious of all latitudes. A few hours of southerly wind, and you would want to crawl into a refrigerator; it chops round north, and you long for the air chamber of your northern furnace.

We took rooms at a private house at fifty dollars a month, and our meals were sent up from a restaurant. It was rather an agreeable mode of life. A man comes quietly in, and, bringing the dishes, "lays the table." Soon he returns, bringing on his head a large tin receptacle with spirit-lamp underneath, from which he draws the edibles; placing these on the board, he departs. We quietly take our food, when he returns and clears all away.

This, also, cost fifty dollars per month. But this was in the days of slavery; the home servants were hired slaves, and their sad faces were a painful spectacle to us. They were slow, ragged, and unclean, and, no doubt, sorely tried Mr. and Mrs. K.

"I would horsewhip her," we one day overheard remarked, "if Mr. Trafton was not in the house."

Slow? Who wouldn't be slow and saucy under such circumstances? Mrs. Trafton had a woman's curiosity to learn how these girls were accommodated, and going into the attic found their kennel. A few old rags thrown upon the floor was all there was in the room. Upon these the many servants, after being on their feet from dawn until late at night, threw themselves as a dog would do, with no putting off of garments. What a system of atrocities! Do we suffer as a nation? Slavery is the cause.

Our manner of living did very well for a time, and then came sponging. The quality and quantity of our food gradually deteriorated.

"We will have a dish of baked beans for dinner to-morrow; do you understand?"

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said the old French waiter.

The dinner came, and with it a dish of bitter disappointment. A piece of boiled bacon upon a platter, and a pint of parboiled white beans laid around.

"Take it away, and bring any thing else."

Roast rabbit was a common dish; but cats were very numerous in Washington. We soon took a furnished house at Kendal Green, near the residence of Jackson's famous Postmaster-general, Hon. Amos Kendall, and organized a Yankee household. We

were a mile from the Capitol, but we had a horse and carriage with the house, so that on stormy days we could easily reach the city.

Not unfrequently an effort was made by some liberty-smitten slave to purchase the boon of freedom, and a subscription paper would be circulated among the members to secure the necessary funds. I one day learned that a woman was advertised to be sold, and that the chattel could be seen at a certain street and number. I took a fancy to call and see her. Ringing the bell, some one came to the door, and I was invited in. The lady of the house came into the room.

“Is there a slave woman in your family by the name of Eliza Brown?”

“Yes, there is.”

“What can you say for her character?”

“She is a good girl, pious, steady, honest, and faithful. She is in great trouble just now, as her owner is about to sell her, and a dealer [demon] has been to see her, and she fears she is to be taken South.”

“Can I see her?”

“O yes! I will call her.”

Soon, in came the specimen of advertised stock. A very good-looking girl, and well dressed, for a slave whose earnings all went to the master.

“How old are you?” A pretty question to put to a lady.

She answered without blushing, “I suppose about twenty-seven.”

“Who is your master?”

She gave his name and residence.

“ Did he raise you ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ You are to be sold, it seems.”

“ Yes, sir, and I’m in great trouble. I’m afeard I’ll go South,” and she broke down.

Do my readers realize what going South implied? It was going to perdition. I heard the Jubilee Singers sing:—

“ Nobody knows what troubles I have seen, Lord :  
Nobody knows but Jesus.”

“ Would you like to be a free woman ? ”

She looked at me a moment as though benumbed, and then burst out, “ O yes, but I never spects to be ; massa offered me my freedom, but I can’t raise de money.”

“ Well,” said I, “ I will see your master and learn what can be done for you.”

I went directly to the house of the owner, and found an old broken down man, living in squalid poverty.

Yes, he owned Eliza Brown. She was the only slave he had left. He wished she could have her freedom, but he could not afford to give it to her. She had two children ; he had sold them, and did not know where they were.

“ What do you ask for her ? ”

“ Well, I want her to be free, and if you will free her, you may have her for three hundred dollars.”

Cheap, very cheap for a good sound woman, healthy, young, and a member of the Church !

“If you promise not to sell her for two days I will see you again.”

He gave me the promise. I went to the House, drew up a subscription paper briefly setting forth the case, and before the close of that day's session I had the money in my pocket. The original paper lies before me as I pen this. Alas, how many who aided me in this work are gone, and will only respond to the great roll-call at the last day! On looking over this paper I see the price asked for the woman was three hundred and fifty dollars.

On this subscription paper are many illustrious names: Joshua R. Giddings, the “old war-horse;” Benjamin Wade; W H. Kelsey, who gave me twenty dollars, the largest subscription I received; John Sherman, now in the cabinet, then in the first year of his Congressional life; Henry Wilson. I see a number of Southern members gave me a lift. Here is the name of John Kelly, of Tammany fame; and Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky. One southerner, M'Mullin, of Virginia, called me a fool for trying to free the woman. “She's better off where she is,” he said; “I'll give you a thousand dollars for her, come?”

“Her place will be vacant, M'Mullin,” I said; “you can have it.”

The next morning, with the money in my pocket, I again called on the old slave owner, and asked him to go and have her free papers made out and I would pay over the ransom.

“No; I will give you a bill of sale, and you can give her her free papers.”

“ Not for all the money ever invested in slaves ; and then there is no sale. I am not buying a woman, but paying the ransom of a captive ; and suppose I should die with that bill of sale in my pocket, a fine end for an abolitionist ! No, sir ; step into my carriage, go to a notary, make out the papers in due form, and your money is ready.”

It was done, and then I drove to the house where she was employed, called her in and put the papers into her hand, and said, “ You are a free woman ! ” She trembled like an aspen, then turned white as she could under the circumstances, and, with eyes filled with tears, clasped her hands and exclaimed, “ Bress de Lord ! ”

She afterward went into my family and remained with us while we were in Washington, but nothing could induce her to come north ; she would “ jess freeze.” She obtained the consent of the mistress of the house one night to have a “ freedom party,” and the basement was filled with a select company, many of them as white as any person. Of course, “ Massa mus’ go in de kitchen, jess to let um see um.”

Well, the next day five of that party were missing ; they had left for Canada. I looked for a visit from the police, but was disappointed. Eliza wrote to Mrs. Trafton after our return north, sending her photograph, and asking advice relative to marrying a preacher ! I have not heard from her since. I ought to say she spent some time in efforts to find her children, but failed.

My early impression of an “ American Congress ” was that it was a learned, sober, and dignified body,



selected from the best men in the nation, a *representative* body; but "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream" when I had been a few days in my seat. I had visited State Legislatures, and looked in upon grave benches of judges, with a feeling of respect and reverence. But here is a different class of men—with exceptions, of course. These men are office seekers; they are here, not because an intelligent constituency, looking for fit men to whom to intrust the public interests, selected and sent them by an intelligent suffrage; but they secured their nomination by packing a caucus, by bribery, by the purchase of votes, by deception and fraud.

There are noble men here, honoring the seat they fill, and the pride of their constituency, but the number is small.

Joshua Giddings is here, John Sherman, Schuyler Colfax, H. Winter Davis, W. H. Kelsey, John Covode, Allison, Grow, Alex. H. Stephens, and many others, so that Mr. Giddings could say, "It is the best House I have ever seen." What must have been the worst? There were in the House eleven clergymen, and one in the Senate, all men from the active ministry save two or three "local preachers," so called because engaged in business and only occasionally preaching. I heard no scandal connected with any of them, and I am convinced they demeaned themselves with ministerial propriety. One of them had a curiosity to look into a gambling room by night, being guided thither by a fellow-member, but his curiosity came near blistering his reputation. These clergymen often officiated in the pulpits of

their several denominations, and, I think, secured the respect of the people. For myself, with my family around me, I lived just as quietly as in a New England village; and if my career did not shed a luster on my constituents, I did not disgrace them nor dishonor the Church. My children were in Sabbath-school, and we went regularly to church. My evenings were spent at home, and given to franking public documents to my constituents or answering letters.

Franking reminds me of what at the time struck me as a little singular; but I soon learned that Washington lives by Congress, hence the Spartan view of theft prevails—the sin lies in detection. No one paid any postage in the city during the session of Congress, if at all. Everybody had some acquaintance among the members, and a common practice was to present a package of envelopes to the friend and ask his frank. I had not been in my seat a day when a lawyer, whose father knew my grandfather, sent a package to me for my frank; that is, he coolly asked me to steal seventy-five cents for him from the United States Treasury. The franking privilege was a great abuse.

The people take advantage of their acquaintance with the members to secure some desired favor from Congress, or an appointment in some department for a relative. I was invited to a dinner in Georgetown, but the secret was soon out. As a member of the committee on the "District," it was inferred that I might, by my position, favorably influence

the committee to report a bill for some improvements in that part of the "District." I was hardly settled in my lodgings before I was waited upon by an old gentleman, poorly clad, who had had a claim before the House for twenty years. He requested me to look over his documents, and again bring his claim before the "District Committee." The claim was just—many committees, and one special committee, had reported in its favor, and yet no vote had been reached. I brought his claim before the committee, and reported a resolution to the House giving him three thousand dollars; the last night came, and we had not reached it; the old man was almost in despair. I enlisted the services of Hon. A. H. Stephens. He obtained the floor near midnight, and moved a suspension of the rules. The House took up and passed the resolution, it was rushed into and through the Senate, and the old man got his three thousand dollars, the first and last he ever secured of his claim. How many such claims are buried in the vaults of Congress by "red tape!"

The Thirty-fourth Congress was notable as being the opening of a new era, and the final breaking up of the slave dynasty. Both parties saw the crisis, and came up prepared for a last struggle. The balance of power was held by the American party, strong in number, but not sufficiently powerful to elect the speaker by themselves. But all, or nearly all, from the free States were antislavery in principle, and when the final struggle came that party very naturally divided on the old slavery line, the

Southern "Know-nothings" going over to the democrats, and the northerners to the republicans. There was a tremendous excitement, much bitterness and bad blood, a large amount of which, in less than ten years after, was drawn off by saber and bayonet. For nine long weeks the battle raged. That fearful roll-call still echoes in my ears, the responsive shouts, *Banks* or *Orr*—the list beginning and ending with the name of a slave-holder, "William Aiken," and "Felix K. Zollicoffer;" the first then the largest slave-holder in South Carolina, now reduced to poverty, and asking an office at the hands of a republican President; and the last a real gentleman of Tennessee, who fell early in the rebellion fighting for the loved institution.

Threats of a dissolution of the Union were then uttered boldly on the floor of the House, and foreshadowed the coming conflict.

There was Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, hot, hasty, and filled with bravado.

"For twenty years I have labored to destroy this Union," he burst out one day in debate; and thus declared that, in every official position he had filled, he had forsworn and perjured himself for that period. He fell at Fort Wagner, under a charge of Shaw's Union freedmen.

There was Preston S. Brooks, noted only for his cowardly assault upon Senator Sumner, and who died, before the session closed, of strangulation, not by a cord, as would have been fitting, but of disease.

Many of the members of that Congress are gone,

both of the House and of the Senate, and their places are filled by men then unknown to fame. Sumner, Wilson, and Seward, the illustrious trio of champions of freedom, are in their graves; but their brave and ringing words will never be lost. Such men cannot die.

There were some odd sticks in the make-up of this body, men of sharp wit and real humor, and the long rambling discussions attending the struggle for the chair were often enlivened by very diverting passages at arms. Sam Galloway of Ohio was a lawyer and a good debater, witty and sharp in repartee. Speaking one day upon some question, he referred to posterity as having equal rights and interest in these matters. A. K. Marshall, of Kentucky, a physician and slave-holder, suddenly sprang to his feet and shouted,

“Mr. Chairman, does the gentleman include *colored* posterity?”

Sam saw at once the opening in his armor, and, turning upon him his large and piercing eyes, after a moment's pause, replied,

“Mr. Chairman, *I* have no *colored* posterity. Can the gentleman from Kentucky say as much?”

There was a roar of laughter on both sides of the House, while Marshall sank into his seat covered with confusion.

The piping tones of A. H. Stephens always secured the instant and close attention of the House. No clearer head was found in that body. When he spoke he had something to say, and something worthy of being heard. His appearance was corpse-

like. Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, one day after one of Stephens' speeches remarked, "You see, Stephens' appearance secures the sympathy of his auditors. You lay him out in the corridor, put two coppers on his eyes, and any one would make oath that he had been dead two days."

Mr. Stephens told me one day the cause of his physical infirmities. He had been engaged in a hot political canvass, and had given and taken hard hits. Meeting his opponent in the street, a powerful man weighing some two hundred pounds, he was savagely attacked by him, knocked down and stabbed repeatedly with a bowie-knife; being cut and slashed by him until some persons ran a hundred yards and pulled him off.

"See my hand," said he as he held up the palm, "cut nearly off as I grasped the knife. I bled almost to death, and have never been well since."

Mr. Stephens is a member of the Presbyterian Church in Crawfordville, Georgia.

The struggle for the speakership went on, and it seemed interminable. No pay could be drawn, and the sergeant-at-arms arranged to advance the money, and thus he was sure of re-election whichever party won.

All night the battle raged, and not in continual roll-call, but speeches on all sorts of questions, while neither side would yield for an adjournment. One member from —, with a nose that outranked Cronin's, was kept on his feet for six hours one night, so intoxicated that he could scarcely stand, speaking on the political condition of that State,

badgered, and questioned—creating mirth for the sleepy throng. Now some wag would move a call of the House, when, no quorum being present, the sergeant-at-arms would be ordered to bring in the absentees, who had slipped off to bed, and they would be brought in, sleepy and wrathful, to be censured and fined. So the time would pass until the majority weakened and the House adjourned.

It was ten o'clock at night. Rumor ran through the city that a speaker would be elected that night, and the galleries were thronged. The democrats looked sober as the news flew about that the three votes wanted to elect Banks were secured.

On went the roll-call amid profound silence; it wound up as usual, "Felix K. Zollicoffer." A few moments of suspense while the clerks are counting up the votes. A slip of paper is passed up to the chairman, and he announces the result: "N. P. Banks is elected Speaker of the House," etc. There was very little demonstration; it was too near a defeat to become very hilarious over. In a few moments the lightning flashed the news all over the country, and people breathed easier. The first great victory over the long dominating slave-power was achieved; it was "wounded to death."

## CHAPTER IX.

## TEMPERANCE.

I WAS sitting on my bench one day in 1828, busily plying my vocation, when a gentleman by the name of Allen, a deacon in an Orthodox Church, and a brother of "Camp-meeting John," entered the shop. He was not a customer evidently, but had some communication to make which it seemed difficult to approach.

At last it came out that he was engaged in procuring pledges to abstinence from *distilled* liquors as a beverage. One might drink wine, cider, beer, as much as was desired, but the great foe was the poor man's drink—rum. This was the first movement against the great evil of drunkenness. How slowly these great reforms come into active force. Every body drank in those days; nothing, it was thought, could be done without rum. If a child was born, baptized, or buried, rum must aid in the act. If a Church was organized, or a minister ordained, the sideboard groaned under its burden of liquors. If friends called, they were slighted unless invited to "take something." It was the great staple in all traders' stock, and necessary item in all expeditions, whether of business or pleasure.

Deacons of Churches dealt in it without compunction, and the minister took his glass before going



into the pulpit to find his inspiration. Rum reigned universal king. I wish I could say that now, in this year of grace 1877, his ruinous reign was ended. Alas! his throne is only shaken, not destroyed. Lying before me is an old day-book, whose pages illustrate the habits of the times of which I am writing. Among many accounts is one carrying us back to the early history of my native town of Bangor. It is the store account of the first settled minister of the town, Rev. Seth Noble, who not only offered spirits to his guests, but it is said always took with him a bottle of spirits when visiting the sick.

*Rev. Seth Noble.*

*To Robert Treat, DR.*

		£	s.	d.
<i>Sept.</i>	<i>1, 1787.</i>	3 qts. rum, 6s. ; 6 lbs. sugar, 6s. . . . .	12	0
“	5, “	1 gall. rum, 8s. ; ½ lb. tea, 1s. 6d. . . . .	9	6
“	11, “	3 lbs. sugar, 3s. ; 1 gall. rum, 8s. ; 3 lbs. sugar, 3s. . . . .	14	0
“	22, “	1 gall. rum, 8s. ; 3 lbs. sugar, 3s. . . . .	11	0
“	28, “	1 gall. rum, 8s. ; ¼ lb. tea, 1s. 6d. . . . .	9	6
<i>Oct.</i>	<i>3,</i>	2 qts. molasses, 2s. ; 2 lbs. sugar, 2s. . . . .	4	0
“	8, “	1 gall. rum, 8s. ; 2 qts. rum, 4s. . . . .	12	0
“	20, “	2 qts rum, 2s. 6d. ; ½ bush. salt, 3s. . . . .	5	6
“	24, “	½ bush. salt, 3s. ; 1 qt. rum, 1s. 6d. . . . .	4	6
<i>Nov.</i>	<i>6,</i>	1 Almanac, 1s. ; 7½ gall. W. I. rum, 8s. . . . .	3	1 0

So much for the minister's account. “Like priest, like people.” The only difference seems to have been that they took their liquors at the counter, and so saved the item of sugar. “Mugs of flip and toddy,” with “gills of brandy,” fill the pages.

