

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON (AS ENLARGED).

AMERICA,
AND
AMERICAN METHODISM.

BY THE
REV. FREDERICK J. JOBSON.

WITH
PREFATORY LETTERS
BY
THE REV. THOMAS B. SARGENT, D.D., OF BALTIMORE,
AND
THE REV. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.,
REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE BRITISH CONFERENCE IN THE YEARS 1824 AND 1856.

Illustrated from Original Sketches by the Author.

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TO MY WIFE,
MRS. ELIZABETH JOBSON,
These Letters,
ORIGINALLY WRITTEN TO HER FROM AMERICA,
AND NOW PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND,
ARE HEREBY
DEDICATED
BY
HER DEVOTED HUSBAND.

EASTBROOK, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,
July 1, 1857.

LETTER FROM THE REV. THOS. B. SARGENT, D.D.,

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U. S.

May 9, 1857.

To the REV. FREDERICK J. JOBSON,
Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS,

I learn that you have written a book on "America, and American Methodism," and I am eagerly looking for its arrival here,—not doubting that, like the former productions of your pen and pencil, it will contain vigorous and life-like representations of the subjects to which it relates. In the earnest desire to see and read your book, I am not alone; the many thousands who recently heard you and my early friend, the Rev. Dr. Hannah, in the Western, Eastern, and Middle States of our Republic, and who, with many thousands more in all parts, even to Oregon and California, have since read the reports of the addresses which in succession you delivered concerning us to your brethren in the British Conference at Bristol, anxiously await with me the coming of your book.

Having had the honour of accompanying my ever revered friend, Bishop Soule, to the British Conference of 1842, and mingling freely with English Methodists on their own ground, I cherish the deepest interest in whatever relates to the union of two great sections of Methodism. Pleasant, indeed, are the remembrances of my intercourse and associations with English Methodist ministers and their people! How often, since my return to my own country, have I recurred in thought to the more intimate fraternal associations I had with you and other younger ministers (as then accounted) of the body in England's great metropolis. And when I found that you were appointed, with Dr. Hannah, to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, I rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Such interchanges of ministers from the two sides of the Atlantic serve, I am confident, to bind us more closely together, both as nations and churches; and the publication of your views on "America, and American Methodism," I have no doubt, will strengthen the bond between us.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. SARGENT.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect from a passing visitor that he will fully represent us in *all* respects. Of this, however, I am sure you will not, as too many English tourists have done, wilfully misrepresent us: you will at least try to do justice to "Brother Jonathan." It has been said that "foreign books concerning us are read with equal avidity, whether they do us justice or injustice—whether they extol us or abuse us;" and old Christopher North averred (and who should know better than he?), that "the Yankees loved to be thrashed," and that a book or magazine (Blackwood's, for instance) "sells all the better for having a spice of abuse in it occasionally." It may be so: Brother Jonathan may even like to be thrashed with the pen (for abuse in any more serious form he is not so willing to submit to), and if so, he has assuredly had much of what he likes, for undoubtedly English writers on America have not flattered us. In too many instances they have *sought* to find reasons for complaint against us; they have magnified petty deviations from their own customs, and have so exaggerated national peculiarities as to set them forth as serious breaches, not only of good taste, but of sound morals. Dr. Dixon, in his book of broad, deep views, did not so treat us; he evidently put a candid and fair construction upon us and upon our institutions—except in relation to the vexed question of Slavery and Prison Discipline, which a foreigner travelling among us cannot fully comprehend. And I have no doubt that in your forthcoming volume you will be equally candid towards us, and, to use two significant words I first learned in your own country, that it will be both "taking" and "telling."

It is somewhat strange that so little has been written and published by the parties who have through succeeding periods sustained, personally, the friendly and fraternal relation of appointed delegates from the American and English Methodist Churches. The Rev. John (afterwards Bishop) Emory's "Impressions" of 1820, appeared in 1841, in a short chapter of his Memoirs; five years after his sudden and mysterious removal. The Letters of the venerable Richard Reece, in 1824, and of the Rev. William Lord, in 1836, found a place only in your *Methodist Magazine*, and were almost wholly unread here. The late Dr. Caysers (subsequently bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, whose resemblance to the "saintly Fletcher" was as remarkable as that of Bishop Soule to the Duke of Wellington) published nothing in relation to his sojourn in your blessed land in the year 1828. Dr. Fisk devoted only one chapter of his large volume on Europe to his mission to the British Conference in 1836. Dr. Newton condensed his observations on America into eloquent speeches, with which he delighted audiences throughout the United Kingdom. Bishop Soule wrote a few letters for the *Christian Advocates* of New York and Cincinnati, but was compelled, by the pressure of episcopal duties, to suspend them; so that Dr. Dixon has hitherto been the chief writer among the messengers of our

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. SARGENT.

churches. You will, I doubt not, secure an honourable place in association with him; and will, after your own manner, forge and fashion another link in that golden chain of "Christian unity and oneness" for Wesleyan Methodism "all the world over," as our mutual friend, the Rev. John Scott, happily expressed it in your last Conference. Such publications are at least *Wesleyan* in their object; for Mr. Wesley, in the last letter he sent to our continent, and within a month of his death, plainly expressed his view on the desirableness of making known in England what God, by Methodism, has done in America. That letter, which bears the date of "near London, February 1st, 1791," was sent to the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, of Philadelphia, and is carefully preserved among us. Its conclusion is in the following words:—

"We want some of you to give us a connected relation of what the Lord has been doing in America from the time that Richard Boardman accepted the invitation, and left his country to serve you. See that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue—

Though mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us in vain.

To the care of our common Lord I commit you, and am
"Your affectionate friend and brother,
"JOHN WESLEY."

When our venerable founder inserted, without the marks of quotation, the above precious couplet from the fifty-second and last of the "Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the blood of Jesus Christ," published in 1746,—a couplet which has been a watchword of Methodism for more than a centenary of years,—he might have added a double verse, with the same sentiments, from the 237th hymn of the second volume of "Hymns and Sacred Poems, by Charles Wesley, A.D. 1749," and which you have omitted from the 487th hymn,—

"Breathes as in us both one soul
When most distinct in place—
Interposing 'oceans' roll,
Nor hinder our 'embrace';
Each as on his 'mountain' stands
Reaching hearts across the flood,
Join our hearts if not our hands,
And sing the pardoning God."

What an accomplishment of this poetic prophecy have you seen in the General Conference of Indianapolis, where you exchanged fraternal salutations and greetings with more than 200 delegates from States which extend from the shores of the two great oceans,

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. SARGENT.

and over the slopes of the two great mountain chains. These were seen in "embrace" with deputies from England and Ireland, from Germany and from Canada, while the converted Indian stood in the midst of us, to relate with tears what God had done for him and for his people! And so in your own Conference at Bristol, when the mother Church of Methodism gathered her children from all parts of the world so numerous around her, and heard them tell of what God was doing by his servants, not only in her own land, but also in Ireland, France, Canada, Australia, and in the United States of America! These, both here and in your own assembly, were all "likeminded one towards another, according to Christ Jesus; with one mind and one mouth glorifying God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Our late General Conference, after your departure, gave evidence of its desire to maintain the union which so happily exists between British and American Methodism, by appointing Bishop Simpson, one of the "seven stars" of our churches, and the eloquent and learned Dr. M'Clintock, to convey to their fathers and brethren, both in England and dear old Ireland, our Christian and filial salutations. And let us earnestly hope, and believingly pray, that Wesleyan Methodism "all the world over" may continue one; for there is one body and one spirit, even as *we* are called in one hope of *our* calling; "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in *us* all."

In the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace,

I am,

My dear Brother in the Lord,

Yours ever affectionately,

THOMAS B. SARGENT.

P R E F A C E.

I WAS unexpectedly appointed, by the Wesleyan Conference assembled at Leeds, in August, 1855, to accompany the Rev. John Hannah, D.D., to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, which was to open its sessions at Indianapolis, in the valley of the Mississippi, on the 1st of May, 1856. On receiving this appointment, I arranged for my wife's willing participation in our voyage. But this agreeable arrangement had to be given up before the time for my departure arrived. On account of the severe affliction of her aged mother, I had to leave Mrs. Jobson in England. So for my own relief, as well as for the sake of my wife, I wrote home, from different points of our long travel, as frequently and as fully as circumstances would allow.

The following Letters, in substance and in most of their particulars, were thus written home; and, at the time, without the purpose of publication. I publish them now, not only because friends of sound judgment and experience advise it, but for reasons which

seem to me to render their publication, in a great degree, a necessity and a duty.

From the numerous inquiries made of me since my return, and urgent requests to speak and lecture on America, I should, if I were to answer all the inquiries, and yield to all the requests, be in danger of neglecting my ministerial charge. To end this difficulty, and because an account seems due to the ministers and churches in whose name I went, I respectfully present the account in this form.

The false views which are entertained by many in England, through the reading of books containing caricatures rather than true portraits of America, also determine me to publish these Letters. I humbly hope they may tend to correct such views, at least, in the minds of some.

Though written in connection with a particular object, — the interchange of Christian and friendly salutations by kindred churches,—still the following sketches, I trust, will prove of some interest to general readers, as well as to English and American Methodists. They present, at least, frank outlines of the people and their manners, of the cities, scenery, and resources of America, as well as of its Methodism. I have striven to place the truth before readers, and if I fail it is not for want of purity of intent.

I must, of course, anticipate one objection to these sketches, — that they are the production of a mere visitor to a great country, and not of one long resident

in it, and therefore not likely to have sound impressions of it. But I reply that the true characteristics of a people and of a country are often best seen by fresh eyes, and that they often lose force by long familiarity, so as to render failings undistinguishable from weak excellences. The best impressions from an engraved plate are those taken while it is new, and while the lines are fresh and clear. So it is with impressions from the mind, especially when they have been placed on paper amid the scenes and objects described. The poet Gray—no dull observer himself—has said that a word written on the spot is worth a cart-load of recollections. The saying encourages me to hope for a cordial acceptance of these sketches with the general reader, as well as with my Methodist brethren. And I congratulate myself that I have so far succeeded as to satisfy the mind of the Rev. Dr. Hannah, with its delicate appreciations. He having been present with me in the scenes described, has at my request read the Letters, that, if necessary, he might correct me in any erroneous view I might have taken. The following is his letter upon what I have written.

F. J. J.

DIDSBURY, MANCHESTER,

April 20th, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. JOBSON,—I have read your Letters on “America, and American Methodism” with great satisfaction, and beg to express my personal thanks to you for the care and pains which you have taken in the preparation of them. They vividly recall to mind the scenes and events through which we passed in our late happy companionship, and which were of too extraordinary a character ever to be forgotten. To the fidelity of your descriptions, as well as to their beauty and force, I give my willing testimony. You will also permit me to mention the peculiar gratification which you have afforded to me in what you relate of the Methodist Episcopal Church generally, of the ever dear and honoured ministers and friends with whom we enjoyed so pleasing a fellowship, and of the virtues and lives of exemplary saints departed. I follow you with affectionate sympathy in the details which you supply of the enthralled negro race, and of the Indian tribes, now, alas! so visibly fading away. The composition of your Letters, with their genial tone and spirit, will, I doubt not, commend them to your readers of every class. And I trust that the effect of the whole will prove to be auxiliary to that closer fraternal union between the two large families of Methodism, which it was the object of our mission to promote; while it will not be unfriendly to a freer interchange of kindly sentiments and feelings between the two chief communities of the Anglo-Saxon race. Believe me to be, my dear Mr. Jobson,

Yours ever, most truly,

JOHN HANNAH.

To the Rev. Frederick J. Jobson.

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A M E R I C A,

AND

AMERICAN METHODISM.

LETTER I.

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ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The “Africa” steamship,

April 17—19, 1856.

By the good providence of God we are now approaching the American shores. The sea is smoother than it was during the former part of our passage; and, as I have now more leisure than I shall be likely to find immediately after landing, I write for you, on board, a letter on our voyage across the Atlantic.

On separating from you and the many kind friends who accompanied us to the steamship, on the morning of April 5th, I felt, for a time, a sense of desolation such as I never experienced before. I had heart-yearnings towards home and Old England that cannot be described. Yet I remembered, as the anchor was raised,

and the paddle-wheels began to move, that some of the emigrants on deck, and some of their friends on shore, must be experiencing deeper pangs of separation ; such as the Prophet of Sorrows may be said to describe, when he says—" Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him ; but weep sore for him that goeth away : for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." I lingered long against the back rail of the vessel, looking upon you and our friends, until all dwindled to mere specks ; and at length Liverpool itself faded from my view. Dr. Hannah, with his own considerate and fatherly kindness, took my arm, drew me towards him for a walk on deck, and spoke most encouragingly of the presence of God, both with us and with those we had left on land. This turned my mind to the unfailing Source of strength and consolation ; and with prayers to heaven for you, and for my people in Bradford, my heart gradually disburdened itself, so that I could enter into conversation on what was before us in our voyage and mission. Our passage down the Mersey was favourable ; the sun shone brightly upon us ; a sharp, brisk breeze filled our sails ; and, borne onwards both by wind and steam, we speedily cut our way out of the river's mouth, and stood out to sea.

For a time the water was comparatively smooth, and most of the passengers were seen walking to and fro upon the deck ; but as we increased our distance from land the water became more and more broken, and the walking of passengers sensibly diminished. And now, at intervals, the ship began to lurch, so as to make this diminished number halt in their movements, and stagger in all directions before they could regain their balance. Earnest questions were proposed by many to the captain

and other officers concerning the prospects of the weather and the voyage; and as eager were the inquiries made by the passengers among themselves, as to their being "good sailors." The captain and his men showed the most considerate patience in answering the same questions again and again. Some of the passengers shook their heads in doubt of what would be their fate as to sea-sickness; but others expressed themselves more confidently, and told how often they had been to sea without suffering any discomfort whatever. Soon, however, several of these more confident sailors began to lose the colour from their cheeks and lips, and an ashy paleness spread itself over their faces; while cushioned seats, carpet-stools, caps, and cloaks came into great request. With the more bilious of our fellow-passengers, sea-sickness had already commenced; and some of them, hastening to their berths below, disappeared altogether from our view. The weather gave signs of change, hazy clouds spread overhead; Snowdon and the Welsh mountains on our left were still bathed in sunshine, but the great Lancashire sand-bank on our right grew dark and grim, while the sea lost its translucent green, and partook largely of the grey, leaden aspect of the sky.

At four o'clock the dinner-bell rang, when as many of us as were able crowded into the large, sumptuous saloon; and we arranged ourselves at the two long tables. The provisions were good and most abundant. The company seemed eager for their first meal on board; and many were the observations we overheard as to what was safest and best to be eaten and drunk at sea. Soon, however, our number at the tables was thinned. As the smoking viands were brought in by

the steward and his assistants, and placed before the guests, one after another of them suddenly clutched his hat, and unceremoniously hurried away into the open air. Strong, sturdy-looking men, who had evidently braved many a danger on land, grew deathly pale at the sight of a boiled fish, or a pair of headless fowls; and even stern, moustachioed soldiers fled at the sight of the boiled leg of a dead sheep. To me, who have happily been entirely free from sea-sickness all the way, it has been somewhat curious to observe how several of those who sat down with us at that first day's meal, and seemed so earnest in claiming their place at table, have ever since most scrupulously shunned the saloon at dinner-hour—fleeing from it before the very first note of the bell was heard. Some who were with us on the deck, and in high spirits when we started, have confined themselves to their berths, from their sudden disappearance on that first day of our voyage until the present, when we are getting into smooth water again. So that, if one had not seen them at the beginning, it would now be natural to suppose that, in the last night, we had made an unknown call on our way, and had received on board a large increase of company. But no; from the first sharp turn of our paddle-wheels in the river Mersey, at twelve o'clock at noon on Saturday, the 5th of April, the ponderous engine has never ceased its regular and powerful movement; and crowded as the decks are now, we have not one more person on board than we had at our departure. Happily, I can add, that we have not one less: of the 300 souls or more that left Liverpool with us, all are still living, by the gracious providence of Almighty God.

It is to be remarked, that the greater number of

sufferers from sea-sickness, in a voyage like this from England, are foreigners. One reason for this is no doubt to be found in the greasy vegetable mixtures they take at their meals, in the place of more substantial food. And of all pitiable objects to be seen anywhere, most assuredly there is not one more so than a sea-sick foreigner, huddled up in cap and cloak by the ship's funnel, and expressing his bitter inward nausea by significant shrugs and grimaces.

Indeed, notwithstanding all the fine things that have been written and sung of the sea, I am satisfied, from what I have seen and learned in this voyage, that it is not a cradle for physical ease and enjoyment. It is well for the interests of merchants and travellers that some men choose to spend their lives chiefly upon it. It must be the native love of enterprize, and, in some degree, delight in daring dangers, which impel seamen to their occupation. It cannot be the love of gain, for they are proverbially reckless of money generally. I suspect, however, that even seamen look to the land for their highest gratification. Men usually think of heaven under the imagery of what is most joyous to them on earth; but I question whether any sailor ever imagined his heavenly Paradise to be at sea. But whatever the sea may be to seamen, undoubtedly it is the scene of concentrated inconveniences to landsmen; and is not to be resorted to by them for recreation and pleasure. Confined within the narrow range of the ship's decks by day, shut up in a closet-dungeon (miscalled a "state-cabin") by night, and where he has to squeeze himself within a straitened coffin-like berth, and to try to sleep in an unventilated atmosphere, while the heavy billows are thumping

under him, and heavy sleepers are snoring around him,—the sea certainly is not the realisation of rest and freedom, even for the best accommodated landsman voyager.

All that could possibly be done for the relief and accommodation of passengers on board the *Africa* has really been done for them. Our ship is large and good; she is well-shaped, tightly-built, and clean throughout. Our day-saloon is more than comfortable—it is really superb in its furniture and fittings. Our captain, whose name is “Shannon,” is an able, watchful seaman; and all the officers and sailors are orderly and obliging in the performance of their respective duties.

The passengers, too, have been sociable and well-behaved. There is among them great diversity both of look and language. We have on board natives of nearly all parts of Europe, as well as persons from different parts of America. And yet we have had no disturbance or contention, but have every day assembled and sat together in the saloon as if we were in a peace-congress of nations. The only exception to this amicable association has been a renegade Englishman, who, with assumed swagger, tried to pass himself off for a native and enthusiastic American; but this only afforded amusement, and produced no angry feeling. He has boastfully obtruded his opinions on the great superiority of America over all other countries before the company, until they instinctively combined to retort upon him, and to put him down; but he proved to be a dextrous antagonist, and able to make his way, in one manner or another, out from the most closely encircling difficulties. For instance, a patriotic Canadian, contending for the superiority of the English over the Americans, observed, “The English live

longer.” “True,” said the other, “but that does not prove superiority; for the real reason for the shorter life of the Americans is, that having seen and done in the world all that can be seen and done in it sooner, they die and leave it sooner, having the sooner fulfilled their mission in it.” This seemed to be the very climax of repartee on such a subject, and for a time the wordy strife was ended.

There are several passengers of sufficient mark on board to render them memorable with me in after-life. There is a dark, soft, luscious-eyed Spaniard who is going out as consul to the States, and who has complained loudly of the fortnight’s misery of sea-sickness which he has experienced; there is a large, woolly-headed gentleman who has talked almost incessantly of what he has seen and learned of the relations of England and America; there is a medical officer retired from the service of the East India Company, and who, with his two military-looking sons, is proceeding to his estate in Canada; there is a mild, placid gentleman who, with his early-fading wife, is returning from a year’s tour on the continent of Europe and in Egypt; there are Mr. Virtue, the enterprising publisher, and his intelligent and agreeable lady, who are crossing the Atlantic for a three months’ tour in the western world; there are Messrs. Betts and Brassey, the great railway contractors, going out to superintend the completion of the trunk-line in Canada; there is a tall, upright Quaker who, in company with his two sons, is on his way to attend a convention of Friends about to be held in Philadelphia; there are dark, sallow-faced Spaniards, with ample finger-rings and abundance of gold and jewelry, returning to Cuba;—these, and others of

mark and interest, have walked, conversed, and lounged together by day, and in the evening have grouped themselves together at the tables according to their respective tastes and amusements. But with all their great variety of character and pursuit, I have not heard or seen anything in their conduct censurable on the ground of morality; I have not witnessed any excessive drinking of wine or spirituous liquors; I have not heard a profane word spoken; and, with the one ludicrous exception named, there has been an evident endeavour to be mutually agreeable.

But the SEA—"the many-sounding sea," as Homer long since called it—has been the chief subject of my observation and thought since I began this voyage; and it has alternately filled me with awe, with wonder, and with delight. At the present it is calm and placid—the undisturbed image of tranquillity and peace; at other times it has been broken all around into heaving, tossing billows—the emblems of disquietude; and anon I have seen it rise up in its stormy fury, and heave its mountain masses into the air and against the ship—as the dread sign of unappeasable and overwhelming wrath. In one part of our voyage it would be light green in colour, in another slate grey, in another deep indigo, and in another, when under heavy louring clouds, it would be a raven black. But, under every variety of aspect, and at all times, the sea has in it a living, undecaying freshness that cannot be seen elsewhere. It bears no signs of age or decline: unlike the mountains, rocks, and valleys of earth, it is unworn, while in its ceaseless motion it is a true emblem of life and immortality.

Its vast extent of surface, its depth, and immediate connection with three of the larger sections of the earth, all combine to render the Atlantic Ocean an incentive to large and stirring thoughts. It stretches from pole to pole, is from 2000 to 5000 miles wide, and covers an area of some 25,000,000 of square miles. It is the great highway of the civilised world; the ordained course of missionaries and evangelists for the ends of the earth; and the main outlet for intelligence, freedom, and philanthropy. It is, indeed, a divinely-honoured sea; and is not to be crossed or contemplated without feelings of reverence. The name given to it by sailors, "the Great Pond," is too familiar, and grates on the sense of a thoughtful voyager. And oh, if this vast trough of waters could be suddenly drained, what a scene would be laid bare to view! what ribs of solid granite, what foundations of the great deep, what treasures, what ruined spoils of death and destruction would be discovered! It is estimated that on an average every eleventh seaman perishes in the water; and that on this stormy Atlantic there are at least three wrecks per day. What secrets to be revealed at that great Easter of the universe, when "the sea shall give up her dead!"

The huge swelling motion of this deep, wide ocean is also very impressive. The short, chopping waves of the Channel you and I have crossed together, in our visits to the European continent, are mere playthings when compared with the grand, giant-waves of the Atlantic. Free from interruption by obtruding cliffs and headlands, it rolls its unrestrained masses of water on all sides round us with unimaginable breadth and grandeur. Sometimes, under a grey, heavy sky, it has

a very stern and desolate appearance : it is then a very "wilderness of waters,"—a grim, boundless, watery desert. Sea, sea, sea, and nothing but sea, appears everywhere, without any breaking light through the overhanging clouds to relieve it ; and the countless billows battle violently with each other, and lift up their foamy crests on high, as if in proud, unchecked defiance. But as there is interest in the land-desert when viewed in its immensity, so there is in the boundless desert of the sea. We were several days after we passed the south-west point of Ireland before we saw any object upon the water beyond our own vessel : no land, no ship, no craft of any kind. This engirdling scene of solitary grandeur produced within us strong emotion.

We have had, too, what I have long desired to witness, a "storm at sea." It continued through several days and nights, and was fearfully sublime. Some of the passengers and sailors who had crossed the Atlantic several times before, declared they had not previously seen anything like it in the strength and violence of its fury. The heavens gathered the deepest blackness around us, until the sullen waters could be heard more than seen. The wind, for a time, sighed, and moaned, and howled, and made ghostly terrific noises among the ropes, and blocks, and chains of the ship's tackling, and amidst the innumerable caverns of the broken deep. At length the two elements of wind and water came into raging contact with each other, and then "the ground swell of the Atlantic" was awful ; it seemed to roll over the rugged floor of the great ocean like muffled thunder. Our ship, which in the Mersey seemed so large and stately, was tossed up and down, and to and fro, like a helpless sea-shell. She seemed

suddenly struck in a hundred places at once, as if with heavy battering-rams ; she literally shivered and trembled in every plank and pin, until it appeared as if she must instantly break to pieces under us, and leave us to sink, as mere rain-drops, into the yawning element. Then, indeed, was the Psalmist's graphic description of mariners in a storm realised by us ; we mounted up to the heavens, went down again into the depths. Our huge vessel, with its immortal freight, "reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man." But though shaken by the contending and enraged elements, our gallant ship breasted every swelling wave that met her, mounted bravely its mountain height, plunged down into the deep yawning gulph which followed, and, as if throbbing at the very heart with exultation in her conscious strength, she heaved up and down her engine-beam, and still bounded forwards in her course. A steamship is indeed a grand triumph of science, and I have been thinking of ours as a thing possessing human emotion ; but what a real heart of unappalled courage there must have been in that immortal Genoese who crossed this untracked ocean in that frail bark, and led on his sailors, in spite of their prayers and threats, until his great thought and confidence were realised !

The storm at night was still more terrible than by day ; I remained on deck, and held by a rail, that I might view it fully. The sea at times leaped in heavy surges upon the ship at all sides ; then it ran along the decks furiously, and roared with "the voice of many waters" as it passed along. The wind screamed and howled from above and all around us like ten thousand furies. Black masses of midnight darkness shrouded us in their pall, while the ship, as a goaded, infuriated

sea-dragon, rushed madly onwards, and with fierce bright lights gleaming at every aperture, seemed inwardly full of fire. In such circumstances it required no great power of imagination to people the dark world of horrors around us with evil and tormenting spirits. If the "prince of the power of the air" had not then his triumph, the "storm-king of the Atlantic" was putting forth his strength. My thoughts went to the land where, in some lonely cottage, belike the howling of the midnight wind was shaking the widow's heart as she lay sleepless on her bed, thinking of her prodigal son at sea, who—

"Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must he on."

I also pictured, at that midnight hour, the shipwrecked mariner clinging to the floating fragments of his ruined vessel, and thinking, ere he sinks gurgling down into the deep, of his desired home and dear ones. And perhaps, thought I, some mother's only son—some home-bound father or returning husband—is at this awful moment really in these desolate and hopeless circumstances, and is sending forth, amidst the fury of the storm, his dying moan of helplessness. "If so," I prayed, "Lord of the earth and sea, hear thou his solitary cry, and send him help from above."

Indeed, my sympathy with seamen has greatly strengthened in this voyage. The bold, self-forgetful conduct of our sailors on board in the time of perilous storm, and their outspoken frankness on all occasions, have fully won me to them and to their class. If I am spared to return to my ministerial duties, I hope to lead my congregations to pray for them more fre-

quently, and to remember in public prayers more constantly, "all that do business in great waters." This duty to those who are far off upon the sea is, I fear, too much neglected by those who are upon land.

Dr. Hannah and I were greatly interested in the Sabbath service we have had on board. It was held in the large saloon, and was attended by most of the sailors, who were dressed in their best Sunday blue, and by nearly all the passengers from both ends of the vessel. The captain read the Liturgy in his rough, husky voice, with artless simplicity, and the officers, the men, and the passengers, responded in a devout and earnest manner. The "Prayer at Sea" was very affecting, and seemed to be felt by many. At the conclusion of the "prayers" I expounded the 23rd Psalm to the attentive congregation: and I was truly thankful to find so mingled a company thus ready to improve the Lord's-day by acts of public worship. This service gave me an introduction to almost all the passengers, and since then I have had no inconsiderable portion of my time occupied with the imparting of instruction and comfort to the spiritually ignorant, the sorrowful, and afflicted.

I have had also many pleasant and profitable hours in conversation and reading with Dr. Hannah. We together occupy one cabin, as you know; and this is favourable to us in our seasons of religious retirement, as well as in other respects. I find the doctor a most congenial and instructive companion at all times, whether in the large saloon, on the open deck, or shut up within our narrow cabin. In addition to his engaging gentleness and goodness, he has a mind which is ever awake to the varying aspects of creation; and

his aptness at appropriate quotation, both from poetry and prose, is remarkable. It is impossible to be with him in close intercourse and not to love him.

This voyage has been to me, in the variety of its scenes and circumstances, anything but monotonous. The least incident at sea excites interest : a passing sail, a floating log, a stray bird—whether on the wing, or resting buoyantly on the water—will assemble all the passengers on deck and engage them in earnest observation. One day a poor little bird was attracted by the warmth of our engine chimney, and fell down within it ; and this incident was the subject of conversation with many, and that for days afterwards. This was pleasing, for tenderness towards such creatures is surely a proof of kindness of disposition. The noon-day observations by the quadrant, and the admeasurement of our rate of travel by the knotted sounding-line let out at the ship's stern, have usually gathered many observers around the officers, and furnished subjects for conversation. Some of the passengers altered their watches each day from starting, at twelve o'clock, putting them backwards. By this time we are a good part of five hours behind you in England ; and when we go to rest at night, it is almost time for you to be getting up in the morning. This circumstance must be borne in mind, if at any period we would realise in thought the probable occupations and circumstances of each other.

When within a few hundred miles of the American coast, we became suddenly enveloped in a dense fog, which produced upon us, for the time, the effect of partial blindness. We could not see even the sides of our ship ; and it seemed almost as if old Chaos were

returning, and had begun again to brood on the face of the deep. This thick fog is produced by the cold air of the frozen regions in the north rushing down towards the south, and coming into contact with the warm air and vapour from the "Gulf Stream;" very much after the manner in which the blinding mist is produced in a wash-house or scullery, when the hot vapour and cold air come into contact with each other. The Gulf Stream is, in fact, a river of warm water, 300 miles broad, flowing from the Gulf of Mexico in a swift current, past the banks of Newfoundland (where it produces fogs which last for weeks together), and then across the Atlantic to Europe. It does not mix with the cold water in its passage, but runs side by side with it on either hand, dividing the sea and its inhabitants. The northern whales never pass through it to the south, and the sperm whales never cross it for the Arctic regions. It is this Gulf Stream which brings so much damp and vapour to England, and which gives to it, to the island of Madeira, and to Western Europe, their mild, moist, genial atmospheres. Liverpool, the port from which we sailed, and which is always open, is farther north than the harbour of St. John's, in Newfoundland, which is mostly closed with ice in the month of June; and it is this hot Gulf Stream, from America across the wide Atlantic to our shores, which makes the difference. This, too, determines the course of navigation over the Atlantic, especially on the voyage from America to England: skilful navigators take advantage of it, and steer their vessels in its swift-running waters; so that, in returning home, we expect to be, with this advantage, several days less in crossing the Atlantic than we have been in coming over it this way. The

sailors call sailing in the Gulf Stream "running down hill." They also call the stream itself "the weather-breeder," for it has much to do with the kind of weather found upon and near it. At times, most furious gales of wind sweep onward with its current; and when crossed by the cold wind from Labrador, it engenders thick and almost suffocating fog, such as we had in our course for several days.

This fog produced a most remarkable change in the looks and spirits of the passengers. From being cheerful and buoyant, some became gloomy and morose. There were also strong apprehensions of danger with many, from floating icebergs, from collision with other vessels, and from sand-banks but thinly covered with water. And the recent loss of the *Pacific* steamship, supposed to have struck against an iceberg, was frequently named. On these accounts we had soundings taken and called out for hours together; and we had by day and night, about every five minutes, the horrid screeching of a sort of cow-horn sound, made by the steam, to warn off ships that might be in our course. After being for some four days and nights enveloped in this cold thick fog, we suddenly emerged into a clearer and warmer atmosphere, beholding again, to our relief and comfort, both the sun and the sea. And, last evening, after the American pilot came on board from his yacht, and scattered the latest newspapers broadcast among the eager passengers, a most brilliant and Claude-like effect of the setting sun upon the rippled sea was beheld. A ship in full sail passed between us and the descending luminary, and seemed almost transparent in the warm sunshine in which it glided along. The sky became easternly gorgeous in its colours. Gold and

crimson-barred clouds floated across it; and when the sun sank beneath the ocean, throwing his last blood-red beams athwart the rising and falling billows, the scene was magnificent.

But of all tranquil scenes ever beheld, none could surpass that presented to us this day. The sea was indeed "a sea of glass," and was literally "as clear as crystal." Not a ripple appeared on its glancing surface, and it was most radiant under the flood of bright light which beamed upon it from the sun. The reflections of objects upon it were complete, both in form and colour. We had Long Island on the right, stretching its narrow strip of sea-beach onwards, farther than the eye could reach, but with its lighthouses in front and fully in view; on our left was Sandy Hook, a barren piece of land; all around us were vessels of different kinds, with their white sails spread, and all making for one point called "the Narrows," through which ships enter into the harbour of New York;—these were all reflected clearly, and at full length, in the polished mirror of the sea. We have since entered into the bay, and have on our left Staten Island, sprinkled all over its wooded slopes with villas and summer residences. We have Brooklyn in view on our right; the city of New Jersey, and the thicket of New York shipping before us; while, at different points of our entrance, and on small islands which dot the bay, are the signs of defensive fortifications. The bay itself opens and expands most magnificently. Nothing finer of its kind could possibly be conceived. It is twenty-five miles in sweep, and appears ready to receive within its vast embrace all the fleets of the world. Huge, high-built steamboats, with grasshopper-like limbs, are plying from point to point; and

some are passing us, towards the Narrows, for Halifax and Boston. The Cunard Pier is now immediately before us, with American friends upon it, already recognising us as the Methodist ministers sent from England to visit them ; and they are waving their hats in token of their readiness to welcome us to their native shores. So that, though I cannot write any more at present, you may confidently conclude, when reading this, that we are safely landed on the continent of America.

LETTER II.

NEW YORK.

Fair way of judging of an American City and of American Manners—
General Sketch of New York—Broadway—Monster Hotels—American
Ladies—Mixed Population—Tone of Equality—Unforeign feeling of an
Englishman when he lands in America—Evening Party—Newspapers,
Arts, Institutions, Churches, &c., in New York—Methodism—Novel Pulpit
—Sabbath Services—Rise of Methodism in New York.

WE are now in the city of New York, the great emporium and metropolis of America, and you will naturally desire to know what are my impressions of it. Viewed in relation to the brief period of its existence, it is undoubtedly a most astonishing city. It has not, as every one knows, the imposing grandeur and attractive features of the old cities of Europe. It has no massive time-stained castles, palaces, and cathedrals, which fill our minds with the associations of stirring and stately scenes and transactions of past ages. But when one considers that three centuries ago the ground on which it stands was covered with a dense forest, which sheltered wild animals and a few red-skinned savages, and that now, among the great cities of the world, it is second only to London in the extent of its commerce, New York, which at the census of 1850 contained as many as 629,810 inhabitants, must be reckoned as unrivalled in its rapid

growth and progress. It is in this light only, I conceive, that America and its numerous towns and cities can be fairly viewed, not in comparison with ancient countries and capitals, which have had the advantage of cultivation and growth through many centuries, but in relation only to the period for which the land has been possessed by a civilised community. Of course I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with America, or with the manners of its people, to pronounce a decided judgment upon them; but, from what I have already seen, I have no hesitation in saying that, for want of this consideration, many of the disparaging remarks and observations have been made by English travellers which have so greatly wounded and irritated the Americans. Many of such travellers have lived in very different scenes. Some of them may have been softly and luxuriously brought up in ancient cities; while others have been nurtured amid highly-cultivated rustic landscapes. All have seen, more or less, their own fruitful country of hill and dale inclosed, partitioned, and smoothed by plough and harrow. They have seen it crowded, in almost every nook and corner, with the signs of elegant thrift mingled with the weather-beaten memorials of past ages; they have beheld the baronial mansion frowning with embattled parapet over surrounding moat, the squire's seat peeping through the long-drawn avenue of elms or beeches, the merchant's country house resting on closely-cropped lawn, and, sometimes, the labourer's cottage half smothered in roses and honeysuckles; they have been accustomed to receive, from their very childhood, it may be, the most respectful, if not obsequious, attentions in the presence of servants and dependents: and so when they come to this newly-discovered continent, and see

its fragmentary clearings, its snake-fenced plots of land, its unfinished towns and cities, and meet its somewhat rough, unpolished, and unceremonious people, these English travellers pour forth their censures and complaints most unsparingly. Such conduct is manifestly unjustifiable, and may well prove vexatious to those who are thus dealt with by foreigners. There is nothing which may not be made to appear deformed or ridiculous if it be viewed through a distorting medium or from a morally oblique angle. If caricature, and not true portrait, be the object sought, it is not necessary to cross the wide Atlantic to find it. John Bull and his corn-fields will serve as well for that purpose as Brother Jonathan and his forests and clearings; and for any Englishman to carry with him over the seas the pattern of his own little "angle-land," and try to make it fit upon a continent which is equal in extent to all Europe, and, if he fails, grow scornful and angry, savours somewhat of the pettishness of a spoilt child. Countries and their inhabitants, like other things, ought to be viewed in their own relations. I shall endeavour to remember this while travelling here; and though, in my letters home, I may not unfrequently make comparisons between what is found on this side of the water and what we are familiar with in our own beloved country, it will not be with the purpose of disparaging America or glorifying England, but simply with the aim of making myself more readily understood.

Viewed thus apart from prejudice and European associations, New York is, as I have already said, a most wonderful city. It is situated at the southern point of a tongue-like island, and has as fine a site both for foreign

commerce and internal trade, and for drainage and healthy ventilation, as can possibly be desired. With the large outspreading harbour (which I noticed in my first letter) on the east, and on the west the majestic river Hudson, extending some 170 miles up into the interior of the country, and with the land on which the city is built sloping gradually down from the centre to the water on all sides, a more advantageous position for trade, health, and prospect, could not be found. It is related of the aboriginal Indians, that when first discovered by the enterprising Dutch navigator, they showed themselves most unwilling to part with this piece of land at any price; and this well might be, when its beauty of situation and multiplied facilities are considered.

The general plan of the city is regular, but chiefly so in the newest parts northwards. The main streets, running south and north, are called "Avenues," and are some ten or eleven in number. Between these there are narrower streets; and at right angles with these there are "Cross Streets," which are distinguished as "First Street," "Second Street," "Third Street," and so on to the extent of some hundreds. The squares of building between the avenues and principal cross streets are named "Blocks" by the inhabitants; so that in giving directions for a certain residence they would say, "It is in such a Block, between the Fourth Avenue (say) and Fifteenth Street." This arrangement is very serviceable to a stranger seeking any house in the city. The older streets at the south end of New York still bear the names originally given to them.

The public buildings do not seem large, nor are they

attractive to a European visitor. The City Hall, the Custom-house, and the Merchants' Exchange, are among the principal buildings shown to strangers; but though built of granite and marble, and after good Grecian models, yet, to English eyes, they are not very impressive. The most interesting structures are some modern Gothic churches, which are built of brown freestone, and in good style. They are, in form, very much like some of the larger parish churches in old Lincolnshire. "Trinity Church," at the lower end of Broadway, is, perhaps, the best example to be named. It is a large church in the decorated style of Gothic architecture, has a lofty spire, ornamented with crockets and finial, and the whole edifice is consistent throughout. From the parapet of the tower of this church the most comprehensive view of the city and its suburbs may be taken. There are no parks or open squares of any great extent. The largest park is the triangular one surrounding the City Hall. This, however, does not contain more than a few acres of ground, and is not large enough for a place of general resort or promenade.

But pleasure-taking is far from being a characteristic habit with the dwellers in this capital city. Business, "push," "drive-along," are their prevailing habits. "Go a-head!" seems really to be the motto of all who throng its numerous streets and thoroughfares—especially of such as crowd its principal highways. The men on the pavement are generally sallow-complexioned, tall, and thin; and they rush along with serious countenance and earnest look, as if they were all pursuing objects important as life and death. You might as easily stand still, or step slowly, and expect

nobody to elbow you into danger in the middle of Cheapside in London, as pause comfortably on the pavement of a real business street in New York. To look upon the faces of many in such a street, you would think that the most weighty matters imaginable were pressing upon their minds, and that they were rushing forth with the goading apprehension of being too late to gain their wishes. The draymen and omnibus-drivers in the middle of the streets rattle along with their heavy lumbering vehicles, until the din and tumult are, to a stranger, painfully distracting. In several of the long "avenues" and cross streets there are huge railway cars, drawn by horses, and which stop at certain points to take up and let down passengers. These, though very convenient for travelling in from one end of the city to the other, do not lessen the general confusion, or increase one's sense of security.

The most noted thoroughfare is "Broadway." This great avenue is 80 feet wide, and is two miles long, running north and south, and combines, in its character, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and the Strand of London. It is not, however, so spacious or stately as the first of these, and is much more irregular in the style of its buildings. It consists chiefly of warehouses and "stores," as shops are called in America; but these are of such different styles and forms as to lack the appearance of combined strength and beauty. Some of them are good buildings in marble and freestone, and are richly ornamented; while others, adjoining and between these finer piles, are of red brick, or of gaudily-painted wood, and are covered from top to bottom with glaring signboards and inscriptions. This breaks the unity of the view, and disturbs the eye of the spectator.

The hotels are the largest and best buildings, even in Broadway; they are, in fact, monsters of their class. The oldest of these is "the Astor House," which overlooks the southern end of the City-Hall Park. It is built in massive Grecian style, is more than 200 feet long, has five stories in height, and makes up as many as 600 beds. "The St. Nicholas," higher up Broadway, is vaster still; it is faced with pure white marble. But the most gigantic of all is "the Metropolitan." This hotel is as much as 278 feet long, and is said to make up 1000 beds. There are also some large and superb *restaurants* and eating-houses. One of these has a saloon, containing, in its area, not less than 7500 square feet.

The ladies make Broadway their chief place of promenade; and from twelve at noon to two, it usually presents, by their appearance, an animated and brilliant scene, though, from the absence of accompanying gentlemen, attendant livery-servants, and richly-adorned equipages, it is not equal in general effect to our own Regent Street. The women here are mostly of lower stature than the women of England, but they are classically formed, have complexions as white and clear as alabaster, and well-proportioned features. They walk naturally, and neither "paddle" like the Frenchwomen, nor "step out" with grenadier stride like an English high-born dame, but glide easily along with a gentle and natural step, which pleasingly contrasts with the fierce haste and bustle of the men who pass by them. Their dresses are rich and showy. Crimson silk shawls on blue and yellow gown, and gaily-trimmed bonnets, with waving feathers, are very common in Broadway at noon.

The men are not so good-looking. Many of them are well-dressed in superfine black or blue cloth, adorned with large gilded buttons; and some of the more fashionable wear large full cloaks, richly trimmed with broad velvet and long silk tassels. But there is not unfrequently a haggard, careworn look in the face, and a dark sallow hue, unrelieved by the least tinge of colour, while the gait is restless and impulsive. Great vigour of character is seen in all their looks and movements; but nothing like the rosy-faced portly English gentleman is to be seen in the streets of New York: indeed, the absence of a true English complexion is as notable among the women as the men.

The variety to be seen in the streets of this city surpasses anything I have seen elsewhere. There are wealthy capitalists, merchants, and visitors from different countries, and adventurers from every state of the Union. There are cautious, grave-looking New-Englanders, luxurious Southerners, enterprising Westerners, sunburnt men from Oregon and California, some of whom appear in their unshaven and roughly-clad condition, as if they were but half-civilised, and yet all rush along the crowded streets with the evident feeling that New York is the capital of their respective States—and they are proud of it. The Germans, Swedes, Irish, and coloured people, who perform the greater part of the manual labour and drudgery of the city, reside in back streets; while the sailors of all nations, as in our Wapping, crowd the great thoroughfares near the water. There are dens of crime and haunts of depravity behind the screens of larger houses here, as there are in Liverpool and London, but there is no public indication of squalid poverty or pauperism. I have not yet seen a

beggar in any of the streets. It is well known that want need not be felt by any one who is willing to work, and therefore begging is not encouraged. The districts inhabited by the poorest Irish are, as is usual in our own land, filthy and wretched enough, as are also some parts occupied by other foreigners and by sailors; but there are no cripples exposing their withered limbs to excite compassion, and no sweepers at the crossings holding out their tattered hats for "your honour's" pence, as there are in London. The coach-drivers, as a class, I should say, are superior to our cabmen, and so are their coaches superior to our cabs, being larger, and better lined and trimmed, but you have to pay proportionably more for their use. A dollar is little for coach hire here; and when you pay your fare at the end of a drive, however liberal you may be, there is no tip of the hat, and no "Thank you, sir!" but, as in the "stores," when you make your purchases, the most perfect indifference appears. In this, as in other things, an Englishman finds he is in a republican land, where all men are declared to be equal.

And yet, with all these American peculiarities, the first great wonder to an English visitor who has travelled in other foreign parts is, that what he sees is so substantially English; it is more so even than in Ireland or Scotland. At least, I may say this is my own impression. On landing at Calais, Boulogne, or Ostend, and when advancing into the interior of France, Rhenish Prussia, Belgium, or Holland, which are comparatively near to our own country, the looks, language, dress, and manners of the people are so different and strange, that an English traveller at once sees and feels that he is on foreign ground; but it is not so on

landing in America. Though more than 3000 miles from home, yet he finds himself surrounded by men and women with English features, similarly dressed, and speaking the language with which he has been familiar from childhood. There are the American characteristics which I have described, and there is a sort of sing-song, nasal drawl, in the utterance of some, which is much inferior to the full, hearty tones of the voice of an Englishman ; but the great characteristics of feature, dress, and manners are unmistakably the same, so that an Englishman says as soon as he enters American society, " We are all brethren : such as I am, these are : they are but Englishmen living on another side of the Atlantic."

We have seen much of private and social life in this city. I am entertained by the Rev. Dr. Osbon, of Mulberry Street ; and Dr. Hannah by Ralph Mead, Esq., of the Second Avenue, not far from me ; and we have both received the most kind and hospitable attention. We have also passed some very pleasant hours in evening parties, to which we have been invited. In one of them we met Dr. Bangs, the historian of American Methodism ; Bishop Baker, just returned from his visit to the churches of California ; Dr. Kidder, editor of the *Sunday School Advocate* ; Mr. Harper, of the large book-publishing firm ; Mr. Hall, a father in American Methodism ; several ministers of the city, and many ladies. The house in which we spent the evening (Mr. Truslow's) is large and handsomely furnished. The rooms were brilliantly lighted up, and the evening was spent cheerfully and religiously.

After free and friendly conversation in groups and pairs, we went down in couples to the eating-room to

partake of our evening meal. The eating-room of an American private house is that in which all the meals are taken ; it is usually in the lower story, and is plainly fitted up, very much after the manner of refreshment-rooms in France. The meal comprised solid food and light confectionaries ; and with it there were "crackers" and *bon-bons* for the juveniles, as there are with us at Christmas evening parties. Afterwards we sang, read the Scriptures, and prayed together ; and when we separated for our respective abodes, at something like eleven o'clock, I went to mine at Dr. Osbon's with the feeling that a more cheerful, sociable, and happy evening I had never spent away from home. Both Dr. Hannah and myself were favourably impressed with the general intelligence and religious excellence of the company. The ladies, as did also the gentlemen, showed themselves to be well read in history, and in general literature ; and all were ready to converse on experimental and practical holiness. There was no brag, no inquisitive interrogations, which some visitors to America have complained of. Gentleness, goodness, and deep veneration for England, and for English Methodism, were ardent in all ; and they openly deprecated, in the very strongest manner, any quarrel of their country with ours. The cheerful conversation, not altogether unmixed with hearty laughter, of this and other evenings, fully relieved me from the sombre impression I had caught of American character in the business streets of New York. In some of the streets everything human looked so rigidly grave, that one almost thought it would be a crime punishable at law for an American to perpetrate a joke or a pun ; but in the social evening party there was full proof of a

healthy, buoyant, and joyous spirit in the American people.

The newspapers of America, while far more numerous than with us, seem much inferior to ours. They contain very little "news" comparatively, and of that there is still less to be relied upon as correct or true. The attacks made by the newspaper-writers on public and private character are most dishonourable; and it is plain that too many of them unscrupulously pander to the low, vulgar appetites of poor fallen human nature for gossip and for scandal. This profligacy of the press is deeply deplored by the better classes among the Americans.

Partisanship, too, is here very apparent. It is truly amusing to converse with the Americans on public men and public questions. To hear some of them speak of their public men, one would almost be ready to conclude that every prominent character in the United States belonged either to the band of spotless patriots or the lowest class of scoundrels. Many of the people seem incapable of forming any moderate judgment of their public men; and every political question, however temporary be the excitement it raises, is generally spoken of as constituting a "great crisis" in the history, if not in the very existence of the States.

The works of art here are creditable to a country which is in its youth, but, as might be expected, they are very inferior to what we have in England. The general talent for sculpture must not be estimated by Hiram Power's "Greek Slave" and "Pierced Indian," which we saw in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. America produced Benjamin West, and may yet produce even a greater painter; but, in the raw and juvenile

productions of her existing school, there is no promise of him. The native pictures here partake more of the character of the French school than of the English, and are very deficient in sobriety and repose. The German artists have some good pictures exhibiting here, chiefly of alpine and cataract scenery in Norway, and being similar in their subjects to those which they annually exhibit in London. The New York "Crystal Palace" is now in a very dilapidated and forlorn condition, and is seen at once to be what it really is—a most shabby imitation, and a miserable failure.

There are many charitable and benevolent institutions in New York, and they are very generously supported. There are also some excellent literary and educational establishments, and these are as well sustained. The largest public building in the city is the "Bible Society House and Depository." It occupies a whole "block" by itself, and, while six stories high throughout, has a frontage of some 700 feet. Dr. Hannah and I went over this important establishment, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Holdich, one of its secretaries. Its issues amount to three-fourths of a million copies of the Bible yearly; and, as all the printing, stitching, binding, &c., is done on the premises, it employs a great number of persons. I remarked there, as elsewhere, the general inferiority of the paper upon which their printing is executed by the Americans, and also the want of breadth and fulness in the type. We had each presented to us a large octavo copy of the Book of Psalms, in the very best style of the society's printing; but while superior in itself, yet, when placed beside an English copy of the same size, and challenged to say which was the American, I had no difficulty in doing so.

Our own "Methodist Book Concern," as it is somewhat loosely named, is also a very extensive establishment. It is situated in Mulberry Street, and has performed on its premises all things relating to the books, periodicals, and newspapers, except the manufacture of paper, so that, with its numerous issues, it also employs many persons. Dr. Kidder kindly conducted us over the establishment; and we were gratified to find here, as in the Bible Society House, how many clean and neatly-dressed young females were engaged in sorting, stitching, and ornamental binding.

But by this time you will begin to be impatient for some account of religion, and particularly of Methodism, as observed by us in New York. I have not had much time to acquaint myself with other churches in the city than those of our own people, nor am I likely to have the opportunity of doing so before I leave it; but, from the number and size of the ecclesiastical structures which I have seen, I should conclude that the churches here are numerous and flourishing. All the buildings devoted to public worship of every Christian denomination are called "churches," and of these there are some 300 in the city and its suburbs, belonging principally to the Protestant Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Jews have here some thirteen synagogues; the Roman Catholics have a large misshapen cathedral and several other buildings in different parts, and there are structures of various dimensions and forms belonging to almost all the different nations and to the principal sects in Europe.

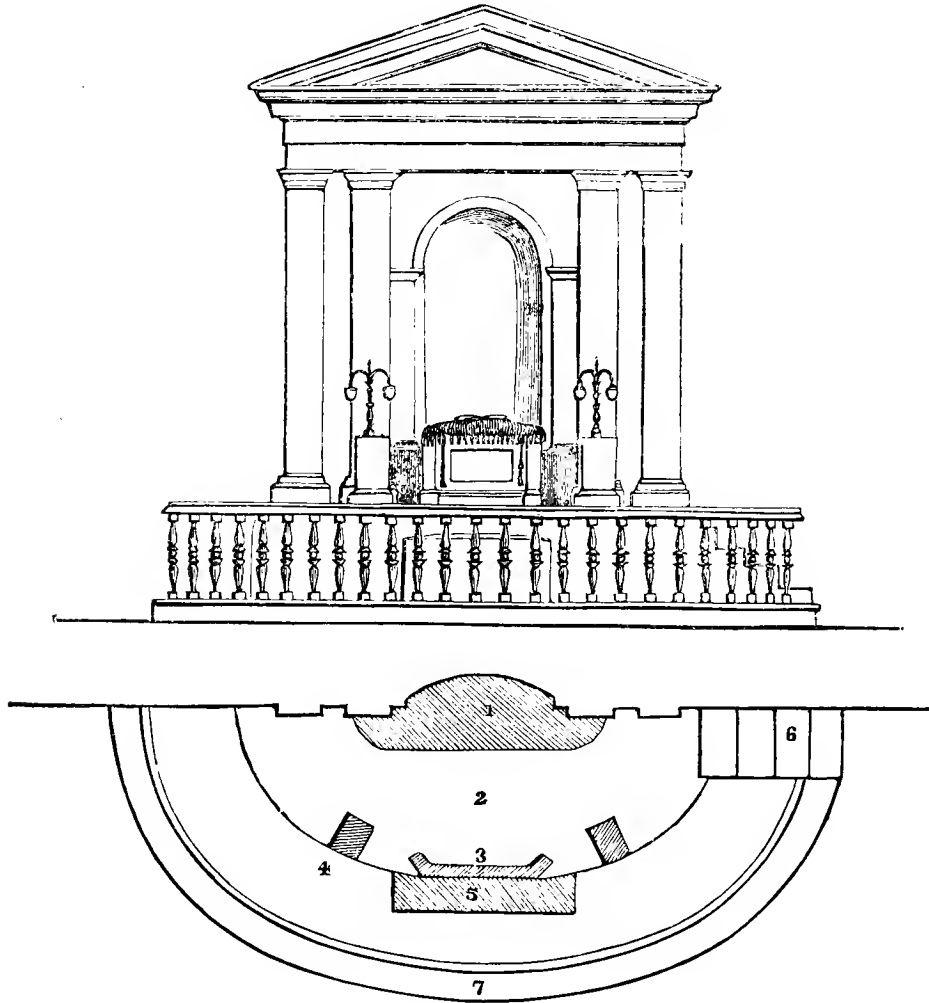
The Sabbath is much better observed in New York than in London or Liverpool. The streets are far more

quiet, the pleasure-seekers fewer, and the purchases, if made, are more concealed from public observation. Among all classes there seems to be more reverent attention paid both to religion and its ministers.