But let us not suppose that the former times were worse than these. I seriously doubt if there was more drunkenness in those times. Moderate drinking was universal, open drunkenness less ; or, it may

be, there was a difference in the stuff drank. But such wild orgies as disgrace these times were hardly known.

Let us look at another picture—that was in 1787, this in 1873. I was coming down the Penobscot in August of that year from my annual trip into the Maine woods. We had just been carted across “Fowler’s Carry,” when the teamster informed us that he had the day before carried across six young men from Bangor who had gone up to Millinocket Lake to spend a week in camp, and among other supplies which he took across were *twelve gallons of whisky!* Let Parson Noble pass. Bangor, I am happy to learn, is in these days redeeming herself, and driving out the rumsellers.

But to return to the visit of the deacon. I signed the pledge, and could do it without self-denial, as I never drank; but the custom was so universal among mechanics that it required a good degree of moral courage to abstain. If a new “journeyman” was “seated,” he must “wet his seat” or he is not recognized; his knives would be “sharpened” by drawing the edges across his lapstone; his pegs be mixed, his awls broken, and in a hundred ways he would be tormented, until he would “treat” or “flit.” Those barbarous and beastly customs are nearly gone, and mechanics are coming to see that liquors are not at all essential to strength and endurance, but, on the other hand, enervating and demoralizing.

But one smiles now on recalling the ignorance of those days upon the nature of alcoholic liquors.

They failed to see that the agent of evil was alcohol, and not the form it assumed. Whether wine, or beer, or brandy, or rum, the intoxicating principle was alcohol; that the more it was mixed with other ingredients, the more dangerous it became. Men were slow in comprehending this cardinal truth.

In 1831 I gave my first temperance lecture, a sketch of which, yellow with years, lies before me, and in which I advocated *total abstinence*. But the people could not receive it, and the Church, even, discarded it. The eyes of the clergy were closed.

One aged Orthodox clergyman in the vicinity was especially stirred by "the fanaticism of the youngster." He had called one day upon a Universalist neighbor, and the brandy bottle was brought out. Stirring up a glass, he said, "I can truly say it is good for me to be here!" But the boys gave him a terrible fright. Among some eggs brought in from the barn soon after was one on which was plainly written these startling words: "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." The poor man was horrified. He prepared and preached a sermon on the text, to which the young rogues listened with all the gravity possible.

Soon I advanced a step farther. I felt by intuition that if it is wrong to drink intoxicants, it is equally wrong to furnish them. Hence the whole system of sales, of "treating," of keeping liquors in the house for the entertainment of callers and guests, is wrong. If it is a sin to yield to a temptation to evil doing, it is equally a sin to present the tempta-

tion. And so I preached against the social customs of the day, and against aiding and abetting the traffic in rum. I insisted that Christians could not conscientiously patronize shops, stores, and hotels where liquors were sold among other commodities. But I put my head into a hornet's nest. Two incidents I recall connected with this presentation, one laughable, and the other verging on the tragic.

I was stationed in the beautiful village of Westfield, Mass., in 1845. We had then, as now, a noble band of zealous and loving brethren. (I have long since forgiven the persecution I suffered for my odd-fellowship—the last thing that should have been objected to in me—and my freemason badge.) We had a series of temperance meetings, and the excitement rose to fever heat.

There were numerous rum-shops in the village, and connected, many of them, with other traffic. I had insisted, in a public discussion, that temperance men could not consistently patronize grocers, provision dealers, and others who sold rum; “and for myself,” I said, “I will not do it.” There was a noted rum-seller in the village, a Mr. S., who kept a fish-market, in connection with his liquors. My declaration of non-intercourse was discussed freely in all the shops and stores in town, and many doubted my sincerity. Mr. S. had just received a supply of Connecticut River shad, the finest in the country. “Now I'll bet a dollar,” said S. to the crowd, “that I'll take one of these nice fish over to Mr. Trafton, and he'll accept it.”

“I’ll take the bet,” at once responded a man present ; “ plank your stake, old fellow.”

It was done, and S., selecting the finest of the lot, started for my house, while the jolly crowd watched him as he crossed the green. I was in, and answered the bell myself, and there stood S. with that splendid fish in his hand—“ in truth, it was a noble ”—fish.

“ Good-morning, Mr. S.,” I said in a cheerful tone.

“ Good-morning,” he replied. “ I have just received some fine fish from Springfield, and thinking you are fond of fish, have brought you a nice one for your dinner.”

Now I had been reading, or writing, or rocking the cradle, or all together, and so was not thinking of the subject of our discussion at all ; but like a flash came the thought, “ The devil is in it.”

“ I am much obliged to you, Mr. S.,” I said ; “ I am very fond of shad.”

“ Yes, I knew you were,” said he, “ and I am glad to make you a present of one ;” and he held it up for me to take, but I stepped back, saying, “ But I cannot accept it from you, Mr. S.”

“ Well,” said he, “ I will lay it on the step, and your folks can take it.”

“ No, sir,” said I, and my eyes began to burn, I reckon. “ Take your fish from my premises. I’ll have none of it.”

His head fell, he turned and took his solitary way back to his den with his fish, to be hailed with shouts of laughter. It was all over town before

night, and I was told of the trap set for me. The next Sabbath I announced that at the next temperance meeting at the Town Hall I should "cook a shad," which I did.

The other incident referred to was in relation to renting buildings for the sale of liquors. In one of my charges we were pushing the temperance battle to the gate, and at the same time a remarkable revival was in progress—they always go together. Rum must go out before the Spirit divine can enter.

All at once the host was paralyzed by the report which spread through the community that the leading man in the Church was renting buildings for liquor selling. Like Israel in the case of Achan, we were shamed before our foes. I sent a committee to reason with him, but in vain; he could manage his own business; he was not responsible for others' acts; all he had to do was to collect his rents. I prepared charges against him, and called him before a committee. He blustered and threatened, and told them it was his business, not theirs. I soon saw that they were weakening, as one suggested a postponement of the matter.

My indignation rose at such cowardice, and rising to my feet, I rehearsed the matter from the beginning, and closed by saying: "Now you will proceed, and try this man on these charges, or tomorrow I will pack my goods and leave this town. I will not waste my strength in efforts to benefit the people where such obstacles exist, and no Church to back me up." They proceeded with the trial, and sustained the charges. The poor man broke down

and wept like a child, and I am not ashamed to say I mingled my tears with his. I said to him, "We have no disposition to punish you, or to afflict you; promise to shut up those rum-shops and the matter is ended." He made the promise and it was over. It was a blessing to him, grievous at first, but it "yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness." If I am grateful for any gift of God it is for a backbone. I don't know what I should have done without it.

In 1840 I was invited to give a temperance lecture in the old Payson Church, in the city of Portland. A very large audience greeted me, and listened attentively while I discoursed on the text in Daniel: "After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth; it devoured, and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it: and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns." I applied it to *intemperance*—in its appearance dreadful and terrible; in its cruelty and voracity—"great iron teeth;" in its waste—"stamped the residue with the feet of it;" in its unlikeness to all other evils.

I had what we call *liberty*. The audience were with me, and a high pitch of enthusiasm was reached, when, pausing a moment, I cried out, "Who feeds and sustains this monster? Who bids him live and devastate the fair field of human hopes and interests? Who fattens on his excesses, and reaps profit from the ruin he works? The *rum-seller*—the dealer

in intoxicants!" If I had thrown a lighted hand-grenade into the audience it would hardly have produced greater consternation. Why, merchants all sold it. Many of the wealthy men of Portland had amassed their princely fortunes by distilling and selling rum; and now to be told that it ought to be "made a felony, punishable by fine and imprisonment!" Horrible heresy! When the meeting closed there was a clamor of discussion, and strong condemnation of the remarks on the sale of liquors.

There was one thoughtful man who sat and listened attentively, and as he passed out and heard the comments he quietly remarked, "Gentlemen, Mr. Trafton is right; an evil of that magnitude will only finally be reached by legal enactments; it will come to that at last." It was NEAL DOW, the great apostle of prohibitory law. That night the seed was sown in his heart. If he is the father of the Maine Law, I may justly claim to be its grandfather.



## CHAPTER X.

## WOLLASTON HEIGHTS.

I HAVE bought a house at Wollaston Heights, a neat French-roofed cottage, nicely slated with slates from my own native State!—it is well to be particular in a matter of so great moment. The lower story is ten feet and half an inch in height, and the upper one nine feet two inches. Outside, if it had a ring on the ridge-pole, it might be taken for a huge bird-cage; while inside it has ten rooms sufficiently spacious to permit one to turn around without striking the walls. It stands on the main street hard by the Methodist Synagogue; so near, indeed, that I fancy myself sitting in my old age (I shall have to be older than any of my progenitors since Methuselah) in my study window and watching some young theologian as he turns one by one his cream-laid (not *cream covered*) leaves, while, in the rays of the morning sun, his diamond ring and studs flash light into the eyes if not the hearts of an admiring throng.

It is a corner lot, one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, strong soil; indeed, a gentleman told me, and it can be corroborated by scores of witnesses, that last fall he exhibited in the chapel on a festival occasion a weed plucked from that garden nine feet in height. On that announcement I

closed the bargain at once. "Gentlemen of Rochester," said Daniel Webster in an after-dinner speech given in his honor in that great western city, "I am told by the chairman that you have a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high—p-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s. Gentlemen of Rochester, you are a great people—what people ever failed with a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high!" So I reasoned. If the soil of Wollaston Heights, without cultivation, will bear weeds nine feet in height, what will it bear under high cultivation? Corn, to pluck which one must go up in a balloon; beans, outrunning Jack's famous stalk; parsnips, which will draw some inhabitant of the celestial empire up some fine morning with the indignant inquiry, "what-ee Melican man he pullee my pig-tail, hi?"

In addition to the cottage is a palatial hen-house, thirty-two feet in length by twelve in breadth, with front glass windows, six of them four by five feet, with ventilating dormer-windows in the upper story, and two yards with fences fifteen feet in height. Prodigious! Gentlemen of Wollaston Heights—you are a great people—what hens ever scaled a fence fifteen feet high? I have bought eight hens, and am experimenting with them to ascertain if possible the highest attainable aerostatic powers of that fowl. To look at that fence one might suppose it would check the wildest effort of the modern muse, but I am not so familiar with hen power. So much for the immediate surroundings.

The views from the Heights are unsurpassed by

any thing this side the grand view in the city of Lausanne, on Lake Geneva. Boston, with its smoke and gilded State-house dome, lies spread before you; Lynn, Gloucester, and Cape Ann are distinctly seen; while Cape Cod stretches away until lost in the commingled blue and green of sky and ocean, and the magnificent bay, with its islands, and moving ships, and flashing light, lies at your feet—indeed, all that prevents a full view of the English Channel and the city of Liverpool is the rotundity of this little ball of earth, and the imperfection of human vision.

But my new home is not on the heights at all, but at the foot. I prefer this. I do not want the grand scenery to meet me when I brush with hasty feet the morning dew, nor fade slowly away as we drop the evening curtains and light the social lamp. (No gas at Wollaston—I hope there never will be in my day.) I prefer to walk up the hill at eventide, or before the sun rises, if I can rise so early, take a full view of the glories, and then in my quiet study, or lost among those towering weeds, find fitting food for fancy. I should suffer from a surfeit to be forever in full sight of such scenery, and it would soon lose its charms. Were I so happy as to reach the glorious home of the pure at last, I should still seek some place at times where I could be alone, in the hush and quietness of solitude.

Well, I have bought a home in Wollaston; this is a part of the old town of Quincy, of precious associations. Just over there, a mile away, is the quaint old John Adams house—what scenes has it wit-

nessed! On that hill just there on the left hand of the road, and where now stands the fine mansion of John Quincy Adams, Jun., (I wouldn't change with him, he has no weeds nine feet high!) occurred the laughable incident which, while so trivial in itself, shook the infant colony to its very base two hundred years ago. Mr. Wollaston, a good man in his day, had come into possession of that same hill by purchase or pre-emption; he built his log-hut and settled down with a few neighbors around him, in the pursuit of the pleasure and discharge of the duties of domestic life. When May-day approached their good English hearts began to throb with memories of the sports of May-day in "merrie England." Why not revive the innocent sports of the old home? And so a May-pole was erected, a May-queen chosen, garlands of tiny blossoms and evergreens woven, and the dance around the pole was enjoyed by old and young.

But Plymouth is not far away, and soon rumor on rapid wing bore the tidings to the startled ear of the stern old elders, not of an incursion of *salvages* into the quiet settlement of Wollaston, but a May-pole erected and the people dancing around it. The consternation of Moses on seeing the golden calf was nothing to it. What, the Puritans, who had forsaken home and country, braved the winter perils of the unknown sea, met the murderous *salvages* with undaunted bravery, looked starvation calmly in the face, and all to escape the contamination of idolatrous England, now to put flowers around hat and bonnet, and caper around a pole, and

this in sight of the poor heathen! And now was heard the roll of the alarm drum, the heavy, measured tread of armed men, the stern, sharp order, "Forward the column!" and Captain Miles Standish, with all the pomp and circumstances of war, *bella horrida bella*, shook the earth as the score of heroes, mid weeping wives and screaming children, marched out of Plymouth to capture a May-pole. No blood was shed, but the heroes hewed the obnoxious stick in pieces and gave it to the flames, arrested as many of the dancers as they could catch, among them poor Wollaston himself, and marched back to Plymouth in proud array. Then it was that Wollaston made the remark so often quoted: "I came to this wilderness to escape the lord bishops, and have fallen into the hands of the lord popes."

Well, as I have hinted, I have bought a house in Wollaston among these rich historic scenes and associations—bought, I said; but in my description thereof above briefly given I overlooked one ornament which I neglected to name. While it has no piazza or cupola from which to look out upon the shimmering sea, it has a *mortgage on it*, and that's more than many of my readers can say of their houses I am sure. It is no very attractive ornament, to be sure; and if I had built the house, why, perhaps it wouldn't have been there if I could have had my way; but we had to take it as we found it, and make changes later as best we might. It is not, to the severe taste of my wife, an *ornament* at all, and she wants it taken off; but I am afraid to touch the strange looking thing, fearing the whole struct-

ure might tumble down together if we should attempt its sudden removal ; it must be done little by little, so as not to endanger the whole fabric. Who knows but we may live to say this is our own house without a mortgage, and with a piazza on two sides !

“ Well, good wife,” I say, “ we have jogged on together forty years next summer, and none can think we are wrong if we wish at last to sit down in our own house to enjoy the quiet evening of life, with our children and grandchildren dropping in to see us. Then we shall have no more packing up, and going off among entire strangers, but be at HOME. That will be a new word in our vocabulary, and more enjoyable because so long in coming. It is an itinerant’s dream—a HOME—a life-long anticipation, realized by so few of the many indulging in the pleasing vision. How my heart has ached over the old worn-out hero who finds himself crowded out of the ranks by that relentless foe, old age, with no retreat, and no resources to fall back upon in his time of need ! Why not, among the numerous charitable institutions of this benevolent age, establish a *home for aged ministers* ? Not a grand building, but a cluster of cosy cottages. Where’s the great heart, with a purse to correspond, who will buy a hundred acres of land in some good location, divide it into lots of three or four acres, and erect on each a comfortable cottage, and say to these men, “ Go and occupy one of these during your life ! There’s a spot for a garden, feed for a cow, a house for your fowls, (never

mind about a fence fifteen feet high,) go and be happy." Try it, O ye men of plethoric purses, and enjoy the luxury of doing good! The question, "What shall I do when enfeebled by age?" weighs upon the heart of an itinerant like an incubus. Something should be done for him more than is done by the Preachers' Aid Society, and I am not sure but the suggestion above is the best plan that can be adopted.

But to return from this digression. I think I have already hinted I have taken a small cottage at *Wollaston Heights*, and as I have passed the fatal dead line in ministerial life, and as the question, so appalling to a sensitive heart, must soon, if not now, circulate around the board of bishops and elders in cabinet meeting, "What shall we do with the old man?" I propose to anticipate and solve it myself—we will not embarrass you nor burden the Church. But do not imagine, O reader of this, that the writer is in low spirits, or dismayed at the sure approach of old age, or death even. You will not see him weeping over it, or indulging in regrets, save the sorrow that he has been able to accomplish so little in the great field. He trusts he has religion enough to submit to the will of God, and too much philosophy to repine at the inevitable. For this I was born, to this come all at last.