Methodism has not proportionably, it is said, the position and influence in New York that it has in some other cities of the United States, but it nevertheless stands forth prominently, and numbers 7000 church-members, irrespective of the many thousands who are general attendants at its public services. Dr. Hannah and I were alternately in two of its principal churches on Sunday last, and were much gratified with what we found. The churches in which we preached were good substantial structures of the Grecian style of architecture, and, like all the American churches I have seen, are fitted up so as to secure as much comfort to the congregation as practicable. The aisles are carefully matted, the pews carpeted and cushioned ; and distributed throughout the churches are leaf-fans for the use of the congregations in hot weather. Happily for us, the weather has not been very hot since we came to New York ; the sight of a large congregation fanning itself for relief would not be the most helpful accompaniment to ministers officiating, and unaccustomed to such a waving scene. These fans, however, are really necessary for the relief of the people when the heat sets in. You will know that the extremes of heat and cold here are greater than in Old England.

The American pulpit is, in my view, far preferable to the English. It is simply a reading-desk at the front of a low platform, of the width of the communion rails, and at the back of them. It is not boxed-up and imprisoning to the preacher as our cupboard-like pulpits

are, but is open at the back and sides, while behind it, against the wall, is a seat long enough to hold several ministers. The accompanying pen-and-ink sketch will best explain it.



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|------------------|--------------|----------|----------|
| 1. Seat. | 2. Platform. | 3. Desk. | 4. Lamp. |
| 5. Centre Table. | 6. Steps. | 7. Step. | |

There are several advantages to a minister in a pulpit of this kind. He is more free than he can be when closely boarded up on all sides; he also feels himself to be in more intimate association with his people; while his ministerial brethren who may be present are seated behind, and out of his sight. With the usages of

America, there is sometimes a drawback felt in the other ministers on the platform stepping forward, looking over and taking hold of the officiating minister's hymn-book. This prevents the feeling of separation for the work of the Preacher which an English minister is accustomed to have. But this is a mere circumstance that need not be admitted, and so must not be received as a reason for objecting to the adoption and use of the American pulpit.

On the Sabbath morning Dr. Hannah conducted the public service and preached in Mulberry Street Church, and I preached for the Missionary Society in the Seventh Street Church. I was not very well prepared for my work, for, through the change from rocking in my berth upon the ever-moving sea to the stillness of the solid earth, I could not sleep for a moment in the night preceding. And, like Dr. Hannah, I was not a little annoyed with the hymn-book. It is not only different from our own in the general arrangement of its subjects, which, perhaps, may be an improvement, but, regardless of Mr. Wesley's warning against doing so (as found in the truly characteristic and sensible preface affixed to the collection of hymns he published for the use of his people), our friends here have altered some of the hymns, both in the words and verses. They have made what, no doubt, they consider to be "improvements;" but they have thereby supplied additional proof of the truth of Mr. Wesley's printed declaration, that others are not able to mend his hymns either in sense or verse. At the second hymn the congregation sat to sing, or rather to hear the choir sing,—this increased my annoyance; but afterwards, in setting forth Christ as "the Root of Jesse," who should "stand as an ensign for

the people," and give to them that trust in Him "a glorious rest," I overcame these petty annoyances, and forgot for a time my loss of sleep on the night preceding.

The afternoon was spent chiefly in conversation with some old Methodist friends, who, several years ago, emigrated from Lincoln, and who had travelled many miles to see us, and to talk with us about the "old city." Their inquiries, both as to persons and events, were numerous, as you will suppose; and though greatly benefited temporally by coming to America, yet they showed strong affection for their native land.

After a somewhat protracted interval between the morning and evening services, I went, at half-past seven o'clock, to conduct the service and preach in Mulberry Street Church, while Dr. Hannah went to attend a public missionary meeting in the Seventh Street Church, presided over by Dr. Bangs, and where they made the doctor and myself life-members of the American Methodist Missionary Society. These Sabbath evening missionary meetings we should not hazard in England, lest they should not fully accord with the sacred character of the day; but our American brethren hold them on that day, and seem to be satisfied with them. I found less annoyance in the evening than I did in the morning, and had more enlargement and power to proclaim the Word of Life. After the service many ministers and friends crowded round me to bid me welcome to America. Dr. Hannah's ministrations here have been characterised by great spiritual unction; and it is surprising to find how many there are who remember his visit to this country thirty-two years ago: then, as now, his ministry was highly estimated.

The Methodist ministers in this city have stations

rather than circuits, for their public labours are specially directed to their separate churches. They have good "parsonages," as their residences are named, and, apparently, larger incomes than their brethren in England; but, when all things are taken into account, it is a question whether they are really better provided for than English Methodist ministers. Many of them are said to have taken good advantage of the rising circumstances of their country, and to have multiplied for use in advanced life any money they may have had, so that they are less dependent upon an "annuitant" or "auxiliary fund" for support in old age than our ministers are at home. I apprehend that this will be less and less the case as the land becomes occupied, and money yields smaller returns. With this foresight, renewed efforts are now being made in the churches of New York to provide suitable maintenance for "super-numeraries," or superannuated and worn-out ministers. The "presiding elders," who are very much like our "chairmen of districts," hold the "quarterly conferences," or, as we should say, "quarterly meetings," for the several circuits, and take a principal part in the administration of discipline, so that the resident ministers are thereby relieved of their less agreeable duties. Here there is a desire expressed by some to transfer such semi-episcopal duties to the individual pastors of the churches; but I cannot see reason in any of the statements I have heard to believe that either the people or the preachers would be benefited by the change.

I have heard also some complaints whispered by the more devout and spiritual on the neglect of attendance at class-meetings by too many of the members; and,

from what I can learn, the renewal of the quarterly tickets, as tokens of church-membership, is not deemed so important a ministerial duty as it is with us in England; but, with these partial relaxations among *some*, the prevailing characteristic of the Methodists in New York is undoubtedly that of earnest, zealous godliness. They have evident delight in conversing on Christian holiness, and on the means for its attainment. Books on this subject are eagerly sought, and extensively read by them. They are also careful to sanctify private and social intercourse by the reading of God's Word and by prayer. All this is the more gratifying when it is remembered that it was in this city of New York that the first Methodist society in America was formed ninety years ago.

The origin of the society was as follows:—A few Irish Methodist emigrants not having here the means and ordinances of religion to which they had been accustomed at home, fell into the fashions, and began to join in the “pastimes,” of the unregenerate world, when, one evening, as they were together playing at cards, a good woman of the company, who had not joined in their evil practice, was roused by what she saw to administer reproof to the others; she snatched up the cards from the table, threw them into the fire, and, with all the power of sincere and earnest rebuke, cried to Philip Embury, a fallen local preacher, “You must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and then our blood will be required at your hands!” This led to the first Methodist meeting and the preaching of the first Methodist sermon in America: the reprovèd and now repentant Philip preached to five persons in his own hired house.

Such meetings were continued, and were soon afterwards attended by Captain Webb, a Methodist, from Bristol, who, being in the country on the king's (George the Second's) service, joined himself to them that "feared the Lord, and spake often one to another." Others soon associated themselves with this little band, and, with the zealous captain at their head, spread Methodism into the surrounding parts, and as far as Philadelphia. A large room to meet in was now required in New York, and a rigging loft was obtained. Next a chapel was built in John Street, and application was made to Mr. Wesley for a ministerial appointment. In 1768 he stood up in the conference of his preachers in Leeds, and inquired, "Who will go to help their brethren in America?" when two good men, named Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, volunteered their services. A collection—the first "missionary collection" in Methodism—was made in the conference, and the two preachers were sent over. Afterwards Francis Asbury, Richard Wright, and Thomas Rankin were sent. And then, for the organisation of the Church, which had become considerable in its extent, Mr. Wesley ordained Dr. Coke, and sent him forth to be the general superintendent, or first bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Since then it has enlarged and spread through the States, until now it is foremost in numbers and influence of all the churches in the country. And thus, from "a grain of mustard seed," wafted over the Atlantic by accident, as it would seem to some, has arisen the goodly tree which already spreads its spiritual branches over all the land.

LETTER III.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mingled Annoyances and Pleasures of Railway Travelling in America—
Route through New Jersey—Arrival at Philadelphia—Scene among the
Negro Coachmen—Provoking Indifference of American Hotel-keepers—
Hotel Life in America—Exposure of the Young to Injurious Influences—
Order and Repose of the Quaker City—Appearance of the Streets and
Public Buildings—Methodism in Philadelphia—The Hall of Independence
—Franklin's Tomb.

DR. HANNAH and I left New York on Wednesday at noon. We had been strongly urged to remain a day or two longer in that city, that we might be present at the celebration, among his relatives and friends, by Dr. Bangs, of the "jubilee," or fiftieth anniversary, of his marriage; but we felt that our special mission to the General Conference, appointed to assemble at Indianapolis on the 1st of May, was our great object, and that we must not halt unnecessarily on our way to it, however great might be the prospect of personal gratification in meeting friends on so interesting an occasion as that which I have just named. We have also been most earnestly importuned to delay our journey to the West, in order that we might attend public meetings to be held at Washington on behalf of the Sunday School Union; but the remembrance of the more immediate and

personal duties of our mission determined us to forego this gratification as we had foregone the other.

We took our places at the water-side of New York for a through-journey from thence by railway to this city, some eighty-seven miles, for which we paid three dollars each, or twelve shillings and sixpence sterling. Before we left the station at New York we had brass checks, with correspondent numbers, given to us, for the different portions of our luggage, and thus secured their delivery by the ticket-porter at the end of our journey. This system of luggage-checks is simple and satisfactory; it saves the traveller from all care and anxiety concerning his luggage after he has delivered it to the porter, however numerous may be the changes of conveyances for him on the road. We crossed the water, about a mile in width, from New York to New Jersey city, which is on the west bank of the Hudson River, and where the terminus of the railway is, in a steam ferry-boat. Crowded on the deck with us were carriages, carts, cattle, and passengers of all descriptions. On arriving at the other side of the water, some two or three hundred yards from the terminus, there was a furious rush by both coach-drivers and persons on foot to gain early entrance to the railway-station. We did not know the meaning of this at the time, but found, when the discovery was too late to serve us, that it was to obtain the best or most desirable places in the carriages. We seated ourselves separately by some rough and rude companions, for we were too much behind our fellow-passengers in time of taking our seats to be able to secure places close to each other.

And now, for a while, we experienced some little inconvenience from the practice of the American doctrine

of universal equality, though we were saved any extra expense for a first or second-class carriage. Our seat-companions, who were farmers' men, unshaven, and with daubed trousers turned up almost to their knees, leaned and lolled upon us, and doubled their legs back over the stiles of the seats before us, until they assumed the form and appearance of huge clasp-knives. Moreover, they chewed tobacco, and jetted out their saliva at our feet and over us, until we felt ourselves to be in no enviable situation. This incident taught us a lesson, ever afterwards to be remembered, for securing early entrance into an American railway carriage, so as to be able to select our company, and obtain adjoining seats for ourselves.

I have named our travelling vehicle on the rail as a "carriage," but that is not the name given to it here. What we call "railway carriages" in England are here called "cars." These cars are large and ponderous, and appear on the outside something like huge omnibuses, with panels and let-down windows at the sides; within they will accommodate from fifty to eighty passengers. The seats, each intended for two persons, are transversely placed, and an aisle divides them down the middle of the carriage, so that, in their general form and arrangements within, each car may be likened to a small church on wheels, with its side-seats and middle aisle. There is usually a charcoal stove in the centre of the car, and at one end a ladies' retiring closet, in which there is frequently a sofa and a rocking-chair. In one corner there is a large can of water, with a chained mug, for common use by the passengers.

At every stopping place the "conductor" walks down the middle aisle to examine and take the tickets of

persons entering or departing. There are no first, second, or third-class carriages, as with us. The cars are for all white persons promiscuously, except that there is a select car for ladies, which is in better order than the general cars. For coloured persons there is the negro car—coloured persons not being usually allowed to sit, eat, or ride with the whites. The negro car is a rough, heavy vehicle, very much like our luggage vans.

A lady entering an American railway car is entitled, by usage, to any seat she may prefer that is not occupied by one of her own sex; and if she enters the car with her husband or friend, she has only to intimate to any gentleman on a seat that she wishes to have it for herself or her companion, and it is immediately surrendered to her. The seats are so framed that they swing over upon their arms, and thus afford the convenience of friends sitting face to face for conversation if they prefer doing so. Advantage is not unfrequently taken of this convenience for another purpose—that is, for securing leg or foot-resters on the red velvet-covered cushions of the seats, the Americans being notable for nursing their legs on tables and seats. The real relief to either Englishman or American in a transatlantic railway car is that he can stand upright with his hat on, or walk to and fro for exercise along the middle aisle. The comparative retirement of our own country's railway-carriage will, however, be preferred by an English traveller,—though, if he journeys in one of the first-class, he must pay somewhat more per mile for his fare than we pay here for travelling in the general cars.

The American railway engine is as much larger in proportion to ours as their cars are to our carriages. It

is a huge black monster, with an elevated, covered, and glazed box in the middle for the engineer, and with a tall begrimed chimney in the front, which throws up, like a great overgrown rocket-tube, showers of large and dangerous sparks from the wood fire which rages under the boiler. It is said that when extra speed is required at a railway race, and when the payments by a great number of passengers are sufficient to warrant it, no small quantity of resin is thrown into the fire to make it burn more fiercely, and to produce force from the highly-condensed steam. The truth of this I cannot affirm by personal observation ; but this I know already, that at times, though not able to reckon so much accomplished in several hours' travel as on English railways, yet American steam-engines, and their heavy cars appended to them, rush on at a headlong rate, crossing streets and roads where there are no gates, no policemen, and no signals whatever, except an unshapely white signboard (hoisted up over the line at the head of two upright poles), on which is written in black letters, "*When the bell rings look out for the locomotive!*" This bell swings on a swivel in front of the engine, and is rung at crossings and at arrivals by the engineer.

Our route to Philadelphia, through the State of New Jersey, was over a somewhat flat, sandy, and unpicturesque tract of country, relieved at intervals by pleasant and enlarging towns of trade and manufacture, and by the signs of advancing cultivation in the land. Newark, the first town of importance we came to, is evidently a flourishing place, and has in it several buildings which stand up with imposing effect above the houses and "stores" in general. Most of the houses we saw by the sides of the line are of wood ; but good substantial

dwelling in brick and stone may be seen here and there, with ploughed and cultivated fields around them. In other parts the log-cabins, the black, burnt tree-trunks, and zigzag "snake-fence," told of their occupation by new settlers. As we proceeded the number of negro-huts increased, and half-clad coloured men and women, with their naked black children, were seen on the lands and by the road. We saw, also, many large mules in use by the farmers and by the land-carriers, these animals being preferred for their hardy nature, and for their feeding on coarse food.

The "forked Delaware" also appeared at some points, spreading out its beautiful waters far into the landscape; while upon its bosom might be seen vast floating rafts of newly cut timber—such as you will remember to have seen upon the Rhine. And here we thought and spoke of holy David Brainerd, the sickly and consumptive, yet energetic and devoted missionary of Christ to the Indians of these parts; for it was in the neighbourhood of the Delaware that he was most successful in his labours. Here the man of naturally melancholy temperament, who, nevertheless, experienced such true religious joy, travelled through forests and swamps, swam across the deep and rapid river, slept upon the bare ground, sheltered himself in a log-hut built by his own hands, preached to the Indians in their wigwams, or gathered them around him in the open air, and told them of the Redeemer's sufferings and death, until he saw them lean upon their spears, and weep like children at the recital.

We arrived at Camden Ferry, which is opposite this city of Philadelphia, by dusk, having come the eighty-seven miles in about five hours, when we crossed the river in a steamer. On arriving at the pier a ludicrous

scene presented itself, very far outdoing the earnest but laughable display of "touting" zeal which meets the traveller at the terminus of some continental railway in Europe—that of Calais, for instance. Here were black coach-drivers with whips in their hands, and with mouths that seemed open from ear to ear, crowding the landing-place, and shouting out to the passengers the names of hotels and boarding-houses with an appearance of furious clamorousness for customers. Soon they began to denounce one another, and also the hotels and houses for which they were respectively employed. Their negro terms, applied jokingly to one another, afforded us no small amusement.

"You be false, bad coachee!" one black man would cry out; "and your massa's house only fit for niggers!"

"You turned ober de gentleman and lady toder night, and don't know de way to de 'otel—hear dat, darky!" the other would retort at the top of his voice.

Then there would be seen a crowd of black faces, laughing and gibbering, and then a rush forward to the passenger going ashore, with a shout together of "Come wid me, massa! come wid me!" We gave our luggage-checks to a porter, and, under his direction, got into a roomy high-wheeled carriage, which was soon stuffed full with passengers, and drove to this, the "Girard House," in Chesnut Street. Our luggage soon followed us, and was delivered safely, the expense of its landing and cartage being included in the half-dollar each, charged for our places in the coach.

But however eager and clamorous for us on landing might be the coloured coachmen, there seemed to be no great haste to receive and accommodate us at the hotel. The master of the hotel and his clerks were behind a

counter in a bar-like room on the left to receive the names of new comers, apportion them their rooms, and settle their accounts. When we asked of these authorities if we could have rooms and accommodation, they viewed us with indifference, and one slowly answered, "I guess you may." Then we waited for some time in the passage, thinking of the contrast between our strange reception here and the bustling officiousness we should have met in Old England. At length the proprietor's son, as he appeared to be, told us that a double-bedded room, with such a number, could be occupied by us, and that the key held out to us belonged to it, courteously adding he would order refreshment to be provided for us without delay. We took the key, went up to our chamber, which was clean and airy, and, after the necessary ablutions, went down into the dining-room for a sort of tea-dinner. We found a spacious apartment, with a number of black waiters in snow-white dresses ready to serve us. With ice-water, tea, roll and butter, and hot steak, we made, after the day's fast, a good evening meal, and then went out to view, by lamplight, what could be seen of the streets of Philadelphia. The streets in general were orderly, but liquor-cellars and drinking-rooms were visible at many a turn, and voices proceeded from some of them which did not speak of sobriety. We passed the fronts of one or two theatres, or houses of amusement, into which was thronging low company of both sexes. About half-past ten we retired to our room, slept well, and by seven o'clock the next morning came down at the sound of the bell to breakfast.

Here we were fairly introduced for the first time to American hotel life. On one side of the large dining

room, and on both sides of the table, sat young and middle-aged men, with their wives and children, taking their morning meal; while on the other side of the room, on both sides of the long table, men of all ages, without any women, sat at breakfast. Behind each of the four rows was a troop of black waiters in cotton dresses. We sat down among the men, and gave our directions for what we wished to have brought to us,—ice-water, coffee, bread, fish, and meat,—and fared as well as we could desire. No person, except the dark waiters, spoke one word to us, or concerning us, though many looked hardly at us, and watched very closely our movements; nobody spoke a word, indeed, on any subject at the tables, so far as we could hear, except by way of orders about the meal. All ate with earnestness and in silence, and, so soon as their eating was finished, rose up with energy, individually, and stalked forth from the room. If it had not been for the crying of an infant, who would not take its food, we should have been as silent in that large dining-room as if we had been eating with some severe fraternity of monks. That an infant should cry rather than receive its food, in such unsuitable circumstances, seemed not surprising; and I was ready to ask, as I saw little children fed among adults at the silent public table, whether that kind of feeding in early life did not contribute to the dyspepsia and biliousness under which so many of the Americans seem to suffer in after-years.

This hotel life became with us quite a subject for inquiry and study, being a life so different from that of the hearths and homes of England. With many young persons here, when there are thoughts of marriage, and that is usually very early, the question is not

whether they can provide and keep a house for themselves, but whether they can live in a fashionable hotel or boarding-house; and, when married, they go to such a place to reside, and have thus nothing like what Englishmen regard as a home. At an hotel they live for some years it may be. In the daytime they are almost wholly in public, for nearly all American meals at hotels are taken publicly. After breakfast in the morning the husband goes to business, and the wife usually walks out to promenade in the most fashionable streets, or to make purchases for dress at the "stores." At dinner all in the hotel are at the public table; and after dinner the husband goes back to business, while the youthful wife goes into the ladies' drawing-room-like parlour, to rest on the sofa, or to play on the public piano. After tea the wife again goes into the ladies' parlour (mostly in full dress) to spend the evening among her own sex; while the husband lounges, talks, smokes, and expectorates with the gentlemen in their parlour, or in the street. What a strange education in domestic and married life is this!

In the private houses where Dr. Hannah and I have been the good housewife was apparent, and the spirit and manners were in all respects what is most to be desired in Christian ladies; but I am disposed to conclude that their education and training had not taken place in public hotels. The effect upon young children who are, from their very entry into life, always accustomed to public companies must be more injurious even than upon young wives and husbands. Constantly inured to glaring publicity, children are sure to become either shy, dispirited, and uneasy, or obtrusively forward. The latter is said to be the prevailing character

of American boys and girls—indeed, there hardly seem to be any children in America; however young, all give their opinions with the air of men and women, and with the evident expectation of being heard. In some instances the parents find themselves, while in company, superseded in authoritative opinion by sons and daughters of the age of seventeen. But these imperfections of Young America must not blind a visitor to its many excellences: and the wonder is that, considering its age and circumstances, America is so far advanced in the order and refinement of society as it is.

This city of Philadelphia, the metropolis of the State of Pennsylvania, is one of the most orderly, clean, and comfortable cities that can possibly be conceived. It bears throughout the impress of its Quaker origin; and though, like the Quakers' dress, it is too regular and uniform to be grand or imposing, yet there is a peaceful, quiet serenity pervading it, which is fully in accordance with the benign spirit of its founder, William Penn, and of some of his first adherents within it. The site of the city is well chosen. It stands on an elevated piece of ground, some two miles in width, between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and had in it six years ago nearly 409,000 inhabitants. Next to the city of New York, it is the largest city of the United States; and it is pleasing to reflect that the State of which it is the capital, with all its inward resources of iron, coal, salt, and marble, and its outward beauty and magnificence of fields, fruit-trees, and forests, was not obtained by extortion and robbery from the aboriginal Indian proprietors, but was fairly purchased in its length and breadth by amicable agreement and treaty, as represented so graphically in West's well-known

picture. This just and considerate conduct of William Penn, we are assured, was not forgotten by the Indians, and afterwards was a shield of protection to the Quakers when wars raged most furiously among the red men against Europeans; so that from that day to this it has not been known that a Quaker has ever been injured or slain by an Indian—such prevailing might is there in kindness, such is the true policy of acting justly!

The plan of Philadelphia is that of an oblong square, with streets crossing each other at right angles with the greatest order and regularity, so that the city shows itself to have been laid out by the line and the rule. The drawback to this is of course the wearisome sameness which pervades the whole; for when you have seen one part of the town you have seen the whole, so far as its arrangements are concerned, and a European eye craves for some crooked streets, intermingled with some towering objects, to relieve the view, and to give it picturesque effect. There are about 600 streets of a width varying from 40 to 80 feet, but the two principal streets, crossing each other in the centre of the city, are more than 100 feet wide. Nearly all the houses are of neat red brick: some of the brickwork in them is the most regular and the cleanest I have ever seen. The streets are all well paved and well purified; and those running one way are named after trees—as “Chestnut Street,” “Walnut Street;” while those running the other way are numbered “First Street,” “Second Street,” and so on.

There is a good market-place in the middle of the city, and around it are wharves and basins; but in maritime trading Philadelphia has not advanced as was expected, and as, with its outlet by the Delaware to the

Atlantic, it is doubtless yet destined to do. The manufactures of this city are not yet very important; they are chiefly carpets, floor-cloths, glass, porcelain, and articles for home use. Pittsburg, which lies some 200 miles hence, in the heart of the iron and coal district, and in communication with all the States, is the great place of manufacture. I fear that our special duties will not allow us to visit that Birmingham of America.

Along the sides of nearly all the streets of Philadelphia are rows of large and beautiful trees, which, when in full verdure, give coolness and most delicious shade to the passenger as he treads his way under their spreading branches on the side-pavement, which is of diagonally-laid bricks, a material which I never saw employed in England for our side-pavements, to the best of my memory, except at Brighton and in the Staffordshire Potteries. Independent of their ornamental beauty, the trees here are a necessity, for, I was told by an English resident on whom I called, that in the height of summer it is so hot in Philadelphia that many people cannot bear to move for several hours in the day, and even water in the bath has to be renewed, so that it may be cool during the time of use.

There are some good public buildings, principally of granite and Pennsylvanian white marble. The Merchants' Exchange, and several of the banks, are fine edifices, designed and copied with real taste from Grecian models by Mr. Strickland. The "Girard College," in the suburbs of the city, reputedly a fine building of the Corinthian order, I have not seen, so I cannot state anything concerning it. This "Girard House," in which we are staying (and which is a well-conducted hotel), is a large handsome building of sandstone, and

displays a good degree of architectural composition and beauty. Many of the best executed red-brick houses, which abound in the city, have white marble steps ascending to their marble or stone porticoes, while the doors are cleanly painted, mostly white, and the silvered knockers and handles, as well as the brass balustrades, are all in a high state of polish. There are several good squares within the town, which, with their smooth gravel walks, grass lawns, and shady trees, form agreeable walking resorts. The "stores" here are in better taste and keeping than in New York; they are less glaring, and more like the shops at the west end of London. There are some small low-class houses here and there, but these are fewer in proportion, I think, than in any other town I am acquainted with; in a word, for cleanliness, neatness, and repose, I should deem Philadelphia the pearl of cities.

By reputation, the ladies of Philadelphia are comparatively reserved in company, and are somewhat exclusive and "classish" in their circles. They certainly exhibit a really refined taste in their dress; and the quiet, peaceful faces of the Quaker ladies, and their neat and pleasing apparel, also add to the interest and repose of the city, and contribute to render it so tranquillising and inviting. And yet this tranquil-looking place can be roused to agitation and violence; for on the coming of some northern men into it some years ago for Abolition meetings, and on the somewhat indiscreet exhibition in the streets of an Abolition procession, in which white and coloured persons walked arm-in-arm, a mob assembled, burnt down the building which had been raised for Abolition meetings, and such was the state of public feeling, that the leaders in this open and dis-

graceful violence were not brought to justice or punished for their lawless conduct. To the honour of the Quakers, let it be remembered, they were the persecuted in this affray; from the beginning they have been foremost in the work of slave emancipation; and, in justice to some portions of the press and of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, it ought not to be forgotten that they denounced this anti-abolition and anti-coloured outbreak in the very strongest terms.

There are numerous churches, belonging to different denominations, here; and some of them are good examples of Greek and Gothic architecture. The Methodists are foremost among the religious bodies both in the city and in the State; they number in the city alone as many as 10,000 church-members. We were besought to preach in Philadelphia, but have not been able to do so for want of time; yet we could have desired to do so, for to an English Methodist this is a city of great interest, on account of its early association with venerable names in Methodist history. Captain Webb, the military Methodist from Bristol, whom I have already named, was among its first visitors, and his Christian labours were rewarded with gracious success; so that when, in 1769, Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, from the British conference, arrived here, they found not less than one hundred persons gathered into membership with the Methodist Society, principally by the good captain's efforts. The following letter, sent by Mr. Pilmoor to Mr. Wesley, shows this:—

Philadelphia, October 31st, 1769.

“REVEREND SIR,—By the blessing of God, we are safely arrived here, after a tedious passage of nine weeks. We were not a little surprised to find Captain Webb in town, and a society of one hundred members, who desire to

be in close connection with you. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

"I have preached several times, and the people flock to hear in multitudes. Sunday evening I went out upon the common. I had the stage appointed for the horse-race for my pulpit, and, I think, between four and five thousand hearers, who heard with attention still as night. Blessed be God for field-preaching. When I began to talk of preaching at five o'clock in the morning, the people thought it would not answer in America; however, I resolved to try, and I had a very good congregation.

"There seems to be a great and effectual door opening in this country, and I hope many souls will be gathered in. The people in general like to hear the word, and seem to have ideas of salvation by grace."

Good Francis Asbury also laboured in this city; and when he, with Richard Wright, arrived here from England on the 7th of October, 1771, they found that, through the blessing of God upon the services of Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, who had laboured here alternately, some months at a time, there were 250 members of the Methodist Society in Philadelphia. On landing in this place, Mr. Asbury and his colleague immediately repaired to the church, and heard a sermon from Mr. Pilmoor, whom they found conducting the service. And of his own feelings and reception on his entrance upon the great field of his successful labours for Christ, Mr. Asbury relates:—

"The people looked on us with pleasure, hardly knowing how to show their love sufficiently, bidding us welcome with fervent affection, and receiving us as angels of God. Oh! that we may walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called! When I came near the American shore my very heart melted within me—to think from whence I came, where I was going, and what I was going about. But I felt my mind open to the people, and my tongue loosed to speak. I feel that God is here, and find plenty of all I need."

It was here, too, that Thomas Rankin and George Shadford, Methodist preachers from England, landed on the 3rd of June, 1773; and here was the first conference for Methodism in America held on the 4th of July of that year, by ten preachers, who reported 1160 members belonging to the several societies:—so that to us, as Methodist visitors, it may easily be understood that Philadelphia is a place of great interest.

Next to the Methodists are the Presbyterians and the Baptists, for numbers. The Quakers are now divided into two sections, under the popular names of the “Orthodox,” who are of the old school of William Penn, and the “Hicksites,” who are Unitarians in doctrine. The German reformers and the Roman Catholics have also considerable numbers of adherents here.

The churches are, in their interior accommodations, fitted up with great convenience and comfort for the worshippers; and several of them have large week-night lecture and service-rooms underneath, admirably arranged and furnished. There are, likewise, in the city and suburbs many good and flourishing educational, literary, and benevolent institutions that fully accord with the character and spirit of the inhabitants.

But the most famous of all the public buildings of Philadelphia is its old State-house, now called the “Hall of Independence.” It stands in the front of Independence Square, adjoining Chestnut Street, and is a large old-fashioned brick structure, more than a century and a quarter old, with an extensive façade towards the street, and a small open tower or cupola on the top. It was here that the first American Congress was held, and the original “Declaration of Independence” signed by the leaders of the revolution. On this account the

building is of course held in veneration by all Americans. The room in which the Congress sat is sacredly preserved in the state in which it was when the Declaration received its signature, and was proclaimed from the front steps of the building. Within it are several relics—such as chairs, table, a wooden statue of Washington, many old portraits of the leaders and founders of American colonisation and freedom; and the old bell which was used and rung at the time of the great proclamation, and which bears this significant quotation from Scripture on its rim, “Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the people thereof.”

Though not feeling all the deep and natural interest in this place which the Americans must feel, yet we felt that a spot so intimately associated with the memories of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock, Adams, and others of those remarkable men, was classic ground. The calmly penetrative face of Franklin, especially, cannot but frequently come up before the mind while one treads that hall, for it was chiefly in Philadelphia that he lived and laboured. But it is with him as with so many who have written their own epitaphs—the one he wrote for himself, under the allusion to an old worm-eaten book, that should appear again in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author, is not to be found on his burial monument; there is simply a plain slab laid flat on the ground, inscribed—

BENJAMIN }
 AND } FRANKLIN,
 DEBORAH } 1790.

LETTER IV.

WASHINGTON.

Railway Journey over Slave Territory—Arrival at Washington—Unfilled-up Plan of the City—Population and Vice—Manners of the “Representatives”—Gaiety of Dress—Dandy Negroes—The Negro Bazaar—The Capitol—Houses of Congress—Scene in the House of Representatives—Contrast to the British House of Commons—Political Parties in the United States—President’s House—Congress Chaplains—Terrific Thunderstorm—Plainness of the American Chief Magistrate.

WE are now in the legislative capital of the United States, having come to Washington from Philadelphia, a distance of 137 miles, in something more than six and a half hours. We left the Quaker City at noon, and, being detained at the hotel-door waiting for nine passengers to be jammed into a coach only large enough for six, we were late at the railway-station; and were not only pressed for time to have our luggage duly checked, and to obtain our tickets, but were also driven to take such seats as we could find in a rough and crowded railway car. We could not obtain two adjoining seats, and had again to take our places beside rude, unshaven travellers, who annoyed us by their lounging, and copious distillations of tobacco-juice. With the Delaware on our left, we passed over some flat, unvaried country, until we reached Wilmington, a town of considerable importance on the line, to judge by

what we saw from a distance of its streets, warehouses, and public buildings. Soon after this, we crossed the boundary of Pennsylvania, and entered the Slave State of Maryland. Our reflections on this circumstance, at the time, created within both of us most painful feelings, which we afterwards expressed to each other; and, whether our imaginations darkened the objects we viewed, or it was really so, we both thought that the transition from the Free States to the slave-holding territory might be seen in the inferior huts and dejected appearance of the negroes by the way-side, as well as in the loose and slovenly cultivation of the land around.

We crossed several streams, creeks, and rivers, flowing out of Chesapeake Bay, which was now on our left; and we went shaking and rattling along in our heavy cars over great lengths of timber-bridges, resting on piles, unrailed off from the water, and swinging and trembling fearfully as we passed over them. In about four and a half hours we crossed the Patapsco river, and rushed over iron bridges that stretched over docks and basins, and down the middle of one of the most populous streets of the city of Baltimore, to the railway-station, the big bell by the engine-chimney ringing all the way to warn persons in the street that the train was near. We there changed our carriage, got seated together, and made our mutual observations upon what we had seen and felt on the road.

The number of coloured persons had greatly increased upon our view since we entered Maryland; and, as we saw them in the fields, in the streets, at the railway terminus, and some of them, half-clothed, in miserable low dwellings in the lower part of the city which we were passing, I could not but think, prayerfully, of the

picture, familiar to our childhood, of the negro in chains, with hands uplifted to heaven, and exclaiming, "Pity poor Africa! Am I not a man and a brother?"—for here I was beginning to realise the existence of the wrongs the picture had so long foreshadowed. We hurried forward past the junctions for the Pittsburg and the Annapolis railway-lines; and, as we advanced towards the Columbia district, and drew near to Washington, we found the land more hilly and better cultivated; numerous villas and country residences scattered over it; and these adorned with surrounding gardens and lawns, spreading cedars and fruit-trees. On arriving at the terminus, which is near to the Capitol, we drove about half-a-mile to the "National Hotel," where there are, as we expected, a large number of members and visitors of the House of Congress.

Washington is impressive at several points of view, but it is far from looking like a metropolitan city, and from fulfilling the hopes and expectations its founder is said to have formed concerning it. Planned and designed by General Washington himself, whose name it bears, and whose perpetual monument it is intended to be, it has not progressed in population and trade as was originally looked for. Perhaps there is an advantage in this; for, if Washington had enlarged as rapidly as some of the other cities of the States, it might have been difficult to keep the crowded inhabitants in order during times of excitement regarding great questions. As it is, any excitement there may be on political matters in Washington is, for the most part, within the Hall of Congress.

The city is finely situated, being on elevated ground near to the broad, meandering Potomac River, which communicates, through the Chesapeake, with the sea, at

some eighty miles distance. The scenery around is pleasing, being composed of hills with verdant slopes, and of land richly clothed with trees, and divided by water. From the Capitol, as a centre, the streets and avenues of the city radiate, after the manner of the spokes of a wheel. Unfortunately, when the plan of the city had been laid out on an extensive scale of some fourteen miles in circumference, and the Capitol was commenced, in 1793, instead of disposing of the plots of land nearest to the central object in the first instance, purchasers were allowed to select building ground where they pleased. So that, now, there are large open spaces seen between the structures, and that in all directions, justifying the popular saying that "Washington is a city of magnificent distances." Some of the streets are nothing more than enclosed roads that run out to the water, or to the woods; and the whole aspect of the place is that of half village and half town. The principal street is called "Pennsylvania Avenue," and extends in a direct line from the Capitol about a mile and a half to the "White House," as the President's official residence is called. This street, on one side at least, is pretty well built upon, and displays some good shops, or "stores." It is very wide, is shaded at the sides by rows of trees, like the streets of Philadelphia (reminding one also of Versailles), and is the chief part for both trade and recreation.

The population of Washington amounts to about 54,000, one fourth of which is composed of visitors, including the members of Congress and their families. The varieties of the population are numerous and striking. The permanently resident white population are said to have come from all parts of the Union—

members of Congress and their families necessarily do so; and the number of coloured persons, mulatto and black, bond and free, nearly equals the number of the whites. Fashion and dissipation seem to be the general objects of life here; morning-calls and evening-parties form the earnest business of existence; and the separation of many representatives and male visitors from their families is said to be very injurious to the morals of the people. The large proportion of showily dressed female mulattoes and creoles seen in the streets would indicate this at once to an observant stranger; and the mixture of rough unpolished men of the West, with the more refined and mercurial men of the South, and the whites of different States with dark menials, many of whom are slaves, gives to the population of Washington, in an English point of view, a painful aspect.

The boarders at this hotel are the most motley and unsatisfactory company we have hitherto joined. They are principally representatives and their visitors. To some of these their eight dollars per day from the people electing them must be important, to judge from their appearance and manners. They are thorough slovens in dress, rude and obtrusive in behaviour, crowd the hall and passages, and smoke and spit, and pass to and fro and in and out with a reckless, self-important, and "I do as I like" air. Mingled with them—or, rather, in the gentlemen's parlour, or reading-room—there are several more gentle and refined spirits, but they are not sufficient in number to give effectual relief to the unpleasant picture. The first profane oath we have heard since we left England was uttered here by an elderly man who sat opposite to us at breakfast; and who, when reproved for it by Dr. Hannah, said, putting

his hand to his pocket, "Pray, sir, what am I indebted to you for your counsel?" Our public meals here, though dearly paid for, are far from agreeable. There is plenty of good and substantial food on the table, but it is taken in such a hurry, and with such a selfish kind of scramble,—every one clutching what he can for himself, without any respect to his neighbours' wants, and that with the most dogged silence,—that our English idea of a "comfortable" meal receives a sore shock. Each man here seems to bolt, rather than eat his food; and to see one after another start up and hurry away out of the room, you would suppose every one had some vastly important affairs to transact. But when you quit the table yourself, and go out into the entrance hall, you find it thronged with loungers and smokers, just come from the table: so that habit and self-indulgence, not necessity, evidently induce the conduct so strange and disagreeable to an Englishman. I should say that, on the average, Americans at public tables eat more than we Englishmen, and that of substantial food; but I think I may state that a quarter of an hour is almost the full extent of the time an American devotes to his hotel dinner. In private society, where we have been, there is none of this semi-barbarous "hurry-skurry," but everything is agreeable. It is only of hotel life in this place that I now write; and here, at all meals, and wherever you may be served, by waiters or porters, there is the painful suspicion haunting you that they who wait upon or serve you in this legislative capital are slaves. This thought darkens, and perhaps distorts all one's views; and so heavily has it oppressed me at all meals that I could not eat with comfort, and often have I had difficulty in restraining an impulse to rise up from

my seat at table, and tell the poor slave, as I supposed him to be, waiting behind me, to sit down and take my place, and eat the meal while I waited upon him, to show that I believed him to be "a man and a brother."

In the streets of Washington, and especially during morning promenade, there is a great display of gay dress to be seen; and it is not confined to the whites: some of the coloured people, who have the means, dress extravagantly fine: silk-gowns, white gauze and feathered bonnets, white or flesh-coloured stockings, and satin shoes, with variously-coloured parasols to guard the face from the sun, may be seen on the dark, and, in some instances, easy and graceful forms, and in the hands, of coloured females promenading in the forenoon along Pennsylvania Avenue. The black male dandy is also to be seen; and, of all sights, he is the most ridiculous. Sambo is plainly an imitative creature, but, like most other imitators, he strays into caricature: thus, Sambo plays the fine gentleman in the streets of Washington by wearing a coat of superfine broadcloth, cut in the newest fashion, and richly adorned with gilded buttons, and a profusion of white starched shirt-collar and wristbands, and of frilled shirt-front; he holds a silver or gold-tipped cane within white kid gloves; he perches his hat sideway on a head tossed up with consequence; and struts like a magpie. This is a sight that alternately provokes one to laughter and moves one to pity. It is not, however, a very frequent sight, for there are not many coloured men in Washington able to dress thus. Many of them are meanly clad, and show by the palms of their hands and the soles of their naked feet, whitened by toil and walking, that their life is one of hard and severe labour. I followed some of these injured and

degraded sons and daughters of Africa to their haunts and huts behind the larger streets and avenues, that I might see how they were housed, and found that some of them were in a very desolate and pitiable condition ; and on the second evening of our stay here, I pushed my way into a negroes' bazaar, which was held in a cross street at a large room, on behalf, I believe, of an African Baptist church. And of all crowded and heated places, this was the most disagreeably so of any I had seen. There were dark females within their stalls, gaily clad, and with coquettish smiling looks selling their highly-coloured and gaudily-embroidered articles. There were black and bronzed perspiring young men and women, arm in arm, parading the room in their best attire, joking, laughing, and jabbering away through their even rows of white teeth, in the most amusing style ; and yet, with this, there was a child-like, easy simplicity that rendered the novel assemblage pleasing and interesting. There were no white faces to break or diversify the scene, and my presence evidently caused surprise to the coloured company.

The CAPITOL, as the house of legislation is loftily named, is the principal object of attraction in Washington, and it is undoubtedly a fine and magnificent edifice. Standing on a considerable elevation, it overlooks the city, and may be seen from all parts as its crowning ornament. It is faced with white marble, and, associated with the green mound on which it stands, and with the terraces, walks, and shrubbery around it, is at once pleasing and imposing. It is by far the best building I have seen in America. It has a grand, serene, and noble effect, and is fully worthy of the purpose to which it is devoted—the debating and framing of the laws by which

a great and rising people are to be governed. In form, it is a large oblong square, crowned with a high dome in the centre, and has wings attached to the middle of its sides covered with domes of less altitude. The style of architecture is the Corinthian, and of that style it is a chaste, simple, and harmonious example. The entire front is 352 feet long, the breadth of the building 269 feet, and its height in the centre 120 feet. Additional wings of large dimensions are now being erected, and there is to be raised in the centre a still loftier dome. The sketch given of this grand and imposing structure is taken from a photograph copy of the architect's own drawing, and will show you what it is intended to be in its outward appearance. In the centre, within and under the principal dome, is the Rotunda, which is nearly 100 feet in diameter, and nearly 100 feet high. It is embellished with sculpture in *alto relievo*, and with large historical paintings. The sculpture, within sunken stone panels at the four cardinal points, is somewhat rude. It represents—Smith delivered by the Interposition of Pocahontas; the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; Boone's Conflict with the Indians; and Penn treating with the Red Men for his Territory. The paintings represent—the Presentation of the Declaration of Independence to Congress; the Surrender of Burgoyne to Gates; the Surrender of Cornwallis, at York-town; Washington resigning his Commission to Congress, at Annapolis; the Baptism of Pocahontas;* and the Em-

* The story of Pocahontas, the Indian chief's daughter, here celebrated in painting and sculpture, is romantic in interest. A party of the early English colonists had fallen into the hands of Powhattan, her father, a powerful chief. All the English party were summarily put to death except Captain John Smith, their leader, who, instead of manifesting fear, displayed to the savages

barkation of the Pilgrim Fathers. These pictures are all large, and nearly cover the walls of the Rotunda. The first four are by Colonel Trumbull, a veteran of the revolutionary war, and are stiff and formal in composition; and the last two are by modern American artists, and are wanting in solidity and repose, both in style of design and colour. There are some good statues on the terrace of the east front—one of Columbus, with a globe in his hand, and an Indian woman by his side; and two others, emblematic of Peace and War. In bas-relief, above, there is a figure of Washington crowned by Fame, while, in the ground before the east front, there is a colossal sitting figure of the great statesman, by Greenough, and bearing a Latin inscription on its pedestal, signifying that "Horace Greenough made this image to the great example of liberty, and not without (liberty) itself to endure." On another side of the pedestal is inscribed—"First in war: First in peace: First in the hearts of his countrymen."

Leading off from the Rotunda, in the middle, are

his pocket-compass, and, by signs and gestures, engaged and amused them with a description of the form of the earth, and the nature of the planetary system. Three successive days they took counsel as to what was to be done with this wonderful being, and at length decreed his death; but, as he bowed his head to receive the fatal stroke of the tomahawk, Pocahontas, the chief's young and favourite daughter, threw herself upon the neck of the interesting stranger, and begged for his life, saying he should make hatchets for her father, and rattles, strings, and beads for herself. His life was spared, and he afterwards made important discoveries on the coast. Some years afterwards, Pocahontas herself fell into the hands of English colonists, when she was instructed in Christianity and baptised, as the first Indian convert in America. She was then sought in marriage by John Rolfe, who brought her to England, where she died, after winning love and admiration as a Christian, a wife, and a mother.

passages to the Senate Chamber and to the Hall of Representatives, which are in the north and south wings of the building. These are, as to their general plan and arrangements, much alike, only the Hall of Representatives is considerably larger than the Senate Chamber. They are semicircular in shape, with the chair for the president, or speaker, in the middle of the diameter line; the seats and desks of the senators, or representatives, being arranged in semicircular rows, very much after the style of the French legislative chambers. Into galleries around and behind the speaker, the public are admitted. In its interior fittings of Potomac marble pillars and dome-roofed ceilings, with curtains and carpets, each place of legislative assemblage is handsome and tasteful. Under the Senate Chamber is the apartment in which the supreme court holds its sessions once a year, and over the entrance of the west front is the Library, containing, it is said, some 30,000 volumes, and elegantly fitted up. There are numerous offices within the general building; and outside, both at the east and west fronts, the porticoes, steps, and balustrades are very stately and impressive in their effect.

We attended both Houses of the Congress at the time of their sittings, that we might see and hear, in their respective places, the senators and representatives of the people of America. The Senate is presided over by the Vice-President, the second magistrate of the United States: it is composed of two members from the Legislature of each State, who are elected for six years, one-third of the whole Senate going out of office every two years. We were pleased with the senators; they bore much of the appearance of old English country gentlemen. They seemed, indeed, to be fit repre-

sentatives of property, for so they may be considered from the mode of their election. Some of them spoke with great order, and very effectively. But we were not so much gratified in the House of Representatives. The speaker is a fine, noble-looking man; and there were some of the members who seemed to be thoughtful, and lovers of order; but many of them appeared to be rude, disorderly, and bawling men, who do not mend what we call the "Queen's English" either in form or tone. We were told by friends, before we paid this visit to the place of national debate, that not a few of the representatives are mere political adventurers, who live and trade upon public excitement, and have no great amount of confidence placed in them by anybody. In looking upon them, and listening to them, I could fully understand and believe this statement.

The principal subject of discussion when we were in attendance was the correctness of a decision pronounced from the chair. The clamour for opportunity to speak was great, and the speaking against one another violent. If what we witnessed ought to be taken as a fair specimen of the daily proceedings in that House of Congress, one would be ready to conclude that it requires no great sum of wisdom, genius, or even business-like talent, to govern the American people. We, however, found there was good reason to believe that the people, generally, are better than their parliamentary representatives. It would be nearly impossible to caricature the strange things we heard from some of these national talkers. Several of them, with complexions like meerschaum pipes that have been long in use, might have been taken for travellers from the backwoods; and these delivered themselves in the most inflated style, piling together epithets

in the superlative with unmerciful profusion, and straining after figures of speech, as if words, and not thoughts, were the great requisites for guiding the judgments of those who heard them to a proper conclusion. Some of the speeches we heard must have been delivered for *bunkem*, as the Americans designate what is spoken for mere out-of-doors effect.

Between the routine and other circumstantial of the American parliament and ours, of course there are some differences. We had no written orders to obtain for entrance into either house of Congress. Visitors of all kinds are present, both in the galleries and on the floor: men in working clothes as well as persons in fashionable dress; and there were also many ladies in the galleries. The president, or speaker, was in plain clothes, and so were the clerks and officers of each house. There are no ministerial benches, or mention of this or that side of the house; no cries of "hear, hear," or "divide;" no cheering, coughing, or interruptions resembling those so customary in the British House of Commons. The members secure their seats by choice as they arrive at the beginning of a session; each man speaks as long and as loudly as he pleases, but there is often a hard fight for the next turn, many rising when the speaker sits down, and no small difficulty in determining who is to have the turn. The houses sit from twelve at noon to four, or, if necessary for the dispatch of business, to six, or later.

I need scarcely say that party-feeling in politics runs extremely high in this city and in this country. Nearly all profess the strongest attachment to the constitution, and seem as if they would sacrifice anything to maintain it, and yet never were parties more violently opposed to

each other, and never were parties in a country more numerous. There are Whigs, Democrats, Democrat-Republicans, or Loco-focos, Nullifiers, Seceders, Workies, and Know-nothings, beside Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery men, these last two belonging usually to one or another of the political parties as well. The three first-named parties are of most importance. The Whigs are what we should call Conservatives; the Democrats resemble our Whigs, or moderate reformers; and the Democrat-Republicans are Radicals, and are named "Loco-focos" from a stratagem they employed at a meeting with *loco-foco* matches. The bulk of the wealthier classes may, perhaps, be said to belong to the Conservatives, the body of the people to the moderate reformers, and the most violent to the Radicals. Each party has its spouters and newspapers, and seems to see no consistency or virtue in the other; and here, as in New York, the public profligacy of speech and writing is most flagrant concerning the conduct and character of political chiefs and their adherents. They are abused, scandalised, and denounced in the most unsparing manner. This practice is so fully understood, that what is spoken in political meetings or written in newspapers carries little weight with it. All this is admitted and lamented by observant and candid Americans with whom we have conversed.

The building in Washington next in importance to the Capitol is undoubtedly the residence provided for the chief magistrate of the United States. The President's house stands on an elevated piece of ground at the other extremity of the city. It is a spacious, good building, with Ionic pilasters and rustic basement. In size and appearance it is very much like an English

nobleman's seat ; but the parallel has not been continued to the grounds adjoining it, for they do not include twenty acres. There are some good government offices at the same end of the city, near to the President's house. There is, likewise, between the city and the river, a large building of red sandstone, and of Norman or early Gothic architecture, named the " Smithsonian Institute," with other collegiate, educational, and scientific institutions. The private buildings in Washington are, with few exceptions, poor and low. Many of them are of wood ; and being either singly detached or in scattered and isolated groups, they have a comfortless appearance. And even where the houses are more continuous, as in the principal streets, they are of such various shapes and heights, as to present no satisfactory effect. The shops, for the most part, are small and slenderly furnished, and are far inferior to the " stores " of New York and Philadelphia. Many parts of the city seem to be just rising into existence, and others falling into decay, on the borders of a marshy common.

At night the city, through its insolvency, it is said, is scarcely lighted at all, and appears then most desolate. I cannot but think that the curse of slavery is upon it. Here slavery has its mart, its auction-block, its dungeons, its whips and chains, and its open profligacy. I could send you copies of advertisements for the sale of negroes and the recovery of runaway slaves which appear here in the newspapers, and I could relate to you several instances of the wrongs and cruelty done to slaves within Washington itself ; but I forbear to write at length upon this subject until I shall have seen and heard more concerning it.

There are about twenty churches in Washington

belonging to different religious bodies. The Methodists have in the city 2300 fully accredited members: 1000 of whom belong to the coloured race. Public religious services are daily held in the Senate Chamber and in the House of Representatives. The chaplains to each house of Congress are appointed, on election, by the members, and usually are Methodists, but at present there is one Presbyterian chaplain and one Methodist. We heard the prayer of the venerable Presbyterian minister in the Hall of Representatives, at twelve at noon, when the proceedings for the day commenced, and were gratified. He prayed very earnestly that God would bless the People's representatives, and make them good and faithful servants of the Republic.

We had not time to go over to Georgetown, the other city within the district of Columbia (a small territory which has been voluntarily surrendered by Virginia and Maryland to the exclusive government of Congress), or to visit Mount Vernon, which is fifteen miles distant, and where, on the banks of the Potomac, is the house and tomb of Washington. I ought, however, to have named a colossal monument to the renowned statesman, general, and founder of this city, which may be seen now rising between the President's house and the river.

I must not fail to note for you in this sheet the features and effects of a thunderstorm which Dr. Hannah and I have witnessed in this place. It came on in the dusk of the evening. The clouds gathered black above and around us, the lightnings flashed incessantly, and the thunder literally shook the earth with its echoes. At one time the firmament seemed all on flame around us, and then it appeared to open and shut in different

parts with fire. The wind rose, and rushed along furiously, until we could not walk in the streets. It bent and split the trees of the avenues, and howled fearfully in the corners and among the chimneys of the houses. A few large pattering drops of rain fell, and spread themselves upon the pavement, and then, as if the sky had suddenly burst, the water poured down in torrents, and ploughed up the ground into deep rugged furrows, until one was ready to imagine that a second deluge was come. While in New York we were caught in a rain-storm that seemed to us overwhelming; it drenched us through to the skin in a few minutes, but it was a trifle compared to this storm in Washington.

I may just say, in conclusion, that we did not seek an introduction to the President of the United States, though we should have had no difficulty in obtaining it. The American chief magistrate is readily accessible to all who desire to see him or speak with him. His "drawing-rooms" and "*levées*" are open to all persons,—even to the poorest, who may go to them in working-dress,—the only qualification being that the person who thus claims admission should be a citizen of America. There are no forms or dresses of state and ceremony used either by the President or any member of the government. There are no livery-servants belonging to the American grandees; if they be seen here at all, they belong to ambassadors or other representatives from foreign states; and the President may walk through the streets of Washington with almost as little observation as any private citizen.

LETTER V.

B A L T I M O R E.

Origin of the City—General Description of it—American Aristocracy—Coloured Population—Evils of Slavery—The “Liberia” Project—“Washington Monument”—“Battle Monument”—“Green Mount Cemetery”—Methodist Cemetery, or, “the Mount of Olives”—Importance of Methodism in Baltimore—Relics of Early Methodism—Record of Early Labourers—Coloured Churches of Methodists—Preaching and Memorable Scene of excitement at the African Methodist Church in Sharpe Street—Scriptural Hopes for the Emancipation of the enslaved Race.

WE came to this city from Washington, and have lost no time in surveying it, and getting acquainted with whatever it contains of worth and interest. At first we went to Barnum’s Hotel, in Battle Monument Square, with the intent to inn there, but Dr. Roberts, at whose house we called while he was from home, followed us, and insisted on our coming to stay with him. He is both a doctor in divinity and a doctor of laws and medicine, and is a very intelligent, hospitable, and pious gentleman. The interest he displays in whatever belongs to the antiquities and history of Methodism is remarkable. He not only possesses many valued relics, records, and books of early Methodism, but has done much towards founding a society for collecting and preserving such memorials of the past. He is what is

termed in America a "located minister," practising in the medical profession, and yet officiating in turn at the Methodist churches of the city, as well as holding a chaplaincy to the soldiers and the cemetery. Dr. Roberts has spared no trouble in showing us attention, and has driven us about most cheerfully to view the principal parts of the city and its objects of interest.

Baltimore, as you will know, is the capital of Maryland, and, for population and commerce, ranks as the third city in the United States. At the Census of 1850 it contained 169,054 souls. It derives its name from Lord Baltimore, the tolerant Roman Catholic nobleman, who, in the reign of William and Mary, settled here as a colonist with his family, and who not only gave to Protestants the free exercise of their consciences in the worship and service of God, but also acted justly and generously to the aboriginal Indians, from whom he purchased the lands of the State. Like the other cities we have visited, Baltimore is most favourably situated, standing on ground that rises, some 150 feet to its crown, from an extended bay of the Patapsco River, which, at the distance from hence of 200 miles, passes by the Chesapeake into the open Atlantic. In general appearance, as beheld in the approach to it, the town, rising up from the water, reminds one of the views given of Constantinople; and there are several domes, tall, slender monuments, and minaret-like forms, that materially contribute to this resemblance. In trade and exports of flour and tobacco, it is among the busiest cities of this western world; and its numerous shipping, seen fringing the water's edge, adds to the general effect of the panorama.

"Baltimore Street," which runs from east to west

through the middle of the town, and is about two miles long, is the great thoroughfare both for trade and promenade. It is a good wide street, having in it many substantial and well-stocked warehouses and stores. The most fashionable quarter of the town is on the high ground at the north side. Here are many fine buildings, both public and private; and the well-built brick houses, with granite or white marble steps and porticoes—the silvered and polished door-handles, knockers, and bell-pulls—the ornamental railings and balustrades—and the clean and pretty grass-plots, render this quarter equal to the finest parts of Philadelphia; while there is less of sameness in the general effect than there is in the flat Quaker city. This quarter, indeed, may more properly be styled “aristocratic” than anything we have yet seen in America. There is an air of real refinement in its society. The ladies, in their walks and rides, have a delicacy in their dress and equipage that tells assuredly of cultivated taste. They are remarkable for gracefulness; and a “Baltimore beauty” is a proverbial phrase, the fitness of which seems to be generally acknowledged. The original colonists here were English and French gentry, many of them being persons of superior education and manners, and the stamp of refinement seems never to have been lost. I may just observe that we have already found there is real self-congratulation among the Americans when their descent can be clearly traced from good English families.

The coloured persons in this city are numerous, amounting, it is said, to one-fourth of the entire population. Three-fourths of these are reported as “free;” and, from the dress and style of some of them, it is evident they experience no scarcity of means for comfort-

able and even sumptuous living. The slaves are chiefly domestic and hired-out labourers. Some of these appear to be well provided for, and seem to be cheerful and contented in their situations. There is much of the picturesque in the figures of the female slaves here, as they are seen cleaning the steps and door-handles of the best houses, their black but comely arms and faces contrasting richly with their coloured turban-handkerchiefs and body-dresses, and with the white marble steps and porticoes; and the black coachmen and footmen associated with the fine horses and rich silver ornaments of the carriages produce a stately effect.

But in the lower parts of the city, and in the outskirts, there are many negroes who are very coarse and very wretched in their looks—many that seem as if they had abandoned themselves hopelessly to degradation, and who live in filth and misery the most deplorable. Their dwellings seem like dens of darkness and desolation; and their children, of either sex, with their rough woolly heads, run in and out of them utterly unclothed. Surely slavery, wherever it exists, exhibits, even under the most favourable circumstances, its own brand of wrong and wretchedness. And what is it here, in this refined and genteel city, compared with what it is in the field, and on the cotton and tobacco grounds, where men and women are driven along in their allotted labour by the whip, and are exposed to every injury and insult of passionate and depraved owners and drivers.

All whom I have hitherto conversed with in the States on this subject deplore the great evil of slavery. The intelligent and benevolent men of this city express themselves as being ashamed of it, and seem very earnest

in their desire to get rid of it as soon as practicable. It is in Baltimore that the most strenuous efforts have been made to establish Liberia—the colony on the coast of Africa to which it is aimed to transmit coloured people when set free in America. Some may question the propriety of encouraging this scheme. It may be urged that the strong antipathy to the dark race, which seeks the entire removal of it from American soil, should not be fostered. And others may question the justice of such a measure, since the negroes and their mulatto children, born on American ground, seem to have as great a natural right to live and continue there as the white descendants of emigrants from foreign lands; yet it is beyond a doubt that many who strive to maintain this Liberia project are impelled by the earnest pity and benevolence of their honest hearts.

Among the more modern churches there are some good buildings in Baltimore. The Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Unitarian Church are highly spoken of by some; but though they are prominent objects by their size, and by the domes with which they are surmounted, yet they are not consistent or good in their architectural style, and are unattractive when compared with the cathedrals and churches of celebrity in Europe. There are two monuments of some pretension in this “City of Monuments,” as it has been called. One, the “Washington Monument,” is a Doric column, with pedestal and figure, 180 feet high, all of white marble, and in form is not much unlike the Duke of York’s Column, on the old site of Carlton House, London. This monument stands on the very crown of the northern or best part of the city, and is a pleasing object. The view from the top of this high monument is very exten-

sive. Dr. Hannah and I climbed the 200 steps, and felt ourselves well rewarded for the labour. The town, with its streets, buildings, quays, and shipping, is spread out in its full length and breadth before you; while the river at its verge may be seen extending towards the sea. The figure of Washington, by Cansici, an Italian sculptor, is 16 feet high, and represents the general at the interesting moment when, after settled victory, he voluntarily resigned his command to retire into private life. The veneration for Washington in the States is unbounded. He is undoubtedly the national idol; his name, acts, and sayings still govern the Americans; and perhaps of all hero-worship among nations, there is none existing which is more signal or manifest than that of Washington among this people. There is wide difference of opinion respecting other early presidents and statesmen—such as Jefferson and Adams—but none as to Washington. Every American holds him to have been a great, pure-souled, disinterested man, and seems to regard him as the true *beau ideal* of a patriot.

The “Battle Monument,” intended to perpetuate the memory of the men who fell in the several battles fought during the struggle for Independence is less satisfactory than the monument to the nation’s founder. It is an odd and incongruous combination of an Egyptian spreading pedestal with a Roman column of arrows and bands; it is 52 feet high, of white marble, and has on its top a female figure, emblematic of the city of Baltimore.

The cemeteries in the suburbs of Baltimore are, I think, the most lovely and interesting places of the kind I have ever visited. I have seen nothing equal to them in England or elsewhere. The “Green Mount

Cemetery," north-west of the town, is highly rich and beautiful in its undulating ground, and fresh green graceful trees and tasteful shrubbery. Mingled with other trees of fine, broad, spreading foliage are cedars and pines; while under and around them are countless tombs, obelisks, columns, and gravestones, nearly all of white marble, and bearing inscriptions for the dead whose bodily remains have been interred beneath them. Many of these monuments are very chaste and beautiful in form, and the devices and inscriptions upon them are affecting. One, for a departed youth, is an open Bible on a pedestal, with a broken flower resting on the second verse of the 14th chapter in the Book of Job—"He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." On others are the names of the parties erecting the memorial, under the words, "In memory of our beloved mother," or, "In memory of my beloved wife." I observed, also, that not only have families plots of ground railed in for themselves, but that within them, besides the grave-stones with inscriptions for deceased wife and child, the living widower and father's own resting-place was provided, the inscription, of course, omitting the date of his death and the record of his age. What a locality for a man to visit, and in which to meditate on his own frailty and mortality!

The other cemetery, which is north-east of the city, is exclusively devoted to the Methodists, and is named "The Mount of Olives." It is not so fine in trees and shrubbery as Green Mount; but it, too, with its numerous white marble monuments, is a most interesting place. It was first opened in 1846, and contains already more than 1000 bodies. The remains of Bishops Asbury, Emory, and George have been brought here, and are

enclosed within a large square, where a suitable monument is to be erected for them. We lingered on this ground, where rest the bodies of so many of "the dead who died in the Lord," until the sun went down in his American golden glory, and until the grey twilight gathered and thickened around us, and made us the subjects of solemn reflections and of deep feeling.

The Methodists have a very prominent and honourable rank among the Protestant denominations of Baltimore,—they are, in fact, foremost both in numbers and influence. They number forty-three churches and chapels; five of these being for the coloured race, and two for the Germans. Gospel teaching is supplied in these churches by thirty stated ministers and seventy local preachers, of whom twenty-two are coloured free-men, ten of them having been ordained. The number of full church members in Baltimore is more than 13,000, 3730 of them being coloured persons. Some of the churches are highly interesting by their associations with the earlier scenes of Methodism. At the back of one of these churches, named "Light Street Church," is an upper room in which several of the first and most important conferences and meetings of Methodism were held, and which were presided over by Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury. It is a square, low-ceiled room, plainly furnished, and still preserved in its primitive style of arrangement and fittings. While in it, and looking upon its rough, heavy furniture, one could not but picture the scenes of seventy or eighty years ago, when the few veteran labourers for Christ, with earnest hearts, but with faces and clothes worn in the wilderness, met there to deliberate on the spiritual wants of the new continent, and how best to provide for them.

What a glorious work has God wrought in this land since their time! But perhaps it is no greater than the devout confidence of such earnest and truly apostolic labourers anticipated.

Baltimore must always be viewed as one of the chief centres from which Methodism first radiated, and from which it has continued to extend and spread until it has well-nigh covered the land. Here the apostolic Asbury had his appointed station from the first conference, and from hence he took his long pilgrimages for preaching the Gospel in the surrounding parts of the country. Here, in his day, and repeatedly since, have been experienced overpowering seasons of grace and salvation. Within twenty-one miles of this place Dr. Coke and his friends sought to establish the first colleges and seminaries for the youth of Methodism; and though these first efforts were singularly frustrated by successive fires, which consumed the buildings erected at great cost and sacrifice, yet, from their ashes, so to speak, have arisen the establishments for learning which Methodism has, since then, so numerous spread over the northern part of this great continent. Here, too, the "Methodist Episcopal Church" of America was first organised into a distinct and separate system of agency for spreading evangelical holiness and truth through the land, when, instead of being a number of societies from other churches, it became a church for itself: and it was here that the general conference of that church was first held, and which has adjourned its sessions, quadrennially, from that time to the present, assembling in different places, as most convenient. Dr. Hannah was here at the general conference of 1824 with the venerable Richard Reece. Here, too, the manly and eloquent

Robert Newton attended the general conference of 1840, and preached to listening and delighted thousands within the churches and open squares, the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." So that, to a Methodist visitor, Baltimore is a place of strong and accumulated interest. But, to me, the most interesting spectacles within this city have been the Methodist churches of black and coloured members. It would be difficult for me to say fully how it is, but I have felt an intense interest in the coloured people of this continent. Perhaps this may be accounted for in some degree by the novelty of what I have witnessed. It is uncommon to English eyes to see large numbers of such people; and they are chiefly associated in the mind with suffering and injury. One unavoidably connects the sight of them with the sense of a gigantic wrong. This feeling had strengthened in the course of our journey, and especially from what I had seen and thought in Washington, until, when I came here, I felt that if it were only for the relief of my own burthen of accumulated feeling, I must preach to the poor, wronged race. Thus it arose that, when informed of the arrangements made prospectively for Dr. Hannah and myself as to Sabbath services, I preferred a request to be allowed to preach in the evening in one of the churches of the coloured people. This gave rise to some passing difficulty, owing to the previous announcement concerning our services, and so what I desired was, at first, received with some remonstrance; but I continued to urge my request, placing myself entirely at the disposal of ministers and friends for the other parts of the day; and at length the African church in "Sharp Street" was assigned to me. In the morning I preached to a large and respectable congregation in "Caroline Street"

Church. Dr. Hannah preached twice to large and delighted congregations—many of his former friends crowding to hear him again.

My Sabbath-evening work was the most intensely inspiring and exhausting service in which I ever partook. The large church was filled to overflowing some time before I arrived there, and I had difficulty in making my way to the pulpit. Some said there were 2000 coloured persons in and about the building; but assembled multitudes are usually over estimated, and I should say it was so in this instance. It would have been very difficult to number them, for they were jammed together in every part, and that irrespective of passages, pews, and sittings. There is a gallery on three sides of the church, which is appropriated to the class of free negroes—persons who are in, what we call in England, easy circumstances. The floor was principally covered with common seats and benches. Within the communion rails sat some twenty black, woolly-headed class-leaders and local preachers. These were fine, intelligent-looking men, neatly dressed in black clothes, and wearing plain white Methodist cravats. The spectacle, altogether, was most impressive. Some of the free negroes in the gallery were not only well, but handsomely dressed—white silk shawls, white gauze and silk bonnets, white kid gloves, and white fans, were plentiful among the dark females. The coloured people seem to be fond of white dress, and no wonder, for, great as may be the contrast between their complexions and their white caps and bonnets, yet, if such portions of their dress were black, how sombre and unpleasing would be the effect! Some of the men in the gallery were dressed in handsome blue and black clothing, associated with a very large amount of white

shirt-collars, fronts, and wristbands. The congregation below was more neatly dressed—some of the females had blue, red, and orange-coloured handkerchiefs gracefully folded upon their heads into African turbans, but were plainly and coarsely clad in their body garments. The men, too, on the ground-floor were plainly, and, in some instances, roughly clothed. Many of these in the lower part of the church were slaves. The place, crowded and filled in every part, became most oppressively hot, and the perspiration ran down the faces of the people most profusely, and made them shine like polished ebony. For that phrase of quaint old Thomas Fuller's—"God's images carved in ebony"—so aptly descriptive of the coloured race, came irresistibly to my remembrance as I looked upon the dark, shining mass of human beings before me. There were not more than half-a-dozen white persons within the church, and they were chiefly ministers on their way to the General Conference,—for the whites of the churches in America do not mingle and worship with the blacks, even when visited by an English minister, whom, perhaps, they flock in crowds to hear when he preaches in a church not set apart for the African race. The strong effluvia emitted by the heated bodies of the negroes may, to some extent, account for this separation, but not wholly. No doubt the degradation so long associated with the coloured people has much to do with it. We commenced the service by singing,—and such singing, I may confidently say, I never heard before. I do not mean as to correctness and order, but for its soft, plaintive melody, and its thrilling effect upon me. They sang in their several parts, for the choir was all duly arranged in the gallery in front of us. It was led by a female, who had a sin-

gularly clear, firm, and powerful voice. A band of dark sisters accompanied her in the air; a brotherhood of manly and mellow voices joined in the tenor; another company, in the purest tones, pealed the counter; while a larger division of huge, brawny black men rolled forth a mass of bass sounds, that one might have called "human thunder" almost without hyperbole; and all the congregation joined the choir in singing. The choir did not sing *to* the congregation, or *for* it—as is too often the case in congregations—but *with* it; and there is a soft, mellowing, and harmonising effect in the African singing that seems peculiar to itself. At prayer all seemed to be most reverent and devout, there seemed to be no irreverence, either in posture or sound, and there were times when "all the people said, Amen!" I preached to them on the freeness and fulness of God's salvation, as set forth in the invitation given by Christ to the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, especially applying to them the direction given concerning the treatment of the unsheltered outcasts of human society, who are represented as in the "highways and hedges." I imposed restraint upon myself for a time, finding that the very sight of the dark congregation, together with associations in my mind of their injured and degraded race, filled me with strong emotion; and the people, from warnings and counsels previously given to them, I believe, also restrained their feeling for a while. But, oh! those black, beaming faces—those upturned and imploringly soft, dark eyes—those eager, devout, and rapturous looks,—were too much for me, and the bonds of self-restraint, both with preacher and people, began to slacken; and when at length praiseful exclamations arose from different parts of the congregation,—such as

“Blessed be de name of Jesus!” “Glory to de Lamb!” “Hallelujah!”—I could restrain myself no longer, but, from an overflowing heart, preached to them the Gospel of the Son of God. The effect was striking—the people wept and laughed, clapped their hands like children, shouted, and even leaped up and danced for joy. The description of Israel at the turning of their captivity might be quoted to represent the rejoicing negro congregation of that night: they were like men who dreamed; their mouth was filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing; yea, “the floods” of the assembled people “lifted up their voice” and “clapped their hands.” The whole mass of dark worshippers bowed and waved to and fro like a field of ripe corn before the wind; and, at length, clearing spaces around them, some of them leaped up from the ground and swung themselves round, literally “dancing before the Lord.” You will hardly comprehend this, but such was the child-like simplicity and devout fervency that marked this singular scene, that it produced no confusion in the service whatever. After the sermon we made a collection; and it was the second during the service,—for the African Methodists are not willing to appear before the Lord empty,—we had made one before for the graveyard belonging to the African church; and this second contribution was for the support of the ministry. Then we sang and prayed again; and then, before the conclusion, the choir sang some of their own African pieces. One piece was on “Canaan, bright Canaan,” and another was on “Praise to the Lord,” and some of the parts in these had very beautiful passages. One female voice took a solo, in one piece, and the voice soared and rang as if it were the voice of a rapt seraph

singing alone in the ecstatic audience of angels. The minister in charge, with myself, tried to dismiss the congregation, but they would not separate, or, if some went out, others came in and began also to sing and shout the praises of God, so that the place remained filled to a late hour. After a time, I pushed my way towards the door; but the blacks crowded around me, and I made but little progress. Numbers of dark, perspiring hands were thrust forth towards me, accompanied with the words, "Bless you, English massa!" and "Bless de Great Massa above!" others said, "He send de Word home to de heart!"

At length I gained the door, and, at something after ten o'clock, reached Dr. Roberts', where, after family worship, I retired, with Dr. Hannah, to bed, glad of the opportunity to speak, with one so congenial in thought and feeling, upon the Sabbath and its services. I did not sleep at all through the night, but passed the wakeful hours upon my bed, with joyful feelings and reflections, exultantly exclaiming, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

I can now fully appreciate the opinion expressed, I believe, by Miss Bremer with regard to African churches, viz., that it is not unlikely God will ultimately raise up from them, His long-oppressed and down-trodden children, model churches for the world; for, certainly, if religion be love, and if simplicity, devoutness, patience, meekness, humility, and fervency be the distinguishing

attributes of Christ's own religion, then these are to be found in African churches in all possible perfection. In them the Book of the Canticles, that "song of songs" (which, when men's hearts shall be purified from carnality, will be found to be a precious vehicle of spiritually loving thought and expression), seemed to be beautifully fulfilled and illustrated. They are sick of love for Christ, their Saviour and spouse, and they seek him most earnestly and perseveringly in the streets and ordinances of the Gospel city, that new Jerusalem which has come down from God out of heaven. It cannot be that this poor, suffering, and long-oppressed race, the prey of all nations, shall have no recompence from a God who judgeth upon the earth. Their cry, from the slave-ship, from the auction-mart, from the dungeon, from the field where they have toiled in chain-gangs, and under the whips that ploughed long furrows in their backs, has already entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth; and He who, when a young child, went down into Egypt, where Joseph, and Moses, and enslaved Israel had wept, and suffered, and prayed, and who had his cross borne for him up the rugged mount of Calvary by Simon, the black man of Cyrene, shall ultimately deliver and avenge them. Under His peaceful and millennial reign, the hostile nature of black and white races of men shall be reconciled, while the savage natures of men-stealers and slave-traders shall be regenerated and subdued. Then shall "the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them; the cow and the bear shall feed together, their young ones lie down together, and the lion eat straw like the ox; and the sucking

child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den: they shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord:" and then shall Africa, freed from her chains, sit rejoicing in her love to Christ, "under her own vine and fig-tree," no man-stealer "daring to make her afraid." "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hand unto God!"

LETTER VI.

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.—CINCINNATI.

Railway from Baltimore to Cumberland—Company of Methodist Ministers—The River Potomac—Town of Cumberland—Hotel Customs, and Iced Water—Striking View from the Hill above Cumberland—Railway over the Alleghanies—Character of the Scenery—Town of Wheeling—Policy which dictated the Formation of the Great Railway to the West—Names of American Towns—Free State of Ohio—The Located Minister—Horrors of Slavery—The Ohio River—Kentucky left behind—Arrival at Cincinnati.

I MUST now describe to you our journey from Baltimore over the great Alleghany Mountains, by the bright Ohio River, Cincinnati,—the “Queen City of the West,”—and over rich prairie and forest lands, on to this “City of Railroads,” as it is called, Indianapolis.

We left Baltimore by an early morning train, that we might have as much of the daylight as possible while travelling on the Ohio Railway. In the cars we had with us for companions several Methodist delegates, who, like ourselves, were on the way to this place for the General Conference. They were intelligent, well-informed ministers, strong haters of slavery, and thoroughly unreserved in speaking their sentiments on what they had seen and learned of that abominable system. Some of them were of English birth and edu-

cation, and were thus wholly free from American prejudices concerning African colour and caste. We had, therefore, considerable advantage in our companionships during a long and toilsome journey, and had not only relief and interest arising from them, but also instruction and profit. The first day was very close and oppressive, and we both saw and felt some reason for certain light-coloured—and, to our English eyes, rather unministerial—clothing which some of our American brethren wore.

Our first two days were spent in passing along the margins of the Slave States of Maryland and Virginia; and in our course we saw slaves working in the fields, and serving within and outside of refreshment-rooms, and of private houses. To our thinking, most of them wore a dejected and sorrowful look; and here, again, in the loose and rude manner in which some of the land was cultivated, we believed we saw signs of what has often been asserted in print, and of what was stoutly maintained by several of our companions, that slave-labour is not really profitable to its owners. Many of the slaves appeared as if they were destitute of sufficient motive for exertion, since they seemed both to work and to wait lazily.

The scenery improved upon us as we advanced into the country. At first it was rather flat and tame, but after a time it began to resemble, in its hills and dales, some parts of Derbyshire and of the English lake district. At many different points we saw and crossed the Potomac River, which separates the States of Maryland and Virginia, and which is more than 500 miles long, from its mouth of seven and a half miles wide at Chesapeake Bay. This noble river bends greatly and fre-

quently in its course, and varies much in the aspect under which it is seen by the traveller through the valley along which it flows. Here it will be seen rolling tumultuously over a wide and broken bed, and there lingering in deep gorges and dark pools; now brawling amidst fragments of rocks and huge boulders, and then it will present a comparatively calm sheet of water, pleasingly dotted with small islands clothed with trees and shrubs. The Potomac is said to have in it abundance of fish, particularly of the white shad, the herring, and the sturgeon. The last-named fish is often found of immense size, weighing as much as 100 lbs., and is seen taking enormous leaps at falls and cascades. The white shad is a flat fish of good substance and flavour, and is not much unlike the sole, so well known and esteemed in England. The shad is a favourite dish at an American table. The Potomac is also frequented at certain seasons by troops of wild swans and flocks of wild geese, which afford pastime to sportsmen, and favourite, if not dainty, food for epicures.

As we approached Harper's Ferry, eighty-two miles distant from Baltimore, the scenery grew very bold and romantic; indeed, when viewed from a more elevated point than we attained, the scenery in that neighbourhood is, reputedly, beautiful and grand. On reaching Cumberland, 178 miles from Baltimore, and at the foot of the Alleghany range, we learned that we could remain there for the night, and re-commence our journey the next morning; so we resolved to stay, and engaged beds at the hotel nearest the railway station. We were again annoyed by the apparent indifference of the hotel-keeper, and his long delay in making known to us what sleeping-room we could have. If such neglect were to

be shown by an innkeeper to his visitors in England, one may venture to say that he would have to close his establishment before many days had gone over his head. When, after long and weary waiting, we attained the knowledge that we could be accommodated, we hastened to refresh ourselves with ablutions of cold water, and, before our evening meal, went out to view the town, and to get a glance at the scenery around it.

The town of Cumberland consists chiefly of a main street, running north and south, and having in it the principal "stores;" and from it two or three cross streets branch off. The number of inhabitants may be about 7000. On an elevated ground, south of the river, there is a court-house, a good Gothic stone church, with tower and spire, and several villa-like residences of the wealthier inhabitants. The trading part of the town, the bulk of the population, the bank, and several churches, lie north of the suspension-bridge, between the river and the railway. We remarked here the great number of rooms and houses which had written upon the doors, or their sideposts, "attorney-at-law," and supposed that, as Cumberland is the seat of justice for "Alleghany County," that circumstance might be regarded as the explanation why the number of lawyers here exceeded what is usually found in such a town, even in America, where the legal profession seems to give the readiest passport to political life or office.

At our evening meal we found, as we had commonly found it to be in American hotels, that almost all provisions and attentions were given to the ladies. We had, as before, much difficulty in obtaining places at the table, being left behind by boarders and travellers, who

rushed into the refreshment-room at the first sound of the bell; and when, through the kindness of our ministerial friends, we had obtained seats, we could not very easily obtain tea and food. One luxury we had here, as elsewhere, and which Englishmen who have not been in a hotter climate than their own will hardly know how to value, and that is iced water. This has been our constant beverage since we landed in America; and it is likely to be so as long as we remain in the States, for we not only do not need anything else, but we do not wish for or desire anything else; and if we did, the customs of American society would forbid it to us, for a minister of religion in this country might almost as soon swear a profane oath as call for wine or spirituous liquor. We do not yet, and, I suppose, we shall not, relish fully the one drinking-can in the railway car for all passengers; but iced water, where we can obtain it to ourselves, is drunk by us with unspeakable relish. We have more than once expressed our fears to each other that, having enjoyed this luxury here, we shall miss it in our own country when we return. Ice, even when obtained in England, is not so solid, clear, and refreshing as it is in this country. It seems here to give healthful tone to the stomach and firmness to the nerves.

After tea, while the ladies repaired to their general drawing-room, and the gentlemen sat near the front windows of their room, some extending their feet over the window-sills, and others with their legs resting on chair-backs, where they chewed, smoked, and spat, Dr. Hannah and I, with some of our ministerial companions, climbed the hill north of the railway, to view the mountain-scenery, with the Potomac, as we looked towards the south. The sun was going down behind the hills,

so that the scene had not such mingling of lights and shadows as it would have had if the sun had been higher in the heavens; yet there were before us largely-extended mountain ranges, with stern outlines and deeply awful shadowings, and the setting sun threw his beams of glowing crimson, at openings, across the landscape, and made portions of the river blaze with golden glory. I sketched a memorandum of the outline of the hills and river, but it can give no idea of the sombre grandeur and mysterious loveliness of the reality. It was an impression for life—a panorama to be remembered and thought of through succeeding years.

After this I went alone to view the houses and sheds of the poorer and coloured inhabitants of the town. I found them neither so low nor so mean as the dwellings of the humbler classes in the larger towns which we had visited. There was also a good Methodist church; and, on the whole, I was cheered by what I saw of the state and order of the town. We went early to bed, that we might be refreshed by sleep before rising at four in the morning; but the heavy tramp of travellers and boarders going to their beds up to a late hour prevented us from falling asleep; and just before midnight, when we were closing our eyes with the stillness that followed, an over-eager black man came thundering at our bedroom door, to call us up, in mistake, for the midnight train. This roused us so thoroughly, that our rest was irrecoverably broken—a circumstance which was much against us after our excitement in Baltimore, and ill-fitted us for the loss of sleep we had afterwards to sustain. At four we rose from our beds, ate a hasty meal, and resumed our journey upon the rail.

After passing through some scenery which again re-

minded us of our own Skiddaw and Windermere district, we began fairly to ascend the Alleghanies, and had in some parts to be drawn up zigzag roads, and steep inclines, as well as through long, dark tunnels, by powerful engines. These ranges of mountains do not, like the Alps of Europe, stand forth in clear, snowy, crisp forms, seeming to inhabit and pierce the heavens with their sharp peaks and ridges: they are of more round and swelling shapes, and are covered, for the most part, with unshorn forests. The height of the highest point of the Alleghanies is not much more than half the height of "Sovran Mont Blanc:" but the length of this American range dwarfs the Alps; it is nearly 1000 miles, and extends from the State of Georgia through the States of South and North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, and terminates in New Hampshire. Numerous rivers have their source in it, and pass off to the Atlantic on the east, and to the Mississippi on the west. From one of these, the "Alleghany River," the main group of mountains derives its name. The breadth of the range is sixty or seventy miles. There were some patches of snow remaining on parts where we crossed, but nothing like the vast cold piles we saw on the European Alps. The face of nature, in other respects, was wild and grand. Forest trees, in different stages of growth, maturity, and decay, were to be seen on all sides; now and then some woodcutter's rough and solitary cabin, most primitive in its shape, peeped out from amidst the masses of "primeval trees;" and we could catch the echo of the stroke of an axe, or the crash of a falling tree. One would like to realise the effect of these mountains as seen from a plain or valley not far from the foot of them; passing over them

in the manner we did, I can only say that their general aspect was one of wild and solitary grandeur. With our Methodist associations, it was impossible to journey over these mountains without recalling the labours of Asbury, M'Kendree, and other zealous pioneers for Christ, who crossed them to preach His Gospel to the emigrants and settlers in the West, and without comparing our mode of journeying with theirs; for theirs was indeed solitary travel, and it needed a high heart to tread these pathless forests, whose only tenants were, at that time, wild beasts and savage men.

By about four o'clock we reached Wheeling, more than 300 miles from Baltimore, and had our first view of the full and broad Ohio River. Wheeling is evidently a thriving and increasing town, and, from its situation, its manufactures, and the great plenty of coal to be found in its neighbourhood, it bids fair to become a very important town in the States. Here terminates the Ohio Railway, and the ways of transit hence branch off to Pittsburg on the north-east, to Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis on the north-west, and to Cincinnati and St. Louis for the great and far West. This town displays some good public and private buildings; it is surrounded by high, bold hills, and it has a broad quay, and a handsome suspension-bridge across the Ohio; but, like our English manufacturing towns, it is but a sooty, grimy place. The last epithet I might also justifiably employ to describe the "National Hotel," at which we stayed for the night. We obtained, as usual, a double-bedded room for ourselves, but it was dirty. The noise around us was also annoying, and, for the third night after our Sabbath excitement at Baltimore, we could obtain little or no sleep.

As may be supposed, this railway over the Alleghany Mountains is a vast and costly undertaking; but it is seen to be most important, nationally, to the United States: so the cost has not been spared. From the West, by the Mississippi and the Lakes, there are outlets to the Atlantic, both on the south and the east, and this without any passage through the States, except by water; and as it is discerned that the valley of the Mississippi is destined to become the grand granary, not only for the States, but for other parts of the world, American statesmen perceived that, without free and easy communication between this vast corn-field and the manufacturing and commercial towns of the east, the States bordering on the Atlantic would be irreparable losers. To prevent this apprehended diversion of the western corn-traffic into the harbours of New Orleans and Quebec, and to preserve for the Atlantic States full sympathy from those on the Pacific, this gigantic railway over the Alleghanies has been constructed. The wisdom of this policy is unquestionable. With the railway and canal from east to west, the States are bound together by commutual trade interests and facility of intercourse, and thus, in spite of the distance of their Pacific from their Atlantic boundary, feel themselves to be still the Great Federation. The returns of the railway cannot, of course, be immediately remunerative; but every American and every foreigner must feel that the outlay for its construction has been wisely and nobly spent, and that this Titanic iron tram-way deserves to be ranked, as it is, among the great national works of America.

We left Wheeling at four o'clock on Wednesday morning, and went on board a steam-packet, which took

us about five miles down the Ohio. Here we were set on shore, to start for Cincinnati by the railway through Columbus and London. By the way, the names of English and European cities of distinction are very numerous in the American States; and not only so, but they multiply the names, having several towns named "Athens," and several "Cambridge," for instance. It might have looked more truly national if the Americans had given original names to their towns; but one must attribute the present practice, I think, at heart, to interest in the celebrities of the Old World. As for any thought about postal confusion, it has not seemed to enter the heads of these namers of towns in America.

Columbus, the capital of Ohio, is another great railway centre, from which lines branch off in many directions. The scenery of the State of Ohio, as we beheld it, in travelling through it from east to west, is principally that of forests and clearings. The trees by the sides of the road were of all sizes and conditions: some were very tall, and interlaced each other with their spreading branches, while they were richly festooned by creepers and springers; others were decayed and falling, or burnt black as charcoal both in their huge trunks and arms; and some had recently been felled by the woodsman, and lay like tall giants shorn of their strength and pride. Some parts of the land looked swampy and uninviting; but there were many tracts in high cultivation, and richly clothed with verdure. The dwellings by the way-side were really houses in form, and not mere log-cabins, though they were chiefly formed of boards. Altogether, the State of Ohio has a promising and improving aspect, unlike the worn-out

face which is often presented by the landscape in the Slave States of Maryland and Virginia.

I was delighted to see in our car two handsome bronze-coloured persons sitting near to us, chatting and laughing together in the midst of white travellers, and evidently feeling at home among them. This was what I had not hitherto seen in any part of the States; and the remembrance of this incident will stamp on my mind the cheerful and pleasant image of "free and young Ohio." We rode with our ministerial companions as far as Xenia; there they went off directly west for Indianapolis, and we went south-west for the city of Cincinnati. In the succeeding part of our journey we were recognised by a located minister, who was exceedingly kind and attentive to us, but who spoke somewhat apologetically for slavery in America. This roused British feeling within us; and on hearing soft things said of the "happiness" and "contentment" of the slaves, we significantly inquired if there were no runaway slaves from Kentucky in Ohio. Our question drew forth the following shuddering statement:—

During the previous hard winter many slaves had escaped from the Slave States, over the ice of the river Ohio, into the Free State. (You will be reminded of "Eliza" in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin.") In Cincinnati and other towns many good humane persons were ready to receive, shelter, and hide these poor fugitives from their vengeful pursuers. Among the rest, a negro woman, with her husband and two children, thus escaped to the Free State of Ohio. She was pursued, and her hiding-place discovered and surrounded. Those who had sheltered her were unable to save her,

and there seemed to be nothing left for her but to surrender. So dreadful was the prospect of returning to her bondage, combined with the knowledge of what severe punishment would be inflicted on her, that she set herself to destroy her whole family rather than go back with them to slavery. She killed one child, and was about to kill the other, before destroying herself, when her fierce pursuers broke into the place, and secured her. Her after-fate I must leave to your imagination. The relation of this case, as you may suppose, entirely dissipated all that had been said of the "happiness and contentment of slaves in America."

Again we came in sight of the Ohio River; it was flowing smoothly and placidly on by our side, and full of water—though it is not always so, being subject to great elevations and depressions, and rising as much as 50 feet higher in March than in September. We had strongly desired to descend this river, from Wheeling to Cincinnati, that we might see it in its breadth of 2400 feet,—the numerous lovely islets with which it is studded, and its banks adorned with resplendent flowers and foliage of rich and magnificent growth. Our resolution to be at Indianapolis by the beginning of the Conference, prevented this. We have, however, seen sufficient of it to understand the appropriateness of the name, "La Belle Rivière," given to it by the French,—who, it will be remembered, greatly coveted the possession of the fine country beyond its border, and longed to add that land to their Canadian territory, but were driven back by the Virginian colonists, headed by Washington, who was at that time a mere youth.

Looking across this noble stream, we could see on its

south side, the State of Kentucky, the landscape of which appeared broken, diversified, and lovely, especially as it was reflected on the surface of “the river of beautiful waters” which flowed between us and that State. Kentucky has a great reputation for fertility, so that it is said of it, in American style,—

“If you plant a nail in the soil at night,
It will come up a spike by morning light!”

From what we have seen of the Kentuckians traveling on this side of the water, I should pronounce them interesting and good companions. They are light-hearted, ardent, and dashing; and are exceedingly loquacious, and very fond of a joke,—a sort of genteel Irish in America. We would willingly have seen more of them, and have visited their celebrated “Mammoth Cave” (with its subterraneous churches, avenues, domes, cataracts, rivers—with their “fishes without eyes,” pits, stalactites, and depths of 600 feet, and length of eighteen miles, with an unknown, and as yet unexplored, extent beyond), but we could not do so without a serious interruption of our duties. So we left Kentucky without any personal visitation, remembering that with all its fertility, beauty, and natural wonders, it is a State under the ban of slavery; but with this relieving circumstance, that many of its proprietors desire and seek its deliverance from that accursed evil.

In the afternoon of Thursday we reached Cincinnati, and by the good offices of our located brother, who accompanied us, we were soon comfortably provided for at the “Gibson Hotel,” and were able to go out and look at the city. Assuredly it is not without fitness

that Cincinnati is entitled "The Queen City of the West." It is handsome and stately, and is enthroned on a high, wide platform, in two slopes, on the north side of the broad river. Villas and mansions, embosomed in trees and shrubberies, flank it and surround it, while the grape is extensively and successfully cultivated in its vicinity. Less than eighty years ago this city did not contain more than 100 white persons—now it has a population of 210,000, and is the fourth city in rank (if not the third) within the United States. It stood then at the very limit of western civilization; and there yet remain in the neighbourhood buffalo "trails," or hard trodden paths, three or four yards wide, and extending miles away, along which, almost in the memory of living man, scores and hundreds of those animals used to crowd down through the forest to drink at the Ohio. Now it is become the grand emporium of western trade and commerce; is well drained, and well supplied with water; is paved down to low-water mark at the wharf, and has floating piers to rise and sink with the variable waters of the river; is decked with imposing public buildings, handsome "stores," and numerous churches; and its enterprising inhabitants, by the system of railroads and steamboats, are in constant and active communication with all parts of the Union, and, through them, with all parts of the world.

The manufactures of Cincinnati are numerous, employing between 200 and 300 steam-engines; but, as you will know, it is chiefly celebrated for the slaughter and sale of hogs. As many as 400,000 of these animals have been known to be cut up here during a season of twelve weeks. We imagined that the scent of

butchered pigs, which had been caught up into the rarified air from the numerous slaughter-houses during the day, came down upon us in the evening, and did not make the streets, as we walked through them, over fragrant. But very likely the imagination had a good deal to do with our impression.

Cincinnati has everywhere the signs of great thrift and enterprise; and, in spite of its immense butchery of pigs, it is evidently a place of advancing taste and literary culture, as well as a town of rapidly rising commerce. Some of its public buildings are of excellent forms and proportions. Its bookshops are among the finest "stores" in its wide, handsome streets; and our own Methodist Book-concern has a large building, and issues very numerous publications in the year. The libraries and reading-rooms of the city are on an extensive scale, and many of the young citizens, by their college studies, are preparing themselves for honourable and useful positions in life. We visited the library and the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association, opposite our hotel, and found them equal, if not superior to anything of the kind in England. Religion, too, is here venerated and liberally supported. There are nearly 100 churches of various denominations. The Methodists have a considerable share of them; and, what to us was a fact of interest, the Germans have here Methodist ministers of their own nation, issue Methodist publications in their own language, and have erected several of the Methodist churches. The Roman Catholics are numerous, and have their "cathedral," as well as their other churches. After the Methodists rank the Baptists, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, and the Lutherans.

Altogether, we received a very favourable impression of Cincinnati; and we resolved, as the night closed upon us and we retired to rest, that, if circumstances would permit, we would return to it from the Conference, and get better acquainted with this "Queen City of the West."

LETTER VII.

INDIANAPOLIS.

State of Indiana : its Rapid Growth—The City of Indianapolis—His Excellency the Governor and his House—Methodism in the State and in the City—Public Religious Services—American Preaching—A Bishop's Sermon—The Sabbath School—A Love-feast—American Fires—Political Life—A Stump Orator—The Ballot-box—An Inner Circle in American Society—Southern Visitors—Glimpses of Slave-life—An Irishman's Bull—Ministerial Intercourse—Sad News from England.

LESS than half a century ago this extensive and flourishing State of Indiana, which contains about 22,000,000 of acres, was an uncultivated wilderness of forest, swamp, and prairie land, and was inhabited by wild beasts, poisonous reptiles, and savage men. Now it is largely under cultivation, is divided into numerous counties, has numerous towns, its capital city, its own legislative assembly, its state governor, judges, and various officers, and a population of more than one million and a quarter. The State is favourably situated : it extends from the river Ohio, on its southern boundary, to Lake Michigan on the north ; and has the Wabash River on its western limit for more than 120 miles, while the White River runs up eastward into its centre. Indiana is, for the most part, an agricultural State, possessing a deep vegetable soil, which the "returns" of its Agricultural Society show to be very productive. There

are beds of coal and iron in it, which are near to the surface; it is intersected by numerous railways, and is in the way of the great thoroughfare from the south to the north-western part of the country.

Indianapolis, the capital (at which we arrived by railway, a journey over forest-lands and "clearings" of about 100 miles from Cincinnati), stands in the middle of the State, and is built on a level and extensive plain of richly-wooded land; it is the meeting-point for many railways, and on that account has been named "the City of Railroads." The ground on which it stands, with many miles of land around it, was covered by a dense forest, and was sold for 35,596 dollars (about £7120); now it is worth seventy times as much, is divided on every side into squares, streets, and gardens, as far as the eye can reach, and is adorned with many public buildings. The city is very regular in its plan, being laid out in streets that diverge from a common centre, and radiate in all directions to the extent, in some instances, of two miles. In this respect it is not unlike the city of Washington, and looks well when it is viewed from an elevated position, though here, as there, some of the streets have little more to mark their existence than the wooden fences at their sides, or the occasional dottings of a house or cottage. The principal street is named "Washington Street;" this is the chief thoroughfare both for passage and for business. It contains some good buildings and "stores" of brick and stone, wherein may be purchased, not only the necessaries of life, but also its luxuries and delicacies, brought from London and Paris. This street, like the rest in Indianapolis, is yet unpaved, and, at times, is deeply cut in its light soil by heavy traffic. In some

parts, where the ground has not been trodden down hard, especially towards the extremities of the town, planks are laid for the wheels of vehicles to run upon.

Several of the streets are planted at their sides with trees, which, in their perspective length of avenue, and now in their light-green spring leaves, look very beautiful; while, at intervals, there are quiet village-like openings, revealing pleasant cottages, villas, and clean, summer-like residences, surrounded with their gardens or orchards. The public buildings here are respectable, but not so imposing as those of the larger cities we have visited. The State House stands in the middle of a spacious square, which is planted with trees; the building is a copy from the Parthenon at Athens, but being only of brick and stucco, it lacks dignity. Its length is 180 feet, its width 80 feet, and its height, to the top of the central dome, 45 feet. The asylums for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, and for the insane, all three of which are in the suburbs, are also large and fair-looking edifices. From the central turret of the Blind Asylum an extensive view may be had of the city, with its radiating streets, its green avenues, and its encircling woods. The population of Indianapolis amounts nearly to 20,000, and is chiefly white; some free coloured people live in the outskirts, but they are not many.

The governor's house—where we are entertained during our stay for the Conference—is a villa-like building of wood, containing about ten rooms; it is surrounded by a garden, and stands near a street which leads to the front of the State House. The governor's house is such a one, both in size and fittings, as a retired English gentleman, living at the rate of £400 or £500 a year, would be able to keep up. In America,

of course, money will purchase more than with us, and I should suppose that the governor may be able to support an establishment such as this for £300 at the most. The salary of his office, though the very highest in the State, is only about £200 a year; and he has told me that he expends half as much more from his own private resources. The house, with its furniture, is provided by the State, and is set apart for the governor during the period of his office.

The present governor—his Excellency Joseph A. Wright, Esq.—is a tall, well-made, intelligent, frank, and hospitable man. He has received us with the greatest cordiality, and is ever anxious to supply to us the best of whatever his house contains. He is evidently a man of good information and of ready utterance, and, like the Americans generally, is always eager to communicate on subjects of interest. He is very regular and systematic in his mode of life, rises and breakfasts early, dines at half-past twelve at noon, sups at six, and retires to bed at ten. His house, and table too, are free to all who choose to call upon him or upon us, and altogether we are most comfortably situated. Our host is ready to take us anywhere, or to explain to us anything, and perceiving our interest in American matters, he converses with us upon them in the freest and most unreserved manner. He is one of those men who devote their lives to public care; he has held various offices, has been a member of Congress, and says that when his term of office expires in Indiana, as it will this year, he shall seek some other public employ, either in this or some other State. Not having ample means of his own to fall back upon, his personal character and abilities are his best recommendations. He is a truly

religious man and a very devoted Methodist, supporting the cause of Christ to the extent of his ability; and teaching personally in the Sabbath-school connected with the church at which he worships.

Methodism prospers in Indiana. There are 100,000 full members of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the State, to say nothing of the great numbers who attend on the Methodist ministry as hearers of the word, without being enrolled in membership. In Indianapolis itself there is much public respect shown for religion; there are here, belonging to different denominations, as many as twenty-five churches, and seven of these, including an African church, belong to the Methodists. The Sabbath-schools are twenty-seven in number, and in attendance upon them nearly all the children of the city are to be found,—there being not more than 250 children of eligible age who do not actually attend some Sabbath-school. Among the different sects of professing Christians here, those of them who hold orthodox sentiments keep up friendly and fraternal communication with each other. Several of the Methodist delegates to this Conference are lodged at the houses of Presbyterians and Protestant Episcopalians; and, on the Sabbath, several churches of other denominations are supplied by Methodist preachers during the Conference.

Dr. Hannah and I have been highly gratified with the public services we have attended in the Methodist churches of the city. The doctor has been very happy in his ministrations. His sermons have been characterised by his usual eloquence, and by blessed effects upon his audiences. The attendance at the services we conducted was large; the ministers not personally em-

ployed were present; and the people, not merely from the city of Indianapolis, but from surrounding states and cities, crowded to hear the English preachers. Not unfrequently the congregations assemble some time before the service is to commence, and sing harmonious pieces together, as they sit, just as a family might sing together in their home. This they did until we ascended the pulpit for the regular service. The devotion of the ministers and people was very fervent; and at the end of the sermon we had to wait until the exclamations of "Praise the Lord!" had somewhat subsided before we could proceed to give out the hymn.

The American preaching which we have heard is not so methodical and compact as the English. It is drawn less from the text, and deals more with extraneous remark—or what would be deemed such in England. But if the value of the instrument is to be measured by the effects produced, then American Methodist preaching must be pronounced most fit and excellent; for, of a truth, it has been most wonderfully owned of God. We heard an excellent sermon from the venerable Bishop Waugh. He preached on the Sabbath morning in the German Methodist church; and a more truly apostolic discourse could hardly be delivered. It was on the direction given by Paul and Silas to the penitent jailer—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." It was simple, evangelical, and full of divine unction and power. The German Methodists very evidently profited by it; and at the end of it they sang with fervour their German song of "Praise to God."

Several additional services have been held during the time of Conference. There has been a tract meeting, where several American brethren, with Dr. Hannah,

spoke very ably. There was a meeting for Methodism in Ireland. The Rev. J. Robinson Scott explained the object of the meeting, Bishops Simpson and Janes, with other ministers, spoke earnestly in support of it; and a liberal collection was made. It was reported that, to aid Methodism in Ireland, some £10,000 had already been contributed by the Methodists in America, and that it was confidently expected the sum of £20,000 would ultimately be supplied by them.

On the Sabbath afternoon, I went with the governor to the school in which he regularly teaches, and delivered an address to the children. On arriving at the school, I was highly gratified by a novel spectacle which might be imitated with profit in some parts of our own country. Not only the children in the school, but many adults, grouped in companies, were reading the word of God together, verse by verse in rotation, and then edifying one another by making such remarks as were presented to their minds. A more profitable method of employing the hours of a Sabbath afternoon, for many persons in mature years, could scarcely be pointed out.

A love-feast has also been held during the Conference, and I think it will never be forgotten by them that were present. Not only Methodists from different parts of Indiana, and from surrounding States attended it, but also ministers from the plains and woods of the far west. One of these, with sun-burnt countenance and whitened hair, said, "I have slept on the banks of many western rivers; I have been attacked in the night, and when alone, by wolves; I have travelled, slept, laboured, and prayed, between terrible tribes of Indians at war with each other; I have been in perils by wild

beasts, by land and by water, and this for forty years : and yet my heart has not only trusted, but rejoiced in the Lord, and I am now enjoying perfect love !” Others told how the lion and the wolf in sin had entered the log-cabin to devour the little flock, but were smitten down by the word of Christ, and became lambs for the charge of the spiritual shepherd. And emigrants and settlers of different nations told with tears how they left their father-lands to find in a strange country the way of life and salvation. It was, indeed, a scene of heart-subduing influences, and of moral beauty and grandeur, such as Christianity alone can exhibit.

I have been strongly urged to preach in the open air, and to hold a sort of camp-meeting service. This I should have been glad to do, but I was afraid of the effect of the heated atmosphere. Without any exercise, I am daily in such a state of perspiration as to require at times several changes in clothes during the day. The air is close and humid, and sometimes has the same stifling effect upon us as is felt in England just before a thunder-storm. Several of the ministers have suffered from a sort of miasma, which, in the valley of the Mississippi is common, as are also “chills” and “fevers,” the effects of the great profusion of decaying vegetable matter. And if I had yielded to my desire of hearing some of the backwoodsmen preach in the open air, the time spoken of for the camp-meeting would not have served ; since, on that day, as also on the night preceding, the rain fell in torrents, ploughed up the unpaved roads, and so filled them with water that we might have floated along them in a canoe.

While I thus refer to the air and the water, I must not forget to name another element that has called forth our

excited attention daily. I mean the element of fire, which here commits terrible destruction of property, and occasions frequent alarm. In New York, and other large cities of the States, we heard the fire-bell ringing often, both by day and by night. But in Indianapolis, there seems to be hardly any cessation of fires. The peal of the fire-bell is heard, I had almost said, continuously. We can scarcely attend a public service, either on the Sabbath or week-day, but during it we hear the fire-bell's loud and hurried clang, and the rattle of the fire-engines through the streets to the place of conflagration. The great number of wooden erections in the city is, I suppose, an explanation of this fact. And, to judge from what we have seen, when a wooden building takes fire, there is no chance of saving it from total destruction. All that can be done by the working of the engines is to prevent the flames spreading to the adjacent buildings. As in England, where there is a fire, great crowds rush to it. But, in America, the crowds press up close to the engines and the firemen, there being no ropes stretched across the road to secure a free working space from intrusion.

We have had some insight into American political and public life while here, and facilities for observing party associations and party struggles, such as we could hardly have had, if our entertainer had been a person merely in private life. The governor is a professed Democrat (that is, a moderate reformer); so are most of his friends with whom we have conversed on politics in his house; and nearly all of them have made no secret of their being extreme partisans. They have no forbearance towards others who are forward to proclaim political convictions; and though moderate and tem-

perate men in other matters, in politics they are most resolute and determined. Public men, periodicals, and newspapers maintaining sentiments in common with theirs, are outrageously be-praised, as it seems to us; and their censures appear equally unsparing and overdone. This seems, almost invariably, to be the practice of men who are in earnest on politics in America, as I have before stated. Unflinching adherence to party is principle with them, and to forsake a party is regarded as an act of the greatest dishonour.