I look back through my forty-five years of itinerant life, and say hundreds of times, "Thanks to God!" I have never been oppressed, nor slighted, nor in any way wronged by the Church authorities or the Church itself (albeit there are some Churches

against which I have some little claim for arrearage in salary, which, if they would now forward to me, would enable me to take off that unsightly appendage to this house we are talking about.) I have generally been at peace with my lay brethren, though I have now and then run against the sharp corners of an oddly organized being, but I console myself with the thought that my angles were as acute as his. I have esteemed the ministry, have no animosities to crush out, no jealousy of the young men who are coming to the front, and, without evil intent, crowding us old fellows to the rear, which is, by all odds, the safest place in conflict, and taking upon themselves the brunt of the battle. I watch them with eager interest as they mount the "imminent, deadly breach," and plunge into the smoke of battle; but I do blush slightly on seeing so many of them going in on crutches. For your own sake, for the sake of the Church, boys, use them for fuel to heat your coffee, and learn to steady yourselves on your own feet. Now, with all this, why should I not go to Wollaston?

Yet it is amusing to hear the comments of disinterested friends. The first one I met when the deed was done burst out with the exclamation: "What in—in creation (he was somewhat profane before his conversion, and his ardent feelings still demand strong expletives) did you pitch upon that new and unfinished place for?"

"Because it *was new*. Have not I been a builder all my life? I should be wretched with nothing to improve."



“But there are no Methodists there.”

“All the more attractive; there is plenty of material.”

“But there are no Methodist preachers either; you will be lonesome; you should have come to our town; we have a dozen of them.”

“You have my hearty sympathy, my kind friend. There will be more room for me; and then there’s the Monday Preachers’ Meeting in Boston—enough for one week.”

But my friend turned away with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, muttering something about perversity of taste, oddity, and all that, while I went out to see how the painters got on.

Settled at last, we begin to realize our situation. It seems not a little odd to place one thing here and another there with the thought that it will so remain for an indefinite period. A book-case which I have so many times taken to pieces and reconstructed, I to-day screwed together so firmly that no one will ever think of disintegrating it again, I reckon.

#### MOVING.

We had waited for a warm, pleasant day for our flitting, and then came on the first snow of the winter, cold, windy, and cheerless; the house damp, no fire, no committee to meet me at the station—we never had such but twice, and once they missed us—no warm supper prepared for “our minister” by willing hands; in truth, we were nobody’s minister, belonging to nobody, and nobody belonged to us. But this world is rich in its compensations—“this

is *our house*," we said, as we stepped in upon the bare, cold floors, and that thought was a summer air in the rooms. A good furnace fire soon took off the chill, and we waited for the team with our sleeping apparatus.

As we sat thus waiting and musing my wife suddenly broke out with the question, "How many times have we moved, do you think?"

"O, fifteen or twenty," said I.

"This is our thirty-sixth move," she said, and proved it by naming them over one by one, while I kept tally.

Horrible to look at in the lump, but not so bad when considered one at a time, and these scattered over many years. We have often moved twice in the same charge, and in one case we occupied three different tenements in two years. And singular it is that in all these moves we have found but three parsonages—one in Providence, one in Charlestown, and the other in Albany, Hudson-street charge. Would it not be good policy to appropriate, at least, the cost of the steeples of our elegant churches, which are of no use, to furnish a house for the minister? But the people do not move; it is the minister and the weary wife.

#### SETTING UP THE FURNITURE.

Where shall we begin? Many a time ere this we have gone into a house all in confusion, as here—boxes, barrels, bedsteads, bundles, all thrown in together—the articles needed for immediate use invariably underneath the rest. Ah, this old collection

reminds me of the suits of armor I have seen in the old world, battered, bruised, and hacked on many a well-fought field! There are chests and cases we have carried about for forty years, marked and remarked, looking now like Egyptian monuments covered with hieroglyphics. That screw belongs there, that nail here. Well, in this opening little care is exercised, for their work, like ours, is done, their mission ended. I have made a dog-kennel of one box, and a tool-chest of another, while a third is set apart for a water-tank for a bath-room.

The glue-pot is called for—a piece gone here, and a leg loose there. Patch them up and cherish them for their past service! We are fond of old articles, and I do not wish to see two articles alike in the house. Some of these pieces we have moved about for forty years; even the boxes are of a past generation. That round center-table is one hundred and fifty years old, and has often been dusted by the hands of slaves, for it came from the old “Rogers Plantation” in York, Maine.

Where are the children’s chairs? I look among the confused mass for them in vain. Ah, the children are all gone, and the chairs have disappeared with them! We are alone now—no patter of little feet on the stairs, no echo of musical voices in the halls, no lively chit-chat at the table. We sit down, my wife and I, at the board, facing each other, alone; we look into each other’s eyes and know right well our mutual thoughts, but we cannot speak of them—as we commenced, alone.

## HANGING THE PICTURES.

It is wonderful how a few pictures set off a room, and give it an abiding charm. We may not have splendid old paintings, but chromos and prints are just as well, as half the world would not know the difference. The humblest home is made more attractive by a few pictures. If I were rich—well, I may as well stop there, and not venture into the land of dreams.

But all is prepared now for the pleasant task. I had picture moldings put up in the lower rooms, so there will be no driving of nails and breaking of plastering, and we had been discussing the whereabouts of the small collection, and the mistress had said a dozen times,

“I wish A. was here.”

“No use to wish,” I said; “she’s a hundred miles away, so we must do our best without the aid of her taste.”

I was in a chamber busy about some matter when a scream startled me. My wife has fallen down cellar, thought I as I rushed down, when, behold, there was A. locked in her mother’s arms. Well, the wish is gratified, and now for the hanging of the pictures.

The large picture, “Washington and his Generals,” must have a conspicuous position. It is the Centennial year, and we look with interest upon that noble group of heroes, honest and patriotic. Could we match them in these days?

“Lincoln, the martyr!” Hang it there in the

parlor, where it will be the first to strike the eye of the visitor! The peer of Washington—the incorruptible, the far-seeing sage, falling just as the dark skies were clearing. But “they do not die who fall in a great cause.” Will future ages believe that in a brief ten years after “the deep damnation of his taking off,” the villains, who if they did not plot it, clapped their hands at its accomplishment, and named their children after the scoundrel assassin, should be sitting in the council chambers of the nation they labored to destroy! This is, indeed, a humiliation. No wonder they complain of foul air!

There are three or four for the dining-room, among them *that fish*. It never fails to attract attention and excite remark. The learned president and venerable Hebrew professor in the Boston Theological School called at my house one day, and their attention was drawn to that piscatorial specimen.

“Wonderful,” said the grave professor as he gazed, “I think it a pre-Raphaelite.”

“Yes,” said the president, “or earlier.” I said nothing, but thought of the famous controversy over a Hebrew point in an old manuscript, when, after months of bitter contention, it was discovered to be a fly speck.

That “pre-Raphaelite” is a trout caught by the writer in Abol-jackanagus stream, at the foot of Mt. Katahdin, Maine, in the summer of 1872. My old friend, Rev. J. Scott, was sitting in his birch just below me, and often hooking three at a time.

when this fellow rolled upon the surface and took my red hackle. I struck hard, and hooked him, as I thought, securely. After playing him until he seemed exhausted, I reached for the line to lift him into the canoe, when he made a final effort as he rose in the air, shook himself from the hook and fell, but before he reached the water my second fly caught him, and I lifted him into the birch. I was trembling with excitement, and as white as a sheet of paper. He was seventeen and a half inches in length. I laid him out on a piece of birch bark, drew his outline with a pencil, brought it home, cut it to the lines, then laid it on a sheet of drawing paper and worked it up with crayons. This was my first and last effort at drawing!

“My mother’s face”—how perfectly life-like!

“That face is thine ; thy own sweet smile I see,  
Which oft in childhood’s sorrows solaced me.”

Hang that where I shall see it last when I fall asleep, and first when I awake. And here is her “marriage mirror,” on the back of which I read this: “Major Theodore Trafton and Margaret Denet, married in Bangor, August 2, 1798, by Jonathan Eddy, justice of the peace.” And here is the original certificate of intention of marriage, which came into my possession only last summer, found by a gentleman of Bangor among some old papers and kindly sent to me with an autograph of my grandfather, one of the first company settling that town. The certificate bears the date July 30, 1798,

and is signed William Hammond, town clerk. Here is the paper bearing my grandfather's signature :—

“PENOBSCOT RIVER, *March 8, 1791.*

Re'd of Jonathan Eddy the sum of twelve shillings, L. Mo., on account of Louis Parroneaux, for going into the woods in search of Indians. Re'd for my son, John Dennet.

“JACOB DENNET.”

Hang the old mirror in my study. Ah, how many forms have been reflected from its surface which are now dust, and whose memory is lost to all the living! It was the first in which I saw my image when climbing a chair to gaze into its mysterious depths. My first recollection of my father is connected with this glass. He was dressing for some great occasion, it may have been a party, or possibly a military parade. My mother had combed his black hair all back and formed a queue, bound it with a black ribbon, knotted and falling upon his back. He was dressed in small-clothes, with silver knee and shoe-buckles, and my mother then took the “dredging-box” and sifted the flour all over his head and shoulders; then donning his three-cornered hat, he looks into this old mirror to scan himself. I thought him magnificent—in truth, he was a fine specimen of a man—but such a figure in the streets of Boston to-day would have all the boys of the town at his heels. That, however, was the fashion then, and may be again. Gone now are all the group save two. How often, when revisiting

that locality, I murmured to myself the words of the poet :—

“ There’s the gate on which I used to swing,  
Pond, and river, and the old red stable ;  
But, alas ! the morn will never bring  
That dear group around my father’s table !  
Taken wing—  
There’s the gate on which I used to swing.”

“ Little Bo-peep,” the “ Old Oaken Bucket,” and “ Maud Muller,” all go into the dining-room. Maud must hang right before me as I sit at table. There she stands leaning wearily upon her rake, her eyes looking into the misty distance, following the form of the judge as he disappears over the crest of the hill, and you fancy you hear rippling from her ruby lips the sweet words of the poet :—

“ For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : ‘ It might have been ! ’ ”

Yes, poor child, but rake away and forget him. He is no match for you ; you would be in strange and uncongenial associations, and would lose your light-heartedness, and wish yourself back in the hay-field. Wait for your mate !

Bierstadt’s “ Light and Shade,” and “ Folding the Flock,” among others, are consigned to the parlor. There’s a little picture in oil—a forest, a murmuring stream, a team of horses drinking—well done, considering the manner of its production. Two years since I was invited to read to the prisoners in the State-prison at Charlestown, and did so. A day or two after, being in the prison again, a prisoner addressed me. He thanked me for the pleasure I had



given him, and said he would like to make me a small present if the warden would consent. This was readily obtained, when he brought to me this painting, executed in his cell in spare hours. I have it nicely framed and prize it highly. Who was he? I do not know; he was from Maine, but bearing now an assumed name. The cause? RUM!

Yes, MATTIE, our first-born! I cannot write of her—

“To her name these tears are given,  
Ever to flow;  
She’s the star I missed from heaven  
Long time ago.”

We wipe off the dust, kiss it, and hang it there where it can always be seen. And EDDIE, a crayon by Mrs. Johnson, of Westfield. How life-like! He left us in 1852. I was in New York—a telegram, “Eddie is very sick. Come home.” I took the first train, reached home at midnight, and flew to his bedside. There he lay moaning and unconscious, the fever consuming his vitality. In a few hours, as I was bending over him, he opened his eyes; a faint smile of recognition rippled over his face, he raised his hand feebly, pointed his finger upward, and was gone. I see his little package of school-books tied together as I write, which for all these many years I have packed and unpacked, and his little tin money box into which he was accustomed to drop his pennies.

“He is not dead, this child of our affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.”

## FOURTH OF JULY

It is something to be permitted to say we live in Quincy, ancient and venerable town, where are the Adamses, the Quincys, and the—the Trafftons! (I wanted a third name to round out that sentence, and knew none older;) where are Merry Mount, and Wollaston, and the Sailors' Home; where were born John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and where Captain John Smith spent a night! Where and what were Palmyra, or Baalbec, or Thebes with her hundred gates! Quincy is here!

Until the last glorious Fourth, the Centennial Fourth, I lived simply in Wollaston, knowing a little obscure village lay in the valley, on the other side of the hill, where I remembered to have heard that *the* old John Adams once lived; but it seems to me I have lived a thousand years since that morning of precious memory. I have been stirred as never before. It was like the reception of a patent of nobility, or a D.D. I have been looking into my pedigree and find, O *mirabile dictu!* I have an illustrious ancestry. I have in my veins *Adam's* blood! (My great progenitor wrote his name without the final s; letters were scarce in those days.) Why, then, should I not dwell in Quincy? Nay, I ought to have been born here, and should have been but that my parents resided at the time in the province of Maine.

But to go back to the cause of this exultation. I was waited upon by a committee from the village of Quincy, (nod here,) and received an invitation to

attend the coming Centennial celebration in Quincy and give a short address on the History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town. Yes, I could do that. Others of the clergymen were to speak for their respective Churches. "At two o'clock sharp."

At 1:30 I was there. A large tent was set up in a shadeless field. I then saw the programme. Hon. Charles Francis Adams was to make the first address, historical, time thirty minutes, to be followed by ten other speakers, and four patriotic anthems by a chorus. Mr. A. spoke one hour and thirty minutes; subject, The Town of Quincy and the *First Families*. The school superintendent and the principal of the Adams' Academy followed in the same line, bringing the dead Quincys and Adamses of a hundred and fifty years in long procession before the weary audience, until they could almost wish there never had been an Adam. And there sat the venerable Josiah Quincy, "the noblest Roman of them all," and, was it fancy? I thought he seemed sick of the fulsome flattery—it might be the heat. Six o'clock, and three speakers yet before my turn. I was at the caudal extremity, (they were not then aware of the *Adam's* blood in me;) I went to the chairman and excused myself, took up my books and left, and the audience, thinned to sixty, are still in ignorance of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this town. But, notwithstanding, we live in Quincy.

## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

Gardening is one of the fine arts. It brings into active exercise the entire man, from muscle to imagination. My garden, as it existed before the frost was out of the soil, was another thing altogether from what it now is this 10th of July. That was fancy, this is fact. That was theory, this is practice. One wants a good degree of religious experience to make a successful gardener. The temptation to scold and fret, not to use more expressive terms, is very strong. Your seeds rot and do not germinate as they should, while the weeds push on, wet or dry, hot or cold, compost or not; and then your hoe strikes a cherished plant, never so slightly, and it falls over and dies, while you may cut up your weeds root and branch, and yet the next day you go out and there they are! They have found room for a fiber of a root, and laugh in your face. And so it is with the garden of the heart. The seeds of sin grow apace, and need no cultivation, while the virtues and graces demand constant attention and cultivation. Both are profound mysteries.

I resolved on some early peas. I read in the books that it was a good plan to have some young chickens to run among the vines and vegetables, to destroy the bugs and flies; so I set a hen early, and had a brood out by the time my early vegetables appeared. I selected a sheltered spot, spaded up the soil, put in my peas, and waited.

They soon broke forth, and I let on the chickens; they took naturally to the task, and the fate of the

vermin was sealed. But soon I noticed my peas ceased to grow, as peas under such conditions ought to, and, directing my attention to the matter, I discovered the cause. The chickens had successfully kept off the bugs by eating the peas down to the ground, and then the little rogues would cock up their black eyes at me, as if saying, "Master, we've done it." Yes, but I could dispense with their services after that. Moral: One cannot combine gardening and poultry-raising on the same lot.

But what a study is the garden! Theology, divinity, poetry, and the fine arts, not to mention metaphysics, are here all combined; it is the true university. I may say, with a slight change, as says the poet:—

"An undevout true gardener is mad."

I sit in my workshop door and look at that hill of corn—the Indian's Mondamin. A short time since I put a few kernels into a box of earth and set it in a warm place. In a few days each grain had sent out two tiny shoots. I plant them. Days pass, when, lo! a small shoot appears peeping out of the soil as if seeking light. Where now is the other shoot? Why did not that appear with its companion? Lift the soil carefully, you see that little sprout has struck *downward*. Why this? Why did not both go down, or both spring upward? Does the reader smile at my simplicity, and say, "Why, it is nature?" Yes, but I am not a whit wiser than before. What is *nature*? What scientist will answer me? What is that mysterious and mighty energy always wisely working to bring about these uniform and wonderful results?

Why do I put that corn into the earth, and look for corn, without the shadow of doubt as to the results—not peas, or potatoes, but corn? Come, O wise men—ye Huxleys, and Tyndals, and Darwins—who see nothing but what you call *nature*, and yet fail to tell us what that is; whose ultimate researches reach only to monads, molecules, and protoplasm; who tell us these are the ultimate atoms, and that all are in ceaseless and rapid motion, and all alike in form and constitution; come, tell us what power puts them in motion, and directs each with unerring certainty to its place, these to form this corn, and those to the peach, apple, and pear! Aye, tell us this, or, baffled, admit, “I, the Lord, do all these things.”

But look again at my hill of corn. Between a leaf and the stock appears a cluster of fine silken filaments, hanging like a tassel from the stock. Examine this carefully, and you find each thread is attached to the cob just being formed below, at a point where a kernel of corn will be found. Look again! From the top of the stock springs out a slim spindle from which shoots out numerous branches, all covered with a substance looking like rice in the hull. Soon appears a fine, light powder similar to the pollen of flowers. The winds shake the stock, and the fine substance falls and is attached to the flossy filaments below, and this is the germ of the kernel. Cut off this spindle, or lay the stock flat upon the ground, and while the cob will be fully grown, no corn will appear upon it. Is it not wonderful? Yet we are told that this is *nature*! We ask again, What is nature? We want a cause for nature. It is God!