I have been introduced by the governor to several officers of the State of Indiana. One day he said if I would accompany him to the post-office, he would introduce me to Judge Wick. I went expecting to see some personage who by his appearance would inspire veneration; but I found him to be quite a homely, common-place looking man, sorting the letters in a disorderly, warehouse-like room, and as workman-like in his dress as a day-labourer! He may, however, for all that, be a good judge, if he still presides in courts of justice. That he does so, I am not sure; for it is the custom here to continue to a man his title after he ceases to fill the office: hence, from the custom of change which pervades America, we have so many persons throughout the States bearing titles of office.

The governor also took me with him to hear a "stump orator" of celebrity. He is a candidate for the governorship of the state, and is of the same political creed as the present governor, our host. A "stump orator" is one who addresses the people in the open air on public questions, the name having been derived from the early settlers' times, when a speaker, in order to make himself heard by all who could gather

in the "clearing," had to stand upon the *stump* of a forest-tree, and address his audience. We first went to the City Court House to hear the candidate; but while that was announced to be the place of meeting, it was not expected that the building would hold his audience. So, after "Yankee Doodle," and other well-known tunes had been played on the fife, accompanied by the drum, up and down the streets to gather the multitude, we were led into Washington Street, where the speech was really to be delivered. The orator, supported by his friends, took his stand on the steps of an hotel, and addressed the people, who crowded the road and the pavement, before and beside him.

He spoke on three questions: the right of States to govern themselves internally, the unreasonableness of the Maine Liquor Law, and the exclusive proposal of the 'Know-nothings,' that none but native Americans should take any part in the government of the country. On each of these questions he spoke well and popularly, managing his audience with great tact. He was a tall, well-made man, and had a powerful voice. We stood on the opposite side of the street, I should say 120 feet from him, and I do not think we lost one word of his speech. Nor did I perceive that in his address, which lasted well on to two hours, he tripped in any one sentence, or faltered with a single word. He was certainly a master in the art of addressing an out-door crowd. He seemed to base all he said upon the Constitution, as agreed to by the American States; and freely and readily quoted Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, in confirmation of what he advanced. He spoke reverently of morality, religion, and its ministers; but he evidently pandered to the Irish, as Papists, to gain their

votes; as he did also to the prejudices of the whites against the residence of coloured settlers in this "free state." There were frequent bursts of laughter, and many shouts of approval of what he uttered. The whole exhibition served to bring to memory the former election times of Old England, when an out-door crowd was addressed from hustings or balcony, by a talented and popular candidate; and I was really glad to have had so favourable an opportunity of hearing an American "stump orator."

The governor also showed us how the vote by ballot was given in the elections. The titles of the offices to be filled up are printed on strips of yellow paper (the government colour), and the voter writes upon them the names of the persons he wishes to be elected. He folds up his paper, duly signed, and drops it into the ballot-box; and, at the end of the day, the votes are recorded, counted, and the numbers for each candidate declared. This record of every man's vote seems to me to take away the secrecy of voting. However, it seems to satisfy the Americans; though, I am told, it is generally no secret how a man has voted. If, on presenting himself to deposit his paper in the ballot-box, there be any doubt of the voter's identity, or any suspicion that his paper contains a fictitious name, he is required to hold up his hand and swear to his name as given upon his voting paper. In times of fierce opposition and contest, it is said to be no uncommon fact within populous districts for Irishmen, prepared by whiskey for the vile service, to give, at the bidding of a party, several votes each—the men swearing to as many different names as may be required.

But we have had the advantage of other views of

American life and society, while in Indianapolis, than those which I have described. There is always an inner circle that must be reached and studied, if the real character of a people is to be understood. And the man who takes his estimate of American life and manners merely from what he sees of stump orators and political parties, will have very incomplete and imperfect data on which to rest his judgment. Within doors, in the houses of friends and brethren, and in free and intimate conversation and communion with them, we have seen some deeply pleasing and refreshing forms of American character, and of Christian and domestic life. The governor, in his parlour and rocking-chair, as well as at his hospitable table, is a truly genial and sociable man. He is thoroughly American in his style of thinking and speaking, as we expected and desired to find him ; and his own country and people are everything to him. But he knows how to appreciate the character and power of Great Britain, and speaks well of Old England when her interests and those of his own country do not jostle. Now and then he will half intimate, while dilating on American progress, a conviction that England is about to be distanced and left behind as a worn-out and jaded nation. But this harmless outbreak of regard for his own land we feel we can afford to let pass.

Taking him for all in all, the governor is a candid and robust minded man. He is manly, frank, and courteous ; and reminds one of the superior class of our English yeomanry. He has recently lost his wife, whom he speaks of with the most tender affection. He is a kind and indulgent parent, an attentive relative to his female kinsfolk who are with him, and a considerate

master to his Irish servants. At his substantial table, where he helps us and attends to us as courteously as the most hospitable English gentleman could do, we meet many guests of all classes ; but the majority of them are ministers. We have been much pleased with the open and generous bearing of some of the governor's friends from the South, who have crossed the border, and come to the Conference, not as delegates, of course, but as visitors. They greatly urge Dr. Hannah and myself to accompany them to their homes, and preach to the Methodists in the Southern States ; but we cannot think of doing so, while conscious of their public relation to the question of slavery. Still, we cannot but conclude that, with their friendly bearing towards this General Conference of the North and its members, the friends whom we have seen from the South are in heart opposed to that lamentable evil.

We have had with us the Rev. Henry Slicer, a presiding elder from Baltimore. With his strong American views, and the large dash of humour in his somewhat controversial nature, he has been to us a very intelligent and agreeable companion. We have had, too, for some days with us, a truly amiable and pleasant friend in Dr. Dally, President and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at the State University of Indiana. These, as well as others, have been joint partakers with us of the governor's hospitality, and so freely and frequently associated with us, that we have been able to converse with them at length on subjects of deep interest. They have all deplored the evil of slavery, and expressed their desire for its removal. In one or two instances there has been, what was natural, an effort to keep from our view some of the most offen-

sive features of slavery. And when, by persevering questions we have drawn forth from the less wary what they knew of the cruel treatment of negroes, there have been side-long looks from the discreet, that told of regret within for the humiliating disclosures made to us as visitors from another country.

This was notably the case one day when, after some strong observations Dr. Hannah and I had made on the abuse of slaves by arbitrary and irresponsible owners, a young lady present expressed her full approval of what we said. I immediately questioned her as to what she had seen and known, in Kentucky, of the treatment of slaves, and she gave us the following relation. One evening, at a friend's house where she was visiting, a weak and almost imbecile master, who had sent a slave on horseback for liquor which he, the owner, drank until he became intoxicated, would insist on having the poor negro severely beaten for obeying him, and for doing what the poor creature would, most probably, have been flogged for refusing to do. The slave was brought, stripped, stretched by the extremities, and bound to stakes upon the ground; gagged, to prevent his cries being heard at a distance, and then flogged most unmercifully, just to please the whim of a besotted and tyrannical owner. Other exposures of the inhuman and atrocious system have been made, at times, in the form of incidental evidence; and while these recitals have caused us almost to groan with indignant feeling, we observed that they were the source of mortification and inward shame to several of our American brethren. A considerable portion of our time, since we came into the States, has been spent in conversations upon the subject of slavery.

We have also met here several Irish friends whom I had seen in their native land. Their conversation is ever bright and sparkling. One of them amused us much by a thorough Irish bull, which he perpetrated one day when we were conversing with him on the difference of time between friends at Indianapolis and in England and Ireland. A bright thought seemed to flash through him in an instant concerning the electric telegraph wire proposed to be laid down between England and Ireland, and America. "Ah!" said he, "we are six hours behind them in England and Ireland; but soon, in less than that time, we shall have news from across the water here—so that we shall have news of an event before it has occurred." That it would appear so by difference of time was what he meant, but it was not what he said.

We have also seen the bishops, and Doctors Durbin, M'Clintock, and Thompson; as well as our old and beloved friend, Dr. Sargent, with whom we have had much free and friendly conversation. And we are visited daily by, I had almost said, crowds of both ministers and laymen, who love and respect England and English Methodism; and who evidently feel interested in us for their sakes. We have had many an affecting conversation respecting "the old country" with emigrants from England who have come miles to see us; and we have seen many a tear shed at the remembrance of home and friends. Aged ministers have come to us at the governor's, and talked with us at length of their labours among the Indians and the early settlers; and younger ministers, from all parts, have spoken with us of their hopes and purposes in relation to the kingdom of Christ in their country. So that we have had within our

abode at Indianapolis, the greatest advantages for ascertaining the state of America, both civilly and religiously.

We have been most kindly and hospitably entertained by Bishop Ames, who resides in a good and comfortable house in the suburbs of this city. We spent some very pleasant and happy hours with him, his family, and his episcopal brethren. We have also spent evenings out at the houses of the ministers and friends. At one minister's house we passed a very pleasant and profitable evening with the Rev. Dr. Young (one of the pioneer fathers whom I must afterwards describe to you), with Dr. Elliott, the historian of the great secession of Southern from Northern Methodism, and an effective writer against slavery. With these, and their wives and friends, we conversed, prayed, and sang, through some very joyous hours. We have also visited, by invitation, a Quaker's family, with whom, in company with the governor, we soon felt ourselves to be at home. And we have met a large company at the house of a professor of education ;—so that our intercourse with persons of different professions, tastes, and opinions, has been great, and has afforded us large means of forming our judgment respecting the true character of the people and the state of things in this country. We have been careful to improve our opportunities as much as possible. And, on the whole, our estimate of American society, life, and manners, has been considerably raised by what we have observed. There have been touches of social and affectionate nature which must ever afford to us very pleasant and grateful remembrances ; while our intercourse has been sweetened and sanctified by the spirit of Christ-like religion which we have found among our friends.

On the other hand we have had our joys damped by the tidings of death which have come to us from our own land. The departure of dear Dr. Beecham is deeply felt by us. He was one of my more intimate friends, and had a truly genial and affectionate soul under his somewhat formal and stiff exterior. There were few to whom I could confide an inner thought with less reserve than to him. He took our passage for us in the *Africa* steamship, selected our berth, and showed deep interest in our mission. It was plain to me that, since his return from Canada, he bore the marks of exhaustion upon him, and that his day of strength was over. But I little thought when I last saw him, that I should see his hearty, open, English face no more. And the Church must feel the loss of him. He was a man of unbending integrity, of persevering faithfulness, as well as of thorough, English, practical good sense. In him a great man has fallen in our Israel; and in other public, as well as missionary matters, we shall feel his removal. But while God buries his workmen, He will carry on His work; and we must more earnestly pray that He, the Lord of the harvest, will send forth labourers into His harvest. The other news concerning deaths at Liverpool has also affected us, and drawn forth our sympathy and prayer for the bereaved. We thought the time long in getting news from England; but now it has come it almost wears the form of an obituary. Wherever we may be, we find proofs that in the midst of life we are in death; and we here in America, as well as you in England, hear a voice saying,—“Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!”

LETTER VIII.

PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN AMERICA FROM 1773
TO 1792.

Early Labourers: Embury, Webb, Boardman, Pilmoor, Asbury, Strawbridge, and Williams—Spiritual Lifelessness of other Churches; and their Quickening, by the Introduction of Methodism—Laudable Example of the Rev. Mr. Jarratt, a Clergyman of the Established Church—Mr. Rankin sent by Mr. Wesley—Question of the Sacramental Ordinances—Disturbing Effect of the Revolution on Methodism—Sufferings of the Preachers—Settlement of the Country, and Re-organisation of Methodism—Labours of Bishop Asbury, Garrettson, and Jesse Lee—First General Conference, and Revision of the Constitution of American Methodism.

BEFORE I enter on a description of confederal proceedings here, I judge it will be really interesting to you to have in your possession a brief retrospect of the progress of Methodism on this continent, together with slight pen-and-ink sketches of its most devoted and successful labourers. I will therefore endeavour, in this letter, to set forth the advance and growth of Methodism here, from the time of the meeting of its preachers in the Quaker City, in the year 1773 (which I previously noted), to the time of the first General Conference held in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1792. My authorities will be the writers of various English and American books (which I have at hand),

the chief of them being Dr. Bangs, the author of the "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America;" but I shall also add some information derived from Methodist friends in America, with whom I have conversed.

That meeting of Methodist preachers in Philadelphia was the first regular "conference" ever held for Methodism in America. Before that, the meetings held officially in relation to the societies which had been formed were simply quarterly meetings for the circuits, separately; but the conference of preachers held in Philadelphia, in 1773, was for all the circuits, connexionally; and the number of 1160 members then returned, shows how, by the instrumentality of a few labourers from Ireland and England, the work of God had extended and grown. Philip Embury and Captain Webb had laboured successfully in New York, Long Island, and Philadelphia. Mr. Boardman had carried the Gospel message into the north as far as Boston, and Mr. Pilmoor into the south as far as South Carolina. The indefatigable and persevering Asbury had not only toiled, for three and six months at a time, in the central cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; but he had also traversed the intervening and surrounding parts, preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, daily, to settlers and to negroes. Other labourers had sprung forth to aid these devoted and zealous men in their holy work. A Mr. Strawbridge, formerly a local preacher in Ireland, and who had settled in Frederick County, Virginia, began to preach in his own house; and afterwards went forth to surrounding villages and towns, proclaiming salvation through Christ to congregations in log-huts and by the way-side, until, at length, he

separated himself wholly from secular pursuits, and became an itinerant Methodist preacher. Mr. Williams, too, a local preacher from England, and who bore a note of credit from Mr. Wesley to preach under the direction of his missionaries, travelled as far as Norfolk, in the south-east portion of Virginia, publishing the good news of the Gospel to the people. So that within the short space of five or six years, the truth as it is in Jesus had been proclaimed by a few poor itinerant Methodist preachers through the greater part of what, at that period, constituted the most populous region of the North American States.

In addition to this, it may be affirmed as unquestionably as in England, that the preaching and services of Methodism had been the means of quickening into life and spiritual activity, existing churches which were previously formal and lifeless. When the first Methodist missionaries went from England to America, nearly all the churches of the colony were destitute of earnest godliness. The churches of the South belonged principally to the Established Church of England; and, just as it was with the parent Church in our own country, vital piety was scarcely known among them, and they were marked by little but the observance of external forms and ceremonies. The nonconformist churches, legally established in the north, owed their origin to the "Pilgrim Fathers;" but while they still resembled their founders in rigid intolerance to Christians of other views, they had so far departed from the stern discipline of their Puritan predecessors as to be unable to bear, in their pulpits, the earnest preaching of the great and good Jonathan Edwards against youthful immoralities.

It is true, that the ardent and eloquent Whitefield had been among these churches, both of the south and the north, and had aroused their attention, temporarily, to vital religion; but, for want of organisation and permanent agency, the revival of the work of God under him in America, for the most part, subsided, and lived only in the recollections of those who had heard his powerful preaching. There were also in the middle provinces, it is said, some few ministers and members of Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches who had solid learning and fervent piety. These happily exceptional cases, however, were few indeed, and did not materially relieve the cold and formal state of the general American Church. The majority of its professing members were spiritually dead, while they had a name to live. But, on the introduction of Methodism, some of the ministers and churches were stimulated to earnest efforts for the revival of experimental and saving religion.

This seems to have been eminently the case with the Rev. Mr. Jarratt, a clergyman of the Church of England, in the State of Virginia. He fully imbibed the spirit of Methodism, and, fraternally co-operating with its preachers, formed his awakened parishioners into classes, and led them on from the elementary principles of religion, to maturity of Christian life and character. Some of his own statements, in letters of his still extant, are precious records of Pentecostal visitations of grace, to him and his people. These letters prove that the faithful preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, in believing dependence on the Holy Spirit's influence, will assuredly and unfailingly be made the means of spiritual awakening to a people, however dead they may be in trespasses and sins. If truth would authorise

the statement, it would be pleasant to have to add, that this good minister of the Lord Jesus Christ continued to the end of his life to co-operate with Methodist ministers in their great and successful work. But the best of human characters has its infirmities and prejudices; and when the Rev. Mr. Jarratt found that the Methodist societies were organised into a separate and formal Church, he was so disappointed and offended, that he not only ceased to co-operate with Methodist ministers, but even wrote letters against them.

Mr. Rankin, who, immediately on his arrival, summoned the Methodist preachers in America to meet him, at the first conference in Philadelphia, seems to have been sent by Mr. Wesley more especially for the establishment and maintenance of discipline in the societies. The saving doctrines of the Gospel had been successfully preached by the itinerants I have named; but the converts had not been fully brought into order, and under government. This, to the orderly and practical mind of Mr. Wesley, was not satisfactory; for, unlike the seraphic Whitefield, he was most careful to conserve and to mature the work of divine grace begun under the preaching of the Scriptural word. He therefore sent over Mr. Rankin, a Scotchman, and a determined disciplinarian, to be his general assistant for the organisation of Methodism in America. And this end of his coming to this continent, Mr. Rankin, to a great extent, accomplished. He met with some difficulties in a few of the societies; and Mr. Asbury thought that he assumed too much authority over the preachers; but he pursued his course with rigid conscientiousness; and, at the end of one year of stricter church-government, there was reported 1000 increase in the societies.

It would appear that there was arising, among both preachers and people, some unwillingness to submit to Mr. Wesley's direction on one point: his requirement that they should attend the services of the Established Church, and carefully abstain from administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper among themselves. For, in America, as in England, Methodism began in the form of societies professing to belong to the Established Church; and not as a separate and distinct ecclesiastical organisation. But, as I have stated, the Protestant churches of America were mostly lifeless; and many of the clergy were not only opposed to Methodism, but were openly irreligious. The societies, therefore, desired to have the sacraments administered by their own preachers; and some of the preachers were inclined to yield to that desire. Mr. Rankin, under directions from Mr. Wesley, and assisted by Mr. Asbury, prevented this, until the States obtained their political and national independence,—when the Church of England having ceased, in America, to be an establishment by law, and the people being, in numerous cases, left without sacraments and ordinances through the return of English clergymen to their own country, Mr. Wesley ordained Dr. Coke for the office of general superintendent, and sent him forth with letters of authority to provide for the wants of the people by duly organising the “Methodist Episcopal Church of America.” I should add, that Mr. Asbury was appointed to be associated with Dr. Coke, in the general superintendency; and that Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey were ordained “elders” for the Church.

The establishment of church discipline by Mr. Rankin, before the “War of Independence,” was most opportune; for the war, it is scarcely necessary to say,

seriously interfered with the labours of the preachers, and the spread of Methodism, in America. The societies and congregations were, of course, disturbed by the general commotion; and many of them were reduced and broken by the engagement of some of their members in the war. The English preachers, too, were naturally unwilling to make haste in taking the oath of allegiance to the States; and so fell under suspicion of political aims, and of enmity to the independence of the colony. Mr. Wesley's loyal letter on their duty to their sovereign did not contribute to the safety of the preachers. Some of them were silenced, others were fined, and some imprisoned. Messrs. Boardman, Pilmoor, and Rankin, returned to England. And even Mr. Asbury, who, though unwilling to take the oath of allegiance to the States (while, as yet, their independence was unacknowledged by the mother country), yet resolved not to leave so fair a field of evangelical labour, had to conceal himself by day; and, under covering of night steal forth to the settlers' cabins and negroes' huts, to speak and to pray with his people.

But, with all these difficulties and disturbances, Methodism, now brought under regular discipline, lived; and, in some degree, increased. The preachers, from their prisons, preached through the iron bars to their people, and to multitudes who pressed to hear them, until, as in the case of Mr. John Hartley, in Queen Anne's County, Maryland, the authorities released the preachers, lest all the people of the towns should be converted to Methodism. Mr. Freeborn Garrettsen, after being confined for some time in the prison of Dorchester County, in the same State of Maryland, where at night he had to lie on the cold ground, with no pillow but a pair of

saddle-bags, and with two grated windows constantly open to the air, on being liberated by the governor, at the suit of Mr. Asbury, immediately recommenced his appointed work of preaching the Gospel, and with blessed success. "The word of the Lord spread through all that country," as he himself states, "and hundreds of both white and black experienced the love of Jesus;" so that, not far from the place of his imprisonment, he soon afterwards preached to a congregation of not less than 3000 persons, and many of his bitterest persecutors became, there and then, joyful converts to the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. When, however, the war was ended, then the labourers in the Gospel returned to their employment without restraint on the part of the newly-constituted authorities of the Republic; and, on the arrival of Dr. Coke and his companions, proceeded to organise themselves and their people into a separate and regular church, under the authority of Mr. Wesley.

This organisation of Methodism, in America, into a distinct church, took place, as I have already stated, in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1784, under the joint superintendency of Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury. The preachers assembled there at that time to the number of sixty, being about three-fourths of the entire number then labouring in this continent. The first act of the Conference was to elect Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury to be joint superintendents: thus making Mr. Wesley's appointment their own, by an united act; and thus meeting the views of Mr. Asbury, who refused to accept the office to which he had been appointed by Mr. Wesley, unless elected to it by the suffrages of his brethren in America. Twelve of the preachers were

then elected and ordained as "elders" to administer the sacraments, and to have a general supervision of associated circuits. The "Articles of Religion," as given by Mr. Wesley in his "Abridged Form of Common Prayer," which he had prepared for the American Church, were then agreed upon, and made the standard of Methodist doctrine. These "Articles" were selected from the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, but were reduced to twenty-five by Mr. Wesley; he having excluded such as were doubtful, or unnecessary, in his own judgment, for a list which should form an authorised standard of Christian doctrine. The "Form of Discipline" was also agreed upon; and is similar to the discipline of our own Methodist Society in England, except that it is adapted to the more formal "Episcopal" construction of church-government established in American Methodism.

Thus, the Methodist Church of America was regularly organised and inaugurated, something more than fourscore years ago; and it is impossible to trace Methodism in this country, from its commencement in 1766 up to this period of 1784, and not see how undoubtedly it was the work of God, and how signally it was, in its successive stages, under His providential guardianship and direction. In its beginning it was small and feeble. It was not delegated and sent by any man's authority. It was not sown or planted by any authorised ministry, but by a faithful aged Christian woman, and a re-awakened lay preacher. It began without system, further than that five or six persons agreed to meet together in a private house, for prayer and Christian fellowship. It laid down no precise plan of operation; for Methodism in America was not, any

more than in England, the result of human sagacity and foresight. It was not sketched out at full length and breadth, in cloistered retirement, before being carried out into public action, like the wily and craft-woven system of Loyola. It was formed and matured piecemeal, and according to the advance and requirement of circumstances. It outreached the thoughts and purposes of the steady and legislative mind of Mr. Wesley. It broke in upon his authority; burst through his prejudices and predilections for the Established Church of England; and framed itself into a regular, separate, and independent Church, making its preachers "ministers," and its superintendents "elders" and "bishops."

Mr. Wesley, however, in this instance, as in others, showed unmistakeably, that for the work of God he was ready to sacrifice any views and purposes of his own. When the organisation of American Methodism into a regular and separate Church became necessary, he cheerfully acquiesced; and, fully satisfied, as he states, of the Scriptural parity of bishops and presbyters (or elders), he ordained and set apart Dr. Coke for the office of general superintendent, and sent him forth to organise the Church, and, with Mr. Asbury, to take the oversight of it. And here we may undoubtedly see Mr. Wesley's view of the form of full-church government, where circumstances warrant and require its adoption. It is that of a Presbytero-Episcopal Church, such as existed and flourished in the first ages of Christianity. Associated oversight of the churches (local societies) and their ministers is provided for; and yet the bishops (overseers or superintendents) are not independent of the presbytery (or elders), but are elected to their office

by their ministerial brethren associated in conference, and are held responsible for their character and acts to that conference.

On the organisation of the Church the preachers went, severally, to their appointed circuits; and the general superintendents began to travel to and fro throughout the connection, taking episcopal oversight of the churches and of their ministers. Both the bishops and ministers devoted themselves earnestly to their work, and endured hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Mr. Freeborn Garrettson (now an "elder") went, with Mr. James O. Cromwell, to Nova Scotia, at the request of Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke. The purpose for which he was sent was, to form a society among the Methodist settlers; and he was exposed to no inconsiderable amount of peril and suffering. Mr. Garrettson relates of his dangers in travelling:—

"I traversed the mountains and valleys, frequently on foot, with my knapsack on my back, guided by Indian paths in the wilderness, when it was not expedient to take a horse; and I had often to wade through morasses half-leg deep in mud and water, frequently satisfying my hunger with a piece of bread and pork from my knapsack, quenching my thirst from a brook, and resting my weary limbs on the leaves of the trees. Thanks be to God! he compensated me for all my toil, for many precious souls were awakened and converted to God."

In addition to this, Mr. Garrettson suffered much, not only from persecution by the unregenerate world, but also from violent opposition by Antinomian professors. But notwithstanding these difficulties, the faithful labourer pursued his course; and when, two years afterwards, he departed from that British province and returned to the United States, he left as many as 600 members in the societies which he had formed, and

which were then transferred, for ministerial supply and government, to the British Conference.

Bishop Asbury, and Mr. Lee went together south, as far as Charleston, in South Carolina, and established Methodism there; for though both the Wesleys, Whitefield, and Pilmoor, had been there previously, yet no permanent footing had been obtained by their transient visits: but now a Mr. Willis was left in charge with the work of God in that part, that it might be duly fostered and preserved. The woods of Kentucky were now penetrated by some Methodist local preachers, and the scattered groups of enterprising settlers were followed by them with the word of life. One of these local preachers was attacked in his boat, on the Ohio, by savage Indians; and died within it, kneeling down and shouting praises to God. The indefatigable Asbury itinerated north and south, labouring in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. At one time we find him at New York, with Dr. Coke; then preaching on Long Island; then traversing the middle States, and going down into the South, by the "Dismal Swamp" of Virginia, into North Carolina; and afterwards visiting Maryland, crossing and re-crossing the Alleghany Mountains. The notes by the bishop, in his "journal," on these long and perilous journeys, are truly interesting; and give us by a few words an insight into the labours, privations, and sufferings of American Methodist preachers in those times. Of his passage through the Dismal Swamp of Virginia he says, "I found we had to go twelve miles by water, and send the horses another way. Oh, what a world of swamps and rivers and islands we live in here!" Of his travel over the Alleghany Mountains he records:—

“Thursday, 10th (1788). We had to cross the Alleghany Mountain again at a bad passage. Our course lay over mountains and through valleys, and the mud and mire were such as might scarcely be expected in December. We came to an old forsaken habitation in Tygers’ Valley: here our horses grazed about while we boiled our meat: midnight brought us up at Jones’s, after riding forty, or perhaps fifty miles. The old man, our host, was kind enough to take us up at four o’clock in the morning. We journeyed on through devious lonely wilds, where no food might be found, except what grew in the woods, or was carried with us. We met with two women who were going to see their friends, and to attend the quarterly meeting at Clarksburg. Near midnight we stopped at A——’s, who hissed his dogs at us: but the women were determined to get to quarterly meeting, so we went in. Our supper was tea. Brothers Phœbus and Cook took to the woods; old —— gave up his bed to the women. I lay along the floor on a few deer-skins with the fleas. That night our poor horses got no corn; and the next morning they had to swim across the Monongahela: after a twenty miles’ ride we came to Clarksburg, and man and beast were so outdone that it took us ten hours to accomplish it. I lodged with Col. Jackson. Our meeting was held in a long close room belonging to the Baptists: our use of the house, it seems, gave offence. There attended about 700 people, to whom I preached with freedom; and I believe the Lord’s power reached the hearts of some. After administering the sacrament, I was well satisfied to take my leave. We rode thirty miles to Father Haymond’s, after three o’clock, Sunday afternoon, and made it nearly eleven before we came in; about midnight we went to rest, and rose at five o’clock next morning. My mind has been severely tried under the great fatigue endured both by myself and horse. O, how glad should I be of a plain, clean plank to lie on, as preferable to most of the beds; and where the beds are in a bad state, the floors are worse. The gnats are almost as troublesome here as the moschetoes in the lowlands of the seaboard. This country will require much work to make it tolerable. The people are, many of them, of the boldest cast of adventurers, and with some the decencies of civilised society are scarcely regarded, two instances of which I myself witnessed. The great landholders who are industrious will soon show the effects of the aristocracy of wealth, by lording it over their poorer neighbours, and by securing to themselves all the offices of profit or honour: on the one hand savage warfare teaches them to be cruel; and on the other the preaching of Antinomians poisons them with error in doctrine: good moralists they are not, and good Christians they cannot be, unless they are better taught.”

Of another journey, made in 1789, over these Ame-

rican alps, to visit Kentucky, which was then a comparative wilderness, he has recorded that, in some places, the mountains “ rose up before him like the roof of a house ;” and he adds,—

“ Those who wish to know how rough it is may tread in our paths. What made it worse to me was, that while I was looking to see what had become of my guide, I was carried off with full force against a tree that hung across the road, some distance from the ground, and my head received a very great jar, which, however, was lessened by my having on a hat that was strong in the crown. From December 14th, 1789, to April, 20th, 1790, we compute to have travelled 2578 miles. Hitherto has the Lord helped. Glory! glory to our God! . . . I found the poor preachers indifferently clad, with emaciated bodies, and subject to hard fare, but I hope they are rich in faith.”

Such were the labours, privations, and hardships, of the first Methodist bishops, and of their itinerant brethren, in America. And, in addition to these, they were not unfrequently exposed to “ perils in the wilderness” from hostile and revengeful Indians, who way-laid the solitary white traveller, or tracked him on his path, with the fell intent to tomahawk and scalp him. To this danger Bishop Asbury was exposed in his journeyings over the swamps and through the forests. Sometimes, from their knowledge that there would be hostile Indians in the way, it was necessary for white travellers to associate themselves in companies, and travel in “ caravan.” An instance of this Bishop Asbury has noted, in his journal for the year 1792 :—

“ Wednesday 5th. This morning we again swam the river,” (namely, Laurel River,) “ and the west fork thereof. My little horse was ready to fail. I was steeped with water up to the waist. About seven o’clock, with hard pushing, we reached the Crab Orchard. How much I have suffered in this journey is only known to God and myself. What added much to its disagreeableness was the extreme filthiness of the houses.”

Again he records, under the date of May 1st,—

“ An alarm was spreading of depredation committed by the Indians on the east and west frontiers of the settlements : in the former, report says, one man was killed ; in the latter, many men, women, and children ; every thing is in motion. There having been so many about me at conference, my rest was much broken : I hope to repair it, and get refreshed before I set out to return through the wilderness, but the continual arrival of people until midnight, the barking of dogs, and other annoyances prevented. Next night we reached Crab Orchard, where thirty or forty people were compelled to crowd into one mean house. We could get no more rest here than we did in the wilderness. We came the old way by Scagg’s Creek and Rock Castle, supposing it to be safer, as it is a road less frequented, and therefore less liable to be waylaid by the savages. My body by this time was well tried. I had a violent fever and pain in my head ; and I stretched myself on the cold ground, and borrowing clothes to keep me warm, by the mercy of God, I slept for five hours. Next morning we set off early, and passed beyond Richland Creek. Here we were in danger, if anywhere. I could have slept, but was afraid. Seeing the drowsiness of the company, I walked the encampment, and watched the sentries the whole night. Early next morning we made our way to Robinson’s Station. We had the best company I ever met with—thirty-six good travellers and a few warriors ; but we had a packhorse, some old men, and two tired horses.” He adds—“ Through infinite mercy we came safe ;” and then he exclaims, “ Rest, poor house of clay from such exertions ! Return, O my soul, to thy rest !”

These labours and sufferings of his servants for their Lord and Master were not in vain. In different parts of the country, men not only heard the word, but gladly received it. In some places, sudden and powerful outbursts of the Holy Spirit’s influence came down upon the congregations, and great numbers were savingly changed and added to the Church. Jesse Lee, who accompanied Bishop Asbury into the southern parts of Virginia, has described what he witnessed of numerous conversions there. There were, also, some remarkable revivals of the work of God within this period, both in the city of Baltimore, and in several other places ; and, in 1790, Mr. Lee

travelled northward as far as Boston, to establish Methodism in that city. Both Mr. Boardman and Mr. Garrettson had been there previously ; but had left the small societies formed without any to watch over them, or to visit them ; and, as might be expected, these societies had entirely dwindled away. Not so much as a solitary Methodist, or the known friend of a Methodist, was left in Boston, to welcome Mr. Lee when he arrived there : so that, do what he could, no house or room could be obtained by him to preach in. But the intrepid evangelist, in his plain, Quaker-like garb, took his stand upon a table which he had placed under a gigantic elm, on Boston Common ; and there preached the word of life to some thousands of men and women who, from the shady walks around, were drawn unto him by his joyful singing and fervent praying. Yet, though the people heard him attentively, for some time after no room or house could be obtained for Methodist worship.

Mr. Lee and others then went into different parts of New England, and preached the Gospel, under much opprobrium and persecution. They were pelted with mud and stones, and hooted at as “ Itinerant Pedlars ;” but they pursued their course, and gathered converts to their cause. In this year, also, Sunday-schools were commenced, in connection with Methodist places of worship, for the instruction of black and white children. And in the year following (1791), a Methodist preacher, named William Losee, was sent by the New York Conference into Upper Canada, where, after many hardships by the way and in the country, he succeeded in gathering some converts into classes, and arranging them into a circuit. Thus “ mightily grew the word of God and prevailed ;” so that, by the year 1792,—

only thirty-six years from the formation of the first small society in New York,—the Church had enlarged and extended until it numbered 66,246 members ; and, reckoning the numerous attendants on its public services, had under its influence, it is estimated, not less than a twentieth part of the whole population then contained in the United States of America.

At the first General Conference held in this year, in the city of Baltimore, it was found that the work of Methodism had extended until the greater proportion of the ministers could not attend any one conference together : so that annual conferences were in danger of making laws and regulations that might not be acceptable to the general body of ministers. To remedy this, and to harmonise the general working of Methodism, a central council had been appointed, composed only of bishops and presiding elders. But this not proving satisfactory, a General Conference composed of ministers from the annual conferences was substituted, and appointed to meet at the close of every four years, with powers to legislate for the whole connection, under certain restrictions. At this General Conference in Baltimore, the constitution of the “Methodist Episcopal Church of America” was revised ; and, since then, Methodism has progressed and extended widely over the northern part of this great continent, as may be related in my next letter.

LETTER IX.

PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN AMERICA FROM 1792 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Continued Persecution, Privation, and Difficulty of the Preachers and Missionaries—Forest Preaching—Remarkable Outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and Striking Conversions—Camp-meetings—Great Multitudes assembled, and Extraordinary Good effected—Revival at Baltimore—Extension of Methodism to Canada—Union of Canadian and British Methodism—Present Prosperity of Canadian Methodism—Energy of Methodism in the United States—Its Vast Undertakings—Not Free from Division and Disturbance—Slavery—Separation of North from South—Charges against F. A. Harding and Bishop Andrew—Resolutions of Northern Methodism against Slavery—Fraternal Communication of British Methodism with Anti-Slavery Methodism in America.

I TAKE up the historic notice of American Methodism at the point where I broke off in my last letter—the year 1792. Its progress continued to be marked by encounter with opposition and warfare with difficulties. This, indeed, is the case with every genuine work of God, whether in churches or individuals. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering; and it is so with his followers, everywhere. We cannot attain matured strength and perfection without the discipline of struggle and conflict. Energy and power of character never spring from soft luxurious ease taken on cushioned seats or sofas; but grow from the habit of

determined and persevering effort under afflictive and trying circumstances. It was this habit which made the early settlers in this country men of strength, and the fathers of a robust and energetic people; and which gave to the first Methodist labourers here, and in our own country, that force and breadth of character which render them still great in our estimation. It will be an evil day for Methodism, here or elsewhere, when it shall cease to have opposition from an unregenerate world; when it shall have, as its professed supporters, accomplished weaklings, rather than earnest, persevering labourers accustomed to go forth, like our fathers, to encounter the storm, and to enter personally into aggressive conflict with the enemy.

At every stage of its progress in this country, the work of God has unmistakeably roused the "old hatred." Under the malignant influence of the god of this world, violent mobs assailed the Methodist evangelists, and hooted and pelted them in the streets and on the roads; prejudiced clergymen publicly decried and denounced them, as "circuit-riders," and as "Satan's messengers;" while magistrates and governors prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned them. But, constrained by the love of Christ, these devoted heralds of the Cross pursued their course of duty amidst all obstacles, not counting their own lives dear unto them, in comparison with their high spiritual object. The privations and sufferings of these itinerant labourers in the wild and uncultivated parts of the country seem to have been very great. Some of them are related to have passed as many as twenty-one successive nights in the open wilderness; and often they had to swim across broad, flooded rivers and creeks, and then to sleep in

their wet clothes on the hard, cold ground. Others picked their way through hundreds of miles in the forest, by Indian trails and marked trees, to the scattered huts and cabins of settlers, that they might carry the word of life to families separated from religious means and ordinances, and who had sunk down into such degraded depths of ignorance that they had to be taught the very first elements of worship,—for they knew not when to sit to hear, or kneel to pray!

Of others it is related that they paddled down the great rivers more than 700 miles at a length, in frail canoes, to reach their fellow-men in the western outskirts of population, and for whose souls none others, at that time, cared. In their circuits they walked or rode on horseback as many as 1600 miles within five weeks, to preach the Gospel of Christ often to no more than half-a-dozen persons for an audience—for many of the settlers were then only to be reached in families. And when, under other circumstances, they could assemble the people together in larger numbers within and under the shelter of deep forests, they heard bears and wolves moaning and howling around them as they preached and prayed. While sustaining such unwearied labours and encountering such perils, they did not receive sufficient earthly remuneration to be able to provide themselves with necessary food and clothing; neither, at that time, was there any provision made for their wives or children. Bishop Asbury records in his journal for the year 1806, when attending a western conference, “The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves; so I parted with my watch, my coat, and my shirt.”

Yet, with all this, they were content and happy if only

the work of God prospered in their hands. And Jehovah did not leave them without bright and cheering proofs of His power to save. The records of this period describe some most signal instances of numerous conversions. Where considerable numbers could assemble, not only scores but hundreds at one service were pricked to the heart, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" In the year 1799, the first camp-meetings seem to have been held in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. At some of those large out-of-door assemblies there were wonderful displays of divine grace. The people who attended them had, generally, been moved to religious desires by the several services held among them in their own localities. Thus when called to assemble with others alike concerned for salvation, they went in right earnest, and fully resolved to get religious good if it were to be had by earnestness. They came forth with their horses, waggons, food, and bedding, by thousands; encamped, with their several tents, in the wide wilderness; and then, at protracted services, under the over-hanging foliage of the forest-trees hung with lanterns at night, they continued together for exhortation, the breaking of bread, and for prayer. At one of these meetings as many as 20,000 persons were assembled; so that, for hearing the word of God preached, they had to be gathered into separate congregations, and addressed by different speakers, some of whom were Presbyterians, and some Baptists—for earnest men delight to mingle where there is earnest work going on, though the projectors of such work may not be, nominally, of their own party.

Some of the scenes of spiritual awakening, both of

these and other meetings, were attended by signs and circumstances such as marked the preaching of Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors in England, and such as were beheld at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Hearers of the word fell down to the ground, in the agony of spiritual conviction, and cried aloud for salvation. At a large camp-meeting at Caneridge, it was estimated that not less than 3000 persons were under deep religious concern together, and made the surrounding woods resound with their sobs and cries before the Lord. Bishop M'Kendree seems to have taken a very earnest and successful part in these western camp-meetings; and some which he attended are especially memorable in connection with his name.

There were also gracious revivals in other parts of the country, where great numbers at a time were added to the Lord. The city of Baltimore seems to have been, on several occasions, the favoured scene of numerous conversions, and of large additions to the church of God. In the year 1818, a wondrous religious awakening commenced at "Fell's Point," in the lower part of the city, and spread through the other parts: this gracious visitation was manifested in several influential families, appeared among the poorer portion of the population, and penetrated even to the prison-cells of felons and convicts. At that one period, nearly 1000 persons were brought into church-fellowship with the Methodists in the city of Baltimore. This work of God spread from thence through the State of Maryland. And in the States of Virginia, New York, and other States of New England, Methodism also grew and prospered.

In Canada, too, Methodism made rapid progress. I

have already named its commencement in that province under Mr. Losee; and among the earlier notices, I find one of a gracious revival in Upper Canada, in the year 1797, under Calvin Woolster, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." This work of God seems to have extended from Upper to Lower Canada, and on to Quebec, under Joseph Sawyer, Nathan Bangs, William Case, and other devoted servants of Christ. In 1811, Bishop Asbury crossed the St. Lawrence River and visited Canada, with which country and its people he seems to have been highly gratified. In 1812, the declaration of war between America and England produced uneasiness between Canada and the United States; and the Canadian Methodists began to entertain a desire for separation from the Methodists of the States. This desire strengthened naturally by a consideration of the political relationship between Canada and England; and, at length, by commutual consent of all parties, Methodism in Canada was given up to the British Conference, for general superintendency and government; but this was not brought about until 1828. Since that period, Canada has been divided into two sections, in its relation to Methodism, named Eastern and Western Canada; and these have their own annual conferences, which they hold in affiliated connection with the British Conference. Canada has also had its devoted and zealous labourers for Christ: men who carried the axe with them in their adventurous journeys, that they might cut their way through the forest wilderness, and fell trees by the water-side, place the trees across streams, and so pass over, and pursue their way. William Case, before named, and who died this year (1856), is remembered among the Indian tribes of

Canada, as “the Father of the Indians,” and was one of the most honoured instruments employed by God for the commencement of His work in Canada. And now schools and houses for worship have multiplied, until this great North American province, in both its Methodist sections, is “a field which the Lord hath blessed.” It should not, however, be forgotten, that alike among the white population and the native Indians, Methodism in Canada is originally an offshoot from the Methodism of the United States. Peter Jones and John Sunday, and other Indian converts in Canada, so well known to us in England, and to hundreds of our red brethren, were the fruit of Methodist agency from the States.

With this wide extension of the work of God by its instrumentality, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has steadily advanced in the multiplication of its appliances for securing the stability of its spiritual conquests, while it does not slacken in zeal and effort for further gains. It has made more adequate provisions for its ministers and their families. It has instituted Tract Societies and Sunday School Unions. It has organised domestic missions for widely-scattered settlers of different nations, for the poor degraded slaves, and for the remnants of the various tribes of Indians; and it has sent forth its intrepid missionaries over the seas to South America, Western Africa, the European continent, and India. Some of these have nobly sacrificed their lives for the name of Jesus: and have, themselves, names which are not only honourable in the martyr-records of the Church on earth, but bright in the heraldry of heaven. The dying saying of one of them, Melville B. Cox, who was cut off by the destruc-

tive climate of Liberia, in the year 1832, must long be remembered as one of the most heroic sayings of heroic men. Being asked by his friend what should be written upon his tombstone should he die in Africa, he answered, "Write this—'Let thousands fall before Africa be given up!'" Other missionaries, both male and female, have followed this brave warrior for Christ, and willingly surrendered their lives, while in the years of comparative youth: thus pressing, like good soldiers of their Lord, into the citadel, though they knew beforehand that they were likely to become mere stepping-stones for those who were to follow after them, and secure the full victory.

The Methodists of the States have also established numerous Schools, Academies, Colleges, and Universities, and have spread them widely over the length and breadth of the land; and while literature has been cultivated with the most encouraging success in these institutions, publications have been issued from the Methodist press by hundreds of thousands. As the work of God has enlarged, ministers, local preachers, class-leaders, and other agents of the Church have been multiplied; and the number of the bishops, for general superintendency and oversight, has likewise been proportionally augmented.

It was not to be supposed that such a great and extended work of God as I have briefly sketched could, through good part of a century, escape the plague of internal commotion and disturbance, any more than external assault and conflict. As early as 1793, we find contention and revolt created by disappointed and ambitious men; and, at successive periods, secessions of the disaffected form a part of the chronicle of Methodist

affairs. At one time, the appointment of ministers by the bishops was opposed, and made the subject of strife and division; more than once, the office of "presiding elder" in the Church has been assailed; and some even of the poor African members in the churches of the States have been moved to agitation and separation, on one "vexed question" or another. In reading the history of these disturbances and divisions, it is really curious to notice the similarity of their character and names to those of the disturbances and divisions of Methodism in England. There have been "Primitive Methodists," "Reformers," and "Methodist Associations;" and all these before their namesakes arose in our country. I need only add, that notwithstanding internal and external storms, the Methodist Episcopal Church of America has held on its way, progressing in spite of difficulties and disturbances, until it is now foremost of all the churches of the land, both in numbers and influence.

One great disturbing element has, from early days, as you know, existed in the Christian Church here; and has, at length, divided the Methodist Church of the United States into two parts: that is, the monster evil of slavery. This abhorrent system, by its authorised status under civil governments, has continually hampered and embarrassed the Church. Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, Bishop Asbury, and the early preachers, in their conferences, expressed the strongest opposition to this "complicated villany;" and wrote, spoke, and legislated for its entire eradication from the Methodist Church,—prohibiting, most positively and peremptorily, both ministers and members from any participation in it. But the fact of the evil being sanctioned

by several of the States, separately, and not being subject to general legislation by Congress, interfered with the action of the Methodist Churches. Except they took the position of direct rebellion against civil government, any laws which the Methodists might make against slavery were impracticable. On this account, the Rules were modified by the appendage—that they should be carried into execution by the annual conferences, so far as allowed by the laws of the several States. And with evident reference to past requirements on this matter, relating to both ministers and people being free from criminal association with slavery, the conference of 1824 passed the following resolutions, which are in the “Book of Discipline,” and remain in force to the present time:—

“*Quest.* What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?”

“*Ans.* 1. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery: therefore no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church hereafter, where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.

“2. When any travelling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves, conformable to the law of the State in which he lives.

“3. All our preachers shall prudently enforce upon all our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God; and to allow them time to attend upon the worship of God on our regular days of divine service.

“4. Our coloured preachers and official members shall have all the privileges which are usual to others in the district and quarterly conferences, where the usages of the country do not forbid it. And the presiding elder may hold for them a separate district conference, where the number of coloured local preachers will justify it.

“5. The bishops may employ coloured preachers to travel and preach, when their services are judged necessary, provided that no one shall be so employed without having been recommended by a quarterly conference.”

These rules were not satisfactory to some of the preachers and people, and exciting controversies arose concerning them; and, at length, the Baltimore conference suspended a minister, of the name of Francis A. Harding, for the holding of slaves,—which slaves, the said minister pleaded, the laws of the State in which he resided would not allow him to emancipate. He appealed from the decision of the conference of Baltimore to the General Conference held in 1844. But this conference confirmed the decision given at Baltimore; and, in the proceedings, brought out the fact, that one of the bishops (Bishop Andrew) was also a slaveholder. This the bishop acknowledged, stating that the slaves had come to him by his marriage, that year, with a widow lady; and that, by the laws of the State in which he lived, he could not liberate them. Next, the question of this bishop's continuance in his office was raised; and, on the ground that he would no longer be acceptable to the connexion at large, judgment was likewise given against him. This was no sooner done, than thirteen of the conferences in the Southern States, with the Churches belonging to them, withdrew from the general connexion, and formed themselves into a separate connexion, under the name of the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South;" and, since then, these separatists have never been reunited to their brethren of the North. It is to the General Conference of the Northern body that we have been sent. This Church is not merely passively, but actively and determinedly opposed to slavery. The separatists of the South condemn slavery, and profess to seek its extirpation; but the Church of the North imperatively prohibits all participation in

slavery, either by ministers or other officers of the Church. In justice to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, however, it ought to be stated, that no church whatever is doing so much for the religious instruction of the Africans in the United States as it is doing. It has numerous schools, nearly 200,000 full-church coloured members—most of whom are slaves—and hundreds of thousands more of the same dark race who regularly hear from its preachers the word of life.

From the beginning, Methodism in England and America has maintained friendly relationship, and has exchanged, as occasion allowed, fraternal salutations and greetings, both by written addresses and by ministerial deputations. In the early records of the Churches we find declarations that Methodism throughout the world is one. In 1824, the Rev. Richard Reece, accompanied by the Rev. John Hannah, attended the General Conference which assembled in Baltimore. In 1836, the Rev. William Lord was deputed by the British Conference to attend the General Conference of Methodism in the United States. In 1840, the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D., was at the General Conference held in the same city. In 1848, the Rev. Dr. Dixon attended the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Pittsburg. And now, in 1856, Dr. Hannah and I are on our way to the General Conference about to assemble at Indianapolis.

Before the American Methodist Church was divided, the British Conference, both by its addresses and its representatives, had to remonstrate with the Conferences here on the ground of slavery. But, since the division, there cannot be just suspicion of any leaning towards slavery on the part of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

North; and with it only the British Conference holds communication, and recognises a relationship.

These hasty notices of the leading events and principal circumstances in the history of Methodism on this continent, will give you a general idea of the manner and measure of its progression up to the present time. Full particulars of such a history belong to the voluminous chronicler, and not to the writer of a letter. Some further characteristics of the American Methodist Church at its different periods you will, however, be able to gather from the outline portraiture of some of its most prominent and successful labourers, with which I shall endeavour to supply you in my next letter.

LETTER X.

METHODIST LABOURERS IN AMERICA.

Francis Asbury—Dr. Coke—Asbury's Peculiar Adaptations for America—His Capacity for Labour—His Tirelessness in Travelling—His Abnegation of Self—His Primitive Manners—His Economy and Charity—Anecdote of the Sceptical Doctor—Last Days of Asbury—His last Sermon and Triumphant Death—His Convert, Punch, the Negro—Punch becomes a Preacher—Conversion of the Persecuting Overseer—Punch's Old Age—His Prayer answered—His Happy Death.

FRANCIS ASBURY is uniformly spoken of, here, as the chief agent in the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church: and, undoubtedly, this honour is justly due to him. For, while Mr. Wesley must ever be regarded as the father and founder of Methodism, both in Europe and America, while they were his people who first held Methodist meetings in this country, his preachers who were first sent forth to attend to the infant societies which had been formed, and it was by his authority that the scattered societies were organised into a united and a distinct Church, yet it was Francis Asbury, more than any other man, who stamped upon the American Church the Methodist image and superscription.

Dr. COKE is also very affectionately and gratefully spoken of here. How could it be otherwise? He was Mr. Wesley's most devoted assistant and friend. He

was the father of Methodist missions; and gave his life, learning, and fortune, to the furtherance of that object. He was the first appointed bishop of the Methodist Church in America; and to serve it he crossed the wide Atlantic not less than eighteen times, at his own expense. Dr. Coke was, moreover, a true friend of the degraded negro race; and with a zeal not less ardent than that of Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Fowell Buxton, he sought their social and spiritual emancipation. Here, as in England, he was the very drudge of charity; and though a gentleman by birth and a scholar by education, he encountered the roughest missionary labour in the unshorn wilderness of this Western world. Standing under the broad, spreading maple-tree, he made the deep forest echo with the sound of his overstrained voice, as he preached to assembled emigrants and outcast slaves the word of life.

But with all his personal excellence, zeal, and devotedness, Dr. Coke could not so fully engraft himself upon the American stock, and be so thoroughly united to it, as Francis Asbury. He had strong predilections for the Church of England and its services: these prepossessions the Americans did not share, and so they became unwilling to confide their entire interests to him. Above all the reasons, however, why he failed to secure the full sympathy of the Americans, the strongest was his impulsive zeal for the immediate liberation of the slaves. This brought him often into perilous collision with the slave-owners and the government; and, by consequence, led the people to distrust his prudence. Besides, Dr. Coke did not remain long at a time in America; but passed and repassed to England, leaving his colleague in the general superintendency of

the Methodist Church, in single charge of the several circuits and the districts.

Bishop Asbury, on the other hand, gave himself wholly to Methodism in America. As soon as he arrived on this continent, he adopted it as his field of spiritual labour for life. And when the Church here had been thoughtfully and skilfully organised, and himself confirmed in his office, he carried out the system of evangelical agency and pastoral oversight with amazing energy and success. As we have seen, the form of church government here established was devised by Mr. Wesley; but how much, under God, did it depend upon the agent Mr. Wesley might select to carry it into practical operation! That agent was Francis Asbury; and there can be no doubt that he was also most especially chosen of God for this great work.

Like most men specially destined for important service under Divine Providence, he seems, from the beginning of his itinerant career, to have had a strong presentiment of his destiny with regard to America. In his journal he has recorded that, before any proposal was made by Mr. Wesley to the Conference at Bristol, in 1771, for some of the preachers to go and assist their brethren labouring in America, he had felt strong and clear intimations within his mind that he ought to go there; and that, when he made known his views and feelings, the preachers and his friends agreed in the conclusion that he ought to go. From the conviction that America was the sphere of labour appointed for him by God, he never afterwards moved, even for an instant. When, in the time of war and extreme peril, other English preachers left this continent and returned to their own country, Francis Asbury, as I have before

hinted, remained, and resolved not to desert his great work on any account. And though, during the fiercest period of the conflict for Independence, he durst not appear abroad in the daytime (because unwilling as a British subject to take the oath of allegiance to the States), yet even then he went forth by night to instruct the people, and to pray with them in their homes. He states that the two months thus spent by him were "a season of the most active, most useful, and suffering part of his life." For the work in America to which he had devoted himself, he was ready to make any sacrifice of personal ease and comfort; and for the extension of Messiah's kingdom he was ready to perform any amount of labour. Itinerancy seems to have been the very element of his existence.

This sagacious as well as zealous servant of Christ knew, from what he had seen in England, the power of itinerant preaching for aggression upon the territory of Satan; and, like Wesley and Whitefield, he went forth into the thoroughfares of human society publicly to call upon men to enter the way of salvation. "General assistant" as he was, yet he did not content himself with making out plans for the stated labour of brethren placed under his superintendence. He did not seat himself in a comfortable room, and ask, with maps and rules before him, "Who will go for us?" No: like all great leaders he went forth personally at the head of his "helpers," and cried "Follow me!"

On his first arrival in America, he saw the disposition of the preachers to shut themselves up within the large towns. This he not only lamented and condemned, but he immediately went out to the neglected settlers of the wilderness; and, as he says, "showed

his brethren the way" of real itinerant labour. And when raised to the Methodist episcopacy by the unanimous voices of the preachers, and thus placed over them in the Lord, Bishop Asbury did not seek official ease or personal indulgence, by leaving the drudgery of the work to others; but continued to adventure on the most perilous evangelic enterprises, labouring more abundantly than they all. He travelled, it is estimated, not less than 6000 miles a year for the extended period of forty-five years; and preached at least once a day during the whole of that time. His journeys were performed, not in railway cars or steamboats, but upon horseback or on foot, and often under the most dangerous and comfortless circumstances. In his interesting "Journal," where he has chronicled in the most artless manner his daily exercises of heart and life, he tells us how he had to travel on the roughest roads; to wade through dismal swamps; to cross difficult mountain ridges; to journey alone through the solitary wilderness, where the deep silence was broken only by the howls of hungry wolves, and the yells of murderous Indians; to swim over broad rivers, and sleep on the cold ground in his wet clothes, with no pillow but his saddle-bags,—or, if he found shelter for the night in a settler's hut or log-cabin, it was not unfrequently in circumstances of the greatest inconvenience and discomfort. When detained from itinerant service, he mourned over his silence, recording in his journal, "It is now eight weeks since I have preached—awfully dumb Sabbaths!" When so far recovered in strength as to be able to proceed over the Cumberland Mountains, he relates, "On my way I felt as if I was out of prison. Hail! ye solitary pines! the jessamine, the red-bud,

and the dog-wood! How charming in full bloom! the former a most fragrant smell." And afterwards he records,—“ I have travelled about 600 miles with an inflammatory fever, and fixed pain in my breast.” For arduous and enduring labours, it may be affirmed, that Francis Asbury was not excelled by any of the most devoted and toiling messengers of Christ.

There is but little of written memorial respecting this most excellent man. And there is only one authentic portrait of him that I have seen, except the small one in the *Methodist Magazine* for the year 1809. He seems to have shrunk with instinctive dread from the honour which cometh from man. It was only by stratagem that a likeness of him could be obtained,—that of a promise of clothing for his poor preachers, if he would sit to a portrait-taker. Before he died, he solemnly enjoined upon his friends that no “Life” should be written of him, and that dying injunction to the present has been observed. His bodily remains rest, now, in the “Mount of Olives” Methodist Cemetery, at Baltimore; but no monumental stone records his deeds. Without picture-portraits, written memoirs, or marble monuments, his memory is blessed in the Church he established in the land; and to any one standing within the living walls of that Church, characterised by its vast extent, and its goodly framework of spiritual beauty and order, if inquiry were made for Asbury’s monument, the answer might be in the words of that strikingly appropriate inscription for Sir Christopher Wren, within St. Paul’s Cathedral:—“*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice:*”—“If thou askest for his monument, look around thee!”

The friends here, who remember him, describe him as

having been, in person, a spare, upright, and dignified man. He is said to have had eyes that pierced those he looked upon, as if he were probing human character to its core ; while, at times, when he was administering reproof, the glance from under his large overhanging brows was terrible. To judge from the lines and fixedness of the mouth, and the general cast of his features, as shown in the one portrait of him, firmness and decision, seriousness and earnestness, must have been habitual with him. In his advanced years, they relate, that his long, silvery locks flowed freely on his shoulders, so as to give him a truly venerable and fatherly appearance. He is also described as having been remarkably neat and clean in his clothing, and as having worn a plain, quakerly kind of dress, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat.

Bishop Asbury does not seem to have been marked by imaginative or creative powers of mind. He was, rather, a man of plain, solid understanding, with a potential will, and undiscourageable endurance and perseverance. He had mainly educated himself while on his itinerant rounds ; and he obtained, not only a good degree of ordinary learning, but also a critical acquaintance with the original language of the New Testament. He was a man of exact order and method. His business movements are said to have been almost as regular as clock-work. Like Mr. Wesley, he ate, slept, laboured, conversed, and prayed by rule. He was a rigid enemy to ease or self-indulgence, and would not allow it either in himself or his brethren. "The love of money" had no place in his affections : he would never take for himself more than 60 dollars (£20) a year for his support, beyond his travelling expenses ; and he dis-

tributed the greater part of that sum to the more needy. His sermons, in his later years, are described as being without regularity of plan or arrangement; but still to have been very weighty and impressive. The simple truth, delivered in a solemn, authoritative manner, accompanied by the power of the Spirit, shook the hearts of the preachers as well as of the people. He "ruled well," and therefore was counted worthy of double honour. He was forbearing and conciliatory where he observed any irregularity which did not involve a principle; but where transgression was really censurable, he was immovable in firmness and resolution. So unerring was his insight of human character, that he knew at a glance the materials on which he had to work; and he had strength and courage, as well as wisdom, to use them for the best advantage of the Church of Christ. Some, who only saw him in his public administrations, thought him stern and unapproachable; but to those who knew him well he was loving and easily accessible. When he entered the poor man's cabin for rest or for shelter, little children ran to him as soon as he was seated, climbed up his knees, and received his fatherly benediction.

Bishop Asbury never married; for, as he used to say, he was too constantly occupied with the work of God to take upon him the cares of a private family. He seems, however, to have had a manly sense of the duty of help and succour which man owes to woman. Thus he always contributed, from his yearly pittance, to the support of some needy female or other; and, when he died, he left 2000 dollars, which friendship had bequeathed to him, for the relief of a preacher's widow, and of the most needy of his brethren.

With all this, he was pre-eminently a man of prayer. Dependence upon God seems to have been his constant feeling. He began and finished every service with prayer. He prayed on the road, in the silent woods, and in the houses where he lodged, whether they were private or public. He lived and breathed in the element of prayer. When a sceptical doctor of medicine refused to receive from him any pecuniary remuneration for attending upon him during a dangerous sickness, he said, "But I never suffer myself to be in debt, so let us kneel down together and discharge the obligation with thanks and supplications before the Lord;" and, kneeling down, he prayed most earnestly for the unbelieving physician who had dealt so generously with him. His gift in public prayer is spoken of as having been remarkable. This talent he had well improved by exercise, as Freeborn Garrettsen, his companion in labour, declared in the funeral sermon which he preached for the bishop, when he said, "He prayed the best, and he prayed the most, of any man I ever knew. His long-continued rides prevented his preaching as often as some others; but he could find a throne of grace, if not a congregation, upon the road."

This truly apostolic man lived to a good old age. When he had passed his threescore years and ten, and when his venerable father, Wesley, with Dr. Coke, and many others of his early friends and acquaintances, had departed to their eternal rest, he still pursued his itinerant labours. Incessant travelling, amidst all the changes of weather, and the constant burden of anxiety which he bore for the Church he loved, preyed seriously upon his constitution in later years. But when urged to desist from continuous labour, on the ground that

God had graciously raised up many strong men to carry on and watch over the work he had begun, he replied, "No man can do my work." When too weak to preach on his journeys as often as he had been wont to do, he had printed copies of the Word of God stored in his waggon, to distribute as he went along the road, saying, "Now I know that I am sowing good seed." From the last entries he made in his journal, it is plain that all his desires for itinerant labour were not then fulfilled, but that his heart was enlarged towards the "Far West." They are in these words:—

"My soul is blessed with continued consolation and peace in all my great weakness of body, and crowds of company. I am a debtor to the whole continent, but more especially to the north-east and south-west; it is there I usually gain health, and lose it in the south and centre. I have visited the south thirty times in thirty-one years. I wish to visit Mississippi; but am resigned My eyes fail. I will resign the stations to Bishop M'Kendree. I will take away my feet. . . . It is my fifty-fifth year of ministry, and forty-fifth of labour in America. . . . I die daily, but my consolations are great. I live in God from moment to moment."

Notwithstanding this resolution to "take away his feet," and give place unto another, he still continued his journeys, until after riding forty-three miles one day over a rough and jolting road, he said, "This will not do—I must halt, or order my grave." Yet he persevered, fearing to lose the last remnant of his life from useful service, until he reached Virginia, where he preached his last sermon only a few days before his death. When his friends beheld him in his feeble-

ness, they besought him not to preach; but he replied that "God had given him work to do there, and he must once more deliver his testimony in that place." And like as the "beloved disciple" St. John, according to the relation of Jerome, was carried in the arms of the early Christians to their place of meeting and placed before the people, when old age disabled him from walking, so the devoted Methodists of Richmond carried the dying Asbury in their arms to the house of God; and when they had placed him on a table inside the pulpit, he preached, in tremulous tones, to a weeping congregation, from the signal words, "For He will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will He make in the earth." He was then carried back from the pulpit; and on the next Sabbath—after travelling on alternate days till he reached the house of his friend, Mr. George Arnold—when bowing himself upon his bed to worship, and, like Jacob, leaning upon his staff, he looked up joyfully to his companion, and raising both hands to heaven in holy triumph, he passed into the joy of his Lord.

Bishop Asbury was in his seventy-first year; and his death occurred on the 21st day of March, 1816. He was, at first, interred at Spottsylvania, in Virginia, the place where he died. Afterwards, by the direction of the Conference, his remains were brought to Baltimore, and deposited within a vault under the recess for the pulpit, in Eautaw Street Church, when a funeral address was delivered over them, to the ministers assembled, by Bishop M'Kendree. In the church was placed a written memorial of his name, labours, and death. Since then his bones have been removed to the Mount

of Olives Cemetery, as I have already stated ; and there, with the bodies of other bishops of his beloved Church, his mortal relics seem to have found a last resting-place, wherein to await their great change into a "spiritual body."

Many interesting anecdotes are related of this good bishop from the memories of his survivors, and these reminiscences of him are vividly illustrative of his excellent character. Some of them very affectingly show his benevolent attention to the poor degraded sons and daughters of Africa, and are truly honourable to him. It is clear that he was never neglectful of them, wherever he went ; and that he not only prayed and conversed with the master in his house and in his parlour, but also with the slave in the kitchen, the field, and the log-hut. On one occasion he observes, in his journal, "I was exceedingly happy last evening with the poor slaves in brother Wells' kitchen, while our white brother (a young minister of the circuit) held a sacramental love-feast up-stairs. I must be mindful of the poor : this is the will of God concerning me." But his attention to these poor outcasts, and the great harvest of good that may spring from way-side sowing of the word of life among them, appeared very fully in his conduct towards a notoriously wicked negro, whom he one day found by the road-side, as he was riding to Charleston, in South Carolina ; and who was not only brought to seriousness and reformation of life, but became successful in winning many of his own dark race to the love of the Saviour. The relation is as follows :—

Bishop Asbury came up to this negro, who was sitting on a bank, fishing in a creek, and whistling to

himself a merry jig tune. The bishop pulled up his horse, and turned it aside to drink. While the horse was drinking, the bishop began to enter into conversation with the dark fisherman, asking what was his name. "Punch," was the reply. "Do you ever pray?" inquired Asbury. "No, massa," answered the negro, with a vague look that showed he hardly knew the meaning of the question. The bishop at once dismounted, sat down on the bank beside the slave, and spoke to him earnestly on the evil of sin and its danger, and on the way of salvation by Christ Jesus, until the tears flowed swiftly down the black man's face, and he began to cry to God to have mercy on him. Asbury now sang, by his side, several verses of the hymn, commencing—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay."

This thoroughly subdued Punch, insomuch that his tears flowed faster, and his heart melted into sorrow. The bishop then explained to him the way of faith in Christ; and, after giving him suitable directions, prayed with him, and bade him an affectionate farewell. The evangelist and the negro did not meet again until twenty-five years afterwards, when Punch obtained leave to quit the rice-field in order to make a visit to Charleston, where the bishop then was, and whither the negro walked sixty or seventy miles to see him. But, to pursue the story in order:—When Bishop Asbury left Punch at the side of the creek, the negro quickly drew up his fishing-line, and went to his hut; for the Holy Spirit was working effectually in the depths of his soul. "I began tink," he said afterwards, "'fore I get home

Punch be gone to hell." Following the directions of his spiritual instructor, he now prayerfully and unceasingly sought forgiveness through the blood of Christ; and, after a few days, he joyfully obtained redemption through that blood, even the pardon of his sins.

Feeling the blessedness of his new state, he could not refrain from speaking of it to others. It seemed a strange tale for Punch, who had been so notoriously wicked, to tell to his fellow-slaves. But they saw that he was a changed and a happy man; and by degrees they gathered round him, and heard with seriousness what he had to say. One after another began to pray, and then to rejoice, until, at length, large congregations collected round the door of Punch's cabin for religious conversation and prayer; and soon, without intending it, Punch became a preacher of the Gospel. Standing at the door of his hut, he, night after night, proclaimed the good news of salvation to crowds of his brother negroes.

This awakened the ire of the overseer of the estate, and he set himself to put down Punch's preaching and the effects of it among the slaves. And now poor Punch could only speak and pray with a few that might hide themselves in his narrow cabin. One night, when thus engaged, to his alarm he heard the persecuting overseer call him, and he went forth fully expecting to be flogged; but, behold! when he opened the door, there lay the overseer, writhing on the ground, under conviction for sin, and crying out, "Punch, will you pray for me?" and, as may readily be supposed, Punch most gladly and earnestly complied. "I cry, I pray, I shout!" he used afterwards to relate; "I beg de Lord

to hear. De overseer rise, trow him arms round me ; and den he tank God, and tank Punch !” This overseer afterwards joined the Methodist Church, became an exhorter, and afterwards a preacher.

For some years, the devoted negro’s course for religious usefulness was freely open ; and, having been long known to them, he continued to win his companions in bondage to newness of life. His owner dying, he passed into the possession of another, and was removed to an entirely new field for labour. There, however, as before, by zealous, persevering goodness, he won the confidence of those who were over him, and the ears and hearts of his fellow-slaves, who, like the others, resorted to him for religious instruction and worship.

Several years after, when Punch had grown old, a Methodist minister was sent to that part of the country, and was requested to visit the plantation. The minister sought first the cabin of this veteran Methodist negro, of whom he had previously heard. He asked a negro herdsman if any preacher lived on the ground, “ O yes, massa, de old bushup lib here,” answered the man, pointing to Punch’s cottage, “ he be good preacher. De word burn we heart !” The minister knocked at the cabin-door, and immediately heard tottering footsteps, and a sound of a cane on the floor. The door opened, and there within stood a trembling grey-headed old black man, leaning upon a staff.

When informed of the office of his visitor, Punch was silent with the overflow of grateful feeling ; and, looking up to heaven with his dark eyes beaming with rapture, he at last burst into tears, and exclaimed, “ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation !” The minister

was overpowered by what he saw, and stood like one confused, not knowing what to reply. Punch invited him in, and explained to him the meaning of the exclamation, by saying, "I have many children in this place. My end is nigh, and I have looked round me in vain for some one to take my place and preach to them. I prayed to God to send some one, and I felt as though I could not die until He did. He has heard my prayer, and sent you. So I am now ready to depart."

Very soon afterwards his departure arrived. He seemed almost to know when it would come; for, on the morning of the Sabbath on which he died, he said, joyously, "I shall die this day!" Many weeping negroes crowded round his low, scanty bed, and heard his dying words. Again and again he repeated the grateful words of Simeon—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" And as his redeemed and enfranchised spirit escaped from the dark, captive tabernacle in which it had lodged, his quivering lips were repeating, "Let thy servant depart in peace—Let—let—l—."

LETTER XI.

METHODIST LABOURERS IN AMERICA.

Bishop M'Kendree—Clearness of his Conversion—Doubts his Call to the Ministry—His Prejudices against Bishop Asbury dispelled, and his entire devotedness to Methodism—His Labours in the West, and his personal Holiness and Success—Elected Bishop—Companionship with Asbury—Pleasing Camp-meeting Scene—M'Kendree's Farewell to his Brethren—His last Days and happy Departure—Bishop George—Habits of Prayer—Powers as a Preacher—Kindliness of Spirit—Anecdote of the Young Preacher and the Bishop—Freeborn Garrettson—His happy Face and happy Character—Remarkable Conversion—Sets Free his Negroes—His Ministry—Suffering for Christ—Pleasant old Age—Rapturous Death—Jesse Lee—Bishop Roberts—Bishop Hedding—Bishop Emory—John Easter—Dr. Stephen Olin, &c.

THE name held in most regard and reverence, next to that of Asbury, among American Methodists, is that of his colleague and successor, Bishop M'KENDREE. His memory is more immediately identified with the West, of which he was one of the chief Gospel pioneers. No formal memoir of him has yet been written, though love for him seems to exist in every Methodist heart. He was, pre-eminently, a devoted, laborious, eloquent, and successful minister of Christ. In person, he is described as having been above the average height; and though his bearing is said to have been impressive and dignified,

yet his intelligent face was remarkable for openness ; and his large falling rolls of dark hair gave him a cast of manly beauty. His voice is said to have been one of remarkable sweetness and power.

He was born in the State of Virginia, in the year 1757, and was an adjutant in the American army during the war of Independence. When thirty years of age, he was brought to God under the preaching of a "Boanerges" who then travelled in that part of the country, of the name of John Easter, and from that time to the end of his life M'Kendree was a faithful soldier of the Cross. The work of conversion was thoroughly accomplished within him. Like the repentant Saul of Tarsus, he was three days and three nights fasting, praying, and restlessly agonizing for the forgiveness of his sins. At the expiration of this period he was enabled to trust in Christ for salvation, and received the clear and full witness of the Holy Spirit that his past offences were pardoned and that he was adopted into God's spiritual family. Soon after this he felt risings of evil within ; but, by persevering reliance upon the blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, he obtained power to overcome and mortify to the death all carnal passions, and to devote himself, body and soul, wholly to the service of the Lord.

When he first began to call sinners to repentance, he was strongly tempted to desist from so doing with the belief that he was not chosen for so high and holy a work ; and through the discouraging remarks of some who heard him, he prepared to return home for other employment. But God so signally owned his labours at this crisis, that neither he nor the people could longer doubt that he was truly called of God to labour in the

Gospel vineyard. A few years after he had regularly entered on the work of the itinerant ministry, his mind was warped against Bishop Asbury, and he tendered his resignation. This was owing to a discontented preacher of the name of O'Kelly, who misrepresented Asbury's faithfulness in the discharge of his duty as an abuse of his episcopal authority. M'Kendree, however, was taken to accompany Asbury where he could see the good bishop's life and conduct for himself. He became satisfied of the incorrectness of O'Kelly's representations; felt that Asbury's conduct and character were noble and truly Christian; acknowledged it; and set himself to understand thoroughly the whole system of Methodism. And now, without wavering, he gave himself fully to the itinerant work; and laboured, most zealously and successfully, first as a circuit-preacher, and then as a presiding elder, in the extensive district between the Alleghany Mountains, West, and Chesapeake Bay, East,—a district the care of which necessitated frequent, prolonged, and very difficult journeying.

Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat had already perceived the importance of the great Western valley beyond the Alleghany Mountains; and finding M'Kendree to be exactly the sort of labourer they desired for it, they appointed him to accompany them into that district; and it was they also who appointed him to be presiding elder there. At three hours' notice, without books, or a change of clothes, which were far away from him, he set off on his long and arduous journey, with these two venerable, and now, through age and toil, infirm, servants of Christ. And here, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, he preached and laboured with amazing power and success. He used to gather large multitudes from

many miles around, assemble them in the forest, and there, under the overhanging trees, preach the most powerful sermons, until hundreds of his hearers, stricken with a deep sense of their sinful condition, made the woods ring with their cries to God for mercy.

And as for the preacher himself, there were seasons, it is said, when he was so filled and overpowered with the glory of God, that his face seemed to shine as an angel's; and he would sink down upon the ground, silent and almost breathless with spiritual awe and heavenly rapture. All who knew him and heard him, unhesitatingly testify that he was a most eloquent and powerful preacher. His noble frame, they relate, used to quiver under the thrilling thoughts he uttered on the great truths of God; and his preaching was in "the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power." As far as I can judge from what I have learned concerning him, he must have been a bright exemplar of personal holiness: he seems to have lived as if daily within the holy place, and to have come forth as with sweetly-perfumed garments from within the veil. Joined with such a rich experience of sanctifying and gladdening religion, there can be no wonder that the eloquence of this great preacher was so blessedly persuasive; and that he was not only instrumental in the spiritual awakening of hundreds, but happily useful in building up believers, and stimulating them to higher acquirements in holiness. His knowledge of the Scriptures was also very comprehensive; and this, again, would insure his usefulness, as it would render him able to meet the cases alike of the unconverted, the penitent, or the believer, and apply to them the very words they needed, fresh from the mouth of God Himself.

It was clear to all who knew him that M'Kendree was designed, by the all-wise Governor of the Church, to be a leader in Israel; and that by his years of labour and suffering, as well as by the heart of sympathy he manifested for his brethren in their itinerant trials, he had the full preparation and fitness for the office of a general superintendent. Accordingly, when at the Conference of 1808, in Baltimore, the place of the deceased Bishop Whatcoat had to be filled up, he was elected to the office of bishop. It would appear from Dr. Bangs' relation of the election, that M'Kendree, on coming to the Conference, was scarcely known to his brethren, from the fact of his having spent so many years entirely in the West. He was not, therefore, at first thought of by the majority of preachers as Bishop Whatcoat's successor. Dr. Bangs goes on to describe how the preachers were led to fix upon him. M'Kendree was appointed to preach in Light Street Church, Baltimore, on the Sabbath before the election of a bishop was to be made in the Conference.

“The house,” says Dr. Bangs, “was crowded with people in every part, above and below, eager to hear the stranger, and, among others, most of the members of the General Conference were present, besides a number of coloured people who occupied a second gallery in the front end of the church. Bishop M'Kendree entered the pulpit, at the hour for commencing the services, clothed in very coarse and homely garments, which he had worn in the woods of the West; and after singing, he kneeled in prayer. As was often the case with him when he commenced his prayer, he seemed to falter in his speech, clipping some of his words at the end, and hanging upon a syllable as if it were difficult for him to pronounce the word. I looked at him not without some feeling of distrust, thinking to myself, ‘I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put into the pulpit this morning, to disgrace us with his mawkish manners and uncouth phraseology.’ This feeling of distrust did not forsake me until some minutes after he had announced his text, which contained the following words:—‘For the hurt of

the daughter of my people am I hurt ; I am black ; astonishment hath taken hold of me. Is there no balm in Gilead ; is there no physician there ? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered ?'

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

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

"After this sudden shower the clouds were disperted, and the Sun of righteousness shone out most serenely and delightfully, producing upon all present a consciousness of the Divine approbation : and when the preacher descended from the pulpit, all were filled with admiration of his talents, and were ready to 'magnify the grace of God in him,' as a chosen messenger of good tidings to the lost, saying in their hearts, '*This is the man whom God delights to honour.*'"

At the close of the service, Bishop Asbury was heard to say, "That sermon will make him a bishop." And

it did; for the worthiness of the life and character of the preacher was canvassed and duly estimated, after his brethren had witnessed the eloquence and power of his preaching; and in the week following they elected him by a large majority. This was deeply gratifying to Bishop Asbury; and he recorded in his journal—"The burden is now borne by two pairs of shoulders, instead of one: the care is cast upon two heads and hearts." These two bishops, Asbury and M'Kendree, travelled together to superintend the Churches, and to cry aloud for God in the wilderness, through the different States, and in Canada. Within eight months, in one tour, they travelled over 6000 miles, attended the sessions of nine Conferences, and publicly assisted at several camp-meetings. To do this they passed over the old difficulties of mountains, swamps, forests, and prairies, and crossed the Rivers Ohio and Mississippi, as well as the northern lakes. Their work cheered them in its rich results, as Bishop Asbury declared.

"My flesh sinks under labour," says the veteran evangelist. "We are riding in a poor thirty-dollar chaise, in partnership But it must be confessed that it tallies well with our purses. What bishops! Well: but we have great news, and we have great times; and each Western, Southern, together with the Virginian Conference, will have 1000 souls truly converted to God. Is not this an equivalent for a light purse? And are we not well paid for starving and toil? Yes: glory to God!"

At one of the camp-meetings which M'Kendree attended about this time, a fact occurred which brought into beautiful display the tender sympathy he always felt for broken-hearted seekers of salvation. The camp-

meeting was held on a farm in Ohio; and, on the Monday morning, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was solemnly administered, in the open air, to a very large number of communicants, assembled from all the surrounding parts of the country. The ministers first surrounded the table, and received from Bishop M'Kendree the emblems and memorials of their Saviour's love. Afterwards, with him, they administered to the multitude which came up in companies to partake of the blessed ordinance. The scene was devoutly impressive; and a silence pervaded it that was only occasionally broken by the grateful exclamations of joyful and worshipping believers. But beyond the circle of ministers and communicants sat a lady leaning her head upon the shoulder of her converted sister, and sobbing as if her heart would break, with sorrow for her sins, as she looked upon the affecting scene before her of hundreds who were so happily and gratefully receiving the tokens of the Redeemer's love. The eyes of the bishop fell upon the penitent. "Come here, my child," he exclaimed, "and kneel at the foot of the cross, where you shall find mercy!" She publicly asked, if so vile a sinner as she felt herself to be might draw near, and receive into her unholy hands the emblems of Christ's dying love. "Yes, my child," replied M'Kendree, "it was for just such sinners as you that the blessed Jesus died; and thus in his last agony he demonstrated his power and willingness to save the vilest of the vile by snatching the penitent malefactor from the verge of hell." "Then I'll go to Christ!" said the weeping penitent; and pressing through the crowd, she bowed down at the table of the Lord. The bishop gave to her the broken bread, and then the cup,—himself in

tears, and looking up to heaven in her behalf. As she drank at the cup, the divine assurance of salvation was given to her soul; and, with a countenance radiant with holy joy and intelligence, she immediately rose from her knees, and told what God had done for her soul, in a strain which caused the whole multitude of communicants to utter a shout of praise to the Almighty and merciful Deliverer.

For eight years, these two bishops were united in the general superintendency of the American Methodist Church; at the end of which period Bishop Asbury "took away his feet," as he said, and resigned his work to his brother M'Kendree, who now, in turn, became the patriarch among American Methodists.

M'Kendree's excessive labours in the difficult West had told upon his constitution, and it soon became evident that his career also was drawing to a close. Bishops Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts, had been associated with him in his arduous work, and his friends entreated him to rest. But, like a true Methodist pastor, he felt his heart was in itinerant labour; and he would continue to travel on in his rounds, though in doing so the slightest jolt upon the rugged road pierced him with most acute pain. More than once he returned to his native county to die; but, on recovering a little strength, he left it again to travel and labour.

At the Conference of 1832, in Philadelphia, Bishop M'Kendree met his brethren in their general assembly for the last time, and delivered to them his farewell words. Dr. Bangs, in his "History of American Methodism," has thus beautifully described the scene which he there beheld:—

"Like a patriarch in the midst of his family, with

his head silvered over with the frosts of seventy-five winters, and a countenance beaming with intelligence and good-will, he (Bishop M'Kendree) delivered his valedictory remarks, which are remembered with lively emotions. Rising from his seat to take his departure the day before the Conference adjourned, he halted for a moment, leaning on his staff. With faltering lips, and his eyes swimming with tears, he said, 'My brethren and children, love one another! Let all things be done without strife or vain-glory; and strive to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' Then spreading forth his trembling hands and lifting his eyes towards the heavens he pronounced, with faltering and affectionate accents, the apostolic benediction." The ministers gazed with tearful eyes upon his bending form; and, as he retired, wept with the thought that they should see his face on earth no more.

Yet, even after this, so indomitable was the spirit of this Christian hero, that he again set out to pursue his itinerant rounds. At length he went to the house of his brother, Dr. James M'Kendree, in Sumner County, to die. Here he experienced intense sufferings of body; and when medical skill failed to relieve him, he showed his undiminished faith in God by requesting his friends to kneel beside his bed and pray that he might have ease. In calling upon a friend and neighbour to do this, he said, "Now, pray for me—not as you pray in your family—but in faith, and with direct reference to my case." And after the prayer, he said, "It is easy now."

In his last days he was principally attended by a loving sister; and he had also a young niece who watched him almost constantly as he lay suffering

upon his bed. "Frances," he said to her one day, "you are like a lamp: you wake when I sleep, to shine upon me when I wake." He seems to have had very strong family feelings. When he felt that his death was near, he would have his father's bedstead brought, that he might die where his beloved parent had died. On the Sabbath of the week in which his death occurred, his brother perceiving that his end was near, told him so; and asked him if he had anything particular to say, or any departing desire to express. The cheering answer was, "All is well for time or for eternity. I live by faith in the Son of God. For me to live is Christ: to die is gain." This he repeated with deliberate emphasis, adding, "I wish that point to be perfectly understood—that all is well with me, whether I live or die. For two months I have not had a cloud to darken my hope: I have uninterrupted confidence in my Saviour's love." As expressive of his state, he tried to repeat the stanza—

" Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment the Lord from my eyes."

But his voice failed; and another had to finish the verse for him. Of his burial, he said, "I wish to be buried in the ancient Methodist style: like an old Christian minister." He continued to suffer until Thursday, when a sudden spasmodic attack twitched up the muscle of his cheek: he gently smoothed it down with his hand, then smiled, and passed away from earth, whereon he had lived seventy-seven years.

Another memorable name among early Methodist labourers in America, is that of Bishop GEORGE, of Virginia. Like Bishop M'Kendree, he was converted

to God under the zealous and successful evangelist, John Easter. He entered upon his itinerant course in 1791 (the year of Mr. Wesley's death), was elected and ordained to the office of bishop in 1816, and died, triumphantly exclaiming, "I am going to heaven, and that's enough! Glory! glory!"

In personal appearance, Bishop George is described as large and well-proportioned, with a broad massive face, a sallow complexion, through exposure and fatigues in the open air, and with thick neglected folds of dark hair hanging upon his neck. The strong lines of his countenance were touched by religion into softness and gentleness; but, both in look and quick earnest movement, he was ever seen to be a man of energetic action. His experience of the power of inward religion was deep. He spent much time in secret prayer; and often, like the patriarch Isaac, would go out into the fields at eventide to meditate. His morning hours before breakfast were regularly spent in devotional exercises; and, like holy Thomas Walsh, he not unfrequently rose at midnight, wrapped his cloak about him, and wrestled with God for the salvation of sinners. This made him a minister of the Spirit, and the honoured instrument of the conversion of many. Bishop George does not seem to have been a man of learning; but he was endowed with an original and independent mind, and evidently possessed the true key to usefulness. He was accustomed to say, "It is the grammatical eloquence of the Holy Ghost which deeply, lastingly, and profitably affects the hearts of men." His mastery over the passions of his hearers was great; and he was distinguished especially for his pathetic power. Not unfrequently, the deeps of his

own soul would be broken up within him while he preached, so that he wept, and all were weeping around him. These were usually seasons of great spiritual good ; so that, if he went forth sowing in tears, he came again reaping in joy and bringing his sheaves with him. Some of the flights of his natural eloquence are said to have been not only beautiful, but inspiring, to all who were looking for the heavenly country ; while, on the other hand, such was the power of his denunciation of sin, and the force with which he carried home conviction to the conscience, that cries and shrieks of heart-pierced sinners would often break forth among his congregations in all directions. Dr. Hannah was with him at the General Conference of Baltimore, in 1824, and has a distinct remembrance of eloquent passages in a sermon which he then heard from him. Among them was a description of St. John, whom the bishop described as “retiring to the Isle of Patmos covered with the smiles of Jesus, and filled with the presence of God.” Dr. Wilbur Fisk, who was his intimate friend, wrote of him in a lady’s album :—

“ Bishop George has gone to heaven. He left this world for glory on the twenty-third of August last ; and from the known tendency of his soul heavenward, and his joyous haste to be gone, there can be little doubt but his chariot of fire reached the place of his destination speedily, and the triumphant saint has long ere this taken his seat with the heavenly company. And, since he is gone, the owner of this, to whom I am a stranger, will pardon me if, upon one of her pages, I register my affectionate remembrance of a man whom I both loved and admired, and at the report of whose death my heart has been made sick. I loved him, for he was a man of God, devoted to the Church with all his soul and strength. I loved him, for his was an affectionate heart, and he was my friend : but the servant of God—the servant of the Church and my friend is dead. I admired him, not for his learning, for he was not a learned man ; but nature had done much for him. She had fashioned his soul after an enlarged model, and had given it

an original cast and an independent bearing ; into the heart she had instilled the sweetening influences of a tender sympathy, and infused into the soul the fire of a spirit-stirring zeal, sustained by a vigorous and untiring energy ; but, to finish his character, grace comes in and renews the whole man, and the Spirit anointed him to preach the Gospel, and the Church consecrated him to be one of her bishops. He superintended with dignity and faithfulness ; he preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. The unction that attended his word was not merely like the consecrating oil that ran down Aaron's beard, but it was like the anointing of the spirit that penetrates the heart. He preached with his soul full of glory. No wonder, then, that his dying words were, ' I am going to heaven, and that's enough ! Glory ! glory ! ' Yes, thou triumphant spirit, that is enough. ' May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his. ' ”

There seem to have been many interesting and lovable traits in Bishop George's character. Among them were his kindly attention to the young, and his prayerful sympathy with the afflicted and distressed. An anecdote is related of him in the *Southern Ladies' Companion*, which exhibits him as a true shepherd of the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him an overseer : it also affords a very significant lesson for both preachers and people concerning the appointment and reception of ministers. It relates to the appointment which had been made of a young preacher to a station in Kentucky, and which was very unacceptable to the Methodists of the place. Like many other appointments made under similar circumstances, it may however be observed, this eventually proved to be God's own ; for He blessed it ; and that young preacher has since become eminent and useful in the Church which he has served.

The bishop, having learned how unwelcome the appointment of the young man was to the people, and knowing how much tender feeling there was in this youth, who had been unaccustomed to cold receptions and

unsympathising treatment, set out with him towards his station, and rode with him through the woods and along the roads some 200 miles. During their journey together, the youthful minister had good opportunity of witnessing the prayerfulness of the bishop, and of observing what was the secret of his spiritual strength. When about twelve miles from the place of the young man's destination, at the house of a friend, the bishop was attacked with asthma, an affliction to which he was liable. The usual remedies did not avail; and sending for the young preacher into his room, he directed his attention to the sublime description of the New Jerusalem given in the latter part of the book of Revelations, and requested him to take his Bible with him into the grove, that he might meditate for a season upon the passage referred to, and after that come to him and preach upon it; for said the bishop, "I want to get made happy: and if my soul were to be powerfully blessed, I believe it would cure my poor body."

The young man, not feeling himself qualified to preach on such a sublime portion of the word of God to the bishop, begged to be excused, and respectfully suggested to him that it would be better to avail himself of the oft-tried expedient for being made happy—that of prayer to God. "Well then, my son," said this father in Christ, "go out of the room, shut the door, and let me be left alone for a season." The door was shut, and after pleading with God alone for a time, the holy wrestler was heard offering praises with a loud and triumphant voice. His bodily malady was healed, as he had anticipated; and he would have his youthful companion prepare by the next morning to accompany him to the appointed station.

Before their departure, the friend with whom they had lodged, indiscreetly informed the young preacher how his appointment was regarded by the people to whom he was going. Depressed beyond measure by the unexpected communication, he instantly went to the bishop and expressed to him his firm determination not to go to a people who thus so strongly objected to his appointment. The bishop advised him not to act precipitately on such an important matter, but to give himself to prayer for Divine direction, and to wait before deciding what he would do until he should have seen the place and the people. This advice was reluctantly complied with.

Arrived at the new station, they were lodged together at the house of the principal Methodist there. The next morning, as the bishop was preparing for his departure in a room with his host, and as the young man was standing unseen by the open window, where he could not but hear what was said within, the bishop asked,—“ Well, my brother, how will the young man I have brought do for this station ? ”—“ Not at all,” was the instant reply ; “ we might as well be left without a preacher altogether as be left to him.”—“ I hope you will like him better after a time,” said the bishop : “ I will leave him with you. Only treat him well, and I am persuaded he will be made a blessing to you.”—“ I have no objection to his remaining at my house for a few weeks, if you desire it,” said the host, “ but it will be for no good, for the people do not want him.”

The young man on hearing this was in an agony ; and as soon as the bishop came forth for departure, he followed him to a sheltered part of the road, and said

with tears, " Bishop, I cannot remain—I heard what passed in the room between you and Mr. ——, and you must release me!"—" Get your horse," said the bishop, " and ride with me a part of the way." This direction was readily obeyed; and the cherished purpose was to ride away altogether from the station. After proceeding together a few miles, and after conversing freely together upon the matter, they turned aside into the forest and prayed for direction and help from above. The presence of God was manifest; and rising from his knees, the venerable saint took his young friend by the hand, and with a look of paternal love, said, " My son, I have now a proposal to make to you; and if you will attend to its conditions, and then still request to be removed from this station, I will remove you. The condition is this: go back to the town where we have been, and remain there for a month; doing diligently the work of an evangelist, fasting one day in each week, and spending an hour in each day in special prayer to God that He would make you a blessing to the people. Can you do this?" asked the bishop. " I think I can," said the preacher, trembling. They parted—the bishop pursuing his way upon the road, and the young man returning with fear and mortification to his station.

Faithfully were the conditions of the proposal fulfilled; but the month seemed long and tedious; for none but one wicked man and his wife gave to him in that time a word of welcome or encouragement. At length the last—the fourth Sabbath of the month arrived, when rising from the struggle of the last covenanted hour of prayer for a blessing upon him as a preacher in that place, he walked towards his attic window, which commanded a view of the Methodist Church and the

streets adjoining, when to his great surprise he saw crowds from all directions flocking to the house of God. With mingled feelings he hastened to the pulpit, wondering what the gathering of the people in such large numbers could mean. He took for his text (Isaiah, chap. vi., v. 4),—"And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." The preacher spake with power; for in that thirtieth hour of special prayer for a blessing, the live coal from the Divine altar had touched his lips. The people sobbed and rejoiced in all parts of the Church. Several were in that service convinced of sin and converted to God. And for the space of four weeks following, the stores and shops of the place were closed each day for several hours, so that the awakened people might assemble together and seek the Lord. Some hundreds united themselves to the Methodist Church of that place; and thus the unwelcomed preacher (now the Rev. Dr. Stevenson) was made by God, in answer to prayer, an unspeakable and unexpected blessing!

This instructive relation of the conduct of Bishop George towards the young preacher, yields us more insight into the bishop's real character, than many pages of descriptive portraiture could afford; and serves to explain to us the lasting remembrance and deep regard in which he was held by thousands in this country.

FREEBORN GARRETTSON, whom I have already had occasion to name incidentally, was another of the early patriarchs of the American Methodist Church, and was intimately associated with Asbury, Coke, and M'Kendree, in laying its deep and broad foundations. He was one of those marked men of God who are memorable by the

spiritual and heavenly expression of their countenances. We have seen such faces in the Church. Those of men accustomed to commune much with God, and upon whose features the Divine glory seemed to linger after they came from before the mercy-seat, where a bright cloud had overshadowed them. This is more especially seen in such as have feared and loved God from their youth up. Their lineaments have been early trained and fixed by the sweetness and tenderness of religious thought, feeling, and enjoyment ; and sin has not been admitted into the soul to harden them. Holy love and joy were so evidently transfused from the soul into the countenance of Freeborn Garrettson, that an eminent Presbyterian divine has said of the effect produced upon himself by the appearance of this saint of the Lord, " My first convictions, when a boy, were received from observing Mr. Garrettson as he was walking. There was something so holy, so heavenly, in his expression, that I was strongly impressed with the truth of religion."

His leading characteristic was Christian singleness of heart. All who knew him speak of him as a man of godly sincerity, of transparent goodness. Without profound learning, or extraordinary genius, he possessed good practical sense, and devoted it to the one object of promoting the honour of Christ in the salvation of men. In figure he was round and full: neat and clerical in dress. There is a portrait of him, by Paradise, which represents him somewhat after the manner of Holbein's portrait of Martin Luther ; but with less hardness in the face, and with the hair more neatly parted in front, and turned back over the ears in orderly folds.

He was of European descent. His grandfather lived

in a quaint old house, of small, narrow, red brick, still standing upon a bold open bluff reaching out into Chesapeake Bay; and was one of five brothers who had adjoining plantations in that part, which are still known by the name of the "Garrettson Forest." His father gave him a liberal education; but he devoted himself to the study of the physical sciences, rather than to languages or classical literature.

From childhood, Freeborn Garrettson was sedate, thoughtful, and virtuous; and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. But he became convinced, by the Holy Spirit, that mere morality could not save him, that his life had been "without God in the world," and that he needed forgiveness of sins, and inward renewal in righteousness. Being thus graciously led to inquire "What must I do to be saved?" he went to the minister of the parish; but the minister, though a master in Israel, like Nicodemus, knew not these things. Soon after, a Methodist preacher came round into that part of the country, and Garrettson went to hear him. The preacher clearly explained the way of life and salvation, pointed out the necessity of a full surrender of the heart to God, and what would be its immediate effects. The word came home to Garrettson's heart with power; and he mounted his horse to ride home on that Whitsunday night, with the whole inner man in a fearful state of struggle. "I felt," says he, "Satan on my left, the good spirit on my right. The one contrasted the world and its allurements, prosperity in business, a good name, and honest renown, with that which a proud man likes least to incur—obloquy, shame, distrust, the averted glance of friends, the open taunt of enemies." The combat was strong; but the Holy Spirit

continued to impress upon Garrettson's mind the all-important realities of eternity, and demanded instant decision. Garrettson felt that the crisis had arrived, dropped the bridle, clasped his hands, and exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "Lord, I will part with all, and become an humble follower of Thee!"

In that instant his soul was filled with joy and peace, the "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Nature seemed, in that solemn and solitary place, to unite with him in highest jubilee. "The stars," said he, "seemed like so many seraphs going forth in their Maker's praise." As he approached his home, the servants, hearing the sound of his rejoicing, ran out to meet him, and to ask what was the matter. "I called the family together for prayer," said he, "for the first time; but my prayer was turned to praise." It was a few days after this that, as he stood up to give out a hymn at family worship, the moral evil of slavery was impressed on his mind. With a willing heart he responded, "Lord, the oppressed shall go free!"—and, turning to the astonished negroes, he proclaimed their liberty, and promised a just compensation for any services they might render in future. "And my mind was as clear of them," said he, "as if I had never owned them." Thus did he bring forth the fruits meet for repentance; and, like Zaccheus, give proof of the reality of his change.

He not only established a "church in his house," and gathered his black servants, now free from bodily bondage, for daily worship; but he went forth to the surrounding lands and households, and declared what God had done for his soul. Blessed by the Lord in his efforts, he saw not only all his brothers, and some of

his cousins converted, but beheld many others, both black and white, brought "to know Him whom to know is life eternal." By his instrumentality a Methodist society was soon formed in that part of the country, a large log-house was erected for public worship, and the society was regularly visited by the circuit preacher.

From what he saw of the fruit of his labours, he next began to think that he ought to devote his entire life to the service of Christ, and to go forth as an itinerant Methodist preacher. He foresaw that privation and suffering awaited him if he should do so ; but, like the Apostle Paul, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but gave himself up wholly to the word of God and to prayer. He laboured at first in the south-eastern States, and there bore reviling, beating, and imprisonment for Christ. As a Methodist preacher devoted to Mr. Wesley, he did not take the oath of allegiance to the States during the revolutionary war, and was thus the more exposed to suffering, but he meekly submitted to it, assured that whatever happened would be for the furtherance of the Gospel. Whether imprisoned or free he proclaimed the word of life to sinners. If at liberty, in addition to travelling on unformed and dangerous roads, he preached from one to four times a day ; and when he was in prison, blacks and whites would gather round his grated window to hear him declare how Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Like other devoted servants of God, he seems to have found that the highest consolations are often given in the time of suffering, so that he could sing in his damp, solitary dungeon—

“ When my sorrows most increase,
Then my strongest joys are given ;
Jesus comes with my distress,
And agony is heaven.”

With all his devoted attachment to Mr. Wesley, it does not seem that Freeborn Garrettson was less desirous than others of establishing the independence of Methodism in America, when he believed that could be done safely. He was among the most strenuous withstanders of innovation upon Mr. Wesley's plan, at the first, concerning attendance at the Established Church, and on its sacraments. But when Dr. Coke arrived with the letter of authority to organise a separate and distinct church, Garrettson went, as the doctor states, "like an arrow," both north and south, to gather the preachers for the Conference held at Baltimore in 1784; and when the American Methodist Church was organised, he supported it with all his life, showing himself willing to be or do anything in its service. When asked to go to Nova Scotia as a missionary to the people in that cold and cheerless region, he went readily, and laboured diligently and successfully. Though elected bishop for that part of the continent, for some unexplained reason he was not ordained to the office; yet he neither complained, nor so much as asked for an explanation. With unabated zeal he went forth, north of New York, and with several devoted young men laboured right and left of the Hudson River. Here he remained, a diligent, devoted labourer for Christ, until the year 1817, when, unasked by himself, the Conference returned him as a "supernumerary."

The latter portion of Garrettson's life seems to have been very pleasantly spent at Rhinebeck, a place most lovely in its situation by the Hudson River. There, in one of his itinerant rounds, he had found, in Miss Livingstone, a wife from the Lord. From her own possessions, she more than made up to him what he had

expended as a Methodist preacher out of his own patrimony. With this "elect lady" he had a social and happy abode in the evening of his days. The bishops and ministers of Methodism were wont to repair to his house with the greatest freedom. Bishop Asbury records of his first visit there, "He hath a beautiful land and water prospect, and a good, simple, elegant, useful house for God, his people, and his family." But while he had this peaceful, happy home, in which he was "given to hospitality," yet he did not even in old age cease to travel and preach for the benefit of the churches.

It was during one of these journeys that he had staid to preach, at New York, what proved to be his last sermon. He was seized with mortal sickness, and his sufferings for the time were very painful. Filled with holy submission, he said, "I shall be purified as by fire: I shall be made perfect through suffering; it is all right—there is not a pain too much." When his bodily strength was exhausted, he exclaimed, "I want to go home; I want to be with Jesus—I want to be with Jesus." To a friend who inquired how he felt spiritually, he said, "I feel the perfect love of God in my soul." His love for Wesleyan Methodism continued ardent to the end, for, on thinking and speaking of the heaven to which he was departing, he joyously observed, "And I shall see Mr. Wesley too." As he went down into the valley, he was heard praising God for all His goodness, and, as if rehearsing for the song of heaven, among his last utterances were "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty! Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!" Then clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Glory! glory!" Others in that room felt

the presence and glory of God so overwhelming that they were ready to sink upon the floor with its weight and power upon their souls. The rapturous look which marked his victory over death continued upon his countenance till it was hidden from human view. His body was borne to Rhinebeck, where it was buried amidst a weeping multitude, in the rear of that church in which he had preached so frequently and faithfully the Gospel of Christ. Thus, at the green old age of seventy-six, and in the fifty-second year of his ministry, triumphantly rejoicing in God, the devoted Freeborn Garrettson passed away to his eternal reward. He was one of the most honoured instruments of God in founding and building up the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. When he joined it, there were only 19 ministers and 3128 members belonging to it, and when he was removed from it by death, it comprised 1576 ministers, and 381,997 members.

JESSE LEE, whom I have already named as the leading pioneer for Methodism in the States of New England, was another signal instrument of God in founding and spreading His truth in America. He was a native of Virginia (a State which has been remarkably productive of eminent men of diversified talent and usefulness), and was converted to God through the instrumentality of the simple-hearted and earnest Robert Williams, who, as we have seen, was associated with the Rev. Mr. Garratt in the revival scenes of his parish and neighbourhood. Jesse Lee was the early companion of Francis Asbury, the first Methodist chaplain to the House of Congress,—the first historian of American Methodism,—and a most laborious, self-

denying, and persevering minister of Christ. He is described as having been a large, plain man, with a look of peculiar intelligence and shrewdness. He possessed real native wit, and was most ready and pointed in his replies to public opponents. Many anecdotes are related of him, and some of them are very racy and amusing, and highly illustrate his power of repartee. His last sermon was preached at a camp-meeting, and it is said that when he gave out his text of, "But grow in grace," he announced it with these words, "You will find my text in the *last* Epistle of St. Peter, the *last* chapter, the *last* verse; and it may be that from it I shall preach my *last* sermon!" The sermon is described as being one of surpassing power. Immediately after it, he received the summons for departure to another world. Even at the point of his exit, it is said his wit and pleasantry broke forth, but without levity—it was "the ruling passion strong in death." He died happy, at the age of fifty-eight, exclaiming, "Hallelujah! Jesus reigns!" Indeed, triumph in death seems to have been the almost universal experience of these early American worthies. God evidently honoured his faithful and devoted workmen.

There are other bishops and ministers of Methodism whose memories are gratefully cherished here, but I must only make brief mention of them. There is BISHOP ROBERTS, "the grandfather of all the missionaries," as the Red Men of the Far West were accustomed to call him. He was for many years the senior bishop of the Church, and appears to have been a plain, simple-minded, benignant, and able man. He never forgot his lowly condition when Methodism found him,

a farmer's boy in a hunter's shirt, and taught him to study and pray in the depths of the forest, and there to preach over his youthful sermons to thick, standing trees, as if they were living men. When, as a local preacher, he went forth in the garb of a backwoodsman, to preach in his own neighbourhood, one who heard his first sermon, and who was well able to judge of its character, has said, "It was worthy of grey hairs and of broad-cloth." As a preacher, he was powerful and popular from the beginning, and that whether in the Indian's wigwam, the forest camp-meeting, or the metropolitan church. His election to the office of bishop made no difference in his way of life. He built himself a log-cabin in the State of Indiana, and lived in it, though the wolves were often heard howling round it in droves. There he laboured with his own hands (at intervals of cessation from preaching journeys), felling trees, cultivating ground, and ministering to his own necessities. From this rude, primitive retreat he used to go forth, in order to take the oversight of the ministers and churches. He was simple and patriarchal in appearance, but was arrayed in the "beauty of holiness," for purity of heart and life were eminently his. His last two texts were characteristic of himself: one, the words of the royal preacher, "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king will be his friend;" and the other, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." This modest, unassuming, and faithful Methodist minister fell calmly and peacefully asleep in the Lord, in the year 1843. His body was at first deposited in a lonely field on his own farm, but has since, at the general call of the Church, been interred

at Greencastle, where stands the Methodist University for the State of Indiana.

Bishop HEDDING'S is another name held in great love and veneration by the American Methodist Church. He was originally from the Green Mountains, where, amid the bracing air, he had become possessed of a strong frame, and seemed prepared for almost any amount of endurance. But notwithstanding his iron constitution, his early hardships were such as almost broke him down. He is described as a large and somewhat rugged man; of solid, compact mind; powerful both in preaching and debate, and orderly and resolute in the administration of church discipline. It is said that he suffered much from calumny and reproach among brethren, but that, with undaunted courage, he was meek and forgiving. His last words were uttered on the 9th of April, 1852, and were, "Glory—glory—glory to God! I am happy—filled!"

Bishop EMORY, as I have stated, sleeps in the dust, with Bishops Asbury and George, in the Mount of Olives' Cemetery at Baltimore. He was a man of orderly and practical mind, of accurate scholarship, of resolute, persevering diligence, and of courteous, gentlemanly demeanour. He attended as the delegate to the British Conference in the year 1820, for the settlement with it of affairs respecting Methodism in Upper Canada. His life was suddenly terminated in December, 1835, by his being hurled out from his carriage near to the city of Baltimore, through the running away of a restive and ungovernable horse.

Among earlier names, JOHN EASTER, the father in Christ of Bishop M'Kendree, is spoken of as having fulfilled a short, but brilliant course. He was indeed a burning and a shining light. In one circuit (that of Brunswick, Virginia), not less than eighteen hundred souls were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ under his ministry, within the space of one year. His name, as one specially owned by God for powerful conviction and numerous conversions, is held in profound respect and veneration. CALEB B. PEDICORD, combined in himself many excellent qualities, and suffered much for his Lord and Master. Like Paul, he bore upon his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus," having been publicly whipped and beaten upon the road, for preaching the Gospel. He carried the scars with him to the grave. WILLIAM GILL is mentioned as a veteran preacher, of solid mind and blameless life; and JOHN TUNNELL, SYLVESTER HUTCHINSON, and GEORGE PICKERING, have each left a name beloved and honoured for excellence.