## A GARDEN SCENE.

“And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool (wind) of the day.”

All day I had been hard at work, and as the sun went down, and the evening shadows were falling about me, I seated myself in my workshop and looked out upon my field of toil. The leaves of my peach and plum trees were rustling in the rising evening breeze, and the tall tasseled corn gently bowed its head as in conscious devotion. How calmly peaceful the scene! How marked the contrast between this and the bustle, rush, and thunder of the city lying yonder in its veil of dust and smoke!

I was inwardly thanking God for this quiet retreat, when I heard, or fancied I heard, a voice saying, “What dost thou here, Elijah?” I heard it so distinctly that I at once responded: “I am here to dress and keep this garden, and feed these feathered bipeds.”

Again the voice, “Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?”

Then I answered: “Lord, thou knowest that these many years, even from my youth, I have watched and tended the flock in summer’s heat and winter’s cold without murmur or complaint; taking the oversight, not for honor or the fleece, but to benefit the flock and honor thee; and I have not willingly left the flock, and have had no trouble at any time with thy sheep, albeit there have been

some goats which have got into the fold, fancying themselves to be sheep, which wouldn't be led and couldn't be driven, and they have caused me much trouble."

"Thy strength is small if for such a cause thou hast hasted from being a shepherd. Have I discharged thee from the service?"

"Nay, Lord; but that is not necessary in these days. The Church has taken this into her own hands. Whom she wills she calls, and whom she will she rejects; whom she will she puts in place, and whom she will she depresses; and in vain do we say, 'Thus saith the Lord;' she at once replies, 'Hath the Lord indeed spoken by you? Hath he not spoken by us also?' But I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, and I pray thee pardon thy servant while he attempts to defend himself, and explain why he is here. Thou knowest that thy servant is growing old, and with him the almond-tree has blossomed; yet his eye is not dimmed, nor is he bent with weight of years. But even while he was busy here and there, behold, there came along one day a troop of young men and *maidens* playing on their pipes, fresh from the school of the shepherds, where they are taught the art of a shepherd, *secundum artem*, (whatever that may mean,) while we old shepherds know only what we learned by practice on our father's farm; and they wished to be employed, consenting to take the charge of the flock for the milk of the goats; quoting thine own words, as it is written, 'And thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy household and for the maintenance of thy



maidens.' And so it came to pass that the flocks forsook us, the old shepherds, not even asking if we had *scrip* sufficient to carry us through the remainder of the desert; and that is why we are here."

The voice said, "My people do not consider."

I was about to say a word in defense of the flock, when a thunderous crash startled me. I leaped from my chair; a heavy shower was falling, and what had seemed voice was the rolling thunder while I slept in my chair. I went into my house—

"But the dream's here still, not imagined, felt."

## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.



## MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.



### WHEN I AM OLD.

SITTING here in the soothing stillness of my study, among my books and memories of the past, the thought now and then intrudes itself upon me, I may grow old.

Looking out of my window my eye falls upon a row of sugar maples which I have with my own hands set, and a vision rises before me, as I close my eyes, of a row of maples fifty feet in altitude and a foot in diameter. The robins are singing in the thick, green foliage, and the rustling leaves respond to the sighing of a summer breeze. Some merry lads are standing around, watching to learn if the redbreasts will build in the branches. A woman is sitting in the shade of the trees tossing a baby in her arms, who is crowing and clapping his chubby hands in great glee.

“Say, mother,” I hear one of the boys, with black, dreamy eyes, ask, “who planted these great trees?”

“Well, my son, I don’t know; but it must have been many years ago—perhaps the man who built the old house; but he has been dead many years.”

“Well, the trees couldn’t have done him much

good, anyhow ; but he was a jolly old fellow to plant trees for somebody when he was dead."

I open my eyes again. The merry group are fled, and the splendid trees are ten feet high and an inch in diameter. And yet what was momentary fancy will yet find its counterpart in a stern reality. So, then, the time will come when I shall drop out of the memory of the living, and my name be stricken from the human vocabulary. Well, be it so. If it were a solitary case it might excite sympathy ; but as it is, my congeners cannot laugh at me, as they will be equally forgotten. Nor should this startle one ; for if, standing before the great pyramid at Ghizeh, you ask, "Who reared this pile?" and the answer is an echo only, why should I be moved by the fact that fifty years hence the question, "Who planted this tree?" should be followed by a like response. Only a few of the myriads of those who have preceded us are, in this respect, immortal. Oblivion covers the mass. And of those distinguished by some daring deed, or fresh and useful discovery or invention, the number is gradually diminishing, even like the stars above us, which are burning out and disappearing.

And now as to this matter of growing old, with which we commenced this prelection. Surely we should not complain, for we are spared repining by the consideration that it is our own free choice. We do not mean to say that, absolutely, we elect age as against youth, but we do assert that if, in all the past, the question had been daily put to us, and we called to vote upon it, "Will you stop, or go

on?" the question would have been taken without debate, and the decision to go on rendered to go on. Always there is some work in hand we wish to complete, and for which time is essential; or some burden from which to-morrow may kindly relieve us; or some sorrow for which the future may furnish an antidote; or some uncertainty for which the unknown may hold a solution; or some condition the improvement of which the lapse of time may bring into view; and so on we rush, with the pleasing hope that just around the point yonder is the paradise of repose. Alas! it proves to be a dismal morass, and we push for the next point.

"But we surely do not wish to grow old, even admitting all this." I do not know about that. We are never satisfied with youth, its impulses, its wild dreams, its necessitude of knowledge of what must make life a success, so we are constantly suffering for the very aid and instrumentalities which maturity alone can furnish. Why, then, groan and repine over the realization of a life-long and ardently desired consummation simply because it does not bring with it what each preceding period has denied us? You have your wish; take the cup and be thankful.

But we apprehend the dread of old age arises more from the illustrations of it as seen about us than from what is in it of itself, and so our imagination conjures up repelling pictures from false and unnatural illustrations of it; just as true Christ-religion is often misrepresented by its professed friends.

“Fear shakes the pencil, fancy loves excess ;  
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades,  
And these the formidable picture draw.”

Like as in a great many other states and things in this world, the repulsiveness with which we contemplate age is a misconception. Old age has high redeeming qualities and rich compensations. The good Father never intended a gouty, grumbling, dissatisfied, and complaining old age, more than he intended sin in the world at all.

We look upon maturity in nature and perfection in art with supreme satisfaction. The very uncertainty associated with growth and progress is regarded with a degree of anxiety positively painful. The agriculturist surveys his growing fields with anxious solicitude. So many contingencies lie between sowing and reaping ; late or early frosts ; absence of or excessive rains ; blight, bugs, or mildew. He has no rest by day, and disturbed sleep by night. But it is all over now, as he binds his sheaves and sings his “harvest home.” So the merchant-man sees his ships departing upon their perilous quest with a feeling of painful solicitude. The ever-hungry sea, the baffling winds, the wild tempests which mock at precautions, the capriciousness of markets, all shake his heart with fear. But look now as she comes careering up the bay with every sail set and drawing ! They may be worn and patched, and discolored by age and exposure ; her cordage may be slack by excessive strain in a hundred storms, the paint worn from her sides by the dash of a thousand billows, seams open and leaking ; but she’s safe at

last! And now, as she furls her sails and swings to her anchors, the happy owner forgets his anxiety, and congratulates himself on her safe and successful venture. And well he may, for how many who went out with her on that bright morning return no more!

I am thinking, even as I write, of an old cherished friend of mine, a large ship owner in a near city. When his ships sailed on their long voyages he was not on the pier to see them cast off and set sail, but in the cupola on the roof of his dwelling. With his glass in hand he watched them bowling out before the breeze, gradually sinking, now the hull, now the courses, now the topsails, then the royals, and at last the flag. With a sigh and a prayer he closes his glass and descends; but he will be on the wharf when the signal announces that the *James Arnold*, or the *Onward*, or the *Henry Taber*, is coming up the bay pressed to her gunwales with a precious cargo.

So with the aged, the voyage is about ended. Only a little dismantling and stowing away and it is over. How many of our anxieties we are permitted to dismiss! This riddle is solved; the dreaded uncertainties of the sealed future of our career are recorded facts, the enigmas are resolved theorems. Surely, my dear old coevals, God has not left us forsaken and desolate. Is it nothing for which to be thankful that we were not wrecked and left stranded on some desolate shore, with never a hand to gather up the broken fragments, or correct the half-formed and blotted records? Is it nothing



that we have been permitted to work out, imperfectly, it may be, the projected plan of our youthful ambition, and to see the heat of the day pass, and the cool shadows of this blessed evening of life's weary day come so gently on? Is it nothing to us that a hand of love has taken off the heavy burden we carried so long and wearily? The little flock, to fold which night by night, and to provide for which was our toil day by day, is scattered now; some in the fold above, under the care of the good Shepherd; some can care for themselves. My tears are dropping even as I write, but is it not better as it is? We could not care for them now as once, and had they all lived our burden might be greater than it is.

Poor, are you? Well, even that has its bright side, for you have less to be anxious about and worry over; less responsibility to carry, and fewer curses from your unthankful annuitants. You will not die of starvation or want, nor in an alms-house; and yet you might die in a much worse place. Better to die in a poor-house with honor, than in a palatial residence which one has stolen from the widow and fatherless, and upon which the curse of a just God rests, from the first stone in the wall to the last brick in the chimney!

Old age has another and decided advantage, in that the question of success or failure is finally settled. No longer is one's life experimental or problematic. One has much less anxiety as to the result of any given work he has to do. Be he a professional man or otherwise, should he fail in defense

of a client, in preaching a sermon, or laying a wall, the remark of the observer will be, "He can do better than that;" while, if the novice fails, "It isn't in him," passes from lip to lip. So the aged veteran may recline upon his laurels, in supreme indifference to the criticisms of the world.

If age has less exquisite pleasures, it has also less sensibility to suffering. A wise arrangement it is to tone down the glare and glitter of the world, and diminish its attraction, by slightly vailing the eye, and loosening a little the chords of sound in the ear. We see more clearly from this very dimness; the false light is gone, and we have a distinct view of things as they are, not as they appear in this excessive glare; as distance ~~magnifies~~ a light into a flaming ball, which, reached, is but a rush-light. And I dare say, could we light upon the body of the sun, we should find it opaque and cold, and the light to be in the electricity of our own earth and atmosphere. So the aged learn to discriminate between the true and false, and thus correct the former decisions of the high court of youthful enthusiasm. It does not pay, he says to himself, this long struggle, this constant strain of the mind's best powers, for scores of years, for what I must so soon leave.

Age should dismiss its regrets, as it does its anticipations. The world is behind us; we cannot go back to do over again the work of our lives; and if we could, without the benefit of our experience, we should do just as we have done. We did the best we could under the circumstances, and with the light we had; therefore let us not waste this, our

last evening, by self-recriminations or useless regrets ; but with trust in God, who has never failed us in the past, let us cheerfully march down into the valley, keeping our eye on the Delectable Mountains, radiant in the glow of an immortal hope, and “ at evening time it shall be light.”

“ So mayest thou live, till, like ripe fruit thou dropp’st  
Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease  
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.”



### THE OLD CLOCK.

If there is one thing beyond another for which I have a strong passion it is an *antique*. I will not even except old clothes, as there are few things more annoying than to put on a new garment, and appear in public, possessed all the while with the tormenting thought that every one you meet is saying to themselves, “ Yes, he has a new coat,” when, more likely than otherwise, it attracts no attention at all. And so I cling to the dear old familiar garment, until some day after rummaging the wardrobes up and down stairs until patience is but an expiring spark, I burst out with a cry of anguish, “ Where is my coat ?” when my wife in very quiet tones asks, “ What, that old coat ? Why, we exchanged it the other day with a peddler for an antique pitcher,” and then there follows a laugh, for I had been only the day before admiring the old piece of china, and wondering how it came. My

study has something of the character of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and my house has hardly two articles alike. There on the wall hangs a mirror which my mother had on her marriage, and that is seventy-five years since. On that shelf stands a china tea-pot which belonged to my maternal grandmother; in the corner hangs the saddle-bags which had done service before they came into my possession. There is in the parlor the three-legged stand which stood in my grandfather's house, and on which lay the old family Bible, from which Jesse Lee no doubt read the word when entertained by Grandfather Dennet on his way to New Brunswick; and in my library is the old Bible itself, or all that remains of it. There is a mug, English ware, brought to this country by the first of our name who landed on our shores. In that frame on the wall is a piece of the original flag which floated over Fort M'Henry, and was the inspiration of that stirring ode, "The Star-Spangled Banner." There also, in the same frame, is some of the incense used at the marriage of Josephine and Napoleon. There is a cigar-case which went through the rebellion, and from which General Grant didn't draw a cigar that I know of. Now with all these bits of odds and ends do you wonder that I am fond of old things?

More than thirty years ago I found in a shoe store on Hanover-street an old eight-day time-piece, which had been running no one knew how many years. It might have been the very one by which old Miles Standish watched for the return of John Alden from his mission to Priscilla, or possibly the

indicator of the time for the embarkation of the troops from Boston for their famous raid on Concord, which started Paul Revere on his wild ride at midnight. Any way, I bought it, and it has been ticking ever since, and will tick on when my ears will be closed to its monotonous beating.

But I wanted an old Dutch clock, like that which rang out the flying hours in my father's home long years ago. Well, one came at last. A friend, knowing my fancy, had sent it to me with the message, most kindly phrased, to relieve any feelings of obligation on my part, that he "did not want it," which struck me at the time as very singular, inasmuch as it was an *old* clock. It came by express, and, of course, was not improved by the hands of those careful public servants. The turrets were knocked off, and the glass smashed in the case. One of the turrets was lost, but the men said it was "just as they received it." I found it weeks afterward in the yard when raking off the grass.

We were moving into a new home, and as soon as the floor of our dining-room was covered by a carpet my clock was set on end, and its grave, quiet face looked out upon us, seeming to say, "I am here to do my best." This face was once white, but time had given it a slightly yellowish complexion. It was expressive, too; it marked the seconds, minutes, hours, and days of the month. In each corner was what may have been intended to represent a vine, in faded pink; on the top a full-blown red poppy, its drowsy head drooping over the hours. Why a poppy, I cannot imagine, as a clock is supposed to be sleeplessly

vigilant. This, at the time, was suspicious in itself; it suggested the youthful age of the maker, as time seems sluggish to the youthful. At the bottom, under the circle marking the days of the month, was the name of the maker, written in a copy hand—ELEAZER BAKER; no location, no date. I have closely examined the old relic inside and out for some clue to the history of the man who constructed this rare combination of elaborate mechanism, but all in vain. Who Eleazer Baker was is even more mysterious than the author of Shakspeare, or the builders of the stone tower in Newport. I placed it in a prominent position, in a place evidently intended for just such a piece of furniture by the builders of our cottage, (two maiden ladies long since gone where time-keepers are not needed,) just in front of our dining-room door, so that a person entering looked it square in the face. I left all other work of putting down carpets, arranging furniture, hanging pictures, to others, until my clock was set up and going, I will not say running, for I had a sufficiency of such articles in the clock line that *run*. I set up the tall, majestic case, constructed of apple-tree wood, carefully plumbed it, hung the long pendulum, and attached the weights, which were weights, you may believe. I confess to a slight suspicion when I found about four pounds of lead run into the top of the striking weight, but I concluded that Eleazer Baker had probably made a slight mistake in adjusting the weights, and had added the lead to preserve the balance. I applied a little oil to the pivots, carefully put on the face,

and put the hands on, pointing in place, and then gave the pendulum a slight impetus to one side, and in breathless suspense waited its return to hear the tick, but to my astonishment there was no response. "Something is the trouble with the escapement," I said; "perhaps the case is not in perpendicular," and I pressed it slowly over to one side, when, to my great delight, out came the sound of action in that grand tic-tic. I called one to block up the case as it stood, and then stepped back to take a front view of it. Well, it reminded one of the leaning tower of Pisa. How's this? Was Eleazer Baker a squint-eyed man, or was this the style one hundred years ago? I cannot tell; but it does go. I lay back in my chair, folded my arms, and listened to the slow, rhythmic beat of my clock. How unlike the little furious house on the mantel, with its tic-tic-tic-tic. Guess that must go up stairs; it cannot occupy the same room with my *Ahaz*. I had given it a name after the illustrious inventor of the sun-dial. How quieting to my excited nerves was this regular, solemn beat, tic-tic, heard even in an adjoining room. I felt quite disposed to start a subscription for a monument to Eleazer Baker if I could find his resting-place, and a little plan of a design flitted a moment before my mind—a leaning clock, with a poppy on the top, and a significant motto—*tempus fugit*—under it.