Among more recent worthies, who now rest from their labours, and whose works do follow them, are the amiable and attractive JOHN SUMMERFIELD, who, at the age of twenty-eight, had consumed his slender frame by the earnestness of his pulpit exercises, which charmed and edified many thousands; and Dr. STEPHEN OLIN, a powerful preacher of the Gospel, whose discourses, although they extended at times over two hours and two hours and a half, are said by those who heard them never to have been too long. By devotedness to study and to the work of Christ, he found that, though naturally of a robust frame, he had become, as he said, "an old man and a broken reed at twenty-seven." In death, he said to his wife composedly,

“I may die just as I am, trusting, believing, but with no rapturous expressions. Though I think I should have a glad feeling to find myself on the borders of endless life, with infirmities, disappointments, sorrows, for ever at an end. I feel that it cannot be that I should be cast out from heaven, where are gathered the people whom I love, and with whose spirits and tastes I sympathise—from the society I relish, to that which I loathe,—to the hell where the worldly, the unbelieving, for whose society I have a distaste, with whom I have nothing in common, find their portion. It is unphilosophical to think so : it cannot be in God’s economy to separate me from what I have so long trusted in. He sends to hell those who will not submit to His will ; but my will is in harmony with His. The law of affinities will find place.”

These, and many others I cannot name, are held in veneration, and will be held in lasting regard, by American Methodists, for their character, and sufferings, and labours for Christ.

LETTER XII.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Appearance of the Assembly—The Bishops—The Delegates from the Far West—Patriarchal Labourers—Their Jealousy of Declension—Style of their Oratory—Dr. Jacob Young—Dr. Peter Cartwright, or “Uncle Peter”—His Preaching—Strange Anecdote—“Father Finley”—His Indian Labours—“Squire Grey Eyes,” the Indian Preacher—Affecting Scene in the Conference—Order and Courtesy of the Conference—Its Reception of Foreign Representatives.

THE general appearance of the Conference is very impressive. The bishops are grave, dignified men, who bear in their very looks and demeanour the care of the churches. There is no haste or impetuosity in anything they say or do; but, at all times, they show great self-possession and wisdom. When appealed to on points of law and order, they show themselves fully prepared to answer; and yet their response to a question is given in such a manner that it by no means tends to check free and full discussion by the Conference, or to place the party complained of for being out of order in a painful or humiliating position. And if any one appeals against their decisions to the General Conference, they manifest no dogmatic authority, or tenacity of opinion; but calmly submit the case to the assembly of their brethren for final determination. The bishops

are, very evidently, humble and devout men, who speak and act with reverence towards God, and with respect and affection towards their brethren. This ennobles them in the estimation of all thoughtful and candid observers, and gives to them an aspect of apostolic dignity when seated before the general assembly of their brethren in the ministry.

The Delegates from the Annual Conferences, sent by the preachers to represent them and their churches, have the appearance of real labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. This is the first impression made upon one's mind when looking on them. They look as if they had performed hard toil in the service of their Master. Many of them are far advanced in life, and have evidently borne their share in the burthen and heat of the day. Some are deeply tanned by the sun, and exhibit unmistakeable marks of continuous exposure to the climate. There are men from California, and Oregon, and the shores of the Pacific, looking worn and exhausted by itinerant service under the scorching sun ; and seated among them are venerable men from the north and the east, with peaceful beaming faces, and with long hair white as wool. It is impossible to look upon the men of this Conference without discerning, at a glance, that many of them are persons of strong decisive character, and yet devout and humble servants of the Lamb. Distinct and marked in their primitive energy and zeal, here are a few of the early backwoods-men preachers, the true pioneers of the West, who have spent their lives in the rough unsheltered wilderness. These fathers of Western Methodism seem absorbed with interest in the truth and service of Christ, and evidently watch with godly jealousy over the doctrines

and discipline of a system, whose superlative value they have proved, by witnessing its transforming and saving effects upon the most uncultivated examples of human nature. They take their full share in the proceedings of the Conference, and most earnestly use the influence which their long and successful labours have secured them, in checking any attempts that may be made, either by preachers or people, to slacken the cords or to loosen the stakes of the Methodist Tabernacle. Some of the speeches we have heard from these earnest, practical men were speeches of great power. They were evidently spontaneous, and purely extempore ; but sentence after sentence struck home, to those for whom they were intended, with indescribable pungency and force.

This was especially the case in the instance where complaints of circuit-hardship or over-labour were made by a preacher, and where he pleaded for relief or indulgence. Then the old men arose and told of their own early life ; how they had wandered in the woods after Indians and settlers, to seek these as subjects for their Lord ; how they had to take shelter in greasy, smoking, wigwams, or in rugged, unfurnished log-cabins ; or, as one of them said, “make beds of gathered leaves for themselves and their wives ; to sleep on hard boards between negroes and Indians ; shoot and hunt for their meals before they could eat ; to make their breakfast or dinner upon bear and racoon bacon, without salt or vegetables ; and with no quarterly allowance but what they could obtain by the sale of buffalo skins, to pass from station to station, and all this through year after year.”

After these startling narratives of their own self-denying and self-sacrificing services for Christ in the wilder-

ness, the old men turned upon such as sought modern indulgence, with words of overwhelming rebuke. Their speeches were, for the most part, highly figurative. They showed that what they declared before Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity (who, they said, were too numerous) was true: that they had "studied in Nature's own great university—high up on the mountains—deep down in the valleys—in the spreading woods and waving prairies, and in the free school of self-culture." For nearly all their images and forms of expression were drawn from the scenes and the life of the western wilderness. Within the compass of a quarter of an hour's address, the speaker would, in his figures of speech, be shooting, hunting and "racooning," as with forest-settlers; canoeing and shooting, as with Indians; soaring and screaming, as with the eagle; bounding, as with the buffalo and the deer; climbing with the bear, springing with the panther, howling with the wolf, and darting with the serpent. Indeed, the wild beasts, birds, and Indians of the forest, would not unfrequently be all turned upon the delinquent, or the antagonist; and made, there and then, to tear in pieces the false plea, and prey upon the false position; and yet all this was done with manifest zeal for Christ and His cause, and without any laborious or strained effort for effect. With all its variety and singular combination of metaphors, the style was simple and unlaboured. Like all true eloquence, theirs consisted of short unmistakable words, which were fused into flowing harmony by the inward fervour of the soul, that seized and employed them. Theirs was no patch-work of school-boy eloquence, which any man with a remnant of modesty must become increasingly wearied of repeating

and using as he advances in life; but it was the eloquence of a sincere and earnest nature, that mellows and strengthens with years. It was Nature's own oratory: that of the strong and sincere soul pouring forth its convictions under the influence of renewing and sanctifying grace, and reaching and stirring to their depths the souls of all who were within hearing of it.

Three of these pioneer fathers are especially prominent and active in the Conference. They have all passed the allotted boundary of human life, and yet they are full of vigour. Like a few ancient trees that remain to tell of the grandeur of some primeval forest, these few survivors of a by-gone generation, by their look and behaviour, embody to your imagination the towering strength and unsubduable enterprise which characterised the men who laboured with them in the wilderness. The eldest of them, Dr. JACOB YOUNG, is not so hale and vigorous as the other two. He has been of late years the subject of affliction, that seems to have nearly bereft him of eyesight. He is of Scotch Presbyterian descent, and is the son of a Virginian farmer. In early life, by the aid of his father's books, he wrought his way out of Calvinism into Arminianism, and experienced regeneration of heart. Almost ever since, and through a long life, he has been labouring as an itinerant Methodist preacher in the Western States. He is now a tall, slender man, with deeply-sunken eyes that seem filled with thought, and flowing, snow-white hair that renders him venerable even to the eye, while one's remembrance of his patriarchal age deepens the feeling. He retains undoubted marks of careful self-culture, and though not so strong and vigorous as his two veteran

brethren, nor so animated and figurative in his style of speaking, yet, on all great questions, he has something to say which commands the attention of the Conference. He is evidently a man of sound understanding and reliable judgment.

The next in advance of years is Dr. PETER CARTWRIGHT, a large, square-built man, with some native ruggedness, mingled with a good deal of humour, both in his looks and in his speeches. There is a granite-like texture in his flesh, and a knotted roughness in his features, that stamp him as one who is hardy and enduring. And yet it would be a great omission in the slightest sketch of his appearance to represent him as lacking in geniality and good nature, for both his mouth and eyes, as well as the radiant play of the upper part of his cheeks, tell of a kindly and sociable nature. His head is large, and firmly supported between ample and compact shoulders. His brow is broad, and overhung with a mass of iron-grey hair. His eyes are intensely deep in colour, and shine like dark fires beneath his shaggy eye-brows, while crow's-foot wrinkles mark their corners, and add to the peculiar expression of his countenance. His complexion, never fair, is deeply tanned by the sun. His voice, when he begins to speak, is tremulous, but, as he proceeds, its old power returns, its rich natural organ tones are recovered, and he swells and rolls its deep diapasons most manfully. At times, to give point and wing to his side-shot arrows, he assumes a mock tragic tone and look, and then, after relating some backwood anecdote which convulses the assembly with irresistible laughter while he himself is solemnly grave, he falls upon his antagonist with overwhelming power, and leaves the victim prostrate under

sarcasms. When roused by combined opposition, he launches in swift succession keen-edged sentences, and thoughts vivid and scathing as lightning, and then, with a voice roaring like a forest hurricane, he pours out his condemnations and warnings with a force that crushes his foe, and fills others that hear with a sensation approaching to awe. Indeed, to hunt down and put to the cover of shame those whom he regards as dangerous to constitutional Methodism seems to be regarded by him as his proper vocation. He plainly performs this work with all the zest of a backwoodsman hunter, and, to accomplish it, he spares neither bishops, deputations, presiding elders, ministers, nor people. On some occasions he is absolutely terrible in execution, and seems to stand on the floor of the Conference as fearless and as irresistible as the lion in his domain.

This unique and really grand sample of manhood was born and brought up among the wildest mountains of Kentucky, and has been in his day a most popular and powerful open-air preacher. For camp-meetings in the woods, his name was a magnet to draw forth thousands from their scattered homes to hear the words of eternal life. Some of his forest gatherings are said to have been immense, and under his full, trumpet-toned, and mighty voice, that alternately wailed and thundered as he lamented the sinful state of mankind, and foretold their doom, the multitudes bowed their heads and waved as the long grass of the prairie-land bows and waves with the wind. On one occasion, not less than five hundred persons prostrated themselves on their knees while he was preaching, and prayed to God for mercy. Many anecdotes are related, as you may suppose, in connection with his name, and some of these approach the ludicrous.

It is said that on one occasion, when interrupted by scoffers, he descended from his pulpit, and seized a notorious leader of them. The man had never been mastered in fight, but the preacher shook him until the border-ruffian, for such he was, was completely subdued. Doctor Peter then grasped him by the neck, made him kneel down and repeat a prayer to God for mercy, and then the preacher, while his opponents and the crowd were stricken with wonder, resumed his station, and preached on without further disturbance. Of course, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this story, or determine what amount of fact or measure of exaggeration there may be in it. I can only affirm that Dr. Peter Cartwright does not seem an unlikely hero for such a narrative, and that he has a most marvellous facility for passing from grave to gay, and from gay to grave. I need only add of him that he entered the itinerant ministry at the early period of eighteen years old, and has continued in it ever since, toiling chiefly on the Western frontier, and advancing as it has advanced. He has studied hard amidst the woods and prairies; and, in addition to the study of divinity, has made, it is said, considerable attainments in mathematics, logic, physic, law, and the learned languages. And still he is found working for Christ and for Methodism among the emigrants and settlers of the Far West.

The third of these Western veterans is the Rev. JAMES B. FINLEY, or "Father Finley," as he is usually called. He is a most loveable, brave old man. In person he is large and massive, but he is neither so rugged in exterior nor so stormy in matter as "Uncle Peter"—the name often familiarly given to Dr. Cartwright. Father Finley's face wears an habitual ex-

pression of serenity. Religion has softened down the harder lines of his sun-embrowned countenance, and made it shine; and his long grey hair thrown smoothly back from his forehead, and flowing upon his neck and shoulders, places him also among the patriarchs in appearance. He is dressed in buff-coloured clothing of a primitive fashion, and always bears his staff with him, whether he walks or is seated. This keeps him at all times upright, and wherever you might see him, he would be a noticeable figure, and you would set him down for more than an ordinary character. When he speaks in the Conference, he rests what he says firmly and confidently on his age and experience in the work of God, and he always speaks graphically and well. In addition to his manly, Saxon style of expression, and forest-gathered imagery, there is a pathos in his addresses which is very winning. The deep founts of his nature often find vent in tears, and while speaking in the assembly, he seems to yearn over his audience with the full affection of a father in Israel. He has been through a great portion of his life a missionary to the Indians. He was among the first appointed missionaries from the Methodist Episcopal Church to that noble, but uncivilised and flagrantly abused people. His father was a Virginian minister of Scotch descent, and his ancestors fought hard for American independence. He was attracted towards the Indians in early life by their wild and adventurous sports, and seems to have loved them still more on account of the cruel wrongs they suffered. It was therefore by preference that he became a missionary to them, after his conversion to God. He took charge of the first Indians converted under John Stewart, the coloured local preacher, in the north-west

of the upper States, and became himself God's instrument in the conversion of numbers of the red people, whom he has seen gathered into churches and die happy in the Lord. In his autobiography, which he has published, and which is a most interesting and exciting book on the Methodism of the backwoods, Father Finley gives sketches of several Indian preachers, with specimens of their style of preaching; and some of these are affecting, as showing what God has done by and for the descendants of those who were formerly lords of the American forests and lakes. So much was this veteran missionary revered and beloved by the aboriginal Indians that they formally elected him a chief of the "Bear" tribe; as they also elected his wife to be a chief's daughter of the "Turkey" tribe.

A scene has transpired in the Conference, between Father Finley and one of his Indian converts, that reached the height of moral sublimity, and which was overpowering in its effect. The convert had learned that his beloved father in the Gospel was to be as far north-west as Indianapolis, attending there with the brethren. And so the Indian set off with his "squaw," on foot; and, as soon as he arrived at the city, Father Finley brought him to the Conference, and had him introduced, through Bishop Janes (the Indians' bishop), to the assembly. He was handed up to the low platform, where he could see and be seen by all; and was announced as "SQUIRE GREY EYES," an Indian Methodist preacher of the Wyandot nation. He appeared to be upwards of fifty years of age; and is somewhat smaller in figure than the Indian red-men are in general. He has deeply sunken grey eyes, with smooth strong hair of mingled white and black. Care and

suffering have ploughed their furrows deep upon his tawny, shrunken face. He looked footworn and haggard; and there were signs on his legs and clothes of his recent struggles over the soil, and through the entangled brushwood of the forest.

On his introduction, Father Finley stood up by his side, and said, with deep emotion, "Brethren, twenty-five years ago, I found this our brother in the wilderness, a wild savage man, filled with all the pride and imaginary pomp and glory of an Indian chieftain. I preached to him 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' He listened, was soundly converted, and retained his conversion. No man can say that Brother Grey Eyes has ever turned away from the narrow path, either to the right hand or to the left. He has held on his way to Zion from that time to this; and has been honourably instrumental in the conversion of others. Twenty years ago, at Springfield, in Ohio, he was ordained a deacon of our Church. Sumnude Watt, a fellow-labourer with him in the Gospel, was barbarously killed by the white people who sought the lands of the Wyandot Indians; and this so discouraged the tribe that they removed far away across the great river, into Kansas. There, since the removal into this new settlement, this my brother and son in the Gospel has preached the word of life to his persecuted people; and has continued to be a fellow-labourer with you, though you have heard little or nothing of him. My heart burned, as with fire, when I met him to-day. And when I inquired of him concerning my spiritual children among his tribe, I learned that many of them had gone home to heaven. Blessed be God for ever sending me among the poor Indians to preach the Gospel of His Son! Soon, very soon, I

shall join my red brethren and sisters before the Throne. Brethren, pray and labour for the Indians! There never was a people more robbed and maltreated than they. If I were young, I would compete with the stoutest of you for the privilege of bearing, once more, the divine message of grace and mercy to them; and would gladly labour for their salvation. But I am old, and near my end. Bless the Lord, however, I am a happy old man!"

While this was being spoken, the Indian—who before his conversion would have died rather than shed a tear, and who, according to the spirit of his people, would have stoutly chaunted his own death-song while in the hands of murderous tormentors—sobbed and cried like a child. The tears gushed profusely from his eyes, chased their course in streams down his cheeks, and fell pattering down upon the floor. He tried to speak, but was choked with feeling. Again he tried, and gave utterance to a few words, which a worn, browned labourer among the Indians interpreted for the Conference as being,—“I am far too small to speak to you—I am very small among Christian ministers; but the love of Christ is in my heart. I am going, like you, to heaven, and when we meet, I will speak to you there!"

The darkly sunburnt interpreter then related to the Conference how he had heard the last sermon of Brother Grey Eyes preached to the Wyandot Indians before they removed into the Far West; and that among other words which he heard the preacher deliver to the assembled and weeping tribe, and which he must ever remember, were the following: “My people, we now go from this place of our fathers, who are buried here.

We must bid an everlasting farewell to our mountains, our rivers, and our hunting grounds. And, most of all, we must bid farewell to our house of God, which we built, and wherein we have worshipped and rejoiced together. But God shall go with us, and bless us in our new home." The interpreter further related that, on reaching their new settlement, Grey Eyes and his people built first a house for God before they prepared habitations for themselves; and that, when questioned by some white men as to their reason for so doing, they replied, "Because we care more for our souls than for our bodies; and more for eternity than time!" As may be supposed, the whole of this scene produced a great effect upon the assembly. Amidst floods of tears from more than two hundred grateful and rejoicing ministers of Jesus Christ, there were bursts of "Praise the Lord!" and "Glory be to God!" from every part of the State-House. The ministers insisted upon making a collection, there and then, for Brother Grey Eyes and his tribe. This they did in hats seized at the moment for their object; and then the Indian preacher departed with his treasure, deeply wondering at the goodness of both God and man towards him.

There are in the Conference other "strong men," to use the phrase of the Americans when they would describe mental ability. Some of them are ready and powerful in debate, and others are men of ripe, finished scholarship. These last are principally in office, either as editors of periodicals, or professors in colleges; and it is really a surprise to a British Methodist to have introduced to him so many ministers who are in offices not immediately connected with circuits or stations. But when the large number of Methodist publications,

colleges, and academies, in relation with the Conference, are taken into the account, one's wonder on this ground must greatly abate. Our American brethren give their best men in learning and scholarship to these objects, as they ought to do; and the demand for accomplished scholars is more than equal to the supply.

The proceedings of the Conference are very orderly. Every one that speaks must first address the chair, and must take his turn as his "Mr. President" may be heard by the presiding Bishop. Every one must speak to a resolution that has been regularly moved and seconded; and which, in due time, must be handed up in writing to the secretary. All, in speaking, must observe the rules agreed upon for the government of the Conference. If any indulgence, as to time, or otherwise, be allowed, it must be by resolution to that effect. Every man can say what he pleases, so long as he speaks respectfully and in order; and in the Conference, as throughout America, there is a self-confident air in public speaking exceeding what we see or hear, ordinarily, in England. There seems to be less fear of critics, and a kind of disdain of any care as to propriety or style in speaking. A man here not only says what he has to say without fear, but he will sometimes tumble out a sentence "neck and heels" together, or send it sprawling into the midst of the assembly on "all fours." This does not help weak or vain men; but it very effectually serves "strong" and earnest men. It enables them to put out all their strength to the greatest advantage.

One thing cannot fail to surprise an English visitor to American assemblies, engaged in discussing and deciding public matters; and that is the frequent

question that is raised as to the judgment pronounced by the chair. We found this in the Congress, at Washington, where a good part of a day was spent in discussing the accuracy of a decision pronounced by the Speaker; and we find it here in the Conference, where the decision by the presiding bishop is questioned daily, and sometimes several times in a day. With us, in England, the decision by the chair is final; and an appeal from it would be considered intrusive and disorderly. But it is not so here. No offence is produced by the cry of "Question" from any one, after judgment has been pronounced upon the carrying of a resolution; and the bishop simply says, "rise and be counted," when the reported numbers determine the result. But it would be an unpardonable slander upon the American Methodist ministers to represent them as uncourteous; or as unconfiding, either in each other, or in deputed visitors. They are highly respectful to one another in their language and conduct. They seem to reverence human nature in itself; and the *man*, as throughout America generally, is more in their estimation than any accidental or adventitious circumstances whatever.

And so with their treatment of stranger visitors. Such were received and entertained by them in the most respectful and affectionate manner. There were introduced into their assembly, the Revs. John Ryerson and Richard Jones, as representatives from the Methodist Conference of Western Canada; the Revs. Robinson Scott and R. G. Cather, M.A., from the Methodist Churches of Ireland; as well as Dr. Hannah and myself from the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of England. And in all cases, and at all times, they showed all and each of us the most fraternal and most courteous

attention. Their high veneration and filial regard for British Methodism were plainly evident in their conduct to us, as visitors from England. If we had been ambassadors from princes, they could not have shown us greater favour. They provided for us a residence with the governor of the State—the highest official personage belonging to it. On our arrival, the bishops waited upon us to inquire after our health and comfort; and to assure us of the great gratification which they and their brethren had in our visit to them. At the time appointed for our introduction to the Conference, two of the bishops came to the governor's house, to accompany us to the State-House, and to lead us up to the platform. The senior bishop took the chair, out of his turn, in order that he might formally introduce us to the Conference; and the whole assembly stood up to receive us. In introducing us, the venerable Bishop Waugh, with silvered head, expressed the deep interest of that hour to the Conference, the high gratification of all present to receive among them for their session, brethren from the parent body; and assured us of the cordial greetings and hearty welcome given to us by all the assembly.

And when, after the Conference Letter from England had been read, Dr. Hannah and I addressed the assembly, responding to its salutations, and expressing a desire that America and England might never be disunited, either Methodistically or nationally, tears burst forth in every direction, and cries of "Never! never!" were heard from many voices. By official direction, we took our seats among the bishops; and then, by formal resolutions, the Conference expressed and recorded the cordial welcome it gave to us as

visitors from the British Conference; the free and full reciprocation it made to our addresses on fraternal fellowship; the fervency with which it united in the prayer to God for unbroken preservation of union between our respective Churches and countries; and the earnest desire it entertained that, as we might feel disposed, we should participate at any time in the discussions of the Conference.

Afterwards we were, by resolution, requested to preach before the Conference. We did so; business being suspended that the brethren might attend. They heard us attentively and joyfully, for they praised God aloud for His word and for His grace. They formally recorded their thanks for our services, and asked for the publication of our sermons, that they and their people might have a more permanent memorial of our visit to them.

In all our private interviews with the bishops and ministers, which have been numerous, we have enjoyed the freest and friendliest intercourse. Many inquiries have been made as to the state and prospects of "the old body" in England, and as to its extended agencies, both at home and abroad; and the most reverential mention is made of previous visitors from the British Conference, and of fathers in English Methodism of whom they have heard or read.

Letters of greeting and salutation were sent to the Conference by Churches and communities which were not represented personally in the assembly. There was an interesting document from our Wesleyan-Methodist brethren in France, for whose aid £1000 had been contributed during the year by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society of America. There was likewise a

fraternal address from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. These were received, read, and responded to, in a most cordial and appropriate manner. But the particulars of the business of the Conference, and the extent of its relationships, I must reserve for other letters.

LETTER XIII.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Election of officers—Calling the Roll of Delegates—Appointment of Committees—Opening Address of the Bishops—Statistics of American Methodism—Education and Literature—Coloured People's College—Periodicals—Missions to the Far West—To the Indians—To Settlers from Germany, the North of Europe, &c.—To Liberia, to Sweden, Norway, &c. &c.—Status of Methodism in America—The new Proposition respecting Slave-holding Members—Judgment of the Bishops thereon.

As I have already indicated, the Conference assembles in the State-House of Indiana. The hall in which it holds its session is large, and has numerous massive pillars supporting the panelled dome of the half-circular part appropriated to business, in the middle of the building. Opposite the bend of the half-circle is a platform, two steps high from the floor, of sufficient length to hold nine or ten persons, and with a table in front for writing upon. The seven bishops, with the deputations from distant churches, sit upon arm-chairs on this platform. Immediately before these, "within the bar," as it is termed, are the clerks and other officers; and around them, on semicircular rows of seats, as far as the pillars, are the members of the Conference. Behind the pillars, both on the floor and in small corner galleries, are the visitors.

A considerable time was occupied, at the opening, in what is called "organising the Conference;" that is, in appointing its officers and committees. The officers of the Conference are not regarded as holding stations of honour, like the officers of the British Conference. Though the secretary, for instance, must be of good standing among his brethren to warrant their choice of him, yet his election rests principally on their confidence in his business tact and general capacity. He is not so frequently associated with the bishops in official acts and documents as the secretary of the British Conference is associated with its president. He has three assistant secretaries, who take the minutes, and prepare the lists for him. The election to each of these offices is by ballot of all the members.

The Conference first opened at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, May 1st: Bishop Waugh, the senior bishop, presiding. After devotional exercises of reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, the roll of the Conference was called; when the delegates from the thirty-eight Annual Conferences answered to their names in order, and each presented his certificate of election as a representative. The names of the Annual Conferences were called in the following order:—

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| 1. New Hampshire. | 12. Wyoming. |
| 2. New York. | 13. Erie. |
| 3. Troy. | 14. Oneida. |
| 4. New York, East. | 15. East Genesee. |
| 5. California. | 16. Oregon. |
| 6. Maine. | 17. North-Western Indiana. |
| 7. Vermont. | 18. Genesee. |
| 8. Black River. | 19. Michigan. |
| 9. Western Virginia. | 20. Ohio. |
| 10. East Maine. | 21. Indiana. |
| 11. Pittsburg. | 22. North Indiana. |

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| 23. Wisconsin. | 31. Kentucky. |
| 24. Rock River. | 32. Missouri. |
| 25. North Ohio. | 33. Arkansas. |
| 26. Cincinnati. | 34. Baltimore. |
| 27. Iowa. | 35. Philadelphia. |
| 28. South-Eastern Indiana. | 36. New England. |
| 29. Southern Illinois. | 37. Providence. |
| 30. Illinois. | 38. New Jersey. |

With a map of the United States before you, this list will enable you to learn something of the localities and the extent of Methodist territories represented in this Quadrennial, or General Conference. The delegates numbered from two to fifteen from each of these thirty-eight Annual Conferences, according to their respective distances and relative importance, making in all between 200 and 300. These representatives, as you will conjecture, are in the main the principal ministers, for intelligence and experience, of the districts from which they are sent by their ministerial brethren.

The Conference, as you know, is open to the public. Immediately after the election of officers, it was occupied for several sittings in fixing the times for meeting in each day, in appointing the parties who should be responsible for the daily publication of its proceedings, in electing the committees likely to be required for the consideration of the details of the different departments of its business, and in agreeing upon the rules to be observed in the government of the Conference during its session. The standing Committees for business are about ten in number, and they nearly all consist of thirty-eight members—that is to say, of one delegate from each of the thirty-eight Annual Conferences. The committee on the Episcopacy, on the Itinerancy, on Boundaries, on Slavery, on the Book Concern, on Missions, on Education,

on the Tract Cause, on Sunday-schools, on Revisals, and on unfinished business. Such are the chief committees. There are also smaller committees on Temperance, on the Bible Cause, on Temporal Economy, and on the Expenses of Delegates. This list of committees will show you, at a glance, what kind of business is anticipated by the assembly. I need scarcely observe that the early appointment of these select bodies is well calculated to facilitate general business.

The rules agreed upon for the government of the Conference are nineteen in number, and relate chiefly to the attendance of delegates, to the order of presenting memorials, and to the proposing, discussing, and carrying of resolutions. To these rules the assembly is bound to adhere, and they are printed and circulated for the use of the delegates.

The bishops do not take any prominent part in the formal proposal and discussion of questions. They simply preside in rotation, and give their judgment when appealed to on points of law and order. But they present a joint address to the General Conference, reporting upon the state of Methodism in its several departments, and offering suggestions for such alterations or improvements as they may deem fit and necessary. Bishop Janes read the address we heard, and we thought it most interesting and appropriate. It contained a statistical account of the progress and extent of the work of God, as it had come under their supervision during the four years which had elapsed since the last General Conference. Of this account, rendered by the bishops, you will be glad to learn something, inasmuch as it, with other authentic notices which I may refer to, will enable you to judge in some degree of what God is

doing by his Methodist servants in this, the northern section of the United States of America ; though mere numerals will not in this case, any more than in others, fully make known the amount of good accomplished by the Holy Spirit, through external agencies, upon the minds and hearts of immortal men.

The address of the bishops reported that among the encouraging proofs of progress to be adduced were the following :—In 1851, the official minutes reported 4450 itinerant ministers, 5700 local preachers, and 721,804 members and probationers ; while the minutes of 1855 return 5408 itinerant ministers, 6610 local preachers, and 799,431 members and probationers : showing a net increase during the four years of 958 itinerant ministers, 910 local preachers, and 77,627 members and probationers.

The statistics on education and literature showed that there are fourteen chartered Universities, or large colleges, pertaining to American Methodism, and in which the sons of the more wealthy Methodists are being trained for useful and honourable service in the state and in the Church ; seventy Academies or seminaries of a high class, affording ample literary advantages to Methodist youth of both sexes, and two Biblical or theological institutions, formed or being formed, in distant parts of the States. Common day-schools, for the purposes of an ordinary commercial education, you are aware, are provided by Government in all convenient parts of the States : it being understood that American youth have a legitimate claim upon their country for such an education as shall fit them for its service. And I must say, while the occasion serves, that, so far as I could ascertain, the common day-schools are generally good and effective ;

the school buildings are usually healthy and commodious; the teachers are duly qualified: they are moral; in many instances religious; and the Scriptures are freely used in the schools.

The Methodist Sunday-schools were reported by the bishops as being 10,469 in number, and as having 113,159 officers and teachers, and 579,126 scholars. The number of conversions to God in these schools within the four years, as far as ascertained, was stated as being 65,096.

There is also a very encouraging movement now being made by the Methodists for the education of the youth of the coloured race. A committee has obtained land and buildings for an institution where coloured youth of both sexes shall be taught the higher branches of learning, and from which they shall be sent forth to instruct and train, in Sabbath and week-day schools, the youth of their own people. This institution is situated in the southern part of the State of Ohio, so as to be accessible from the Southern States, and already there have been instances of wealthy and benevolent gentlemen emancipating their slaves, and sending them to what is termed "The Coloured People's College" for education. The beneficial results of this institution to the African race, both in the States and in their own land, are likely, under the blessing of God, to be very great. It will bring forth to public observation the capacities and acquirements of a long abused and despised section of the human family, and will provide well-educated teachers and ministers for the coloured children and congregations, both in America and Africa. As declared by the deliberate judgment of the General Conference, it "will tend, under God, to the most speedy and

effectual elevation of the coloured race in this country, and to prepare the way for the restoration of the benighted millions of down-trodden Africa to all the blessings of civilisation, science, and religion.”

The list of publications issued under the direction of the General Conference is very large, and shows that our American Methodist brethren know how to appreciate the important power of the press. The Sabbath-school Library has in it 1066 volumes, which have been supplied to it by the Methodist “Book Concern.” The total issues of publications during the last four years have been 15,588,926 publications of all kinds, including 7,226,409 bound volumes, and 8,362,517 tracts and pamphlets. Some of these are in the German, Swedish, and Danish languages.

The Methodist periodicals are exceedingly numerous, and are scattered abroad throughout the Northern States very largely. They number, in single copies for one year, 9,097,840, having for them 285,461 annual subscribers. Yet there are not more than two or three of these periodicals which, at present, are remunerative to any considerable extent. But the good to be effected is regarded in their circulation rather than in the money returns,—and the good which *is* thus effected no doubt is very great. I give you the list of these Conference periodicals, as reported by the bishops, that you may see what the names and numbers of the respective publications are :—

	Annual Subscribers.
Christian Advocate and Journal . . .	29,875
Western Christian Advocate . . .	28,718
Northern Christian Advocate . . .	15,000
North-western Christian Advocate . . .	10,033
Pittsburg Christian Advocate . . .	8000

	Annual Subscribers.
Sunday-school Advocate	114,692
Missionary Advocate	34,000
Christian Apologist (German)	6967
Quarterly Review	2721
National Magazine	15,875
Ladies' Repository	29,580

These are all conducted by editors appointed from the ministers belonging to the General Conference. They are for the most part very creditable publications, and each promotes and upholds spiritual Christianity. The profits of Conference publications are professedly for the support of worn-out ministers, but, since the secession of the Southern churches from the northern on the ground of Slavery, the yearly profits have had to be applied to the payment of the share of capital in book affairs which has been adjudged to the South.

The missionary department is reported as being cheeringly prosperous. As with us in England, the Methodist Conference here has under its direction both Home and Foreign Missions. Of necessity, it has been principally occupied with what may be called Home Missions, though some parts of this field of its operation are several thousand miles off. The swarming emigrants from different European countries, and the rapid advance of the American population westward, demands a constant augmentation of the number of missionaries, if the people are to be overtaken and instructed in the way of life. And many of the settlers in the Western States would be as destitute of the means of grace, and very soon as much lost to religion and morality, as are the heathens in pagan lands, if it were not for Methodist missionaries going forth into the backwoods and into newly-formed settlements. So that properly, and in the

right order, the Conference has directed its first missionary efforts to the necessities of America, and supports largely from its mission fund the preachers sent forth into California, Oregon, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and other states and districts of the Far West, as well as those employed in "sparsely" settled portions of the inner parts of the country, where there are not churches large enough to maintain their own ministers.

The Conference has also missions to the Indians. Nor are its efforts limited to the preaching of the Gospel in the ears of the red-man. With the aid of Government, it is providing from five to ten acres of ground for each Indian family which comes under its influence: and this land, it is said, can never be sold, leased, or rented to or by a white man. By this philanthropic measure, it is hoped that a feeling of attachment to the soil will be created among the native Indians, and that they will cease to wander about, and be less liable to moral corruption by vicious emigrants and settlers. And some of these missions are in a promising condition. Several Indian converts have built themselves houses, and have been reclaimed from their roaming and restless habits. Others have been brought to settle on farms or in villages around the missionary stations, so that the missionaries express their hopes of the work of God being permanent among their red converts. They report—"The Indians, under the influence of our missions, are all gradually improving in the arts of civilised life. Their religious experience in the things of God is generally quite clear. Their attendance on the means of grace is quite uniform. Their devotions are marked with great fervour and simplicity, yet quite free from excesses." It is also stated

by the same authorities that, as converts, the red-men are steadfast in their Christian life and profession—that apostasy with them is very rare, and that, so far from wasting away as do the unconverted Indians, and as it had been supposed all the aborigines must waste away, all of them who have received the Gospel increase rapidly, insomuch that the missions to them are straitened for room. On one occasion forty Indians had been converted to God, and on another as many as sixty. Bishop Janes has the supervision of these Indian missions, and though they have been injured and retarded by white men who have corrupted the converts by “fire-water,” and by their profligacies, yet they are now in a very hopeful and promising condition. There are at present ten Methodist missionaries, exclusively devoted to this department of evangelical labour.

Among the domestic missions belonging to the General Conference must be also named the missions to the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Welsh, the French, and the Seamen, within the United States. Some of these are of recent origin, but their growth has been very rapid, more especially that of the German Mission. It is estimated that there are 700,000 of this nation within the States, and to a large portion of these Methodism is successfully proclaiming the word of eternal life. There are not fewer than 11,778 church members and probationers of the German people now under the pastoral care and instruction of 187 Methodist missionaries. These have schools and German literature plenteously supplied to them, and they are confessedly more liberal, according to their means, in the support of the work of God among them than any other section of Christians or Methodists within the States. The Scandinavian

Missions are those to the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, who have emigrated in considerable numbers to the west and north-west of the States. Of these there are about 1000 church members and probationers, under the care of eighteen missionaries. About fifteen missionaries devote themselves to the Welsh and French emigrants, and there are six missionaries to the seamen who visit or reside in the principal seaports. The Domestic Missions, including those to settlers not otherwise provided for, and to the foreign populations within the United States, are 581 in number, and they have belonging to them 636 missionaries, and 69,222 church members and probationers. The amount appropriated by the Missionary Society for their support during the last year was 184,093 dollars, or nearly £37,000.

But our Methodist brethren on this side of the Atlantic are not neglectful of the foreign department of missionary enterprise; and it is evident that they are now about to put forth new strength for important services in regions beyond their own land. As I have already stated, they have a flourishing Mission in Liberia, which stretches over 400 miles south of the British settlements on the coast of Western Africa, and extends backwards into the country along the river lines, giving access to 150,000 of the natives. This Mission has now belonging to it an Annual Conference of twenty-two missionaries. It numbers 1449 church members and probationers; and has a promising educational department, which includes academies, day-schools, and Sabbath-schools. It was visited last year by Bishop Scott; and the whole Mission is now so far advanced, that it cannot be left longer without constant episcopal supervision.

The Conference has also foreign Missions to Germany, Sweden, and Norway, which, notwithstanding opposition and persecution from jealous governments, hold on their way, and spread Gospel light and practical godliness in those countries. The German Missionaries are sufficiently numerous to form an Annual Conference to meet in Germany. The agents employed in Norway and Sweden pursue their way noiselessly, but successfully. These read the Scriptures, preach, sing and pray, and commune with the people in their own dwellings; and this labour has been owned of God, many of the Swedes and Norwegians having enrolled themselves as Methodists, and given proof of real conversion. The Scandinavian Missions are three in number, under the care of five missionaries; and 450 members and probationers are, up to this time, the acknowledged fruit of their labours. These foreign missions to Europe are more especially interesting with the consideration that evangelical religion in the Old World is reviving under the reciprocal agency of the New. The Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, emigrate in great numbers to this western continent, for the improvement of their temporal condition. Here they become partakers of spiritual life; send word to their friends in Europe how, and by what agency, they obtained it; their friends send for Methodist Missionaries; these go, and the European foreigners are converted; churches for Christ are formed among them; and thus, by the all-controlling beneficence of God, who wondrously "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," nation is made to act upon nation, people upon people; while Methodism, as *His* work, extends its blessed agency across continents and over

seas, and gathers souls from all the ends of the earth.

Finally, the foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this continent include those to South America, China, and India; and the whole of its foreign missions number 71,218 church members, who are under the care of 867 missionaries. To this work the yearly sum of 86,000 dollars, or about £17,000, is apportioned out of the general fund. The total annual sum for Missions of all kinds which are under the direction of the General Conference is £54,000. This amount is raised very much after the manner in which we raise our missionary income in England,—by collections after sermons, and at public meetings, and by annual subscriptions. No doubt this amount of income will largely and rapidly increase; though there is some complaint from the General Missionary Board, that considerable sums collected for Missions are appropriated locally, instead of being sent to the general fund for proportionate distribution. The Missionary Committee here, too, it may be added, have it under consideration to establish a missionary seminary to be devoted exclusively to candidates for the work of missionary life; and wherein, it is conceived, they will be wholly separated from associations and influences which tend to distract, or divert, their minds from their great object.

From the reports supplied of the agencies and progress of Methodism in the United States, as well as from what we personally observed, where we have been, it is plain that it is as unrivalled among American churches for the promotion of experimental and practical godliness, as it is for attention to education and literature, and to institutions for general benevolence.

Indeed, it may be spoken of as having the prestige among the churches which the Church of England has in our own country; and yet, as possessing and exerting the vigour and evangelistic activity of British Wesleyan Methodism. It is to be found in almost every nook and corner of the thirty-one independent states and nine territories which comprise the federal union. In its communion are governors of states, senators, and representatives in congress, judges of the supreme court, as well as of the states. Taking the northern and southern sections of Methodism together, and including two or three small offshoots still bearing its name, it numbers 1,600,000 full-church members, and has regularly under its religious instruction six millions (or more than one-fifth) of the entire population of the United States. In this new country every section of the Church of Christ has "a fair field and no favour;" and without old institutions to obstruct its course, Methodism here has shown its surpassing elasticity and might.

There was another subject set forth in the address by the bishops to the General Conference, which, as soon as it was named, absorbed the attention of all the brethren; and that was—Slavery. This subject had been presented by the bishops to the thirty-eight Annual Conferences, in its relation to church membership: some parties having sought a change in the discipline of the church, by which all slaveholders in the border churches would be peremptorily excluded from them. This attempt, it was felt by some, proposed an alteration of the constitution upon which they had originally adhered to the northern anti-slaveholding churches; and would be perilous to the interests of the

large number of slaves on the borders, who were members and hearers in Methodism, and who might, through such an extreme act of ecclesiastical legislation, be deprived, at the will of their offended masters, of their religious privileges. This difference of judgment concerning the proposed measure had already produced considerable excitement; and, after earnest discussions upon it in the Annual Conferences, the proposition had failed to secure the requisite number of votes (three-fourths) to secure its legal recommendation for adoption by the General Conference.

Nevertheless, it was resolved by the northern men to propose the said measure in this Conference. This was known by the bishops; and, in their address, they expressed unitedly their strong doubts that such a measure, however desirable, could be constitutionally adopted by the General Conference, unless it should have also the requisite concurrence of the Annual Conferences. And after reporting upon the numbers, and relative numbers, of the parties who would be affected by the proposed measure,—namely, the churches in slave territory belonging to six Annual Conferences, which have connected with them 500,000 or 600,000 white hearers, and 143,000 white members and probationers; together with upwards of 100,000 coloured hearers, and more than 28,000 coloured church members, some of whom are slaves,—they, the bishops, declared their deliberate opinion on the effect of the existing discipline of the Church in the following words:—

“In our judgment, the existence of these conferences and churches, under their present circumstances, does not tend to extend or perpetuate slavery. They are known to be organised under a discipline which charac-

terises slavery as a great evil ; which makes the slaveholder ineligible to any official station in the Church where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom ; which disfranchises a travelling minister who, by any means, becomes the owner of a slave or slaves, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves conformably to the laws of the State wherein he lives ; which makes it the duty of all the ministers to enforce upon all the members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God, and allowing them time to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine service ; which prohibits the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with an intention to enslave them, and inquires, What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery ?

“ With this discipline freely circulated among the people, or certainly within the reach of any who desire to examine it, and with other churches existing in the same territory without these enactments, these societies and conferences have either by elective affinity adhered to, or from preference associated with, the Methodist Episcopal Church. In a few instances their church relations have exposed them to some peril, and in numerous cases to sacrifices. But such have been their moral worth, and Christian excellence, and prudent conduct, that, generally, they have been permitted to enjoy their religious immunities, and serve and worship God according to their consciences.”

When the reading of this quadrennial address of the bishops to the General Conference was concluded, it was, without discussion or remark, referred, by the distribution of its several parts, to the respective committees appointed for the consideration of the different subjects which it set forth ; and was ordered to be printed for the use of the delegates in their deliberations. And now the business of the Conference fairly commenced. The roll of the members had been called ; the committees had been formed ; the principal subjects for consideration had been presented in the address by the bishops ; and the assembly evidently set itself in order for deliberative proceedings.

LETTER XIV.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Conference Business—Nature of Committees and their Mode of Procedure—Chief Subjects of Interest in the Proceedings of Conference—New Metropolitan Church for New York—The Bible Cause—Cause of Religious Education—Appeals from Censured and Expelled Ministers—Extension of Time for a Minister's Stay in a Circuit—Discussion respecting the Office of "Presiding Elder"—Grand Debate respecting Slavery.

THE business of the Conference being necessarily multifarious, it seems absolutely requisite, in order to expedite its transactions, that so many and such varied concerns should be previously referred to the committees for preparation and arrangement. By this means much time is saved which might otherwise be consumed in confused debate. I have already noted for you the appointment of these committees in what is termed the organisation of Conference, but it may be well to explain to you their powers and services. There are, as I stated, ten of them, distinguished by the titles I named.

1. The Committee on the *Episcopacy* has under its examination the whole administration and conduct of the bishops for the preceding four years; and as there is one minister on this committee from each of the Annual Conferences, no judicial act of the episcopate can well be left unnoticed. If there be any complaint, or anything appearing doubtful to the committee, the

bishop concerned is respectfully summoned before it to explain or to defend his conduct, as the case may be. And in the end, when due inquiry has been made, the committee report to the Conference the result of its examinations, and recommend approval or condemnation. The freest and most unrestricted inquiry and debate are admitted in the Conference when the report of any committee is presented. But from the decision of the General Conference, whether it approves or rejects the advice of the committee, a bishop has no appeal: it is the final tribunal. Provision is made, in the "Discipline," for the suspension of a bishop by a committee composed of his brethren and presiding elders, during the intervals of the quadrennial conference, if such committee be satisfied that he has transgressed; but he has still an appeal left to the General Conference.

2. The Committee on *Itinerancy* examines the minutes of the Annual Conferences during the four previous years, and reports thereon to the General Conference, according to its view of the observance or infringement of the "Discipline;" the Conference then approving or censuring, as the case may seem to them to require.

3. The Committee on *Boundaries* has assigned to it all applications for alterations in the boundary lines of the Annual Conferences, and for the formation of new conferences. The labours of this committee, through the ever-changing character of the population, are necessarily great. As many as nine new conferences have been added at this session: increasing the number of Annual Conferences for the north of the United States to a total of forty-seven.

4. The Committee on *Slavery* has referred to it for consideration all petitions and memorials on that subject,

and is required to collect and classify the proposals, to inquire into their agreement with the established constitution of the Church, and to report its opinions and recommendations thereon to the Conference. If in this or any other committee a minority is not satisfied with the report of the majority, it can draw up one for itself, and present the same to the Conference, and the Conference can adopt either report.

5. The Committee on the *Book Concern* examines the reports from the book establishment and repositories, and any recommendations that may have been made for improvement in the publications of Methodism, or with regard to their circulation.

6. The Committee on *Missions* considers all business relating to missions, whether home or foreign. In the intervals between the quadrennial conferences, the missions are under the direction of a "Board of Managers," consisting of sixteen Methodist ministers and sixteen Methodist laymen, who are annually elected, with the bishops as presidents and vice-presidents, and, at the General Conference, their acts and administration are reviewed by this committee, who report to the Conference as they may deem necessary. The Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Managers are appointed by the General Conference, and are also amenable to it.

7. The Committee on *Education* examines, prepares, and recommends to the General Conference whatever measures may seem advisable in relation to seminaries, colleges, universities, or Biblical institutes.

8. The Committee on *Sunday-schools* inquires into the system of instruction pursued, the character of the books and publications employed in Sunday-schools,

and recommends anything to the Conference which it deems likely to promote their efficiency.

9. The *Tract* Committee inquires into the system and agency in use for tract distribution, as well as into the character of the tracts circulated, and reports thereon to the Conference.

10. The Committee on *Revisals* examines into all verbal alterations to be made in the "Discipline," and other Conference records, so that the words may suitably express the meaning intended; and they recommend accordingly.

These are the general, or standing committees, which are composed of one delegate from each annual conference, chosen by his co-delegates of the conference to which he belongs; and each committee chooses its own chairman. There are, in addition to these, a few special committees appointed as cases may require, such as the Committees on Temperance, the Bible Cause, &c., which I have already named. These committees have apportioned to them the business to be prepared for the General Conference, as it may arise, on the presentation of memorials, the reading of minutes, &c. The memorials presented are very numerous. Several days have been occupied with the mere presentation of them. They are of all possible kinds—from conferences, churches, committees, and individuals; and, to obtain them for consideration in committee, the roll of each annual conference is called, when the delegates present in rotation whatever they may have brought with them, or whatever may have been sent to them of this documentary nature for consideration by the General Conference. This year there were Memorials for Lay Representation, Local Preachers' Conferences, and Conferences of Coloured

Ministers, as well as for other proposed changes, which came prominently before the Conference for discussion and for formal judgment.

Among the more important subjects for the "*action*" of the Conference, as the brethren here are accustomed to term their united decisions on practical matters, were those of—

1. A Metropolitan Church to be erected in New York, as a grateful memorial by Methodists to Almighty God for his merciful goodness in employing them so successfully and extensively in spreading scriptural holiness through the land. This church is to be supplied by ministers in rotation, appointed for a term of years by the bishops, from all parts of the country. The ground for the structure has been purchased, and a considerable sum of money has already been contributed, through the several annual conferences, towards it.

2. An Annual Conference in Germany; the work of God having prospered there until this measure has become necessary for the wants of the people, and for the admission and over-sight of ministers. Such a conference was authorised, and is to be presided over by one of the bishops.

3. The Bible Cause, which had its representative in the Conference—the Rev. Dr. Holditch, a Methodist minister, and one of the general secretaries, who reported that the income of the Bible Society for the last year was 393,167 dollars, or £78,000, and that its issues for the year had been 668,225 volumes. The Society publishes the Bible, entire and in parts, in ten modern languages, besides what it sends forth in Indian and African dialects, and is now engaged in an effort for "a thorough exploration and re-supply" of the entire region of the

United States. The report was cordially received by the General Conference, and the Society was earnestly recommended to the annual conferences and to the churches for support.

4. The Tract Cause, which, for a widely-scattered population, and for passing emigrants from all nations, is very important. This cause has its board of managers regularly appointed, and systematically issues tracts in several languages, to the extent of many hundreds of thousands per year.

5. The Religious Education of the youth of Methodism. This is felt by our American brethren, as it is with us in England, to be a most important object, for they, like us, lament the estrangement of too many sons and daughters from the church of their fathers. One question formally discussed and resolved upon was "The Relation of Baptised Children to the Church." This subject drew very earnest attention, and the issue of the consideration given to it was a declaration of the claims of such children, as covenant members of the kingdom of God, upon ministers for pastoral instruction and care; and a formal injunction to ministers to register, counsel, and watch over them, for their admission, under appropriate circumstances, into the Church.

The Sabbath-schools, too, were considered in their relation to the Conference and to the churches, and recommendations were given for the observance of plans which might render them more efficient. A Sunday-school "Demonstration" in one of the churches of Indianapolis was authorised and attended by the Conference. The children were assembled and addresses delivered to them under the presidency of our host, the governor of the State. This was a most interesting

service. Most appropriate and affecting addresses were given by ministers from all parts—some relating what God was doing by Sunday-schools in Oregon, in California, and on the shores of the Pacific. One sunburnt, attenuated minister told of a time he had known in California, the land of gold-mines, when a little child was so great a novelty that, where it was found, rough miners gathered round it with intense interest, and wept over it in remembrance of home associations; and when a minister of his acquaintance called back a mother retiring from the congregation because her infant was crying, publicly stating that its little voice was sweeter music than either he or his people had heard for months past. But now, he said, through the rush of emigrants for the gold-mines, children had become numerous, and many hundreds of them, whose parents were of various nations, were gathered into Sunday-schools, and were rising up useful and honourable members of the Church and of society.

Another minister related how he and his colleague first dropped anchor in the harbour of San Francisco, at a time when there was no city, but only a few shaky tenements and an old windmill; how they there opened the first Sunday-school on the coast of the Pacific Ocean; and how they had since been in Oregon, where fifty-eight Sunday-schools were now established, with 10,000 volumes in use; and that in these schools, during the past year, there had been 119 conversions to God.

There was also a meeting held of the committee and friends of general education, on a Saturday afternoon, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Thompson (a highly-accomplished man, of English birth), at which Dr. Hannah gave a very clear and interesting account of

the Wesleyan Theological Institution in England, as to its character, working, and beneficial influence upon the Connexion; and I spoke of our day-school operations for the poor, and of Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove Schools as seminaries provided for the education of ministers' sons. The establishment of Biblical institutes in America, the rapid multiplication of Methodist colleges and seminaries here, induced many inquiries concerning the educational movements of Methodism in our own land, which we answered as well as we could.

The report of the state and prospects of the institution for the education of coloured youth was adopted by the Conference—all breathing the most tender compassion towards the long-degraded African race within the States, expressing the most encouraging hopes of their elevation to honour and usefulness through such an institution, and most earnestly recommending it to the benevolent in Methodism, and the patriotic and philanthropic in the country at large.

But the subjects discussed at greatest length, and which excited the deepest interest in the Conference, were:—

1. The appeals by censured and expelled ministers against the decisions of their annual conferences. These appeals were fourteen or fifteen in number, and were conducted in the most formal and court-like manner. The case was first stated, and the “action” of the Annual Conference read from its journal. Then the appellant, in person or by substitute, pleaded. In most cases a substitute was engaged; and he, as well as the chosen advocate for the Conference, being usually a minister of great ability, the pleadings were not unfrequently sustained in a very masterly manner. In the majority of cases

appealed against this year, either the decisions of the annual conferences were reversed, or the cases were sent back with directions for new trials. Some of these appeals occupied several sittings, and, with the increase of annual conferences, and the general spread of Methodism, the difficulty of hearing all such appeals in the General Conference is increasingly felt. But, though urged to consider this difficulty by the bishops, and to try, if practicable, to provide some substitute in a large and wisely-selected committee, yet the brethren are not disposed to give up this privilege of supreme judicature at present—the manifest difficulty presenting itself at once of erecting a court of final appeal, in the form of a select committee, that should have more weight and authority than an annual conference.

2. The extension of time for a minister's stay in a circuit, or residence at a station. The ministers are appointed by the bishops, in council with the presiding elders; and the limit, at present, of their continuance at one place is two years. Some of the ministers desire to extend it to three, or even to five years, and have memorialised the Conference accordingly. But, on examination of these memorials, the committee reported that it was not in evidence that any considerable number of the people desired such alteration; and, jealous of any symptoms of decline in the spirit of itinerancy, the Committee on the Itinerancy recommended that no change be made by the Conference. It must be remembered that, in not a few instances, an American Methodist minister preaches three or four times a week in the same church, and that his place is not taken by another, except once a quarter by the presiding elder; so that, within his two years, he has preached oftener to the

same people than an English Methodist minister does ordinarily in three years. This consideration has, no doubt, its influence both with ministers and people in determining them against the proposed change.

3. A most earnest discussion arose on the report by the committee on the exclusion or modification of the office of "presiding elder." This seems to have been an old question for dispute, and an alteration had, this time, been memorialised for by some large and influential circuits. The presiding elder is an officer chosen and appointed by a bishop to act for him in overlooking the spiritual and other interests of the churches within a given limit, for a period of four years; and who receives his support from the joint contributions of the circuits he overlooks. He has, in the absence of the bishop for whom he acts, the charge of all the elders, deacons, travelling and local preachers, and exhorters. He presides at quarterly conferences for the circuits (what we call quarterly meetings); hears appeals there against the preachers, deacons, or stewards; changes, receives, or suspends preachers, as may be deemed necessary, during the intervals of the annual conferences; inquires into the state of the circuits, churches, and schools; and has the power of decision on the laws governing the different cases, subject to appeals to the next annual conference. He reports the state of the churches to the bishop of his district, and gives the bishop counsel for the stationing of ministers.

There were as many as ninety presiding elders in this General Conference, delegated by their brethren of the Annual Conference. The memorialists, in some instances, sought to have the presiding elder stationed like another minister in a circuit within his district,

from which circuit they proposed that he should receive his support and travelling expenses. In other instances, the memorialists proposed that each Annual Conference should regulate its own economy with regard to this office; while some memorialists suggested that certain circuits named might be excepted from the support of this office. Some of the ministers think and say they can perform all the work of a presiding elder in their own circuits, and that they do not need his visits; while some of the people regard the office as an unnecessary charge upon them. But the majority both of preachers and people are satisfied of the propriety of preserving the office; and the *action* of the General Conference was, that no change in regard to it should be made at present.

4. The appointment of a bishop, required for Liberia, was, as I have before stated, another subject of earnest discussion. The Missionary Committee recommended that, if a suitable person could not be found in this Conference willing to be ordained and go forth as resident bishop for Africa, the Annual Conference in Liberia should be directed to elect an elder in good standing among them, and send him to America for episcopal ordination by the bishops,—who should ordain him under the express conditions, that the churches of which he should have the oversight should still belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and that his jurisdiction, as a bishop, should be limited to Africa. Some objections were raised against this recommendation of the committee, on the ground of the discipline, which requires that a bishop shall travel through the connexion at large. And some few were for separating the Liberian churches to act for them-

selves, recommending them to follow the discipline and government of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. In the end, however, the substance of the committee's recommendation was adopted by the Conference; that seeming the best and most practicable conclusion to come to under the circumstances.

5. Another question of manifest interest was, the appointment of officers and editors to the institutions and periodicals in connection with the Conference. These numerous offices had to be filled up; but the appointments to them were purposely and professedly delayed, until it should be seen how the votes were given on leading public questions; the different parties in the assembly resolving, so far as they could, to place in those offices ministers with views similar to their own. Several attempts were made to hasten such appointments, and to fix early dates on which they should be made; but the attempts did not succeed; and delay was avowed on the ground I have stated. On great questions the votes are taken singly, in "Ayes" and "Noes;" so that every man's vote may be publicly known and accurately recorded. In the end, nearly all the editors of newspapers and Conference periodicals were changed, in order that the most decided anti-slavery sentiments might be put forth on behalf of the Conference. This great and sweeping change of officers, however, is not deemed very notable here, reappointments not being common.

6. But the great absorbing question, as you will anticipate, was that of *Slavery*. The particular question in relation to it, as presented to the Conference in memorials, &c., was, whether the rule of membership should be made to exclude all slaveholders. The rules,

as they now stand, exclude all slaveholders not only from the ministry, but from every office in Methodism. The rules also, by directions and injunctions, discountenance and condemn slavery, as an evil before God and man. But, as the civil government allows slavery, and, in some instances, forbids emancipation, it was found impracticable, without making a man a rebel against civil government, to carry out a rule against slaveholding membership. Such a rule has not, therefore, been enforced. This has dissatisfied many, especially in the northern and north-eastern states, which are farthest removed from the life and scene of slavery; and they have sought to have such a rule introduced into the "discipline." The bishops, as before observed, had submitted the recommendation of the dissatisfied party to the Annual Conferences, who had not passed it by sufficient majorities. Yet, the parties recommending it resolved to press their proposal on the General Conference, that it might go from thence to the Annual Conferences again. This produced strong excitement, and drew forth memorials and counter-memorials, which the committee on slavery had to report upon. A majority of the committee proposed resolutions for the Conference to exclude slaveholders from church-membership. To this a minority of the committee objected, and drawing up their objections, presented them to the Conference for its consideration.

They stated decidedly, and as a fact beyond contradiction, that parties, not a few, held slaves left to them with the benevolent purpose of keeping the negroes from cruel usage by irreligious owners; and with the direction to emancipate these bondsmen as soon as practicable, and as soon as they could be provided for.

And on this ground (seeing that there is a specific prohibition, in the "discipline," of the purchase or sale of slaves, by Methodists) the minority object to exclude all slaveholders from church-membership. They also declare that such a rule would be likely to break up the churches on the southern border, and on slaveholding territory; for, while there are few slaveholders who would themselves be affected by it, they would be likely to prohibit the attendance on religious services of the slave members, who are numerous, and who would thus be deprived, in their bondage, of all the instructions of religion. And further, they object on the ground that they originally separated from the slaveholding churches of the South without such a condition of membership; and that now, when they must be separated from both sections if such a rule were enacted, it is not kind or just to impose it. They state that the "discipline," as it is, has worked effectually to the discouragement and extirpation of slavery; that with it the Methodist Episcopal Church is known to be an Anti-Slavery Church; and that the rule proposed would retard, in its working, the object professed to be sought by all—the extirpation of slavery. On these grounds, and with the evidently strong plea that it is at present unconstitutional to include such a rule in the "discipline," since it has not passed, as required, three-fourths of the Annual Conferences, the minority of the committee reported to the Conference for themselves, and objected to the report and recommendations of the majority. In stating their objections to the new proposal, the minority declared themselves earnestly opposed to slavery; and challenged any one to prove that there was a pro-slavery man on the floor of the

Conference, amidst cries from every side of "no, no!" They urged too, that with their adherence to the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the time of the secession, so that they might not partake with the southern churches in the iniquity of slavery, it was unjust to harbour the least suspicion of their honest hostility to it. In proof of the well-working of the "discipline" as it is, they further stated that in the city-station of Baltimore, the capital of the slaveholding State of Maryland, where Methodism is so influential and prosperous, it is not known that there is a single slaveholder in the church.

But, notwithstanding all these objections and pleas, the report of the majority of the committee was presented, and the proposal to change the general rule was carried by 122 votes against 96. This was a decisive proof of the views held by the ministers at this Conference; although, as there were not two-thirds of the votes in its favour, and as it has not yet passed three-fourths of the Annual Conferences (as the rules require in all essential changes), the new rule will not, at present, be entered into the "discipline." That you may know exactly what the report and recommendations of the majority of the committee on slavery are, I subjoin them to this outline of the proceedings.*

There was another test of anti-slavery feeling, by the proposal to publish and circulate largely anti-slavery tracts; which proposal was carried by a much larger majority: the minority stating that they were in favour of such an effort, if it were made judiciously.

I have described this subject of slavery as the all-absorbing one. It is so, not only within the Conference, but out of it, and throughout America. Thoughtful

* See Appendix.

men, everywhere, perceive that this is the great problem to be solved in relation to their country; and Christian men view it as the great and heaven-provoking sin of the land. A very large portion of our time in America has been spent in conversing upon it. All who have spoken upon it in our hearing have deprecated it as a fearful evil. None have attempted to justify it on moral or scriptural grounds. If, as in some instances, while travelling, we spoke with persons who attempted to defend it, they did so on the ground of expediency—as having to do with an evil which existed, and must be made the best of. But it is due to our Methodist brethren to state that, in no instance, have they given any other character to slavery than that of sinfulness and crime. They do, however, make the distinction between the holding of slaves bequeathed, and which the law of the State will not allow to be emancipated, and the purchase, use, and sale of slaves, for merely mercenary purposes.

Such were the principal subjects of business in this General Conference held at Indianapolis, which continued from May 1st to June 4th, 1856. In conclusion it directed that its next quadrennial session (in 1860) should be held in the City of Buffalo.

LETTER XV.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

Modified Character of Slavery in Towns—Enormity of its Evils in the South, and on the Plantations—Its Corrupting Influences both on the Families of Slaveholders and on the Slaves—Sophism, that Slaves are “Happy and Contented,” exposed, and also the assertion that their Condition is Analogous to that of the English Operative—Nationally Disorganising tendencies of Slavery—Hopes for its Extermination from existing Agencies ; and Confidence that it will be brought to an End, founded on the Divine Character.

I HAVE repeatedly alluded, in my former letters, to the subject of Slavery in America, as viewed by us in our passage through Slave States on our way to this city ; as it has been regarded by the Methodist Church from the beginning, and in its progress ; and as presented for consideration at the General Conference. But it is far too serious a subject to be passed over with incidental notices. No doubt, slavery will be found vital, in its final issues, both to the States themselves and to the churches within them. I have given the most wakeful and earnest attention to this subject which circumstances would allow ; have not only had frequent conversations upon it, and read authentic books and documents concerning it, but have made careful inquiries of persons fully acquainted with it ; and now, before leaving Indianapolis, I devote a letter to Slavery,

in which I shall give reliable information, and, what I believe I may term, a matured judgment concerning it.

I have described what we noticed of slave-life and occupation in our journey along the borders of Virginia and Maryland; but it must be remembered that we have seen it only in its *domestic* character. As we passed through Maryland, and skirted Virginia, here and there we saw, as previously stated, the poor dispirited Africans toiling wearily in the field, or lazily at the edge of the forest. But slave-life even at the road-side, as well as in cities and in the slave-owner's house, is different to slave-life in cotton-fields, or in sugar and tobacco plantations, where hard task-work has to be performed in gangs, and under the lash of slave-drivers. This seems to me to be a distinction very necessary to be made when considering and discussing the subject of American slavery; for, whenever I have conversed with an advocate or apologist for it, I have invariably found that he spoke of it under its mildest aspect, as the "domestic institution." Though by far the greater number of slaves in the States are not to be found lodged and boarded in their masters' warm houses, and employed on flower-gardens as ordinary servants; but are miserably and indecently crowded together, as mere cattle, in log-huts, and are driven forth to daily task-work under the merciless whip.

Of the real and deeply wretched condition of the great majority of slaves, I have learned much from particular inquiries made in the States, from publications issued on the ground, and from ministers and friends who have most carefully informed themselves, by personal investigations, on what is passing in the South. And after due inquiry and consideration, I have come

to the painful conclusion that American slavery, in the Southern States, is as wicked, cruel, and offensive, in its character and operations, as it has been reported to us in England. I say distinctly, *in the Southern States*;—for it must never be forgotten that the Northern States have resolutely separated themselves from this evil. Half the states of the Union have done this. All the Methodist churches of the North, in those States, and some within the borders of Slave States have done it; and that at considerable sacrifice, as before related. The churches of Baltimore, named in a former letter, have done this. Therefore, it is unjust, inconsiderately and cruelly unjust, to class all the States and Churches together, as slave-holding, or alike involved in the guilt of Slavery. There are not more earnest, zealous, and determined opponents of Slavery anywhere, than are to be found in the Northern States and Churches of America; and some of the border-men who travelled with us in our last journey were determined Abolitionists.

But in the South, and on the plantations, the evil of Slavery exists in its grossest and most revolting forms. It is there not merely tolerated for expediency; but legalized, maintained, and guarded, as if it were the most just and sacred of institutions. By some violent upholders it is ranked with religion itself; for they inscribe upon their placards and banners, “**GOD and SLAVERY!**” By perversions of Holy Scripture, which nowhere, if properly interpreted, favours Slavery, and in direct contradiction of their own declaration of Independence, upon which the constitution of the Union is based, and which positively and unequivocally declares that “all men are created equal, and are endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the

pursuit of happiness,"—the men of the South uphold and promote this atrocious system against the remonstrances of their northern brethren, and against the cry of the civilized world. Even in Columbia, the small district surrendered by Maryland and Virginia to the sole control and government of Congress, Slavery exists; and in Washington itself, the renowned legislative capital of the United States, there are, as already noted, slave-marts, auction-blocks, and slave-prisons, under the control and use of *licensed* slave-dealers.

Indeed, in some of its aspects, the Slavery of the Southern States of America is not only one of the most glaringly inconsistent evils in existence; but it is, in some of its legalised conditions of deprivation and cruelty, without example or parallel in the history of the world. As Mr. Wesley wrote of it only four days before his death—it is “the vilest evil that ever saw the sun.” In a country which has voluntarily associated itself with other powers to repress and terminate the African slave-trade, not only are the existing slaves retained, but large numbers of slaves are raised and bred for the market yearly. The negro mother has no claim to her own child. By law it belongs to her owner, with all the children that she and her daughters may have born to them, for ever. This is the express law of the Slave States—that the child shall follow the condition of its mother.

And this unnatural and oppressive law leads to acts of the most revolting cruelty and wickedness. It not only encourages the most brutish profligacy towards the females kept on the slave-breeding estates,—and that as soon as there is any chance of slave-bearing,—but it makes fathers the salesmen of their own children; and

it brings upon their descendants, however white and far removed from the original negro, through successive generations, the most painful and degrading circumstances. A considerable proportion of the coloured slaves are the fruit of intercourse with white owners, owners' sons, and slave-drivers. So that some of the slaves are sold by their own fathers; and if, in rare instances, slaves are redeemed, either by others or themselves, they have not unfrequently to be purchased from their own fathers. Yea, fathers, under this iniquitous law, prostitute to the most revolting purposes their own children. And sometimes, as I learn from cases related to me, the most ruinous and degrading consequences will fall upon the acknowledged wives and children of slaveholders through the operation of this law. Delay in the act of emancipation (where it is allowed) towards the wife selected and obtained for her beauty and whiteness, may, by the sudden death or bankruptcy of the husband and father, be followed by the sale of his indulged wife and accomplished daughters; and these, who never dreamed of their slavery, must then be exposed in the public auction mart, and sold to hard-hearted and licentious slave-dealers—again, severe truth compels me to repeat—for the most degrading purposes.

The cruelties, too, inflicted by law upon the slaves are enormous and horrible. Not only are they deprived of their natural, social, and civil rights,—robbed of self-ownership,—denied marriage contracts, family enjoyments, intellectual culture, and complaint or redress in a court of justice; but they are unsparingly separated from husband, wife, child, brother, sister—if they may use such terms—sold to merciless slave-dealers, who

brand them, chain them, lodge them in dungeons, then drive them forth in gangs barefooted and almost naked,—men and women together,—over hard rough roads and through tangled forests, to other and distant States, to be sold and branded again ; and then to be driven forth into the field for daily labour under the cow-hide lash, and to be exposed to the gloating licentiousness of hired slave-drivers. I could give abundant proof of all this, in quotations from legal documents, advertised auction sales, and published descriptions of actual occurrences, which none can dispute.

I do not suppose that *all* slaveholders maltreat their slaves. Some of them, I would fain believe, for the honour of humanity, are benevolent men, sorrowing over their heritages of human beings, of which, under the laws of the States to which they belong, they know not how to rid themselves. And such are kind and merciful to their slaves. But I write of the system, of what it legalises and allows, and how by many it is used. And, in cases of merciful and kind treatment by owners, death or reverse of temporal circumstances may throw the best of slaves, accustomed to mild and considerate conduct, suddenly into the most painful and deeply degrading circumstances. The Rev. James B. Finley, in his “Sketches of Western Methodism,” relates a case which occurred in Virginia, and most affectingly proves what I have just said ; while, at the same time, it exhibits the meek and forgiving endurance of wrongs by Christian slaves, and the abundant mercy of God to the vilest sinners when they repent and turn to Him.

The author of these sketches relates, that in the State of Virginia there lived a wealthy and influential planter, who owned a large number of slaves. In his circum-

stances, he was a kind and indulgent owner, and sought for them the means of mental and moral culture. A methodist minister was invited by him to preach on his plantation, and was heard by himself, his family, and his slaves. The word reached their hearts, and on subsequent visits, the preacher collected into a church there, the master, the mistress, and many of the negroes.

One of these negroes, whose name was CUFF, became eminent for his devotedness to Christ, and for the exemplification of Christian graces among his brethren. Being a man of superior intelligence, he was selected to conduct religious services in the absence of the minister; and in these he was wont to pour forth prayers to God from a full heart, and to speak with words that burned into the very depths of the souls of the congregations. Both white and black hearers trembled and wept under the power with which he prayed and spoke before them.

But amidst the fearful contingencies of slavery, even in its most alleviated circumstances, Cuff, through the death of his master fell into the possession of a spendthrift son, who had soon to sell him by public auction for the benefit of clamorous creditors. He was purchased by an infidel, newly settled in life, and whose youthful wife had, before her marriage, often heard with deep feeling the addresses and prayers of Cuff. On making the purchase, he expressed to the insolvent owner his pleasure with Cuff's looks and manners, and inquired particularly what was the precise character to be received with him. The answer given was, that there would be nothing found in him objectionable to the purchaser, unless it was that he would pray and attend the meeting. "If that be all," said the infidel, "I will soon whip that out of him."

He took home his purchased slave, who with a heavy

heart left his old homestead, and his brethren in bondage with whom he had so happily associated for worship. At the close of the first day's appointed labour, he went in search of a place for private prayer, which he found in a thicket of young trees near to his master's garden, and where he knelt and poured forth his evening cries to heaven. While thus engaged, he was overheard by his youthful mistress, who was walking in the garden; and when she heard him pray not only for himself, but also for his new "massa" and his new "misse," the deep fountain of her heart was broken up, and she wept greatly.

On the ensuing Sabbath Cuff went some miles to the Methodist meeting, returning in the evening, that he might be ready in time the next morning for his labour in the field. On Monday morning his master asked him where he had been on the Sunday, when, not knowing the infidel character of his owner, he replied, "I have been to meetin, massa; and bless de Lord it was a good time!"—"Cuff," said his master, with an angry voice, "you must quit praying; I will have none of it about this place."—"Massa," said Cuff, "I will do anything you tell me dat I can do; but I must pray. My Massa in heaven command me to do so."—"But you shall quit it," said the master, "and you shall promise now to do so, or I will whip you."—"I cannot do one nor de oder, massa," said the slave.—"Then follow me, you obstinate negro," said the master, inflamed with passion, "and we will see whose authority is to be obeyed."

The slave was led forth, stripped of the few tattered garments that covered his person, was tied to a tree, when the infidel master, full of anger, inflicted twenty-five heavy strokes of the cowhide lash upon him with his own hands. "Now, Cuff," said the master, "will you

quit praying?"—"No, massa," said the bleeding slave; "I will pray to Jesus as long as I live." He gave him twenty-five lashes more, and that with terrible severity. "Now," said the monster of cruelty, "you will quit praying, wont you?"—"No, massa," was the meek slave's reply; "me will pray while me live." On hearing this the master flew upon his victim with the utmost fury, and he continued to ply the bloody weapon upon the mangled flesh until, from sheer exhaustion, he could strike no longer. "Now, you infernal nigger, will you cease praying?" asked the master.—"No, massa," answered the bound and bleeding slave; "you may kill me, but I must pray."—"Then you shall be whipped as much as this every time you pray or go to the meeting." The slave was unbound from the tree; he gathered up his clothes, crawled to his gloomy hut, and when he had reached it he was heard to sing within it in a plaintive voice,—

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away
To sing God's praise in endless day."

While this cruel conduct had been pursued the young mistress had been looking through the window in tears; and when her husband returned into the house she said, "My dear, why did you whip that poor negro so much for praying?—there is no harm in that."—"Silence!" said the enraged husband; "not a word upon it, or I will give you as much." Through the remainder of the day the infidel husband raved like a madman; he cursed all the negro race, and he cursed God for creating them. Night came; he writhed with agony on his bed. Before the morning dawned he exclaimed, "I feel I shall be damned! O God have mercy

upon me! Is there any one to pray for me?"—"None," said the wife, "unless it be the poor negro you have whipped so severely."—"He will not pray for me," said the husband.—"He will, I am sure," said the wife.—"Then send for him without delay, for I cannot live as I am," said the husband. Cuff was sent for; he came, sore and bleeding, expecting more ill-usage, when, to his great astonishment, he found his cruel master bowed upon the floor of his room, and crying to heaven for mercy. "Cuff, will you—can you pray for me?" was the earnest inquiry proposed to the bowed slave.—"Yes, massa," was the prompt reply; "I have been praying for you and misse all night." They prayed and wept together until the heavy burden was removed from the awakened conscience, when the rejoicing master, springing to his feet, and throwing his arms around his dark slave, exclaimed, "Cuff, my forgiving brother, from this moment you are a free man!" The master formally emancipated his injured slave, and, with his youthful wife, united himself to the Methodist Church. Afterwards, with Cuff, whom he engaged as chaplain for his estate, he preached that Jesus whose name he had blasphemed, and whose disciple he had scourged.

A few persons whom I have met while in America have tried to persuade me that the slaves are happy and contented in their condition; and have significantly remarked that they are more so than many of our English operatives in the manufacturing districts. But if this assertion be true, why do so many of the slaves run away? what mean the numerous public advertisements in the newspapers for runaway slaves, describing so very particularly their stature, weals, maims, and branded marks? what mean the laws against education of slaves,

coloured assemblies, and harbouring of runaway negroes? what mean the pronged collar, the chain, the stocks, and the notorious "Fugitive Law?" and what mean the slave-owners' tormenting fears of risings and insurrections among the negroes?

And if any of them be happy and contented under this heavy pressure of degradation, what does it prove? Not that Slavery is just and good, but that, in this instance, it has completed its destructive work, and crushed down human nature into brutality. The chained dog may frisk before his master, and not repine; and when the spirit of manhood has been struck down and extinguished by the lash and brutal insults, then, and not till then, can man be happy and content in a state of slavery. To be deprived of all rights—to hold no place in civil or social life—to see his wife and daughters indecently outraged, and reduced to unbridled prostitution—to see his children sold away from him into hopeless bondage—to lie bleeding and writhing under the lash,—and yet be "happy and content!" Is not such talk madness?

And what parallel can justly be instituted between the slaves in the Southern States of America and English operatives? Are the operatives of England raised and bred for sale in the public market? Are they deprived of all ownership in themselves, and sold body and soul, flesh and spirit, as mere goods and chattels, to the proprietorship of others? Are they deprived of home and family, and of civil protection? Are they exposed to the whip? Are their wives and daughters exposed to the unbridled licentiousness of masters and masters' sons? Are English operatives liable to be marched off in chain-gangs to other counties than those in which they live? Cannot they change their employers for

better wages when these are offered? Does not the law of England protect them as safely, with their families, in their homes, from insult and injury as it does the titled dweller in a castle or mansion? Where, then, is the likeness between the case of the American slave and the condition of the English operative? There is none; and no attempt to prove that there is will ever be made, except in sheer ignorance, or from the spirit of wilful misrepresentation.

The effects of this unnatural and cruel system are as great as we, in England, so often heard that they were. It is enormously destructive of slave life, as well-authenticated statistics show. It corrupts the moral and spiritual life and nature of the slaves, while it destroys their physical life; for the oppressed negro hears vice termed virtue, and virtue termed vice; sees their proper rewards and penalties reversed; and becomes often helplessly blinded in his distinction of right and wrong. It degrades all residents in the States who belong to the negro race, or who are the least tinged with African blood. It deprives them of position and status in society, even though free, and living in Free States, by creating prejudice against them, which will not allow them to sit and eat, or to ride in a railway-car, in the company of the whites. It not only drives them into the North, where the colder climate is uncongenial to the African constitution, but it pursues them with menacing laws and restrictions, that not only prevent their citizenship, but security. In some of the Free States there are what are called "Black Laws," which prohibit their residence altogether; and in some of the Slave States free negroes remaining so many days within them are to be seized, and sold into slavery for ever; indeed, in not a few instances, it seizes the

free negro under pretence of suspicion that he is a runaway, and if he happens not to have his manumission papers upon him, locks him up in prison, advertises him as to be sold for his expenses at such a time, and thus kidnaps and enslaves him who had previously purchased his freedom, or was born free. It is affirmed that not less than thirty free negroes were thus kidnapped in the free city of Philadelphia within the years 1825 and 1826, and were sold into slavery.

This evil system also demoralises slaveholders and their families—sensualising husbands and sons, and rendering hard-hearted and cruel even females and little children. A white mother will have her offending negro slave laid down and whipped before her eyes; and even the young child in the arms of the nurse is promised, as a toy from the market or the fair, a whip, with which to flog the young negro. It corrupts the very seat of legislative government; renders its laws a dead letter; and seeks to make a State that would be free—like Kansas—a Slave State against its will. It impoverishes the country, so that the localities where it exists are a full century behind the other parts of the Union in the increase of the free population and in scientific improvement. It induces slovenly culture of the soil by negroes, who will not do anything more than they are forced to perform. It produces idleness, wastefulness, and recklessness of life both among the slaveholders and their slaves. It fomented disputes, insolence, duels, and bloodshed between the men of the Free States and those of the Slave States; strikes down a senator in the Hall of Congress (as in the case of Sumner) for his speech against it; and executes “Lynch Law” upon Abolitionists, or even suspected Abolitionists.

Moreover, this vile system disorganises the States,

and, in the event of an invasive war, would render them a more easy conquest. It provides increasing internal enemies in the slaves, who are multiplying so quickly, and are now proportionately so numerous, that in a century more, at the same rate of increase, they will out-number all the white people in the States put together. With such an army of revengeful negroes within her own borders, how appalling would the consequences be in bloodshed, if any European power were to land on the southern shores, and give arms to the slaves! Indeed, it fills this continent with suspicion and terror, so that zealous Abolitionists and thoughtful men of the Free States devise colonisation plans which shall remove the increasing and dangerous Africans away from America to their own country. It is, in Mr. Wesley's words, "an execrable sum of all villanies;" it is a complicated evil of injustice, cruelty, licentiousness, and murder, which, unless it be abandoned, will assuredly avenge itself upon its own supporters, and will bring down upon them destruction and shame before the gazing world. There is a God who judgeth in the earth; and He who avenged Joseph's bondage in Egypt upon them who sold him for twenty pieces of silver, so that they acknowledged in the dungeon the connection of their sin and its punishment, and said, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; *therefore* is this distress come upon us." He who heard the cry of His people under their hard taskmasters, when wasted by the heat of the furnace, and avenged their wrongs upon Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea—He who has already avenged Slavery upon Spain and Portugal, by which powers the slave-trade on the American con-

continent was commenced in 1503,—will arise out of His rest, and baring the red arm of His vengeance, will judge the oppressor, and overthrow his power. As one has justly remarked, “no attribute of God is on the side of slaveholders;” and this is a most fearful consideration, which ought to make them tremble, and abandon their foul iniquity without delay.

But you naturally inquire if there be no hope and prospect of the removal from the States of this monstrous and destructive evil. I believe there is. I believe this, because Right is stronger than Might in the long run; I believe this from the signs and circumstances favourable to emancipation which now most unmistakeably begin to appear. Slavery recedes farther and farther South, and, if it continues to retire, it must eventually pass from the land, and leave America free from it. The anti-slavery principles are now widely diffused, not only in the Free States, but in the Slave States; so that many slaveholders really desire general emancipation, and though not able to act openly, yet they covertly send both money and information to the Abolitionists, and declare they wish success to the cause of emancipation. Every true-hearted woman who cares for the purity of her husband and her sons must abhor Slavery, and inwardly desire its removal. Christianity, as well as the law of Moses, condemns Slavery both by its spirit and direct precepts, and must, by its pervading power and influence, remove Slavery from this country as it has banished Slavery from Christian Europe. The churches are astir for its removal, and have already effected much that is important as a preparation. The American churches are *not* “the Bulwark of Slavery,” as they have been tauntingly declared to be. How can

they be so, unless Christ's own kingdom be divided against itself? I will not say they have at all times proved themselves as firm to endure sufferings for the cause of freedom as they ought to have done—for even martyrdom in such a cause would have been honourable. Undoubtedly a time-serving expediency has, in some instances, swayed them in their decisions and in their conduct. But with this admission, it may be confidently affirmed, that the Quakers, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalian Churches, have, in various ways, and to no inconsiderable extent, rebuked and withstood the evil.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has from the beginning condemned and contended against Slavery. Mr. Wesley did, as his letters to America show. Dr. Coke, and Francis Asbury, and others of that period also earnestly testified against it. The early minutes expressly forbid any member of the Methodist Church "buying and selling of men, women, and children with an intention to enslave them." The later minutes, before noted, declare, "we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of Slavery;" and expressly provide that "no slaveholder shall hold any office in the Methodist Church where the law of the States will allow of emancipation." And for this principle the Northern churches, as I have repeatedly intimated, became separated from the Southern, and endured the great secession of 1844.

The religious interests of the enslaved and coloured population have, from the very foundation and first organisation of Methodism in America, been cared for and sought. In the first published minutes I find that, at that period, one fourth of the members returned were of coloured people. In the year of Mr. Wesley's death

there were 12,000 coloured Methodist members in the States. At the time of the separation of the Northern and Southern churches, in 1844, there were more than 150 000 coloured members, and there are more than 200,000 now in both sections. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, while in error on the public question of Slavery, is nevertheless labouring most strenuously and successfully for the moral and religious instruction of the slaves; and is, undoubtedly, doing more for them, morally and religiously, than any other agency whatever. In addition to its regular ministry and numerous schools, for both the white and coloured people, it has not less than 145 missionaries who are exclusively devoted to their interests, and who, amidst the destructive malaria of river swamps, and the consuming heat of rice and cotton-fields, are seeking the spiritual welfare of the negroes in bondage, and of their children. Both in the North and in the South, there are African churches, African schools, African preachers and class-leaders, African deacons and missionaries; and thus American Methodism, in its two sections, is diffusing Christian principles among the white and the coloured population—among the masters and their slaves, and, with the labours of the other churches of Christ in the States, must not only mitigate the evils of Slavery while it exists, but, if the Church be faithful to truth, most assuredly will eventually exterminate it.

What believer in Christ can doubt this when he remembers that there are the accumulated prayers and supplications to be answered of God's servants through successive years and generations for this great and glorious object? How many a fervent and acceptable prayer has ascended into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth from poor, overwrought, whipped, and imprisoned

negroes? How many, like "Uncle Tom" in Mrs. Stowe's story (so full of real genius as well as philanthropy), have cried to God in their bondage and meek suffering? How many have called upon Him from the cabin and the bush, from the prayer-meeting and the sanctuary? How many white ministers and their people have prayed that the oppressed may go free! And shall not these prayers be remembered by the Eternal? Are they lost or forgotten by him? Like the prayers and alms of Cornelius, they are gone up for a memorial before God, and shall yet be answered. Some of these prayers are on record, and may be read and repeated until the desires expressed in them shall be fulfilled. The following is Mr. Wesley's own prayer, recorded at the conclusion of his "Thoughts on Slavery," in 1774:—

"O thou God of love, thou who art loving to every man, and whose mercy is over all thy works—thou who art the father of the spirits of all flesh, and who art rich in mercy unto all—thou who hast mingled of one blood all the nations upon earth,—have compassion upon outcasts of men, who are trodden down as dung upon the earth. Arise, and help these that have no helper, whose blood is spilt upon the ground like water! Are not these also the work of thine own hands, the purchase of thy Son's blood? Stir them up to cry unto thee in the land of their captivity, and let their complaint come up before thee; let it enter into thy ears! make even those who lead them away captive to pity them, and turn their captivity as the rivers in the south. O burst thou all their chains asunder, more especially the chains of their sins! Thou Saviour of all, make them free, that they may be free indeed.

‘The servile progeny of Ham
 Seize as the purchase of thy blood.
 Let all the heathens know thy name :
 From idols to the living God
 The dark Americans convert,
 And shine in every pagan heart.’ ”

This prayer shall be answered : yea, and I cannot but think that, out of the numerous and efficient churches of the coloured race in this Western continent, shall go forth ministers and missionaries to their own people across the seas, and bring thousands of Africa’s sons and daughters on their own native soil, into the spiritual kingdom of the Redeemer. Some of the negro members of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Protestant, as well as of the Methodist churches in this land, are being educated and prepared for important Christian services. Some of the negro local preachers are intelligent and zealous labourers in the vineyard of the Lord ; and suited as they are in constitution, sympathies, character, and modes of thought, to this missionary work to the African heathen, I cannot but think that they will be called and sent forth to engage in it. Then shall Africa’s real compensation for Slavery appear. Not in pounds or dollars—for what compensation can money afford for the heavy and accumulated wrongs inflicted upon so many millions of her sons and daughters for so many generations?—but in the spread of Messiah’s kingdom over the African continent ; in the reception, by its millions yet to be born, of the Gospel—the good news of Christ’s salvation, which “healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds ;” in the real and everlasting enfranchisement of the children of Ham—for, when “the Son shall make them free, they shall be free indeed.”

LETTER XVI.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Peculiar Look of the Race—Mongolian Descent—Noble Original Qualities—Hospitality and Bravery—Degraded State of Woman—Rapidly decreasing number of Red Men—Christian Labourers among them—John Stewart, the Negro—Father Finley—Indian Converts and Preachers—Remarkable Occurrence among the “Flat Head” Indians—Banishment of the Red Race to the Far West—Melancholy Prospect of their Extinction.

THERE is a melancholy interest attached to the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, as an ill-fated and declining race; and a thoughtful visitor can scarcely fail to feel a craving for reliable information concerning them. As for what the race was in the past, there are no crumbling monuments of antiquity, no fallen arches or broken columns to attest it, or to furnish hints for the spirit of theory: one sole monument remains—the living ruin of a perishing nation. I have made diligent inquiries concerning the Indians of missionaries who have been much among them, and have studied their character and closely observed their manners and customs, being, meanwhile, devoted to their interests both for this world and the world to come. Thus, though I may not have much to communicate that will be new, yet my statements respecting them, and more especially of the work of God among their wasting tribes, will be authentic.

Each specimen of the aboriginal race that I have seen in America resembles the Indian missionary visitors we have seen in England. There is the same sombre countenance, the same inwardly brooding look, that seems to tell of the sense of past and present wrong, and of a proud grief deeply seated, and so absorbing as to render the subject of it almost insensible of what is passing externally. Some observers attribute the red-man's peculiar look to the hardness and inflexibility of his features from long training, rather than to his sense of injuries received from the white obtruders upon his rightful domain; and, perhaps, it may be attributable to both these causes. His skin is not sufficiently transparent to allow the flush of feeling to mantle in his face, or to deepen his colour, and he would seem to have been trained to conceal rather than exhibit the working of his passions. Yet, with his stolid and immovable features, there are deeply indented lines which tell of inward contest; that brooding, melancholy eye is often kindled into defiant fierceness, and there is a proud bearing in the red-man's upright form which seems to proclaim that he is conscious of descent from a free and noble ancestry.

The theory that the North American Indians are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel finds no credit with the missionaries who have been among them, and become best acquainted with their language and customs. There are some Indian words which have some resemblance to their synonyms in Hebrew, and a few Indian rites resemble the Jewish. But these scattered resemblances, it is well known, are found among many tribes where they would not be expected—such as the Tartars, for instance. The most supportable theory,

undoubtedly, is that the Indians are of Mongolian origin, and came from Asia across the narrow sea which we now call "Behring's Strait."

Come, however, from wherever they might, at the beginning, there seems to be no doubt of the common origin of all the remnant tribes of the North American Indians. Some differences exist in their language and in their customs, but none of these are so essential as to lead to the inference that all the red-men are not derived from one stock. When first visited by Europeans, they were scattered in various, and, for the most part, mutually hostile, tribes over the continent, and numbered, it is supposed, fifteen or sixteen millions. They were not when first discovered "barbarous savages," in the literal sense of the phrase, but rather wild, roving men with an indomitable love of liberty; and however fierce and revengeful towards each other hostile tribes might be, all were kind and friendly towards the white man when he first approached them. Afterwards, when they felt themselves wronged and injured, defrauded out of their beloved hunting-grounds, and left with mere trinkets instead, they became exasperated and revengeful. When driven cruelly away from their own lands, and from the graves of their fathers, they turned upon their murderous pursuers, and fought for their liberty and lives like stags at bay. And when unable to compete with their enemy and with his fire-weapons in the open field, they crouched in the thicket, and shot him with the poisoned arrow as he passed along upon the "Indian track."

It was not till goaded and driven to violence and bloodshed, by injury and bloodshed, that the red-man showed himself to be fierce and revengeful. Columbus

wrote home to his royal patrons concerning one of these aboriginal races:—"I swear to your majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these,—more affectionate, affable, and mild. They love their neighbours as themselves, and they always speak smilingly." And their first admission of white men to their country seems to have been from motives of compassion and hospitality, as the mournful chief declared to General Knox, in the city of New York, when interrogated on the reason for his dejected and sorrowful countenance amidst such gay and stirring scenes. "I will tell you, brother," said the chief to the general, "what makes me look sorrowful. I have been looking at your beautiful city—your great waters full of ships—your fine country, and I see how prosperous you all are. But then I could not help thinking that this fine country was once ours. Our ancestors lived here. They enjoyed it as their own in peace. It was the gift of the Great Spirit to them and to their children. At last white men came in a great canoe, they only asked to let them tie it to a tree, lest the water should carry it away. We consented. They then said, some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them, and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice came, and they could not go away. They then begged a piece of land to build wigwams for the winter. We granted it to them. They then asked corn to keep them from starving. We furnished it out of our scanty supply. They promised to go away when the ice melted. When this happened, instead of going away as they had promised, they pointed to the big guns round the wigwams, and they said, 'We shall stay here.' Afterwards came more. They brought

intoxicating drinks, of which the Indians became fond. They persuaded them to sell this our land ; and, finally, have driven us back, from time to time, to the wilderness, far from the water, the fish, and the oysters. They have scared away our game. My people are wasting away. We live in want of all things, while you are enjoying abundance in our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brother, and I cannot help it."

The North American Indian, like the nomade of Asia, is proverbially generous and hospitable. Like the Arab, he spreads his tent in the wilderness, and refuses to *dwell* in a walled-up immovable dwelling ; but a travelling stranger may enter his tent and lodge there for the night as freely as the passing bird can enter and shelter itself in the open bush. He gives readily to the unknown visitor the pipe of peace, and shares his best provisions with his guest. He spurns subjection to any but his uncrowned patriarchal chief, loves the chase, is fondly attached to his horse and his dogs ; and bounds with the fleetness of the wind over the waving prairie-ground and through the forest after the buffalo, the bear, the panther, and the deer. He is orderly and eloquent in council, respectful of the rights of messengers and mediators from hostile tribes, and, with a voice " sharp as the eagle's and powerful as the lion's," will, after the message has been delivered, reply to what has been spoken. He is scrupulously attentive to the forms and customs of his false religion, and by bodily mortifications, prayers, and sacrifices, gives such a proof of his sincerity as ought to put to shame many a professing Christian.

As it is with all heathen nations, woman is degraded among the red people ;—instead of being man's caressed

companion and friend, she is his drudge and slave. She is wooed by scalps, purchased by cattle, and taken to perform degrading service in the smoky wigwam and in the open field. But notwithstanding this, there are frequently touching displays of connubial and parental affection among these unpolished tribes. The Indian husband, with no bond but love, is not unfrequently faithful to his purchased and laborious wife. No Indian mother, however high in rank, gives up her infant to be nurtured by another. She weaves for it a richly-embroidered cradle, bears it in its infancy therein upon her back as she goes forth to labour in the field, hangs it near to her upon the spreading branch of a tree, that it may be rocked to sleep as the cradle swings to and fro with the breeze; and if it dies, she bears its empty cradle with her, wherever she goes, for months afterwards, that she may think lovingly of her lost offspring. Parents and children hold the graves of their lost relatives as their most sacred possessions, and often visit their burial-places from cherished reverence and love.

All who know the red-men declare them to be remarkable for bravery. No coward is cherished among them. They record not their deeds in books, but they picture their wounds in red stripes upon their flesh; and embroider their conquests over men, beasts, and birds, by suspending scalps, hair tufts, and eagles' claws to their robes. If threatened by invading foes, they prepare themselves for the conflict; make the forest and the surrounding plains echo with their war-cry of defiance; and if taken prisoners in battle, they submit to insult and extreme tortures without complaint, sing their own death-song before their enemies,

and die like heroes, without lamentation or tears. Indeed, so lasting an impression has the Indian made upon the mind of his destroyers by his unconquerable spirit, that while the white Americans would feel themselves degraded by any supposed alliance, however remote, with the crouching African, yet they pride themselves in any descent, where it can be traced, from the red son of the forest.

And yet this interesting, hospitable, patriotic, and courageous race of men are wasting rapidly away, and are likely soon to become extinct. The opinion is almost universal that they are a doomed race, and must ultimately, and that before very many years have elapsed, totally disappear. They have been robbed of their native heritage, and driven farther and farther back from the borders of civilisation, until now they are principally located, by the Government of the United States, in the rocky and swampy regions west of the Mississippi. Here, they who at one time were numbered by millions, do not now number more than 500,000 at the most, and this number decreases rapidly. Their own melancholy conclusion on their impending fate is, that they are "travelling to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun." Well may they dread the advance of the white man, and speak so revengefully of the "pale faces" who are thus pursuing them to complete extermination!

Yet this is not of necessity their fate; for they have proved themselves capable of both civilisation and godliness. This was convincingly shown, 200 years ago, under the holy and martyr-like labours of Eliot and Brainerd, and it has been clearly demonstrated since under the Moravian missionaries. The Methodist

Churches, both in the States and in Canada, have had churches, schools, class-leaders, and preachers among the Indians, as I have already indicated. The commencement of Methodist missions to them was in 1816, and that by an instrument most peculiarly and evidently appointed of God. This was a poor coloured man of the name of JOHN STEWART, who soon after his conversion had a strong conviction given to him that he ought to go and preach the Gospel of his Saviour to the Indians. With no encouragement and with no authority from man, he went forth on foot, with his Bible and Hymn-book, and travelled from the southern border some hundreds of miles through the forest to find them. When he found them, in the first instance, though they were attracted from their war-dance by his melodious singing, yet they attended not to the word he preached to them, and even threatened his life, unless he would give over preaching, and depart from them.

He now travelled onwards until he met the Wyandot tribe, in Upper Sandusky; and at one of their great festivals he sued for and obtained permission to speak to them of Jesus Christ—the morrow being appointed for his preaching. When the hour came, the poor converted negro's heart was chilled to find that his audience was only to consist of one old Indian, of the name of "Big Tree," and an old Indian woman of the name of Mary. Nevertheless, he proclaimed the way of life and salvation to these two. A few more collected to hear him, gradually; and though for a time they despised and mocked him as "a black man," yet he persevered; and by a godly life and earnest representations of the truth as it is in Jesus, he won their

confidence and was instrumental in bringing many of them to the faith of Christ.

In 1819, the Rev. James B. Finley and other missionaries were sent forth to the Indians, and among the first-fruits of their ministry were some chiefs of distinction, who afterwards became eloquent and successful preachers to their own people. One of these bore the strange name of "BETWEEN-THE-LOGS." I have heard Father Finley speak of him several times, and there is a sketch of him in Father Finley's own biography. This chief was of the Bear tribe, and had gained his position by the energy and force of character he had displayed in the defence of his people. Not long before his conversion, he had voluntarily taken a long and dangerous journey on foot, to plead the cause of the injured aborigines before the Government at Washington. When reminded by the Secretary of State that he had come unauthorised, and had given no official notice of his coming, he replied, "I know; but I thought the great way was open, so I came." After his conversion, his superior powers were unreservedly devoted to the cause of Christ. He became a most laborious servant of the cross, and a very powerful preacher; was at the head of the Indian school department, attended the Ohio Annual Conferences, and went into different parts to advocate the cause of missions before his red brethren. The following address was delivered by him at the Missionary Anniversary held at New York, in the spring of 1826. After giving an account of the attempts formerly made to introduce Roman Catholicism into his nation, he said,—

"It is true we went to Church on the Sabbath-day, and then the minister preached; but we did not understand one word he said. We saw he kneeled

down, and stood up, and went through motions with his great dress on ; and when church was out we all went to a place where they sold rum and whiskey, got drunk, and went home drunk. He would tell us we must not get drunk ; but he would drink himself, and frolic and dance on the Sabbath. We counted our beads, and kept our crosses about our necks, or under our pillows, and would sometimes pray to the Virgin Mary. But we were all as we were before. It made no change in us, and I began to think it was not as good as the religion of our fathers ; for they taught us to be good men and women, to worship the Great Spirit, and to abstain from evil. Soon after the Seneca Prophet came to our nation, and he told us that he had found the right way ; that he had a revelation, and had seen and talked with an angel, and was directed to teach all the Indians ; that they must quit drinking, and must take up their old Indian religion, and offer their constant sacrifices, as their fathers had done, which had been neglected too much ; and, on account of this, the Great Spirit had forsaken them : but if they would come back and follow him, that he would yet drive the white man back to his native home. We all followed him till we saw he went crooked, and did not do himself what he taught us to do. Then we followed him no more, but returned to our old course. Some time afterwards came the Shawnee Prophet, the brother of Tceumseh, and he told us that a great many years ago there lived a prophet that had foretold the present state of the Indians, that they would be scattered and driven from their homes ; but that the Great Spirit had said that he would make them stand on their feet again, and would drive the white man back over the waters, and give them their own country ; that he had seen an angel, and he told him that all the Indians must quit drinking, and all turn to their old ways that their grandfathers had followed, and unite and aid to drive the white from our country. Many believed and followed him. But I got tired, and thought it was the best for me to keep on in the old way, and so we continued. Then the war came on, and we all went to drinking and fighting. When the war was over, we were a nation of drunkards, and so wicked that the chiefs thought we must try and get up our old religion of feasting and dancing. We did our best to get our people to quit drinking. But while we were trying to reform, God sent a coloured man, named Stewart, to us with the good book. He began to talk, and sing, and pray ; but we thought it was all nothing, and many made fun of him because he was a black man. The white traders told us we ought to drive him away, for the white people would not let a black man preach for them. We, however, watched his walk, and found that he walked straight, and did as he said. At last the word took hold, and many began to listen, and believed it was right, and soon we began to pray, and we found that it was of God. Then others

came, and they told us the same things. The work broke out, and God has done great things for us. I was among the first that took hold, and I found it was the religion of the heart, and from God. It made my soul happy, and does yet. The school is doing well. Our children are learning to read the good book, and promise fair to make good and useful men. We thank you, our friends, for all the kindness and help you have shown us, and hope you will continue to help us till we can stand alone and walk. We will do our best to spread this religion at home, and send it to all nations."

In the year following that in which this address was delivered by him, he died triumphantly in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another of these converted chiefs was named "MONONCUE." He was a very eloquent and effective assistant to the Missionaries sent to the Wyandot tribe. The following is Father Finley's own simple and graphic account of this Christian chief: it will at once show you what he was, both as a gifted and an affectionate man, and as a powerful preacher of the Gospel:—

"This renowned chief of the Wyandot nation was about medium in stature, and remarkably symmetrical in form. He was one of the most active men I ever knew, quick in his motions as thought, and fleet as the roe in the chase. As a speaker, he possessed a native eloquence which was truly wonderful. Few could stand before the overwhelming torrent of his eloquence. He was a son of thunder. When inspired with his theme, he would move a large assembly with as much ease, and rouse them to as high a state of excitement, as any speaker I ever heard.

"There is a peculiarity in Indian eloquence which it is difficult to describe. To form a correct idea of its character, you must be in the hearing and sight of the son of the forest; the tones of his voice and the flash of his eye must fall upon you, and you must see the significant movements of his body. As an orator Mononcue was not surpassed by any chieftain.

"I will give a specimen or two of the eloquence of this gifted son of nature. Imagine yourself, gentle reader, in the depths of the forest, surrounded by hundreds of chiefs and warriors, all sunk in the degradation and darkness of paganism. They have been visited by the missionary, and several converted Indian chiefs. One after another the chiefs rise and address the assembly, but with no effect. The dark scowling infidelity settles on their brows, and the frequent mutterings of the excited auditors indicate that their speeches

are not acceptable, and their doctrines not believed. At length Mononcue rises amidst confusion and disturbance, and ordering silence with a commanding voice, he addresses them as follows:—

“‘When you meet to worship God, and to hear from his word, shut up your mouths, and open your ears to hear what is said. You have been here several days and nights worshipping your Indian god, who has no existence, only in your dark and beclouded minds. You have been burning your dogs and venison for him to smell. What kind of god or spirit is he, that can be delighted with the smell of a burnt dog? Do you suppose the Great God that spread out the heavens, that hung up the sun and moon, and all the stars, to make light; and spread out this vast world of land and water, and filled it with men and beasts, and everything that swims or flies, is pleased with the smell of your burnt dogs? I tell you to-day, that his great eye is on your hearts, and not on your fires, to see and smell what you are burning. Has your worshipping here these few days made you any better? Do you feel that you have gotten the victory over one evil? No! You have not taken the first step to do better, which is to keep this holy day. This day was appointed by God himself a day of rest for all men, and a day on which men are to worship him with pure hearts, and to come before him, that he may examine their hearts, and cast out all their evil. This day is appointed for his ministers to preach to us Jesus, and to teach our dark and cloudy minds, and to bring them to light.’ He here spoke of the Saviour, and his dying to redeem the world; that now life and salvation are freely offered to all that will forsake sin and turn to God. He adverted to the judgment-day, and the awful consequences of being found in sin, and strangers to God. On this subject he was tremendously awful. He burst into tears: he caught the handkerchief from his head, and wiped them from his eyes. Many in the house sat as if they were petrified, while others wept in silence. Many of the females drew their blankets over their faces and wept. ‘Awful, awful day to the wicked!’ said this thundering minister, ‘your faces will look much blacker with their shame and guilt, than they do now with their paint.’”

Mr. Finley also describes the funeral scene of Mononcue’s aged aunt, who had died peacefully in the Lord, at which the Indian chief poured forth spontaneously an eloquent lamentation. He states:—

“I was sent for to go and bury her. Brother Riley and myself rode there in the night, and early in the morning commenced making the coffin. It was late before we could finish it, and, consequently, late before the funeral

was over. But I think I shall never forget that scene. It was between sundown and dark when we left with the corpse. The lowering clouds hung heavily over us, and the virgin snow was falling. We entered a deep and lonely wood, four men carrying the bier, and the rest all following in Indian file. When we came to the burying-ground, the Indians stood wrapped up in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees, in breathless silence, and all bore the aspect of death. Not one word was said while the grave was filling up, but from the daughter and some of the grandchildren a broken sigh escaped. At length Mounocue broke out in the following strains:—
‘Farewell, my old and precious aunt, you have suffered much in this world of sin and sorrow. You set us all a good example; and we have often heard you speak of Jesus in the sweetest strains, while the falling tears have witnessed the sincerity of your heart. Farewell, my aunt, we shall no more hear your tender voice, that used to lull all our sorrows, and drive our fears from us. Farewell, my aunt! that hand that fed us will feed us no more. Farewell to your sorrows—all is over! There your body must lie till the voice of the Son of God shall call you up. We weep not with sorrow, but with joy, that your soul is in heaven.’ Then he said, ‘Who of you all will meet her in heaven?’”

There were other early converts, both in the Bear, and Wyandot, and other tribes, who were signally owned of God, as preachers to their brethren. “Squire Grey Eyes,” introduced to the General Conference, as I have described, was one of them. Peter Jones, John Sunday, and Peter Jacobs, whom we have seen in our Methodist assemblies in England, were others.

In the year 1833 a circumstance occurred in relation to the tribe of Indians bearing the strange name of “Flat Heads,” who are dwellers in a distant region of the Rocky Mountains, which showed their earnest desire to have a better religion than their own, and which deeply interested the Christian public of America in their behalf. They heard a trader who visited them incidentally speak of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind, and of the Scriptures which testify of him. A strong desire was instantly awakened in their minds to know

more of these things, and they eagerly inquired of the trader what more he knew concerning these truths. He had to declare that he himself was not able to teach them, but that there were men "living towards the rising sun" who could tell them all they desired to know. They instantly called a council of their nation, and appointed four of their principal and most trustworthy men to go many hundreds of miles, over the rocks, and through the wilderness, to General Clark, the Indian agent at St. Louis, to inquire of him what he could tell them of Jesus Christ and his word.