I went up to see about my book-cases, which were being opened, and when I returned all was ominously still—my clock was stopped. No fresh motion would bring out a response. I took it down

and made a thorough examination, set it up again, it would go about five minutes and then silence. I do not know how it was, but the words of the kind donor returned to me, "he did not want it!" Hem! didn't want it! not want a Dutch clock! Well, if I took that clock in pieces once I did it twenty times, until my family called it my means of grace; still it baffled all my most skillful efforts to make it go. It shall go or go into the attic, I said to my tormentors.

I studied the given problem by night, until one night, while turning the matter over and over, at once an inspiration of genius, it could be nothing else, served me. I had it; Eureka! I rose in the morning, took it into my study, and in thirty minutes it was going. The case was straightened up, and with all the grandeur of the march of time, my clock moved and marked off the hours. I looked at its expressive face and felt a pang of regret that I had ever questioned its integrity. I could have asked its forgiveness for my unreasonableness in for a moment expecting the same prompt activity from a clock one hundred years old as from that thing of time on the mantle, which was of yesterday and knows nothing.

I looked at my family in silent reproach for their taunts. I felt an inward triumph. I lingered about the room when it was near the time of striking, to enjoy the ring of that "sonorous metal"—none of your twisted wire, but a *bell* that has sounded through many a dwelling, mingling its song with the light laughter of youthful hilarity, and the low wail



of heart-rending sorrow. I said to myself, many a time have eyes filled with tears been turned up to that impressive face to mark the moment when the last breath had passed the lips of some loved one.

Well, some time passed, when one night my wife nudged me out of a sound sleep, and said,

“Husband, what is the matter with your clock? do hear it. I have counted one hundred and twenty-five, and it is still striking.”

I listened, and sure enough, echoing through the quiet rooms and halls were heard those resonant tones, clang! clang!! clang!!! and among and above all I could hear the half-suppressed giggle of my daughters in another part of the house.

Out of order, I quietly said; let it run. I went to sleep while the tones rolled slowly up the stairway. Think of fire and burglary, and finally of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the great bell of Notre Dame mingled its tones with the shouts of the mad rabble and the cries of dying victims.

At the breakfast table I was asked if this was a patent clock which did its week's striking at once. My youngest said it struck one thousand and ninety-two strokes, she had figured it out; a good week's work. He sent it to me because he didn't want it; he wanted to *sleep!* The case is empty now, the running works are in the hands of a doctor.

CAMP-MEETINGS FORTY-FIVE YEARS  
AGO.

The numerous notices of camp-meetings (now *cottage* meetings) in our Church papers awaken memories of my first camp-meeting, now (*O tempus fugit!*) forty-five years since. I had just then joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, had no previous acquaintance with Methodism and its usages, and, indeed, knew not whether it was one or one thousand years old—had never heard of John Wesley, John Calvin, or any other reformers. I knew only that this little Church, called Methodist, seemed to be alive, and took special notice of poor boys, and taught them how to be honorable and useful men. And so my young heart warmed towards them, and they put my name among the persons on trial. An old man by the name of Potter, of small frame, nervous and rapid in his utterances, used to come in from his farm in the country to work for my master to whom I was an apprentice, to lay in his stock of shoes and boots for the winter. He was a hearty Methodist, and I remember he used to rise early in the morning and engage in a season of *secret* prayer in the kitchen; and I am certain he had a hearing in the neighborhood, if nowhere else. Well, this good old man, who had been in the war of 1812, and was engaged in the battle of Plattsburgh, interested me greatly in his narration of scenes and incidents in the war; and then from the field of Mars the transition was easy to Christian camps and battle-

grounds. He had faced the red-coats at Plattsburgh, and the aliens at camp-meeting! Yes, this little sprig of a man had been to a camp-meeting. How he rose in my veneration! how my heart throbbed and warmed under his vivid description of the scene—the woods, the cloth tents, the crowds of people, the zealous preachers, the sermons, the singing, the cries of the penitents, and the shouting. I must go to camp-meeting.

Well, I soon learned that a meeting of the kind was to be held in the town of Unity, about forty miles from my residence, and resolved to go. There were no palace cars running to Unity, without change, in 1829, but a fair road over Dixmont hills, and horses. I bargained for a horse, agreeing to pay in care for the owner's *soles*—mounted, bade adieu to friends, and started. I can recall but two excursions of equal interest since that September morning—one when I went to be married, and the other when, in 1850, I sailed for Europe.

Night brought me to the ground, and what a scene it was to a stranger! The somber forest, the light flickering upon the trembling leaves from fires burning upon platforms raised upon poles, and constantly fed by the watchmen; the voices of hundreds joined in singing our grand old hymns, (not the rhapsodical sheet music, misty and sensuous, which now floods the Church;) the earnest prayers, the plain, pungent sermons—all together made an impression which time cannot obliterate.

The stand for preaching was a rough, shed-like structure, with one seat running along the back, and

underneath a place supplied with straw, where many of the preachers passed the night, and where I afterward saw them on their knees in earnest prayer for the brother who, overhead, was calling sinners to repentance. No Swiss or French-roofed cottages graced the ground, but cloth tents instead, many of them constructed of bed-quilts sewed together, with straw for a flooring. Each tent brought the week's provision, ready cooked; and a table, set either in the tent or at the rear, accommodated the family, while generous hospitality characterized the whole. No money making, no nice corner lots for sale, no houses to let or sell. One object, and one alone, was kept steadily before the people—the salvation of the greatest number.

How distinctly, through the mist and haze of forty-five years, rise the forms of the preachers on that occasion. I should recognize the tones of their voices, heard now in the silence of midnight. Benjamin Jones, short, rather thick-set, of dark complexion, about fifty-five or may be sixty years of age—I see him now, with tears running down his cheeks, moving the whole assembly by a picture of the crucifixion; Oliver Beale, tall, straight as an arrow, thin, sharp-features, a large mouth, from which issued a torrent of logic and persuasive appeals; William Marsh, a man of natural ability equal to a Webster or Robert Hall; Jeremiah, the brother of William, the weeping prophet; Daniel B. Randall, still living, then just commencing the work of the ministry. (I recollect his sermon on that occasion and thought it wonderful, and still

tain the impression.) The reader should bear in mind the previous circumstances of the writer to appreciate fully the impressions of a scene like this. He had been accustomed to watch from the gallery of the church the parson as he slowly read, page by page, his sermon, and to mark with increasing interest the gradual decrease of the manuscript in thickness on his right hand; and now, to see these men stand up with a little pocket Bible in their hands, not a note or scrap of paper before them, and pour forth by the hour a flood of eloquent pleading that melted and moved the masses, as the winds swayed the forest trees, you will not wonder at his enthusiasm.

Asa Heath, Elisha Streeter, James Thwing, David Young, with others, fill up the picture. Every sermon was specific, pointed, and looked to immediate results. No reading of prosy essays, no critical, speculative exegeses, no examination of the system or speculations of Comte, or Hegel, or Schlegel, or Renan, or Huxley, or Darwin, or Tyndal, (which always seems to say, "You see, my hearers, I am well read.") They took it for granted that this Gospel is true, and pressed it home with strong emotion and falling tears upon the consciences of their hearers. It was true eloquence. We heard no light, critical remarks upon the sermon; I never heard one saying to another, "Very fine; but he raised his hand about six inches too high in that gesture; or he blew his nose—bad taste!" Bless you, reader, every body blew their noses, and wiped the tears from their cheeks under those sermons.

The prayer circle was often really awful in the manifestation of power.

The penitents, who came in flocks, were urged to *submit* at once and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It was not mere play, or a sort of an "O be joyful" occasion, but a square fight, and a pronounced victory. No time was wasted; it was a week's work. Prayer-meetings in the tents at stated hours, when each company wrestled by and for themselves. All met together, the aged giving to the young the results of their long experience, and the young cheering the aged with warmth and fervor. No notices of a "young men's prayer-meeting" at such an hour, or a "young women's meeting" in such a tent, or "a mothers' meeting," or "a children's meeting," (*fathers* and aged people are now of no account!) nothing to divide the interest or distract attention.

The order was perfect; it was a *Church* for the time, and a *Sabbath* of a week's duration. No buying or selling; no hawker of wretched religious doggerel, in a voice like a peacock with a severe bronchial affection, illustrating his wares; no sellers of soda, ice-cream, candies, and cigars; no speculators in corner cottage lots, with a religious tract in one hand and a "plan of the grounds" in the other; no sinful emulation in rearing the most elegant cottage on the grounds, and thus by this indulgence driving the poor from the grounds, as our Church extravagances are expelling them from the Churches. O for a week of an old-time camp-meeting! I do not, I cannot attend these modern "watering-places."

They are good for bodily and mental relaxation for such as like them, but I would strap my knapsack to my shoulders, and gladly foot it forty miles to witness and enjoy a week like that at Unity forty-five years ago, where the primeval forest takes one in its arms; where one is not constantly annoyed by fashion's folly or the greed of gain; where the ear is not filled with the empty gossip of idlers and the harsh click-click of croquet balls; where the unity of the Spirit is furnished in the bonds of peace, and "*justification* in Christ" has significance and importance.

## A VISIT TO THE WIDOW JONES.

It was a dull, dreary, drizzly day in the latter part of November—one of New England's sad, depressing days—when hypochondriacs indulge thoughts of suicide, and females cry out against the weather, and then, donning their waterproofs and galoches, go out shopping.

The wind was north-east, where it had been so long that the weather vanes were rusted in their sockets, and came in fitful, spiteful gusts, now shrieking as if in agony, now sougning and moaning as if in some great sorrow. For a moment the cold rain drops would smite the window panes angrily, demanding admittance; then, suddenly changing, the white snow-flakes would flatten themselves against the glass, and then melt and run down the pane like tears on the cheeks of sorrow. It was a cold, uncomfortable day, one which awakens thoughts of the condition of others not so well housed as one's self.

“Have you seen Sister Jones lately?” inquired my wife as we were quietly taking our dinner.

I had not. Sister Jones was the widow of one of our most laborious and self-sacrificing ministers, who a year since had suddenly deceased, leaving his faithful wife, with three little children, in circumstances of entire destitution.

Brother Jones had for many years carried a small life insurance policy, but the company in which he had insured was one of those swindles in which the



funds go into the pockets of the officers for extravagant salaries, rather than for the benefit of its patrons, and which employ broken-down clergymen to decoy the unwary into their snares. And so, when Brother Jones so suddenly departed, his broken-hearted and crushed widow was left in poverty, with her three little nestlings to feed and clothe as best she might. The prospect was certainly not cheering. To be thrown at once into such circumstances, to face the reality of loneliness, to take up the entire burden of life's responsibilities, to both plan and execute alone, to miss at once the arm upon which she had rested so confidently—all this was more than human nature can bear alone. She uttered no complaint, however, but, gathering the little fatherless ones in her arms, she started off with weary feet on the sad journey alone. She was a devoted Christian, and knew "in whom she had believed," and doubtless had a trust in God. But most people find it much easier to believe when there is no special call for faith than in extremities. The most graphic and moving descriptions of the misfortunes and ills of human life are not from actual contact, but from the imagination; the real sufferer is dumb, and opens not his mouth.

The subject of this sketch was a mute sufferer. She did not put on weeds even. Her heart was veiled to all but the all-seeing Eye, and so she went to her task with her great sorrow revealed only by the pallor of her cheek, and the tear that dropped upon her work when alone.

She had come into our village because rents were

lower than in the city, and she would be more likely to find employment for her needle. And, having taken two small chambers in a quiet street, she set up her scant furniture and waited. As a stranger, she could not expect much sympathy or immediate employment. The answer to the casual question, "Who has moved into that house?" was, "A widow;" that was all.

How glad I am to believe that when we have reached that "bourne from which no traveler returns," we cease to take cognizance of the events of this sad life! Can one imagine the devoted husband of this lone woman looking in upon the condition of the former sharer of his toils and cares, of his anxieties and privations, left alone among strangers, forgotten and forsaken by the Church he served faithfully for all his mortal life, while the very persons brought into the Church, and shouting out their hopes of heaven and future *rewards*, were now daily wasting on superfluous dress and effeminating luxuries an amount, the hundredth part of which would annihilate the wolf that now howls at the door of his suffering wife and children?

"I think we should call and see how she is getting on," said my wife, "for I fear she is having a hard time of it."

"Get on your wraps," I said, "and we'll go now, stormy as it is."

In a little time she was ready.

"What's in that bundle?" I asked as I saw a package lying on the table.

"Some little articles I have been picking up which

her children may need; they belonged to—to our children when little, and they will not want them any more.”

I turned quickly away, for I saw her eyes were getting moist, saying to myself, “No, they will not want them any more. Thank God for that, and that they went on before!”

“Wait a moment, while I fill a basket with fresh eggs, for I doubt if she can afford many at forty cents per dozen.”

“And you might take under your arm one of those fine Hubbard squashes you raised, if you are not too proud to carry it through the streets.”

“Proud! I’ll take the wheelbarrow, and if you’ll fill your arms, I’ll just wheel you and your load, if you are not too proud to ride in a barrow.”

So off we start, not with the barrow, to call on Sister Jones. Ten minutes’ walk through the storm of rain and sleet and we reach the house. A rap brings to the door the lady of the house.

“We wish to see Mrs. Jones,” I said, not lifting my hat, as one arm supported the squash, while the other hand held the precious basket.

“Up stairs, and the first door on the left.”

We rap again, and the door is opened by the widow herself.

“Why, how did you get here through this storm?” she exclaimed.

“Walked,” I replied as we stepped into the room. “I offered to take the wheel—”

“Nonsense,” said my sober wife. “We wanted to know how you are getting on, and thinking

you would be at home on a day like this we pushed out."

"Well, we get on day by day," said the poor woman, "for the days come and go, and we go with them," and a faint smile played about her pale lips; but there was no smile in her sad eyes. Such smiles are born of a great sorrow often expressive of a grim determination not to be conquered, but to fight it out to the bitter end.

While the two women were passing the usual compliments I had time to glance around the room. All was neat and tidy. A well-worn carpet covered the floor—"a superannuated Methodist carpet, worn out in the service of the Church," I said to myself. On the mantel was a plain Connecticut clock, noisily checking off the flying moments, and which had often admonished the former pastor that it was time to start for the church service.

A few pots of flowers filled a window-sill, and by their paleness seemed to share the sorrows of the stricken widow. A plain lounge stood against the wall, and the willow cradle in which lay sleeping the unconscious, fatherless babe. There were two other children—a boy two years of age, and a girl of four, who, by her serious demeanor, seemed already to apprehend that "something was the matter." Yes, poor thing, "something is the matter;" a light has gone out in your life that can never be relighted.

The door of the little sleeping-room was ajar, showing the couch and white spread and pillows so often wet with a widow's tears, and the little crib in which nestled the two lambs, watched through the

long nights by eyes from which slumber is frightened by the thought, "What if something should happen to them while I am here alone, and he who would have shared the care with me lies in his narrow bed with folded hands, and his pale face turned upward as if in appeal to God?"

But we must come to the object of our visit; and so I at once, as delicately as possible, opened the subject, and asked the widow how she was getting on, and what was her prospect for the winter, now so near at hand. She looked at me a moment, (I saw she was making a desperate effort for self-control,) and then replied,

"Well, we have so far succeeded in paying the rent—six dollars a month—and getting something to live upon. You know the insurance upon which my husband depended is lost, and that leaves me with nothing but my hands. I do not get as much work as I could do. I bought a sewing machine, but I owe for it, and may have to give it up. My children require much of my time. I could take in washing—"

Here she broke down entirely, and her sobs shook her whole frame like an ague.

I got up and walked to the window. My wife was crying like a child. It was too much for my philosophy. It was a problem beyond my powers of solution.

She recovered herself shortly, and went on: "My husband told me, just before he died, that the Church he had served so long would not see us suffer, and the Preachers' Aid Society would take care of us; but all I have as yet received is this

paper ;” and she passed it to me, saying, “I don’t know what to make of it.”

I unrolled the red-tape document and read: “You will fill out the blanks and return it to the secretary.”

“How old are you?”

“How many children have you who are dependent on you?”

“Have you any property, and if so, how much?”

“Have you any income, and if so, how much?”

“Have you an occupation, and how much can you earn?”

“How long was your husband in the ministry?”

There are some other questions which might with equal propriety have been inserted, as, for instance, “What was the state of your husband’s wardrobe when he died, and what is its present probable value?”

“Do you keep a dog, and if so, what does it cost to board him?”

“Do you spend any money in unnecessary travel, or in attending lectures or concerts, and if so, how much?”

“Do you take any periodicals, except ‘Zion’s Herald,’ and if so, can you not dispense with them all except the last? and could you not stop that, and borrow your neighbor’s?”

“Did you ever try to live on two meals a day, and so save one third of your table expenses?”

But I was too indignant to indulge in humor at that interview, and my first impulse was to tear the paper in shreds and throw them into the stove;

but I restrained myself, and said to the poor forsaken one, "I will see to this matter. In the mean time do not hesitate to make known to us your wants; you shall not suffer." So we left and returned home.

At our cosy tea-table, after a long silence, my wife said, "What are you thinking of? Why don't you speak?"

"I was thinking of this: Suppose when you had six children, the eldest twelve and the babe on your breast, (he is now six feet and four inches in height, and weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds,) I had died, what could you have done? How many nights I have lain awake pondering that grave question."

"But you did not die, and if you had, some way would have opened for us, no doubt. God never forsakes his children."

"All that is true; you are a woman of piety and faith; but, you see, you are not in that condition, and so you can know nothing about it. But what about poor Sister Jones, on whom we have just called? God has not forsaken her, I suppose, nor forgotten her either, but has left her to the care of the Church—*his* Church, they call themselves—and they send her a paper of—not pins, but such questions! And she must make known all her condition; and if her husband had left any property, she must use it all up to the last cent before they will aid her at all. 'Tell it not in Gath' that the Methodist Episcopal Church aids none of her worn-out ministers or widows but paupers!"

My indignation was here rising again, but was checked by that peculiarity of my organism which I am obliged to struggle against—a disposition to look upon the ludicrous aspect of things—and I set down my cup and burst into a fit of laughter.

“Well, this is no laughing matter,” said my wife, who never laughs when she can help it. “I feel more like crying, and have felt so since I saw that poor woman and her helpless children; and she, a minister’s wife, talks of taking in washing”—and here the good woman broke down again, and pressed her napkin against her eyes.

“Wait a moment,” I said. “As soon as this laugh is over I will join you in weeping; but it just occurred to me that there was another question which might have been sent to that widow—this, for instance: ‘Had your husband a set of false teeth? If so, were they on gold or rubber, and if on gold, what did you do with the plate?’”

“No, I am not treating it lightly at all. I am but using the only weapon which can pierce the incrustation of selfishness and indifference which covers the sensibilities of the Church on this matter of care for worn-out preachers, widows and orphans—satire.”

Year by year the case is presented, and still the aid comes in meagerly and reluctantly, and the worn-out suffer. There’s Sister Jones. Her husband gave all the best years of his life to faithful service for the Church, and he had the assurance when he joined the ranks that he should have a living, and if he broke down he should be provided for in age



and infirmity; that if he fell at his post, his widow, and children should be the care of the Church. When young, he was told that if he interested himself in the sale of our *books*, he would be creating a fund from which he would draw something, at least, if disabled. His estimates have barely met his necessities, so that he could save nothing; and now his unhappy family are left in utter destitution. It has a bad look. Our supplies from the Book Concern are cut off. Our extravagance in church building has crippled our Churches, and the poor are left in poverty and want. O ye people of God, in your quiet homes, with your wants all supplied, remember the claims of these sufferers, and denying yourselves of some luxury, send in at once a per centage of the debt you owe our suffering Sister Jones and her classmates!

## CALAMITY-JOHN

A TRIP SOUTH IN 1862.

The Spring of 1862 was a season of national darkness. Our fate hung in an even balance. We had not yet learned the art of war, and our disasters were disheartening. Burnside's great expedition was planned, and the troops were rapidly concentrating at Fortress Monroe. All sorts of floating things were collected—tug-boats, worn-out ferry-boats, old canal-boats, and a stern-wheel river boat, which the light-hearted "boys in blue" called a wheelbarrow. At last the grand expedition sailed for Hatteras Inlet and the Neuse, bearing with it the hearts and hopes of thousands whose sons, brothers, and husbands formed the heroic host. The writer's eldest son was in the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers. Slowly the sad days passed; daily we watched the newspapers for intelligence; then came the storm off Hatteras, the loss of ships, the crossing of the bar, and the taking of Roanoke Island. With beating hearts and moist eyes we ran over that sad list of killed and wounded.

We next heard that the expedition had sailed up the river to attack Newbern; then the report of a great battle and victory. A young man, visiting at my house in Albany, went out to get a paper. Soon he returned, pale as a ghost, tossed a paper to me, and passed out of the room. I hastily caught up the paper, saw a long list of casualties, and almost the first name I read distinctly was, "wounded, Lieuten-

ant J W Trafton." That was all. Days passed and no tidings. I wrote and telegraphed in vain.

"I must go to him," I said to my family.

I called on Governor Morgan, who gave me a note to General Wool at Fortress Monroe, but said at the same time,

"You cannot get through, as an order has just been issued from the War Department excluding civilians from the lines, as a great movement is about to be made."

The truth was, General M'Clellan's forces were about to move from the Potomac to the Peninsula, and try to "trump" Richmond with the "ace of spades."

"I will try," I replied to the kind-hearted governor, and started.

At New York I hoped to be able to get upon some of the numerous transports carrying supplies to Hatteras; but General Dix refused me a pass, his orders to give no passes to any persons within the lines being peremptory.

"I will go to Washington," I said.

"Well," replied the good-natured general, "that is good pluck, but you cannot get through."

This was not encouraging, but, *nil desperandum*, I at once started for Washington. In the cars I fell in with an old gentleman from Boston, with a letter from Governor Andrew to Secretary Stanton. He was going to Fortress Monroe for the body of his son, a member of the corps of engineers, who had died there. But the poor man was quite in despair of ever reaching that point.

“Stick to me,” said I, “and I will get you through if I get through myself.”

Arriving in Washington, I first called on Senator Sumner for a note to Stanton.

“I would help you with all my heart,” said he, “but you cannot get through. I tried yesterday to get a friend through, but was refused.”

“But I shall go at any rate,” said I.

He smiled an incredulous smile, and replied, “Good pluck.”

It was snowing, and the weather was such as Washington often indulges in—chilly, and depressing to the last degree. My Boston friend was quite discouraged, and proposed to turn back, but I still said, “Stick to me; we shall get through.” I then called on Senator Harris, of Albany—the same story. Through the mud and slush, among hurrying horsemen and marching troops, we made our way to the War Office. Mr. Stanton was attending a cabinet meeting at the White House—off again to that point. The old familiar place was surrounded by sentries; orderlies were sitting and lying about the corridors, waiting to transmit orders. I walked in, saluting the sentries as I passed; and whether they imagined me to be some military character in citizen’s dress, or the grand mogul himself, I did not stop to inquire; but the remark, “I *must* see the Secretary of War,” passed me, and the old man clung to me like one’s shadow. Up the broad stairs, into the anteroom, where some twenty or thirty officers were waiting. I had no time to wait. Taking my letters of introduction, I stepped to the

messenger at the door and requested him to take them in to Mr. Stanton. He disappeared, and in a few moments returned, handed me my letters, on the back of one of which were the words, "To the assistant adjutant-general: Grant the bearer a pass to Fortress Monroe, and on to North Carolina. Stanton."

My old friend's papers were returned with a refusal! He burst into tears.

"Keep up your heart," I said; "stick to me, and I will get you through."

Off we rushed to the adjutant-general's office. I put our letters into his hand; he looked at them, and ordered his subaltern to make out passes for these gentlemen to Fortress Monroe, etc. In five minutes we were making the longest possible strides for the depot, and took the first train back to Baltimore, to get on board the morning steamer for Monroe.

Landing in the early morning at the fort, my first object was to ascertain when a boat would leave for Newbern. I at once proceeded to the fort for an interview with the commander, General Wool. I was received with great kindness by the good old general. He at once dispatched an orderly to make inquiry about a steamer for Hatteras, who soon reported one to sail to-morrow. Alas for the chances of war! that to-morrow was destined to be drawn out into four long and exciting days, and the experience of those days was what comes but once in a life-time.

The greatest difficulty was to find a place to lodge. The grand hotel, the scene of so much gayety in the past, when this was the great summer

resort of the southern aristocracy, was now in the hands of the Government as a hospital, one wing only excepted, and that was crowded with army officers. I could get no room. The first night I lodged in a room with twenty-five officers. I was sick, worn out with excitement and exposure, and more fit for a sick bed than this whirl of events. A rebel colonel had come from Baltimore on parole, and it got noised around that I was the rebel. I was gazed at—snubbed; the negroes even rolled up the whites of their eyes as they passed me. I was sitting, wrapped up in an old Scotch shawl, when a gentleman came to me and asked, “Are you unwell, sir?”

I explained my case in a few words. “Come with me,” said he. “I am the surgeon of the post; I will give you a place to sleep.” I followed him into his office; he got me some hot drink, spread some blankets on a lounge, and made me comfortable for the night. It was a cup of cold water, (my impression at this distance of time is that there wasn’t much water in it,) but I shall never forget the kindness of that army surgeon of Troy, N. Y.

The next day was one of the wildest excitement. M’Clellan’s troops were coming by thousands, landing at the wharves, and marching off for Newport News, horse, foot, and artillery. All the pomp of war was gone—**simply** a mass of muddy, blackened men, guns, ambulances, horses and mules, ammunition, pell-mell, it would seem to a looker on a scene of the wildest confusion, without order or object; and yet each man was connected by some bond to

the main body as on they swept, poor fellows, so many of them to "return no more."

Calling again on General Wool, I found him in a state of great excitement. He had learned that the iron-clad Merrimac was coming out from Norfolk again; he looked for her every hour, and consequently had ordered the dispatch boat, which should have sailed to-day, to remain, as she might be wanted to carry dispatches to Washington.

"I am ordered," said the general, "at all hazards, should the Merrimac again come out, to prevent her from passing the fort and getting to sea; as, in that event, she would run round into York River and destroy M'Clellan's army."

"Is there a probability that she could pass should she attempt it?" I asked.

"I think," replied the old hero, "we could give her a peppering if she comes. We have some twenty gun-boats of all kinds in the harbor below, and then we have two five hundred pounders in a round battery on the beach, besides the guns of the fort."

I had visited that battery, and seen the famous guns "Lincoln" and "Union;" but I think, for all that, the Merrimac would have slid along by and through all this formidable array as a duck passes through a summer shower, unless the Monitor should have stopped her. And there she lay, a black streak upon the water, with a tall, circular iron turret alone visible. Not a man was seen about her, and yet there were sharp eyes seeing all that passed around her. Directly in front of the fortress lay two steam frigates, English and French,

while the harbor was filled with vessels of all descriptions, bringing men and material for war.

#### THE MERRIMAC COMING OUT.

The morning after my last visit to the fort I was sitting at the breakfast-table, making a desperate effort to get something to eat, and listening to the speculations of some army officers near me on the probability of the appearance of the dreaded iron-clad, when a tremendous explosion shook the house.

“There she comes!” burst from scores of lips.

Knives and forks were dropped. I rushed out into the street to find myself in a perfect babel of confusion. The gun we heard was the alarm from the fort. I could hear the long roll being beaten in the fort; soldiers were hurrying along the parapet to man the guns; a company was marching down to the shore battery to load the monster guns. Every vessel in the harbor was making the most desperate efforts to get below into the “roads,” out of the reach of shot and shell. A feeling between homesickness and ghost-seeing came over me, and I began to think of my own salvation somewhat.

Where shall I go? Into the fort, was my first thought. I started at double-quick for the point of safety—too late. I found the draw-bridge up, and two rods of water between me and the gate, which was closed—a fine position for a non-combatant. But in a few moments my fears subsided, and a wonderful calm settled upon me; and curiosity, and a sort of a desire to—well, not to kill any one, but to



fight—took possession of me. I now went back to the shore, and looked across the water toward Norfolk to get a sight of the foe. On the first alarm, the two foreigners, lying in the stream, had slipped their cables, and were steaming up toward Norfolk, and had finally anchored off Newport News, some four miles away, where they waited the coming of their rebel friend.

I turned my attention to a pile of lumber, some ten feet in height, which a dozen of us mounted for a more extended view; but an officer came rushing along and shouted, "Down from that pile! You are right in range of the guns of the fort!" Of course, not wishing to stop any shot which might do more good beyond us, we not unreluctantly obeyed the order.

"There she is!" was now heard from many voices. Looking now by Sewall's Point, distant from the fortress about six miles, we could see a long line of black smoke issuing from a huge *something*, slowly moving up the channel. More and more distinct she became as she came out by the Point; and now we could see that she was not alone, but was followed by five steamers. But who is this hurrying down to the beach with his head bandaged and one eye covered? It is the brave commander of the Monitor, who was wounded in his fight with the Merrimac, and has been in the hospital since; but the alarm gun roused him; he will not be restrained, but hurries on board his craft, to meet again his old antagonist. There is the magnificent Vanderbilt, with her iron beak; she arrived the night before,

and now, with steam up, she awaits the coming foe. Two of our gun-boats were stuck fast in the mud; they wont be able to fight much, but they will show the enemy where the channel is not.

The Naugatuck, Stevens's famous boat, with her two hundred-pound Parrot gun, arrived also the night before, and has hauled up around a point out of our sight, but near the Monitor, which she doubtless intends to support.

The Merrimac, in the meantime, had run close to the English frigate and hauled up. The frigate Jamestown, which followed her, kept on across to Newport News, where, in plain sight of us who were standing on the dispatch boat Haze, lay at anchor a brig and two schooners, with supplies, which had run up there the night before; these the rebel took in tow and steamed back to her consort, without the slightest effort for their defense or rescue! The captain of the Haze actually shed tears, and stamped the deck with indignant emotion. Not a gun was fired, not a ship started. The truth was, they were in terrible fear of that iron monster. But see! she starts again, and is moving toward the fort. After a few moments' steaming she ports her helm, bringing her broadside to view, and stops. She looks like the roof of a vast church that has been carried away by a freshet, and is floating on the water.

She is now about four miles distant. Some hours have passed since she came in sight. "Why does she not run down and open fire?" asks every one. Perhaps she cherishes a becoming respect for that

submarine power yonder, which, though she could not see, she nevertheless felt. We heard a tremendous explosion near by, and turning our eyes in the direction of the sound, we saw a shell flying toward the iron-clad foe, leaving a thin line of smoke behind it, and falling short of the mark about half the distance. It was a shot from the Naugatuck's two hundred-pound Parrot. A puff of smoke is now seen to start from the side of the Merrimac, and a huge shell comes hissing in reply, but drops into the water at least a mile distant. Another roar from behind the Point, on our right, and away goes another of the Parrot's "rotten shot," as the negroes called these shells; it struck the water apparently not twenty feet from the stern of the French frigate. Another puff of smoke from the port of the Merrimac, and the shell drops into the water in about the same place as the first. She evidently has no guns of very long range; her power is in close quarters.

It was by this time becoming a mere farce. Our fears had subsided; she does not intend to come down for a battle. There goes the Naugatuck again, and this time with a much greater elevation. Away speeds the fearful messenger, clean over the ridge-pole of the old church roof, as we now called her, exploding beyond. Officers watching the play from the parapet of the fort said its range was all of five miles. And now a third puff of smoke from the iron-clad, but we saw no shell or shot, and instantly she is in motion, and soon disappears behind Sewall's Point, and the naval duel and scare are over. It was

said that the last gun fired by the Merrimac burst, killing and wounding a large number of men, and this accounts for her sudden retreat.

Sabbath afternoon the little propeller Haze is ordered to start for Hatteras Inlet. We hurry on board, after four days' detention at Fortress Monroe, but for which we were fully recompensed by the experience above narrated.

Monday afternoon we ran into the Sound, and found General Burnside, in his swift little dispatch steamer, waiting for news. We were taken on board and started for Newbern, distance eighty miles. Just as it began to grow dark we ran into the harbor, and landed in the newly-captured town among a crowd of negroes, who lustily cheered Massa Burnside. Here were seen the sad effects of war. There were the ruins of the beautiful bridge, across which the rebels rushed pell-mell, shouting, "The Yankees are coming!" and which they at once fired, to check their advance. Here, on the bank, was the frame of a gun-boat, which the rebels had commenced, now with its keel sawed in two, and thoroughly broken up.

Yonder, the smoking ruins of a large new hotel, set on fire by their own soldiers, which, with a number of private dwellings, were consumed. General Branch, who commanded at the battle of Newbern, rode through the village, shouting, "Fire your houses and fly! The Yankees are coming!" Many families fled, and the speedy coming of the Yankees saved the town from entire destruction.

You can imagine the effect, in a town of some five

thousand inhabitants, of such a sudden change from assured safety to one of the wildest terror. They had been taught that these Yankee troops were lawless brigands—that they came to burn, sack, and pillage. Then they had been assured that it was impossible for the gun-boats to pass the obstructions in the channel of the river and the forts on its banks—that their troops outnumbered the Yanks two to one. I was told by a family, formerly from the North, that when they marched out in the morning to meet Burnside, six miles below, where they had constructed earthworks and a line of defenses a mile in extent, covering the entire space from the river to an impassable swamp on the right, they went out leaving their tents standing, and ordering the cooks to have dinner ready at noon. “We are just going down to whip the Yanks, and shall be back by dinner time.”

Well, some of them did come back, but with no appetites for dinner. They were too aristocratic to march six miles, and so had a long train of cars to take them down, and when the train returned it had changed its time-table: “No stop at Newbern for refreshments.” Those who could not get on board rushed on, until the last were cut off by the firing of the bridge; many leaped into the river and were drowned. Like a flock of frightened sheep they ran, while the colored people restrained their joy until the last rebel disappeared, and they heard the roll of the drums of their deliverers resounding through the woods, and then their suppressed emotions found relief. “Gorry, massa, you shud see 'em

run! O, you shud see dat ar Branch on his hoss, white as a ghos'! How he run!" They had not got over it when I arrived, thirteen days after the battle.

With my valise in my hand (the first carpet-bagger, perhaps!) I went up the street and inquired for a hotel. There was one left. I went to the office and asked for a room. Yes, I could have a room, but they had nothing to eat; they had no provisions, and no way to get any. I turned to a soldier in the room and asked him where the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment was in camp.

"About a mile up the river," he said.

Off I started. It was growing dark, but I was among the boys in blue. On I tramped, hungry and faint. Suddenly a cry, "Halt!" startled me. I halted, of course.

"Who comes there?" rang out sharp.

"A friend," I replied. (I had read that in books, you see, and knew it was of no use to answer, "*John Smith.*") "Call the corporal of the guard," said I.

He came and recognized me, as I had often visited the regiment when in camp at Springfield.

"You will find your son in that double tent on the further side of the camp," said he.

I soon reached the tent. Standing in the dark was the form of a boy, so black that one could see little of him except his teeth and eyes.

"Where's the lieutenant?" I asked.

"In de back tent sar, layin' down."

I stepped across the floor of boards and we met—father, son.

“You seem to have rather extra accommodations here,” I said, looking around upon a marble-top table, a large rocking-chair, looking-glass, etc.

“Yes; this was the camp of a rebel regiment, and when they left, after the battle, they had no time to strike tents, and, as we lost all our tents in crossing the bar, we took possession here at once.”

“But this nice furniture?”

“Well, you see many of the frightened inhabitants fled when we marched in, leaving every thing in their haste. Some of them returned, and a guard protects them. Many houses were left, and the officers have taken possession. These articles were brought out by the boys, and we preserve them for the owners’ future use.”

Late at night we retired, and I asked, “How many men have you in this expedition?”

“About four thousand,” was the reply.

“What force have the rebels? and how far off are they?”

“’Tis said they are twenty thousand strong, and are out at Kingston, about twenty miles,” he replied.

“Well,” said I, “I should think they would come down some night and gobble you up.”

“We expect they’ll try it,” said he.

The words were scarcely uttered when a heavy gun, close by, startled us.

“There they come!” said he as he leaped from the bed.

In a moment another explosion; we could hear the shriek of the shell. J. dashed out. I was in a quandary—indignant. I had just escaped the iron-clad at Fortress Monroe, had got safely past the stormy Hatteras and the dangers of the “swash,” to be swallowed by these rebels. “Hard luck,” I said to myself. I thought I was as safe in bed as any where, and so waited to hear the long roll. All was silent. J. returned.

“Well,” he said, “I do not know what it means, but there is no alarm; no pickets have come in; of course there is no approach of an enemy.”

The next day we learned that a boat from the Inlet had come up and run in without showing her signal lights, and the picket boat sent a couple of shells to wake up the sleepy look-outs.

In the morning I had an opportunity to see my little black boy more distinctly. He said, in answer to my question, “How old are you?”

“De peoples says I’s tirteen, sar.”

He could not be blacker. His features were very regular, and really beautiful. His head was round as a marble, and his hair curled close to his skull. His eyes were actually glittering.

“Where did he come from, and what’s his name?”

“He says his name is John, but I call him *Calamity*. He came into the camp a few days since, and I took him into my tent and mean to keep him. He can tell you his story himself. Ask him by and by.”

During the day I took an opportunity to draw out this young contraband, or chattel, rather, as at that stage of the conflict we were playing war, like



so many great booby children. A half-starved soldier would be punished for taking a rebel's chicken, or corn from a rick for his famished steed, and the slave-holder would come into our camp demanding his runaway slaves. Prisoners taken on this expedition were sworn and discharged, to re-enter the ranks as soon as they could reach a rebel post. It became a standing joke among the soldiers. I saw, one morning, a soldier with a snake, two feet and over in length, coiled around his arm, his fingers clasping its neck.

"What you goin' to do with him, Jim?" sang out a comrade.

"O," he soberly replied, "swear him and let him go!"

This boy's owner lived some three miles from the north bank of the Neuse River, and had about twenty slaves, and *Calamity* tells me they knew all about the war, and believed the Yankees were coming to set them free.

"On de day of de battle," said Calamity, "dey prayed all day."

"Could you hear the guns?" I asked.

"O yes, massa; it was jes awful!"

"Were you frightened?"

"No, massa; me was jes glad de Yankees were comin' "

He then gave me an account of his escape, as follows:—

"De day after de battle one of de boys an' I said we'll go to de camp at Newbern."

"You knew where Newbern was, then?"

“O yes; I ben dar. Rode massa’s poney at de cattle show las’ fall. We started for de ribber jes at night, but massa cotch us ’fore we got dar, an’ lock us in de smoke house. I dug a hole in de groun’ an’ crawl out, an’ run for de ribber. I foun’ a ole dug-out dar, an’ wid a piece ob board I jes paddle cross to de camp.”

“But, John, there is a gun-boat lying right opposite. How did you get by her without being stopped?”

“Dunno, massa; I jes paddle close to her, rite under her starn; ’spects she was asleep!” (No doubt.)

Some young colored men found him in the morning, and brought him to my son. Some of the rough runaways got into a wrangle behind the tent, and were swearing nearly as forcibly as their white superiors. John (Calamity) went out as a peacemaker, and was heard to address them thus: “Hi, ya, you! Better be sayin’ yer prayers dan swearin’ roun’ he-ah like dis!”

I asked him, “Calamity, do you pray?”

“Yes, sah, ebery night.”

‘What do you say when praying?’

He clasped his hands, closed his eyes, and repeated the Lord’s Prayer correctly.

“Who taught you to pray?”

“My mudder, sah.”

“Is your mother alive?”

“No, sah; she bin gone dead dese many years.”

He asked me, one day, if I would take him “Norf” when I returned. I told him I would if I could get permission. But though I made a strong

appeal to General Burnside, he could not grant my request ; we must save slavery.

“ Calamity ” now became very anxious to learn to read. I went to the Sanitary Commission room and bought a spelling-book, to his great delight. In two days he had mastered the alphabet. Could any white boy do better? A few days passed, and my little ebony friend said to me, “ Massa, is dis ere book like what de white chillen in de Norf larn in? ”

“ I think so, John. Why do you ask? ”

“ Cos, sah, in ole massa’s home ise heard de chillen say dey lessons, and dey say, a-b, ab ; o-b, ob ; u-b, ub ; i-b, ib ; but I dose’nt see it heah, sah.”

I took the book, and, sure enough, the old columns of a-b, ab, etc., were wanting. Bright as a new dollar, my little *protégé* made rapid progress, and I said to myself he will make his mark in the world. I heard subsequently that some one of our officers brought him North, and put him in school—where, I do not know ; but I hope yet to hear again from Calamity John.

## THE HUMORS OF WEDDINGS.

There are few things in this world that have not a humorous phase, and a "time to laugh" is fixed as surely as a "time to weep." Among all nations weddings have been seasons of joy and hilarity; and yet, could the horoscope of the happy pair be correctly and surely cast, I fear in many instances the sadness of the death-scene would fill many a bounding heart. Some matches may be made in heaven for aught we know; but sure we are there is a very extensive manufacture of *Lucifer* matches on earth. I have, not unfrequently, used my authority against my better judgment, and conscience even. But then such was the law; they had the right to be made one, and I had not the right to forbid the bans.

In few things does human nature exhibit itself so thoroughly as in rewarding the official on these occasions. I have in mind at this present the case of a well-to-do grocer, who was united to his *fiancée* by a dear old friend of mine who will, no doubt, read these lines. To his great surprise he received no fee at all. Some time after, being in the store of the happy groom, the gentleman (?) said, "I have intended to make you a present for the little job you did for us, and I will do it now;" and, stepping into his back store, he brought out an *empty butter-firkin*, saying, "It will be useful in your family!" I confess my estimate of humanity sank many degrees when I heard that story.

It is not an uncommon event for the groom to ask, "What's to pay?" And it was a good reply of a New York dominie to the question: "That depends upon your estimate of your bride." My first experiment in this work was an occasion never to be forgotten. I had to extemporize a formula, as the parties repudiated the prayer book, and my ingenuity was taxed to the utmost. The groom was a sprightly young fellow of only seventy-four, and the bride a smart widow of forty-four. I must look sharp and not refer to "our young friends;" and equal caution was necessary to avoid allusion to "our venerable friend." I was much embarrassed, but managed to get on until I came to the declaration, "I pronounce you *man* and wife," when the absurdity struck me all aback. He was a *man* before, and she a woman; the ceremony has made her a *wife*, and the man a husband—not a man. That little slip, which probably no one noticed, covered me with confusion.

In the absence of the never-to-be-forgotten Father Taylor in Europe, in 1843, as I resided near the Bethel, I was often called to perform funeral services and to marry parties in his church. One evening, just as I was about going into my prayer-meeting, the sexton of the Bethel rang my door bell and wished me to step over to the church and marry a couple. The house was brilliantly illuminated, a goodly company of witnesses assembled, and we waited for the happy pair. The clock told off the minutes, and yet no expectants appeared. At last I said to the sexton, "I will go and open my

prayer-meeting, and when they come you run over and call me." He at last turned off the lights, and all adjourned to the vestry for their usual prayer-meeting. I had got well started in my services when Brother Foster came hastily in with the announcement of the arrival of the high-contracting parties, and I ran over. The vestry was packed full, as usual, and stepping into the altar, I called the parties before me.

"I will look at your license if you please," I said, addressing the gentleman.

"And what's that, sir?" said he.

I explained. He had none; he did not know it was necessary.

"I cannot marry you without it."

I then gave instructions and left. I had hardly reached my house when he again appeared, most urgent that I should perform the ceremony, and the next day he would surely procure the paper; but I was inexorable, and he left. I learned afterward that he found some one less scrupulous to tie the knot.

One evening, about the same time, I united a good-looking colored couple, whose papers were all right. The next evening I was called from my study to meet what seemed an African invasion. I do not know the number, but I saw from their high excitement that something was wrong. After some rather loud whispering, one of the party advanced, with a *congé*, and asked,

"Did you marry a couple of colored pussons last night, sar?"

I had done that.

“Gorry, massa! you’s been and married anodder man’s wife!”

“Ah! I was not aware of that; they had a regular license from the city clerk.”

“Well, sar, dar’s her husband stanin’ dar, an she’s his wife, sure.”

Of course I could only dismiss the company with the hope that he would find her again if he wanted her.

The fees were not always large. I had united a couple at my home one day, and after it was over the groom wished to speak with me in private. I took him into my study, when he wished to know what was to pay.

“O,” I replied, “whatever you please.”

He fumbled in his pocket and found a quarter; it was the extent of his treasure.

“Will that do?”

“O,” I said, “take your wife and go in peace. It’s of no consequence at all.”

But occasionally a very mean man applies for such services. I was one day called into the parlor, as a gentleman wished to see me.

“Yes; I shall be at home at half-past seven o’clock.”

It came, and three or four hacks came sweeping up to my door, discharging an avalanche of white muslin, flowers, and ribbons, and a merry group filled our parlors. “Here’s richness,” thought I; “here’s a fee to compensate for the last quarter fee. And such bowing and artistic genuflections, the body

poised upon the left foot, while the right, with a graceful sweep that would have done honor to a Chesterfield, was brought round to the left heel. I never knew but one man who could execute such an obeisance, and that was my dear old Father Taylor. The last amen was pronounced, and I had wished them all possible blessings, when, as the grand procession filed out, the polite groom blandly smiled and whispered in my ear, "I will call to-morrow and reward you." I have not seen him since. I subsequently learned they were waiters at the American House.

Of a different type was a wedding in Providence. It was eleven o'clock at night. My family had all retired, and I was reading in my study, when there came a sharp pull of the bell-knob. I descended and opened the door, supposing it to be a call to visit some sick person. On the step stood a rough-looking sailor, as I saw by his garb.

"Can you marry a couple?"

"I can; but where's the lady?"

"She's outside the gate, sir."

He called, and there came, in answer to his hail, a fine-looking young woman, with two others, a male and female, as witnesses. The groom was more than "half seas over," and his tongue was very thick. I hesitated a little and questioned the sober parties, who said, "It's all right."

"You see, cap'n," said the poor fellow, "it's all (hic) right; all right. Jes' in from a long vige (hic). We've bin 'gaged a (hic) good while, an' (hic) it's all right."



I procured a blank, (in Rhode Island the minister fills out the license, which the parties sign, with two witnesses,) the questions were all answered, and they were married in due form. As they rose to leave the groom said:—

“Yer see, cap’n, I haint been paid off yet!” and he was fumbling, first in one pocket, then in another, until he had mustered seventy-five cents, saying, “I’ll pay yer, cap’n, but I aint paid off, yer see.”

“O,” I said, “never mind ; it’s all right.”

“That’s jes’ what I said, ye know ; it’s all right.”

The next forenoon I was called down to see some one in the parlor. There stood my sailor, perfectly sober, washed, shaved, and finely dressed. He apologized for his condition the night before, and gave me a generous fee. That was a sailor.

I had been out of the city (this was in Albany) some eight miles to attend a funeral, and returned just at dusk, put up my horse, and as I entered my house the girl said some persons were waiting in the parlor to see me. I threw off my hat and overcoat and entered. In the dimness I could just discern the form of a stout man sitting by the window with a slouched hat tipped back on his head.

“Well, my friend,” I said, “what can I do for you?”

“Want ter be married,” he replied in a real country drawl.

“Yes, I can do that ; but where’s the lady?”

“There she be, yonder,” he answered, pointing to the sofa on the other side of the room.

I looked, and saw a poorly clad little girl crouched down in a corner of the sofa.

“What?” said I, “that child?”

“Yaas,” he replied; “she’s old enough.”

“Little girl,” I asked, “how old are you?”

“Thirteen, sir.”

“Have you a mother?”

“Yes, sir; but she’s sick.”

“Where do you live when at home?”

“Rome, sir.”

That was some forty miles or more off the Hudson.

“Does your mother know you are away to be married?”

“Yes, sir.”

I now turned on the miserable fellow, and with a good degree of feeling said, “Now, sir, you take that child home to her mother as quick as the cars will bear you or I’ll put the police on your track!”

They left.

A great prize for American girls is a foreign adventurer with an eye-glass and waxed mustache. Many a poor simpleton has thrown herself away on such ventures. Not long after the above child-adventure a hack drove up to my door late in the day, and a man called on me to go down to the lower part of the city and perform a wedding ceremony.

“Are you the gentleman to be married?” I inquired, after being seated in the hack.

“Yes,” he said; “I will give you the facts about

it. I am an Englishman—have just received a letter from England informing me that a relation has left me thirty thousand pounds on condition that I should marry before I was thirty years of age. I shall be of that age to-morrow. I am just from the South; been injured on a railroad, [his face was bruised;] came to this city and advertised for a wife in the ‘Albany Journal,’ and received forty responses! [Is it possible there were forty fools in that city?] I have selected one, and we shall leave to-night for the city of New York, and sail to-morrow for England.”

“Fishy!” I said to myself.

Arriving at a boarding-house, I was introduced to a very good-looking young lady as the bride. I called the woman who kept the house, who repeated his story of the advertising; that this girl was from Vermont; worked in a shop; was a good steady girl, and was infatuated with the notion of going abroad. I then took the girl by herself and questioned her.

“Yes, she believed in him.”

“And do you really wish me to marry you to him?”

“O yes, certainly; I am going with him.”

I married them, and in three days they were both in the Tombs in New York for swindling. I soon learned that the scoundrel had been among the Baptist Churches in the city for weeks, under the character of a Baptist minister driven from the South for his Union sentiments, and collections had been made for him in the Churches.

The tragic crowds out the comic here, as, a few weeks after, a poor, sad-looking woman called on me to inquire whether I had married a girl by the name of ——. Alas! it was too true.

“She’s my daughter, sir,” she said, as in her great agony she sank down upon the sofa, “and she’s lost, sir.”

## NO. 1 PRINCE-STREET.

The old *habitues* of the North End would say "New Prince-street," for originally Prince-street extended from Hanover to Commercial streets, near Charlestown bridge, or the "ferry," as it then was. Possibly some sort of a lane opened into North Square from Hanover-street, or on said street was a continuous line of buildings from Fleet to Richmond streets; but, be that as it may, Prince-street now extends from North Square to the Charlestown bridge.

Passing north on Hanover-street, the pedestrian, to find No. 1 Prince-street, the scene of our present story, strikes Prince next after passing Richmond, and turning short to the right and across North Square, sees confronting him the old Bethel Church, the scene of Father Taylor's forty years of toil and triumph. There it stands in its solitary seclusion. Originally it was thought to be a marvel of architectural beauty; but it looks now, among our churches, like a plain country lass in hoops among the fashionable "pull-backs" on Summer-street on a pleasant afternoon in June. There it stands, with its three granite-capped doors, its square tower with a flag-staff in the center, from which the stars and stripes float on the Sabbath, and a large window in the gable lighting a hall in the attic, formerly used as a sail-loft, but now as a store-house for the *débris* of broken households, among which I saw some broken furniture from Father Taylor's old home;

among other relics, his old single-keyed flute, now cracked and tuneless—sad symbol of that voice, now hushed, which for half a century charmed and enchained listening thousands.

As I stood in the old pulpit so recently there came back to me in startling freshness the picture of a Sabbath I spent in the old church forty-three years since. In the quietness of the old church it seemed the height of romance to think of North Square as the grand center of attraction in Boston society only forty years since.

The celebrated Channing might preach in Federal-street, the senior Beecher in Park-street, and Bishop Griswold in old Trinity, still the morning of the Sabbath would witness masses of people eagerly wending their way, on foot and in elegant equipages, to old North Square, and crowding into this unpretentious church, with the stars and stripes proudly floating from its turret. Judges and barristers came, merchants and mariners; poets to be charmed, and play-actors to improve their art. Strangers who did not visit North Square would hesitate to say they had seen Boston. But what was the attraction which thus irresistibly drew the throng to this point? Not the locality, for it had not the charm of the Common, or Fort Hill with its palatial residences and splendid gardens; not the edifice, for it was and is plain as a Quaker meeting-house. It was the untrained and uneducated sailor—the child of nature, not culture, who Sabbath after Sabbath for years held entranced the listening crowd who, under the spell of that native eloquence,

took no note of time—"Edward T. Taylor," "Father Taylor," "the sailor preacher," whose name is pronounced in every part of the world where commerce plies her trade or science prosecutes research, and always spoken tenderly and with filial love.

The charm of this wonderful man was not in the art of the rhetorician—he had not, when he commenced his work, "so much as heard whether there be any" rhetoric; not in studied tricks or clap-trap—every thing of that kind was his utter scorn. It was *in* him, as lightning in the cloud, and when it came out it struck somewhere. Nothing low, out of taste, or vulgar; he was always chaste, classic, and choice in his utterances. It is wonderful that a man with so little of mental culture, owing nothing to the schools, should, nevertheless, come up to, and often surpass, the conditions of the art of successful oratory. He was severely logical, and yet, perhaps, could not define a syllogism. He was a master in rhetoric, yet ignorant of its rules. His good, strong common sense and innate sense of propriety seemed to be his great strength. It was *in* him, we repeat. "What would he have been had he been educated?" was often asked. I answer, Nothing—or what Samson was after his locks were lost. I make no reflection on education; but genius like Father Taylor's would be cramped and bound by rules and prescribed methods. There is all the difference between native genius, and force, and educated power, that there is between free, native lightning, and lightning in harness; the last slips silent-

ly along the prescribed wire, whispering words of love or menace, calmly reading off its allotted task; the first bursts from the cloud in its terrible energy and stirs things. A little rough it may be at times, and hard on weak nerves, but it is live lightning. The finest poetry ever penned was conceived and written without a knowledge of the rules of the poetic art; and logic and rhetoric are based upon the forensic productions of orators who never heard of the rules for public speaking. They made the rules and found the model themselves. But we are slow in reaching our destination and our story.

It is a beautiful morning in June, and the Sabbath. The bells are pealing out their call to worship, and clear and distinct above all are the sweet chimes of Christ Church in Salem-street. For a long time groups of people have been gathered in the square waiting the opening of the doors. Now they are pouring in. Hundreds of seamen in their clean Sunday outfit are filling the body of the church, always reserved for "my boys." Carriage after carriage rolls up to the door, discharges its occupants, and departs. The bells are still calling "Come, come," and still the crowd pour in. The galleries are crowded. Away in the rear, behind the organ, is a mass of eager, dark faces—colored seamen, who eat and sleep in the fore-castle with their white brethren, rattle up the shrouds, lay out on the tumbling yards to "reef" and "hand" in a gale of wind; but this is not a ship, it is a church. There they sit thankful for the crumbs. The bells are, one after another, ceasing to toll, yet still the peo-



ple are crowding in. Every seat is occupied, and still they come.

There's a hush—no sound but the rustle of scores of fans held by jeweled fingers. It is half-past ten by the clock; expectation is at its height; the suspense is almost painful. There he comes—a rather short, snugly-built man, his body well thrown back, so that he comes down hard upon his heels, an indication of confidence and command. What a head! Large behind his ears—he can put himself in motion without extraneous stimulants. Then his forehead is splendid—not high, but broad and full. See his ideality—there's his poetic fund. Full above his eyes—he sees things without a microscope. His glasses are thrown back upon the top of his head, as if to get a good look aloft. Following him is his wonderful wife. Tall and elegant in her bearing, she would grace a queen's drawing-room. I venerate and bow to her shade as I write. He shows her into her slip on the right of the pulpit, (he was the perfection of courtly manners,) and now ascends the pulpit, and kneels for a moment's silent prayer. Then, leaning on his left arm, resting on the Bible, he casts a rapid glance over the immense sea of up-turned faces. He is at home now in the presence of "his boys." One can easily imagine him in the character of a commodore on his quarter-deck taking a survey of the ship from deck to truck, and would not be surprised to hear him sing out, "Give a pull on your lee braces there! Lay her up sharp into the wind! Steady, so!" He sees some seamen standing in the aisle who were late, and calls out,

“Make way there for the jewels of the world! Give them seats, sexton.” “Here, Jack,” he sings out, “come up and sit in these chairs in front, no place is too good for you.”

And so he clears the deck for action, and, all hushed, he announces the hymn. He doesn't read it, he recites it; and his fine poetic taste enables him to enter into the very spirit of the writer. You think you never read that hymn before. Then he reads the Scriptures. Look, he has taken the book up on his left arm, and with the forefinger of his right hand he points to the text, running the finger on as he reads it distinctly. It is a letter from home to “his boys,” and he is in the fore-castle, reading it to them in the “watch below.” How eagerly they listen, bending forward to catch every word.

His audience, remember, are the rough sons of the ocean massed before him, the richly dressed and intelligent crowds on either hand; and in the galleries are a sort of side issue, content with the crumbs from Jack's table. But what crumbs they were, to be sure! No whole loaves on any other Church table in Boston equaled them. Many a rap the fashionable follies and outbreacking sins of shore-life have received over the shoulders of “poor Jack.” These fanciful “land-lubbers” were often brought up with a “round turn,” to Jack's great amusement.

But mark how he trembles! Is he embarrassed? Is he fearful? He is no coward. He could coolly work his gun in the blaze and thunder of a fight,

“yard-arm to yard-arm,” or, pike in hand, lead a boarding party; and yet this mighty man, standing in that presence, shakes like an aspen. This prince of orators was naturally diffident to a painful degree, and the effort made to overcome it often carried him to the borders of audacity, and apparent indifference to the presence of his auditory. No man was more sensitive to praise or blame, none more deferent to the feelings of his hearers.

He kneels for the prayer—how still it is! Fans are closed, heads bowed, hands clasped. All the writer remembers with any distinctness of that prayer are the opening words, “Our Father.” After it was over I remembered only a confused maze of wonders. I was a child; mother was dead; the home was closed. I was a wanderer; was at sea; wrecked; drowned; cast upon shore; somebody picked me up; the patrons of the Port Society took me in and nursed me into a new life; put a Bible into my hands and started me out on a *new* voyage. I heard sobbings in the congregation, and often loud “Amens” and “Glory to God” from overflowing hearts. It was wonderful, overpowering!

Then came the sermon, if that may be called a sermon which came not within hail of any system of homiletics ever yet heard of, and yet, if judged by its effects, was a sermon such as no other man could preach. It is over forty years since I heard it, and its echo is not yet out of my ears. The text was John viii, 51: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.”

It was a memorial discourse for some prominent patron of the Port Society, a merchant by the name of Perkins, I think, but am not sure.

To say he held his hearers rapt and spell-bound is saying but little; but it was when he came to speak of the departed friend of neglected sailors—remembering them in the night when they were on the ocean in their lonely watch, or reefing sail in a gale of wind, or on a lee shore with breakers all around them, thinking of them and praying for them—that his amazing power appeared. “But he’s gone—our friend is gone, yet without seeing death;” and now he takes us all on the wings of his imagination up above the blue ether to see him enter the portal of glory. It was terrific! I know of no other word fitting into that place. But I became anxious about the descent—how will he let us down without a shock? But he was equal to the occasion. Suddenly pausing, and turning about so as to face me, he looked steadily at me for what seemed to me an hour, his eyes literally blazing, as they would blaze when he was greatly excited. I was amazed, alarmed. Had I unconsciously uttered some word in my excitement which had offended him? I wonder, now it is over, that I hadn’t cried out, “I didn’t!” It was but a few seconds, when he quietly said, “Brother, may you have Paul’s eyes, and never see death.”

It was all over—we were all in North Square, and none at all injured. I doubt if a dry eye was in that whole assembly. After prayer and the benediction we went out; but I thought I could never

again attempt to speak in public. How tame for a long time to me was ordinary preaching and reading sermons. Well, don't mention it in this recalled presence.

But No. 1 Prince-street—we have been a long time in reaching it, as, when we started, we had little thought of going through the old church to do so. Just across the square, on the corner of Prince and Moon streets, stands the old house, for forty years the home of this immortal old hero. There, with his incomparable wife, he lived; there their children were born, and there four of them were married by “father.”

When he was carried out the house was sold. It was bought by an Irish woman, and, it was said, would be opened as a rum-shop. Father Taylor's house! I remember to have gone there when I heard of it, and, standing on the opposite side of the street, long and silently gazed upon the desecrated relic, while tears ran down my cheeks as the associations of thirty years rolled over my soul.

The Port Society came to themselves, repurchased it, and it became the home of Rev. George Noyes, who died there. It is now occupied by Rev. C. L. Eastman, the present chaplain of the Society. Let us go in. You notice a storm-door flush with the sidewalk, the main door being in a recess, so that it is reached by two or three steps. Some years since the family decided on having a storm-door. “No,” said the master, as he imagined himself to be, “no storm-doors on my house. When I open my door I want to be out of doors, in the air, and not go

feeling my way down the steps to find another door to run against. No! flush decks and free outlet for me." But the girls had risen, and a storm-door was decided upon. A carpenter was called when the commodore was somewhere ashore, the dimensions taken, and it was to be all done, painted, and ready to ship at a moment's notice. Then the old admiral was enticed to spend the afternoon ashore with some friends, who were instructed to detain him until evening had set in. The carpenter was notified, and the door was in its place. Darkness came, and with it Father Taylor. Imagine him turning the corner under full sail, muttering to himself, as was his habit; but he was under such headway that, seeing no familiar port, he neglected to luff, and shot clean by into the square.

"How's this?" he said, as he brought up all standing against the opposite corner. "Where's my house?"

He put his helm hard down, came up into the wind, filled, and bore away again, keeping the light on Hanover-street sharp on his port bow; but still he failed to make the harbor, and ran half way out to Hanover-street.

There were four or five pairs of bright eyes watching him with half-suppressed laughter. Again he "goes about," and carefully watches the shore for the familiar inlet, but none is to be seen. He is befogged, lost. He hails a patrolman.

"Here, watchman, do you know where I live?"

"O yes, Father Taylor, you live at No. 1 Prince-street."

“Yes, I know that; but where is my house? That’s what I want to know.”

“Why, there, right before you, on the corner.”

“I know,” said the bewildered old man, “but the door’s gone!”

The watchman steps up, pulls open the storm-door, and lo! the old familiar entrance met his gaze. He inserts the latch-key, enters, and with him a tempest which no storm-door ever constructed could bar out. A half dozen nimble feet went up the stairs in hot haste, while the storm raged below. It was soon over, and no damage done, as a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice simply said, “Edward!” The old door still swings upon its hinges, while they are both safely landed on the other shore. I look, as I write, upon his face over my table, and his lips seem to murmur, “All right, my boy, all right!”

But the old house we came down to see. Few persons are aware that this house occupies the site of the residence of that immortal man, Cotton Mather, and that on the opposite corner stood the mansion of the first governor of Massachusetts colony. The ground is, therefore, historic; and when those old wooden structures were taken down, the timber, (oak,) cut, doubtless, on the spot, was worked into this house of Father Taylor. I went into the cellar the other day to look at the floor timbers. There they rest, nearly a foot square, solid oak, and black with age—timbers that had trembled under the divine and the soldier, and which shook with the thunders of the battle of Bunker Hill. It is told me

that when the house was prepared for the introduction of water, so hard were these timbers that scarcely an augur could be found to pierce them; and so many were broken, that the workmen beat "our army in Flanders" in unnecessary expletives.

In this year of Centennial recollections it may be interesting to my readers to go down and look at No. 1 Prince-street among the sights in Boston. Do not fear to pull the bell; you will meet a smiling welcome from a lineal descendant of the Rev. Cotton Mather; not a shadowy ghost, nor painted canvas, but the estimable wife of the present Port Chaplain.

THE END.





# PUBLICATIONS OF NELSON & PHILLIPS,

805 BROADWAY, N. Y.

---

- AYESHA.** A Tale of the Times of Mohammed. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- FLAVIA ; or, Loyal to the End.** A Tale of the Church in the Second Century. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- GLAUCIA.** A Story of Athens in the First Century. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- LEOFWINE, THE SAXON.** A Story of Hopes and Struggles. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- ELFREDA.** A Sequel to Leofwine. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- QUADRATUS.** A Tale of the World in the Church. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- SUNSHINE OF BLACKPOOL.** By Emma Leslie. Price, \$1.
- HOPE RAYMOND ; or, What is Truth.** By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. Illustrated. Large 16mo. Price, \$1.
- THE TWO PATHS.** By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. Price, \$1.
- MEHETABEL.** A Story of the Revolution, By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. Illustrated. Large 16mo. Price, \$1 25.
- MORAG ; a Story of Highland Life.** 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.** A Collection of Poems. Edited by Mrs. J. P. Newman. Square 18mo. Gilt edge. Price, \$1 50.
- DEWDROPS AND SUNSHINE.** A Collection of Poem<sup>s</sup> about Little Children. Edited by Mrs. J. P. Newman. Square 18mo. Gilt edge. Price, \$1 50.
- JACQUELINE.** A Story of the Reformation in Holland. By Mrs. Hardy. Four Illustrations. 16mo. Price, 80 cents.
- LUCIEN GUGLIERI.** By Mary B. Lee. 16mo. Price, 60 cents.
- LILIAN.** A Story of the Days of Martyrdom in England Three Hundred Years Ago. 16mo. Price, 90 cents.
- RENATA OF ESTE.** From the German of Rev. Carl Strack. By Catherine E. Hurst. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- THE LITTLE TROWEL.** By Edith Waddy. Illustrated. Large 16mo. Price, 90 cents.
- JOHN RICHMAND ; or, a Sister's Love.** By T. Taylor. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1.
- FRAULEIN MINA ; or, Life in an American German Family.** By Miss Mary H. Norris. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- ROUND THE GRANGE FARM ; or, Good Old Times.** Stories of Scottish Life. By Jean L. Watson. Six Illustrations. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.

# PUBLICATIONS OF NELSON & PHILLIPS.

805 BROADWAY, N. Y.

- STAR OF OUR LORD**; or, Christ Jesus King of all Worlds, both of Time or Space. With Thoughts on Inspiration, and the Astronomic Doubt as to Christianity. By Francis W. Upham, LL.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.
- PRINCIPLES OF A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.** An Essay toward Solving some of the More Difficult Questions in Metaphysics and Religion. By A. Bierbower, A.M. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- MISSION OF THE SPIRIT**; or, The Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By Rev. L. R. Dunn. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- OBJECT OF LIFE.** Illustrating the Insufficiency of the World, and the Sufficiency of Christ. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION.** With a Life of the Author. Edited by Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.
- PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.** Being an Examination of the First Principles of his System. By B. P. Bowne, A.B. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- LOVE ENTHRONED**; or, Essays on Evangelical Perfection. By Daniel Steele, D.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- METHODISM AND ITS METHODS.** By Rev. J. T. Crane, D.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.
- THE WISE MEN**: Who they Were, and How they Came to Jerusalem. By Francis W. Upham, LL.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- MISREAD PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.** By J. Baldwin Brown. 12mo. Price, 75 cents. Second Series, price, \$1.
- MYSTERY OF SUFFERING**, and other Discourses. By E. De Pressensé, D.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- NEW LIFE DAWNING**, and other Discourses of the late B. N. Nadal, D.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 75.
- PILLARS OF TRUTH.** A Series of Sermons on the Decalogue. By Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- THE GREAT CONFLICT.** Christ and Antichrist. The Church and the Apostasy. By Rev. H. Loomis. 12mo. Price, \$1.
- FROM ATHEISM TO CHRISTIANITY.** By Rev. Geo. P. Porter. 16mo. Price, 60 cents.
- POSITIVE THEOLOGY.** By Rev. W. Lowry. 12mo. Price, \$1 25.
- PROBLEM OF EVIL.** Translated from the French of M. Ernest Naville, by Professor John P. Lacroix. 12mo. Price, \$1 50.