These deputies instantly departed on their long and dangerous journey, reached St. Louis in safety, received from the general all the Christian instruction he could give them, and then returned to their own people to communicate what they had learned. Two of them reached the tribe of anxiously-waiting Indians in safety, and related all they had learned, but the other two had fallen through exhaustion in their long travel.

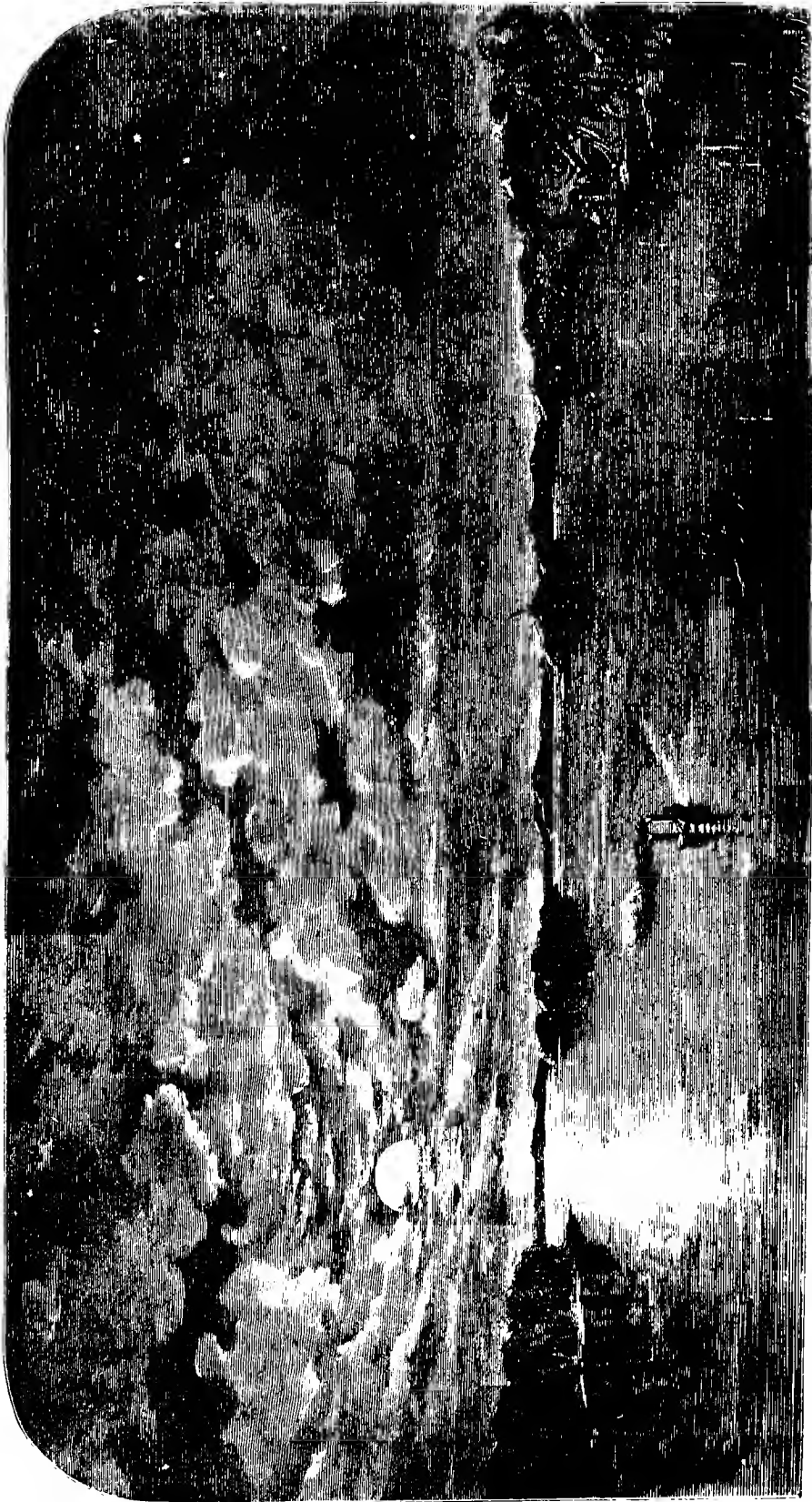
The publication of this interesting fact drew forth much Christian sympathy towards the Indians in the western region. The Methodist Mission Fund was considerably augmented through it; several missionaries were sent to the tribe, and soon, from Oregon, and other States beyond the great Mississippi, Indian converts in large numbers were gathered into the Christian Church. Other efforts for the conversion of the Indians have been successfully made both in the United States and Canada. In some instances the Indian converts began to show a disposition for regulated habits of life; they settled on farms and in villages, and gave promise of advancement in civilisation as well as religion. But the cupidity of the American Government dispossessed

them of the lands which, in mockery, had been "guaranteed to them and to their children for ever," and drove them from their settled homes in the heart of the country to the uncultivated and uninhabited parts beyond the Mississippi. There most of the Indians have been located by this "paternal" government; there, with a deep sense of their wrongs and injuries burning within their souls, they at present exist; and there, probably, they will be permitted to linger until the large Western States shall be peopled and cultivated; then, if any of them remain, they will, most likely, be driven farther West still—either to take refuge in the rocky uncultivable heights of the mountains, or to wander, desolate and uncared for, on the western shores by the Pacific.

This removal of the Indian tribes from the abodes of civilisation has brought ruin upon the Christian churches which had been established among them; for though Methodist missionaries have followed them to their Western region, yet the number of church members has been very seriously reduced. In some instances the missionaries to them are encouraged in their labours, as you would learn from their reports to the General Conference, noticed in a former letter. Where brought under the power of the Gospel, they live orderly, and increase; but without religion they give way to irregular and corrupting habits, and waste away at a rate that is most affecting to observe. If they are to be saved from utter extermination, it must be by the Gospel of the Son of God.

In Canada the Government has dealt more justly towards the red people; it has cared for them and provided for them with true paternal interest. But there,

as in the United States, without the Gospel of Christ they fade away before the face and tread of the white man. His "fire-water" and profligacy corrupt and destroy them; and it is to be feared that this whole nation of heroes and patriots, once spread over the North American continent, will one day have fallen under the cupidity and sinfulness of professing Christians. And if the fall of one hero and patriot be so loudly lamented, what shall be the voice of mourning which shall lament the fall of a whole nation?



THE MISSISSIPPI.

LETTER XVII.

THE MISSISSIPPI, AND THE "FAR WEST."

Our "Farewell" to the Conference, and Departure from Indianapolis—Railway to St. Louis—Forests and Prairies—Gigantic Scale of American Scenery—Rapid Glance at St. Louis—Embarkment on the Mississippi—Confluence with the Missouri—River Scenery—Magnificent Night Scene—Importance of the "Valley of the Mississippi"—River Steamer and Company—"Snags" and "Sawyers"—Squatting Wood-Cutters—The Mississippi by Night—Landing at Quincy.

THE day arrived when we had to leave Indianapolis, for we had duties to perform in England before the assembling of our own Conference at Bristol, that required us to return by a certain date. Our brethren, too, of Western and Eastern Canada had memorialised us to attend their Conferences on our way home. We felt sad at the thought of separating from friends and brethren with whom, for nearly three weeks, we had been so intimately and pleasantly associated; and, though home and friends in our own land beckoned us, yet it was in serious mood and with heavy hearts that we went to the State-House, on the day of our departure for Canada and for home, to bid the Conference farewell.

Bishop Morris was in the chair when we took our leave, and Bishop Waugh, the senior bishop, addressed us on behalf of the brethren, referring to our mission

and our services in the kindest manner, and assuring us of their love to us and to our brethren in England. We replied with full hearts, while the Conference and spectators were all in tears. The Conference then, on the proposal of the venerable bishop, stood up with lifted hands, and in silent prayer committed us to the care and protection of the Almighty: and, when we stepped down from the platform to leave the State-House, the bishops, ministers, and friends crowded around us, expressing, in the most affectionate and earnest manner, their good-will for us, for our country, and for British Methodists.

We struggled through the friendly crowd to the governor's office, below stairs, for some official returns on America which he had kindly obtained for us, and, laden with volumes and pamphlets issued by the legislature, we made our way to the governor's house, that we might pack up our luggage and prepare for departure. But here again we were surrounded by friends of the city and of the country, who crowded upon us to bid us adieu. We forced ourselves up into our lodging-room and began to arrange our portmanteaus, when it became almost immediately filled with ministers from the Conference to bid us another and a final farewell. And through the remaining hours of the evening similar kindness and attentions were shown to us.

We left Indianapolis for St. Louis and the Mississippi by the 8.40 train, in the evening, his excellency the governor, with his Irish man-servant, kindly accompanying us to the station, and assisting us with the disposal of our luggage, and with the obtaining of our railway-tickets. We took a very grateful and affectionate leave of our generous and attentive host, and most earnestly de-

sired that he might visit England, and thus give us the opportunity of making some practical return for the very great kindness he had shown us, by our attentions to him in a land distant from his own home. It was a fine moonlight night, and we could see the principal objects and features of the city as the huge snorting engine dragged us away from it. Remembering how much we had seen and felt in Indianapolis, we looked towards it, as long as any part of it was to be seen, with strong emotion, and when, in the cold grey light, it at length faded from our view, we took off our travelling-caps, and, with tears in our eyes, waved a last farewell towards a city which must lastingly live in our remembrance. We spoke to each other of the accomplishment of our mission and of our journey homewards, which was now in reality commenced, and turned our thoughts to England, and to what awaited us there.

Our road for some time lay through forest lands partially cleared and cultivated, and some of the moonlight effects in the dark, gloomy passages through the forest avenues, and upon our breaking forth into the silvery light in the clearings, were particularly striking. These passages through the woods were indeed awfully grand; they seemed filled with the very shadow of death, and, when looking forth into the impenetrable depth of darkness, and thinking of the serpents and beasts of prey which harboured there, it was difficult to throw off a shuddering feeling. We passed Terra Haute, a neat, pleasantly-situated town of rising importance; and, threading our course by the side of the deep blue Wabash River, we passed over miles of rich, self-sown Prairie land, to the old French settlement of Vincennes. Here we changed cars about three o'clock in the morning, and

took some refreshment preparatory to our journey directly westward across the State of Illinois to St. Louis. I may here note that it was in this neighbourhood, by the side of the Wabash, that Robert Owen made his heathenish attempt at a socialist colony. Twelve months, however, were sufficient to bring it to an end, and to fill his deluded followers with the disappointment they have everywhere had to experience from his godless and abortive schemes.

We now saw and felt ourselves to be fairly in the Western wilderness. The moon, which had been our companion on the way, and which had gleamed for us at intervals into the depths of the dark forest, and upon the blue water, lost its brightness; and the stars, which had shone so spiritually, and which we had so earnestly watched for, and beheld in their piercing light at glimpses as we rushed through the woods, now faded from our sight. The morning light began to dawn in the horizontal distance of the boundless Prairie; gradually, objects came faintly out of the darkness and the twilight, with an apparition-like effect; and soon the ascending sun pierced the woods to their very heart; lighted up our roads through the glowing, fire-gleaming forest colonnades; and revealed to us the ocean-like Prairie, with its long grass bending under the breeze, like waves, all round to the horizon, and showily interspersed with large bunches of red, yellow, lilac, and white flowers. English travellers can never be weary of a journey like ours in the Western wilderness. The deep blackness in the depths of the forests; the huge dark pines, silver-stemmed birches, and verdant maples, festooned and garlanded by varied-coloured creepers up to their topmost boughs; the thick entangled brush-

wood, mixed with wild flowers; the clouds of large gaudy butterflies, brilliant gauze-winged dragon-flies, and gleaming fire-flies, with here and there a bird of purple or red plumage; and then the boundless, unbroken, self-sown pasture-lands, and interminable prairies;—these sights and scenes so varied, with all their vastness and silent solitariness, have a power over the feelings which is indescribable—they are so utterly unlike anything one has seen in England or in Europe. Since I beheld them I have dreamed of them by night, and thought of them by day, until my mind seems filled with them, and until it seems stretched out and expanded with the effort to contain them.

Indeed here lies the great difference between American scenery, generally, and the scenery of Europe. Here all is on so much larger a scale. Nature is here wrought out with so much more boldness, that it seems everywhere to have a sort of large-featured sublimity; and when you turn your mind from it to Europe, it seems like reversing the telescope, and reducing creation to miniature. I do not wonder that an American, when visiting England, should somewhat complacently express himself as if afraid to move, lest he should fall off the sides of our little island; or that the phrase of “our great country” should here so often be used. The land, in its vast length and breadth, in its immense chains of granite and limestone mountains, and sweeping valleys, in its unbridged chasms, unshorn forests, interminable prairies, and deep swelling rivers, thousands of miles in length—looks as if it were framed for a race of giants.

We reached the terminus of the westward railway on Tuesday at noon, and proceeded from thence in an

omnibus to the eastern bank of the Mississippi, which was near, that we might cross the great river by the steam-ferry to St. Louis. And here, in going the short distance, we were exposed to extreme danger by the recklessness of our driver. To get first to the water-side, he drove past another omnibus, round a sharp angle, and over soft new-made ground, on the edge of a very deep embankment, until the wheels on one side sank down far into the soil, and threatened us with a complete overthrow. Being by the door, I jumped out of the vehicle, expecting to see it turn over the next moment; but this American Jehu pushed on to the edge of the river, and kept the omnibus and its sixteen or eighteen passengers right side upwards. We drove on to the deck of the ferry-boat, and remaining within the omnibus, crossed the strong, heavy, muddy current of the Mississippi, which there is about a mile wide and some 70 feet deep. We soon were driven up the landing on the other side, and found ourselves rattling and rocking in the carriage through the streets of St. Louis.

This city, like almost every other we have visited in America, occupies a very favourable site for commerce. The best view of it is obtained while crossing the ferry. It is thence beheld rising gradually up from the water's edge to a considerable height, with a mile or more of wharf thronged with craft of different sizes in front. Large massive warehouses line the quay, while behind rise the streets, principally in parallel rows, with their houses, stores, and public buildings, planted and backgrounded with green-lands and shrubbery. A more advantageous situation could not possibly have been chosen for this great commercial city of the West, which already contains more than 94,000 inhabitants,

and exhibits everywhere the signs of activity and progress. It is, in fact, the central point of commerce between the west and the east, the north and the south, of the United States; and considering its connections with the great rivers of the north-west, with the Ohio, and its outlet by New Orleans to the ocean, one would hardly dare to say what St. Louis, in extent of commerce will become. It now employs more than 2000 steam-boats; its import and export returns show that it shares one-third of the whole foreign commerce of the United States.

We had a rapid view of the different parts of the city; found it contained some good houses and stores; and were interested with the great mixture of nations of which its inhabitants are evidently composed. St. Louis was originally a French settlement; and it is said that, among the first inhabitants of the town, there was no slight admixture of Indian blood. But now it is inhabited by natives, not only of all the States in the Union, but from nearly all the countries of Europe. We were shown through its bustling thoroughfares by a Methodist minister, who was on his way from the General Conference to his field of labour in Kansas and Iowa. He is a fine, athletic, energetic man, who has evidently learned to "rough his way" for the attainment of his noble object, and related to us some interesting events and circumstances connected with his missionary work among the Far West settlers and the Indians. Having made inquiries concerning Methodism in St. Louis, and having learned that it is divided between the Northern and Southern Churches, and numbers in white and coloured persons some 1500 members; and having visited the office for the Methodist news-

paper of the West, we made our way down to the wharf, and after hard search among the crowd of ships, and dragging of our luggage to and fro several times amid the scorching and exhausting heat, we found a steamship that would take us up the Mississippi, went on board, and by five o'clock, or a little later, loosened from our moorings to ascend "the Father of Waters."

The Mississippi, for some few miles, was in the main such as it appears to be in front of the city of St. Louis—a wide, muddy stream, with a heavy, swelling current in the middle, which hurries down huge logs of wood, and crooked trunks of trees, in its course towards the ocean; while the sandbanks at its sides are often verdureless. As we proceeded, however, the scenery on each boundary became more picturesque, especially on the western side, where the bank of the river rose to a considerable height, and was richly covered with trees. At about eighteen miles distant from St. Louis, on the left, the great turbulent Missouri River, which rises in the Rocky Mountains, and drains the land for 2655 miles, pours its flood of waters into the Mississippi. Islands are constantly being raised up, swept away, and formed again, by the soil-deposit and force at the confluence of these two giant rivers. Twenty-five miles further upwards the Illinois River, which is a fine, deep, navigable stream, 245 miles long, also flows into the Mississippi; but so superior is the mightier volume of this, "the Father of Waters," as the Indians named it, that while it is known to deepen in its channel by its reception of tributary rivers, yet, by the appearance on its surface, it seemed to gain no accession by its union with the flowing volumes of the Missouri and the Illinois. When we had passed the confluence of the two rivers, and

began again to ascend the Mississippi, it flowed, apparently as widely and as heavily as before. But its waters were now clearer, and its banks, with their trees and rocks, were seen reflected on the glassy surface. Numerous lovely islands also burst upon our sight—*islands* which the mighty river had formed by its eddying current striking diagonally from a point, and depositing its sediment. These islands, in an incredibly short period of time, become clothed with fast-growing cotton-trees, that give shelter to various kinds of aquatic fowl, such as swans, geese, ducks, and pelicans, which congregate there. The captain of our steamer stated that no chart of the river, with its islands, could be laid down, so as to be practically and permanently useful; and that he had known islands to be produced within the period of his going up the river and returning. There might be some exaggeration in the latter part of this statement; but to the speedy formation of islands in the Mississippi, and of the rapid growth of their rich covering of verdure, many give testimony. The trees at the sides of the river increased in size, until we were bounded on the right and on the left with dense forests of giant growth, extending on the plains and over the hills, as far as we could see. In some parts, the river had overflowed its banks, and was many miles wide, until the scene combined, with its own vast extent all the swelling grandeur of the Scotch and Cumberland lakes, and, with its numberless and picturesque islands, all the romantic loveliness of Killarney.

Towards the evening of our first day on the river, a vision of indescribable magnificence and glory burst upon us. The sun was sinking behind the hills and forest trees on our left, and had irradiated all that side

of the sky with the richest orange and crimson light. His golden beams pierced through the fringes of the massive foliage, and shone aslant on the water. The colours deepened into glowing carmine and lake tints, until at length the whole scene seemed dyed in scarlet, and yet shone as if on fire. On our right, over the dark forest, now came up the moon, apparently twice as large as we see it in England, and not pale and silvery, but red and glowing, as if it had ascended from out a furnace of molten gold. It rose rapidly into the heavens, gilded not only the hills and the trees, but threw such a pathway of splendour across the river, that we seemed surrounded with dazzling enchantment.

Exclamations of wonder and admiration broke uncontrollably from Dr. Hannah and myself as we witnessed the successive phases of this vision of creation's glory; and at last I climbed to the upper deck of the steamer, to muse upon it alone. Here, thought I, I am really on the bosom of this magnificent Mississippi, which has long, through reading and from report, been a dream of the imagination that I never expected to realise. Here, for untold thousands of years, has flowed this mighty river, through unbroken solitudes, a course of 3200 miles in length, draining off into the measureless ocean the surplus water of considerably more than a million square miles—swallowing up in its course the turbulent Missouri, the bright Ohio, the white Arkansas, and the Red and Yellow Stone Rivers, all of great depth, length, and breadth, and yet, without any changed appearance, absorbing all of them into its volume. Thus it flowed, perhaps, ages before the scream of the eagle or the war-whoop of the Red Indian were

heard on its banks; and thus it shall flow on, perhaps, to the end of time. But how different will be the Future from the Past! Here, on each side of this mighty river, shall rise cities and ports, in which civilised man shall build and trade, and send forth the produce of the cultivated soil and the works of his hands to the ends of the world; and here, amidst the teeming population which shall throng these shores, shall rise churches, and colleges, and halls of learning and science that shall vie with those of my own land; and here shall rise men of art, and literature, and religion, whose names will become watchwords for future generations.

I tried to imagine the feelings of De Soto, when, two centuries ago, he discovered this great river. And I thought also of the self-forgetful, self-sacrificing, and persevering zeal of the French Jesuit missionaries, who, nearly two hundred years ago, adventured upon the ocean-like current of this giant river in light frail canoes, and explored it, for Christ and their king, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. Those disciples of Ignatius Loyola (Joilet, Marguette, and Le Salle) may have been mistaken men, but surely their examples of Christian heroism and enterprise ought to shame and stimulate Protestant ministers into self-denying and laborious service for the Lord of Hosts.

But the Future—the Future!—is the thought which swells within you as you gaze on this grand river; indeed, it is the thought which is perpetually rising uppermost go where you will in America. No hoary castles or ivy-hung monastic ruins serve to wing back your thoughts to the Past in this region. Each forest-clearing and embryo giant city lead you to ask, amidst

the exhaustless resources of the vast country, "What will this America and its people be in the Future?" This valley of the Mississippi, with its unparalleled richness of soil, and with every variety of climate, has in it more than one and a quarter million of square miles, and would hold, without inconvenience, all the nations of Europe. Its commerce is now much more than all the foreign commerce of the States besides. Its rivers, which are its great highways, extend 17,000 miles, and already have upon them 1200 steamboats. The tide of emigration has set in for this valley of the Mississippi from all parts of the States—nay, from all parts of the world. Its dark rich mould—the deposit of ages, and often 100 feet deep—where cultivated, produces corn and fruit rapidly and abundantly, until this great "central basin of the States" appears like a huge loaded harvest-waggon. As Berkeley wrote,—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

and numerous circumstances contribute to the rush of the population towards it. Disappointed, ruined, and restless men of the States hasten towards it with hope, or for shelter, and men of other nations press on to it as the great agricultural field of the world, where they may obtain as many acres as they choose at almost a nominal price. Already there are ten or twelve millions of people in this immense valley, and fifty or sixty thousands a year enter it afresh. And when it is remembered that the Mississippi River lies along the middle of the United States, and has as much land on the west of it as it has on the east, the mind shrinks from the fatigue of stretching itself to conceive what America and its Mississippi valley shall one day be-

come. "Going West" and "Far West" are phrases that sound more curiously, and raise the imagination, the more one hears them. We heard them in the Eastern States, we heard them as we crossed the Alleghanies; but still we hear them—though hundreds of miles from the Atlantic, the cry is still "Going West!" and about the country "Far West."

After the moon had risen high into the heavens, I went below into the saloon and the under-deck, to look at our steamboat and our fellow-passengers. The steamer was a monster of its class, and bore the name of *Mattie Mayne*. It had three decks, and seemed to have no hull to rest upon, and nothing but its large paddle-wheels to unite its piled-up castle-like tiers together. The saloon was luxuriously fitted up with sofas, rocking-chairs, tables, and mirrors, and stretched from end to end of the vessel, under the upper deck, for the convenience and enjoyment of the better-paying passengers. The berths were in closets at the sides—some for families, and some for individuals. In the middle, encased in glass, through which its bright working parts might be seen, was the engine, with its rising and falling beams, all in the cleanest and purest condition. In front of this was a brass-railed spiral staircase, leading down to the refectory, or eating cabin; while right and left of the saloon were common wash-rooms for the passengers, with *pro bono publico* towels, hair-brushes, and combs: one of each of the last-named articles serving for all who enter the wash-room. In the fore-part of the saloon was the bar for the sale of drams, American cordials, and tobacco. Below was a huge deck (that seemed almost level with the water), crowded with emigrants, furniture, heavy

goods, and firewood; while in the middle was burning the great engine-fire, and around it, shining with profuse perspiration, were some big black men constantly throwing logs of wood and lumps of resin upon it to make it burn fiercely.

The company in the saloon was of all kinds. The people seemed to be of several nations; and some of them were most uninviting in their aspect. Several of the men had dark-lantern looking faces, with hollow cheeks, deeply sunken eyes, long hair, and grisly unshaven faces; others had a bilious or aguish look. Now and then, from under the waistcoats of some of them, or out at their pockets, might be seen obtruding the handle of a bowie-knife or a revolver. Some of them looked like "border-ruffians," or slave-dealers, if they were not such; and as we had the Slave State of Missouri on the left of us, we were ready to conclude that some of them were really of this character. They lounged, whittled pieces of sticks, and balanced themselves on broken-legged chairs and lame stools, when upon deck, and in the evening cast off their coats, waistcoats, and shoes, and danced with ladies in full dress until near midnight. We retired to our berth, but not to sleep, though we had been travelling all the night before, for our berth was next to the bar, and the gathering and loud talking at it, as well as the sound of music and dancing until far into the night, kept us awake.

We were obliged to go into the common washing-room when we rose in the morning, for there was no provision whatever for our ablutions in our berth; and we were glad that we could take with us into the washing-room our own combs and brushes, if we could

not obtain towels and water-glasses for ourselves. In this room there was a barber, who shaved any who were disposed, for fourpence, placing them on a high seat, with their feet on a resting-block as high as their chins, as if they were going to have a surgical operation performed upon them. I submitted to this mode of treatment for once, but was glad when I passed from under the hands of the Western barber. Our meals were very unsatisfactory, for our companions, as usual, clutched first at seats, and then at meats, until we could hardly find room or food; and unchanged plates and knives at table did not increase our relish for eating. Unfortunately, too, our drinking-water was not clear and good, as it had uniformly been before in our travelling, but was the thick muddy water of the river, drawn up for use as the steamer sped along.

The following day was principally spent on the forepart of the upper deck, viewing the river and its varying and beautiful scenery, though, in remaining in that part of the vessel, we suffered no small inconvenience, at times, from the large wood sparks, which issued in shoals from the two huge black chimneys of the steamer. I sketched, hastily, passing memoranda of the river at several points, with its islands, bends, and skirting foliage, so that I might have, by minute observation of its forms, its character and associations fully stamped on my memory. In some parts it was beautifully placid and calm, spreading itself out over miles on the right and left, as if in bays or lakes. In other parts it was pent up in a narrow channel, where it boiled furiously, and tore away at its sides large masses of soil with their falling trees, and formed these trees into the most dangerous obstacles of navigation on the Missis-

sippi, by fixing them with their roots in the bottom of the river, and their tops and forked branches just under the surface, ready to damage the hulls of ascending or descending vessels. These impediments to navigation are called, in Western phraseology, "snags" and "sawyers." The quantity of floating logs and driftwood in some parts of the river was amazing.

On the river-banks were to be seen, every few miles, log-cabins, belonging to squatting woodcutters, with long piles of timber cut into short lengths, and laid ready for sale and exportation. Nearly all the fuel of this region is of wood, and it is a large article of commerce on the borders of the Mississippi. Our steamboat stopped at several points to replenish its fuel from these stores. Some of the woodcutters' cabins are very forlorn and desolate in their appearance, being in the midst of swamps formed by the overflowing of the stream; and the men and women, separated as they are from society, sink into coarseness, until they look like uncivilised creatures. I am told it is no uncommon thing for men, when driven from general society for crime, to fix their dwellings in these wild spots, not caring for any other title to their lands than the rifle or the revolver.

There are, however, some good rising towns on the banks of the river, among which may be named Alton, Louisiana, and Hannibal, as lying in our course. We saw also as we passed along large floating rafts of timber, such as are common on the Rhine, bearing upon them men and women, who were lodged in temporary huts in the centres of them, and steered them down in the current of the river for the towns and cities below. As we sat and viewed the scenery on our way, we thought of the slaves

on our left hand hiding themselves in the cane-brakes and trees till they can escape across the water to the free State of Illinois, and of the poor Indians who have been driven into western seclusion by the Government. The day was exceedingly hot, and the sun scorched and blistered us with its heat; but we could not forego the sight of this solemn and beautiful scenery, and except during the intervals of meals, we sat on the uncovered deck through the day. In the evening the same glowing sunset and the same burning appearance of the moon were seen as on the evening before. The whole panorama was dyed in orange and crimson, and when the sun had gone down, the effects of objects upon the water and by the river-side were very striking. The moon glared behind us like a huge globe of fire, and streamed its red light upon the water, making its reflection appear like a pathway of blood. The steamboats that we met, with their funnels issuing ceaseless showers of large sparks, seemed like living monsters with open throats of flame snorting fire from their blackened and upturned nostrils, while the horrid screeching of the vessels, by way of warning signals as they approached and passed, strengthened this imagination.

Then, at intervals, the lights of rising towns on the banks sparkled in the distance before us, and reflected their burning points deeply down in the water, while watch and signal-fires, in high stilted cauldron-like grates, blazed on their quays and piers. As we passed the islands and swamps, we heard the croaking of monster bull-frogs mingled with the cries of disturbed and affrighted birds. We gazed upon and listened musingly to these strange sights and sounds until nearly eleven o'clock, when the signal-fire of Quincy made

known to us that our landing-place was near, and we must prepare to disembark, after having steamed up the Mississippi, in thirty hours, nearly 200 miles.

We landed on the sloping embankment, and drove up, at the recommendation of an English mechanic (who told us that, as a coachmakers' smith, he earned four dollars per day), to the "Virginia" Hotel, to pass the night. But our countryman, we hope unwittingly, had misled us. The room allotted to us was loathsomely filthy and comfortless, with broken window, broken furniture, broken utensils, and with hard straw half-covered beds; so that we did not pass a very easy night, but we thought and said that many good men had been worse lodged than we were, and, needing rest, we made the best of our circumstances, and in partial undress soon fell asleep.

LETTER XVIII.

PRAIRIE LAND, CHICAGO, DETROIT, AND THE GREAT LAKES.

Departure from Quincy—The Prairie—Prairie Fires—Richness of Prairie Soil—Destruction of Cattle on American Railways—"Off the Line"—General Tom Thumb—Neighbourhood of Nauvoo—Thoughts on Mormonism—Its Future in the States—Chicago—Amazing Rapidity of its Growth—Meeting with Friends—Drive round the City—Magical haste with which People get Rich in Chicago—Family Party—The Lady's Question—Departure from Chicago—Arrival at Detroit—Sabbath spent there—Account of Churches and Services—Voyage to Buffalo—The Great Lakes of America—Sketch of Buffalo City—Arrival at Niagara.

WE rose early on Thursday morning, May 22nd, to leave Quincy by the railway for Chicago. At breakfast we had a goodly number of companions, several of whom appeared to be Western traders. Our meal was somewhat coarse and uninviting, but, with iced milk and bread-and-butter, we have never felt ourselves at a loss for a satisfactory morning or evening meal while in America. Through the stolid indifference of our host, we were in danger of being left a whole day at Quincy—the vehicle for conveying us and our luggage to the railway not having been provided for us until a few moments before the starting of the train. We had made the best use of our morning hour for glancing over the town. Quincy is situated on an elevation of

125 feet above the Mississippi, and commands a fine view of the river and of the surrounding country. It appears to be a town of considerable trade, with some good buildings, chiefly of wood, and is said to have a population of more than 9000. The railway terminus is not yet completed, being at present without suitable rooms and booking-offices. After a hard and jolting drive in our hastily-provided vehicle, we reached the carriages, deposited our luggage in the van, and started at 7 A.M. for Chicago.

Our road lay over forest and prairie land. Towns in process of formation were seen at distant intervals. Some of the prairie wildernesses over which we passed were exceedingly impressive. They extend for scores and scores of miles unbroken by any trees or hills, or, indeed, by any other object than the line of railway which passes through them. All round to the horizon, on every side, is prairie—prairie, just as in the middle of the Atlantic all round is sea—sea. The grass has not yet attained its full height, but it is more than breast high, and rolls before the wind in billows or undulating forms, such as reveal to us the meaning of the epithet often given to the prairie lands—that of the “land ocean.” These immense plains of heaving grass are richly enamelled with large, beautiful flowers, that grow in clusters or patches of white, red, yellow, lilac, and blue.

We could see here and there in our course what desolation had been made in the high grass of the prairies by fires in it, occasioned by the large blazing wood-sparks which fly in shoals from the engine-chimney as it rushes along with its train. In some parts there are black gaps of miles in circumference which have

been made by this means. We are told that the conflagrations in the prairie-grass, through lightning or other modes of combustion, are most fearfully sublime and destructive. When its high-waving stalks are set on fire, the flame rushes on with the wind at the rate of five miles an hour or more, consuming all in its course, and destroying beasts, reptiles, birds, and even men, that may be sheltering in or travelling through it. The prairie-fire, with the huge black cloud of smoke which accompanies it, seems to be as swift and fatal as the simoom is in the Arabian or African desert, and is much dreaded by all living creatures. When seen or scented at a distance, beasts—buffaloes, wolves, and wild horses—dash through the grass with furious speed to escape from it if possible; while a company of men unmounted have no chance of saving their lives but by burning a large clear space around them, and then prostrating themselves flat on their faces until the prairie-fire has leaped over them. Some very exciting stories have been told me of these prairie-fires, such as would form delicious food for excited ears on long winter nights under the ancient chimney nooks of old-fashioned Lincolnshire.

Where the prairie lands are broken for cultivation, the pastures appeared to be very rich indeed. Large numbers of cattle, tended by long-limbed boys on horseback, were seen feeding, or gambolling and galloping to and fro. Indian corn-stalks were standing to rot and fall upon the soil, not being worth the labour of cutting and gathering; and wooden frames and houses were seen rising in different localities on grass land (with the names of stores and streets upon them), where, in a short time, will be found important towns and cities. The more fre-

quented thoroughfares of these skeleton streets and buildings were deeply ploughed into ruts by the wheels of vehicles which had passed over them, and were it not that the soil is light and sandy in character, though dark in colour, the roads would seem to be almost impassable. Many of the houses seemed to be neatly furnished, and displayed cleanliness in their window-blinds and bed-coverings. The women, too, who stood at the open doors to gaze at the train as it passed, were trimly dressed, and looked very much like what may be seen at the doors of middle-class houses in English small towns and villages in summer time. The stores appeared to contain more of the necessaries of life than of its luxuries, and were made known by large lettered signboards outside, rather than by display in the windows. The men were tall, and looked rough and earnest. They ride and drive horses long-limbed and as full of energy as themselves, like American traders generally. They seem everywhere and at all times in haste, and one would think, as one looked upon them with their grisly unshaven chins, strong clothing, high over-boots, and hurried movements, that they were afraid of not obtaining the fortunes they desired out of the lands on which they had settled, before the crowds of coming emigrants should arrive to share with them in their Western possessions. There is, however, in nearly all the persons we have seen on this line, whether in the embryo towns by its side, or within railway-cars, a thriving, well-to-do appearance, which has led us to conclude that they had made a good selection of locality for settlements. Guide-books here are but of little use to travellers. To be really serviceable, they ought to be published every month, as Bradshaw's Railway Guides are in England.

This railway, like the others on which we have travelled in America, in most parts is unfenced off from the adjoining lands, and cattle may be seen a-head in droves, standing or lying across the rails. To scare them away, a most horrid screech-horn is blown by the engine; but sometimes the oxen will not move, or, if they move, it is so slowly that the engine-driver has to stop the train, and either he or his man leap down and drive the beasts away. The thousands of cattle run over and destroyed annually upon this railway is almost incredible. On our way we ran off the rails, and that on a somewhat rude embankment, and over soft boggy land. But the officials seemed fully prepared for such an ordinary mishap, and, by a species of wooden fulcra and levers, they succeeded in less than an hour in getting us back upon the rails, and again we sped along. The railways in this part are rough and jolting. They appear as if they had been made for only temporary use—the iron rails are laid over sleepers which are very irregular both in thickness and length, while little or no attention seems paid to the levelling between them, or about the rails. And here, as in nearly all other parts of America, the traveller may see by the roadside, or crossing the land for a shorter course, the telegraph-wire supported by rough, tall posts, and at points he may read on a rudely-constructed guide-board perhaps “300 miles” to some city of importance.

In this Western part of the world, as elsewhere, we found that the sublime and the ridiculous are often near neighbours, or that the one comes often close at the heels of the other. We were bounding over the rich and immense plains of waving prairie land, and were full of solemn thoughts on the strange panorama, and

on the great future for these regions, when, on stopping at the rude station of a newly-risen town, who should enter our car and take his seat near to us but "General Tom Thumb!" He looks older, less childlike, and more jaded and worn than when he was exhibited to such crowds in England. He does not seem to have grown much. He was dressed in blue clothes of the ordinary shape, ornamented with gilded buttons, and with a somewhat tall hat upon his head. He looked more like a dwarf than he did when in our country. He lounged, stretched his short length upon the seat, slept, walked to and fro, and spoke with the assumed airs of a full-grown man, but it was evident that in mental capacity he was still a mere child.

When in the neighbourhood of Quincy, both on the river and on the rail, we could not but think and speak together upon the Mormons, for we were there nigh to the locality in which they made their first Western settlement—Nauvoo, or "The Beautiful," as it was named by them. It was about fifty miles from Quincy, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and was, consequently, on our left hand when we were on the railway from Quincy to Chicago. Nauvoo is now in ruins, as a place that has been deserted by its people, and destroyed by its invaders; but its large temple, built of polished limestone to accommodate 3000 persons, may still be distinctly seen standing, as if in monumental mockery of its infatuated and impious builders. While steaming up the solitude of the great river, on the evening that we drew near to Quincy, with the knowledge that the remains of the Mormon city were not distant, and in the direction to which our faces were turned, it was impossible not to reflect upon the deeds of Joe Smith

and his designing company a few years ago in that region; and then, after thinking of the blasphemous pretensions, the gross indulgencies, and the unwarrantable expectations of the Mormon prophet and his successors, we had only to turn to the left, and think of the region of Utah and its Salt Lake City, where so many thousands of deluded beings are settled under a system which is the most revolting, as well as the most astounding, of any that has appeared among men. To think that a scheme of such gross falsehood, sensuality, and despotism—a scheme which, on the basis of a clumsy fraud, represents God in the Trinity of the Divine Persons as material, which makes pretensions to miracles, and which authorises an unbridled licentiousness, should now number among its converts in England 30,000 souls, and should have emigrating to its Sodom, in the Salt Lake valley, thousands yearly, many of them not of the lowest classes, but farmers, mechanics, and clerks, with their wives, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters—this is, undoubtedly, the most humiliating fact that an English traveller in the Western world can possibly contemplate. I am informed that the scenes beheld among the emigrants to this land of blasphemy and vice are often most appalling. We have been in their great highways of passage to the City of the Salt Lake, and have heard lamentable accounts of the deplorable and broken-hearted condition into which many of the poor deluded parties are plunged by the time they arrive on the borders of the West. They are worn and haggard, ragged and wretched, having exhausted their means and become awake to the folly and sinfulness of their undertaking. They generally travel in caravans, or companies, from this part to the Far West, and the

white settlers, as well as the revengeful Indians through whose regions they have to pass, hold them in the strongest abhorrence. With thoughtful persons in the States, a serious question has been pondered concerning the admission of such a communion of profligate persons into the Federal Union when they shall become numerous enough, as they soon will, to claim a formal position among the recognised States, and to have their senators and representatives in the Congress. Already, indeed, the Mormon district of Utah has been inaugurated as a "territory," and has its representative without a vote; and the president now appoints its principal officers, of governor, judges, marshals, &c. But when the time for its full reception into the Union as a "State" shall come, its deeply immoral laws and irreligious principles must be freely and searchingly investigated; and then, remembering the spirit of defiance and insubmission which Mormonism has manifested in the past, it is expected that it will come into direct and desperate collision with the authorities of the Union rather than give up its intolerance and its polygamy, or open its territory to settlers from all parts of the earth. For a time, the struggle with such an infatuated and evil-principled multitude may be dreadful, but, in the end, the general laws of the States must prevail over the so-called "priestly" domination of Utah.

On arriving at Chicago, about seven o'clock in the evening, we found ourselves in a city which, perhaps more than any other, impresses the mind with astonishment at the rapid advance of the western parts of America. Thirty years ago a solitary log-cabin for Government stood here at the head of Lake Michigan; now it is a city which contains nearly 100,000 inhabitants,

with its streets, stores, warehouses, railways, shipping, and all kinds of trade. And from the very first glance one takes at its situation, and its widely-scattered building-plots, it is evident that Chicago is only in its infancy, and must eventually become a monster city. It stands adjoining the great lake region of the north-west, and is in communication with the immense corn-growing districts east and west of the Mississippi, while it has direct means of transit both to the Eastern States and the Atlantic Ocean. It is, in fact, and must continue to be, the great store city of the north-west of America, holding trade and commerce in articles of food and clothing not only with other parts of the Union, but also with England and with other nations of Europe.

On arriving at the railway terminus we were assailed by a crowd of "touters," or runners, from different hotels and boarding-houses; but we had previously fixed upon the Fremont Hotel for our abode while we should remain in Chicago, and so we pressed through the shouting crowd, and drove away for our lodging as quickly as possible. The Fremont is a huge hotel, and is crowded with travellers from many parts of the States. In going to it we passed, on bridges, over the river, which divides the city into three parts, and could see, as we went along, the shipping, wharves, and warehouses of a place of great trade. The large wide streets, too, were thronged with people hurrying to and fro; while lighted-up stores, restaurants, public lounges, and places of evening amusement, told of a gay and flourishing city.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out to view the city, under the guidance of the Rev. Thomas

Williams, formerly of England; but first we went to the top of our hotel, and took a bird's-eye view of Chicago, tracing it, from that point of advantageous sight, into streets, river, adjoining lake, and principal buildings. We then proceeded to the Methodist Book Depository, to examine some recent publications. Afterwards, under the charioteer-driving of Mr. Brown of the bank, we rode in a carriage and pair through the principal streets, and round the suburbs. Very few of the streets are paved, and in some parts planks of wood are laid down to drive upon. Everywhere there are signs of recent building; and the city, in its most crowded parts, seemed almost madly in earnest and in haste with the "push" of business.

All round the city, except at the lake, there is level, good prairie land, suited either for cultivation or buildings; and a good part of it will soon be occupied. Land has risen from almost nothing to enormous prices, and streets and new building plots have been marked and fenced out in the outskirts; while a large park, with mansions and villas, may be seen on the north-east side of the city.

We drove to the cemetery, and from thence to the railway pier, which stretches for more than a mile over the upper end of the lake, and forms a serviceable breakwater. Chicago has now in communication with it, either opened or in progress, 6000 miles of railway; who shall say what such a city may not become? We found everywhere signs of plenty and prosperity. Copper money seemed to have hardly an existence in the town. If a news-boy sold you a newspaper at the professed price of two cents, he expected you to give him a five cent silver piece for it; while the little

urchin that ran to open the gate for you would reject any copper piece that might be offered him, saying, "I do not take copper." We were plainly told that, in Chicago, the question with every one was not "How shall I live?" for that was certain, but "How soon can I get rich?" And accounts were given us of the profitable investment of money, by which it doubled itself with certainty in three or four years; and numerous proofs were given to us of this in living individuals who had gathered immense riches within very short periods of time.

Several friends from England urged us to remain over Sunday, and preach to them. They assured us that at least one hundred persons now settled in Chicago had known and heard us in England. We felt deeply interested in these friends, but could not remain. We were likewise greatly interested in Mr. Brown, the gentleman who drove us in his carriage through and around the city. He is a very intelligent, generous, and courteous Methodist friend. After our drive we dined with him and his family at his own house. It is a pleasant villa in the suburbs of the city, and is surrounded by a garden and shrubbery. Mrs. Brown is an intelligent, ladylike person; and with our host and his wife, their mother and children, and our friend Williams, we ate as English a meal, and passed as sociable an afternoon as we could desire so many thousand miles from home. Our friends were all strong haters of Slavery. Mr. Brown said some earnest and rather desperate things concerning it. He seemed almost prepared to fight with sword and gun for the immediate emancipation of the slaves. He spoke also very strongly against the "Fugitive Law," and the

“Black Laws,” which prohibit the settlement of persons of colour in the “Free” State of Illinois, in which we now are.

One question asked of us by a lady in Chicago was a proof; not only of the strength of early impressions, but how impossible it often is for us to place ourselves, even in idea, in a strange and unexperienced condition. The lady had been speaking in high praise of England and its institutions, when she suddenly said, “But there is one arrangement concerning which I must make some inquiry, so that I may, if possible, be able to understand it, and that is, how it is that you retain the same person as sovereign ruler of your state for his or her lifetime?” It may be imagined that, although we looked at each other, and smiled, we were, nevertheless, extremely puzzled to muster together a sufficient force of philosophical argument to convince our fair questioner that it was better to sit under the settled rule of our beloved Queen for life than to exchange her for a four years’ president. The lady was a native American, and could not be brought, by any arguments, to think there was real excellency in any monarchical rule. We did not wish, indeed, in the circumstances, to enter upon an elaborate argument on the subject—not that we think our monarchical government indefensible, but we felt that the attempt to convince her was hopeless, and so got out of the challenge as politely as possible.

There are numerous churches in Chicago, and among them the Methodist churches are conspicuous. I found that our book on Chapel and School Architecture was in use by Methodist friends here, as well as in other parts of the States. There are some good schools and public buildings. It is near to this city, at Evanston, that the

“Garrett Biblical Institute for the education of candidates for the Methodist ministry” is to be established. It appears that it is the munificent bequest of a lady which has provided for the support of the intended institution. Her husband died after willing away almost the whole of his large property from her. By a law of the State, a widow, if not satisfactorily provided for, can claim one-third of her deceased husband’s estate. She made her claim, and had land awarded her for her portion in and about Chicago. This land has since increased so much in value, that what she has left of it for the support of this establishment will bring in an immense yearly sum. One condition of the bequest is, that no part of the money shall be spent on buildings. This is not uncommon with bequests in the States, and it often secures the property left from diminution by wasteful expenditure.

On Saturday morning, the 24th of May, we left Chicago for Detroit by the “Lightning Express” train. Our friend Mr. Williams informed the manager of the railway who we were, and the manager very generously gave us free passes along the line. At first we hardly were satisfied with this. As English travellers, we did not wish to have our independence interfered with, and we would rather have paid our fare than be placed under obligation by a special favour from a stranger. But when we were assured that it was no uncommon act towards strangers and ministers, whom they desired to publicly honour, we “pocketed the affront,” as we say in England, and rode free of all charges for 282 miles. Our course was chiefly through forest land, with here and there clearings, and peeps, through openings among trees, into the Lake Michigan. We

saw many a creek and bay on our left hand, where Indian canoes, a few years ago, undoubtedly entered and were lodged; indeed, the signs of Indian residence in that part were distinct and certain. Several of the places through which we passed bore Indian names—such as Dowagiac, Paw-Paw, Kalamazoo, &c. We saw also, at the stations on the road, civilised Indians in European clothing, mingling and conversing freely with the white settlers; and, in several instances on the way, we saw proof, in complexion, eyes, and hair, of intermarriages of whites and Indians.

We had another breakdown stoppage, through our “Lightning Express” train running off the rails; but we were soon “all right” again, and on we went. Some coloured youths came into our car, and were quite cheerful and merry together, laughing and jabbering, and showing their even rows of pearl-white teeth, in free style. This was pleasing to us. It was a sign, not only that Michigan, into which we had now come, is a free State, but also that in this quarter prejudice against the poor negro race is not so strong as in some others. The day was very hot and sultry; we drank freely at the water-can, and were thankful for apples and oranges sold to us by boys, who, at the successive stations, came into the cars with baskets full of cakes and fruit. The dust, too, gathered thickly upon us. But by seven o’clock in the evening we reached Detroit, and drove as quickly as possible to the Biddle Hotel. We obtained very comfortable bedrooms adjoining each other; and after plentiful ablutions and our evening meal, we walked out to see what we could, by lamp-light, of the city. Of course we could not see much of it at that time of day, but we learned the general character and plan of

the town, and saw what was its general aspect as a place of trade and merchandise.

Detroit, as its name shows, was originally a French settlement. It was so as early as the year 1610, and it still, by the names, countenances, and manners of many of its people, bears undoubted marks of its origin. The city is situated on the southern bank of the river Detroit, and is seven miles from Lake St. Clair, and eighteen from Lake Erie. It is a large, well-built city, having a very wide street about a mile and a half long, running parallel to the river, and several cross streets, squares, a market-place, &c.,—extending backwards a mile or so from the river, and sloping upwards from the water 50 feet or more. Detroit contains some good public buildings, such as the State-House, the City Hall, and the Market-House. It has numerous churches, belonging to different denominations, several literary institutions, and many good shops, and has more than 40,000 inhabitants. It is a place of considerable merchandise, has its manufactures, is a great timber port, is visited by numerous steamboats and water-craft of various kinds, bears a high reputation for ship-building, and, by its returns of imports and exports, shows that it is increasingly prosperous. The western part of the principal street is a very pleasant promenade, and with its plank walks, overshadowed with trees, and skirted with good houses and lovely gardens, is much frequented in fine weather.

We passed the Sabbath in Detroit; and as our other Sabbaths in America had been wholly spent among the Methodists, we resolved, after a visit to the Methodist churches, to attend on that day the services of other denominations. Early in the morning we went to the

Roman Catholic Cathedral, where we found a large congregation, and heard a young priest delivering instruction to the children of the schools on the section of the Creed relating to "the Communion of Saints." His discourse was intensely popish. He began by showing how persons became members of the true Church by baptism and the eucharist administered by authorised hands; showed how they then had communion with all the faithful, both in heaven and earth; and on this ground exhorted his audience to pray earnestly to angels, and to select their patrons and guardians from the calendar of departed saints. Next, we went to the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is a neat wooden building, on the right-hand side of the great thoroughfare in which the Roman Catholic Cathedral is situated. Here, also, we found a good congregation, and very English in its appearance. After the English Liturgy, somewhat altered and mutilated, we heard a very good sermon against infidelity and scepticism, by a minister from New York. It was founded on Psalm cxix. 98—100. In the afternoon we went to an elaborately ornamented Presbyterian church, of Grecian architecture, and heard a good, plain, practical sermon on prayer (Numbers xi. 2), delivered to a somewhat fashionable congregation. After our evening meal we went to St. Paul's, expecting to hear the bishop of the Protestant Church preach. The large, handsome, Gothic structure, richly adorned, and cheerfully lighted with gas, was well filled by a respectable-looking congregation—a more brilliant and imposing scene I never witnessed within a Protestant church. The bishop read the Liturgy in a manly, effective style, displaying now and then a little of the Irish accent;

but a clergyman on a visit to Detroit preached the sermon, from 2 Peter i. 18, which was in the most popular style of French oratory, and was delivered with considerable taste and power. It was on the Transfiguration of our Lord. Altogether, we were much impressed by the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Detroit—remembering that that Church, in other parts of the States, is so little attractive to Americans, that it is only in the third or fourth rank among Christian churches.

On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, we left Detroit for Niagara Falls, by a large steamer which was to take us through Lake Erie to Buffalo. We descended the river,—a pleasant stream delightfully bordered on its banks with trees,—and, by one o'clock, after passing a sort of lighthouse and some other buildings on the extremity of its western shores, we found ourselves fairly on Lake Erie. We steamed onwards in its deep green waters, being scarcely ever out of sight of one or other of its shores, all of which were well wooded, and reflected their forms clearly in the water. Lake Erie is one of the smaller lakes, and yet it took the steamer till five o'clock the next morning to reach Buffalo, at the other end of it. Our passage over it was very pleasant; the air was still, the water smooth, we had a good and commodious steamer, and the banks and trees that skirted the lake were, in their long-stretched outlines, rich clothing, and reflected forms, highly picturesque.

These great American Lakes are not to be imagined as being similar in appearance to the lakes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, or even to the larger lakes of Switzerland. They are totally unlike them in all their

more characteristic features; and, unless personally visited, can be but imperfectly realised in idea. The European notion of a lake is that of an expansive sheet of smooth water, locked in by sheltering mountains, glistening under the sun like a polished mirror, and over whose calm bright surface pleasure-boats glide with their white-winged sails, like birds asleep in the sky. The image is that of unconscious loveliness, or beauty asleep on a flower-bank in summer-time. Hence we speak of "the fair bosom of the lake." Or, if we think of the European lake as stirred by the breeze, we imagine it rippled on its glassy surface into innumerable glittering wavelets, that silently chase each other to the sloping margin, where they fall languidly upon the shore, kissing the pebbles of the strand as they fall in succession, and making only a soft silvery sound that dies away from us like the music of a dream.

Very different is it with these great American Lakes; they are, in fact, inland seas, and, in length, breadth, and depth, exceed considerably some of the renowned inland seas of Europe. Though very pleasant and calm at times, as was Lake Erie when we passed over it, yet at some seasons, and under certain influences of the wind, they are exceedingly stormy and dangerous. The wind sweeps down upon them from all sides, disturbs the waters, breaks them into tumultuous billows, lashes them into fury, and renders the passage over them far more perilous than over the wide open ocean; and, even in their calmest moods, being unmoved by any ebb and flow of the tide, there is a solitary desert-like effect in the monotonous dead-level of their still, green or blue waters, which, if not seen, can hardly be understood. No mere study of engraved

maps can give the full idea of their extent, and no word-painting can effectually convey the true image of their expansive desolateness. It is estimated that in this great chain of Lakes, extending eastward from the north-west point of the United States, and, for the most part, forming the boundary line between the States and Canada, there are not less than 5000 miles' length of coast-line. It is stated that in the Georgian Bay, the mere arm of one of these lakes (Lake Huron), there are not less than 2700 islands, the largest of which is more than one hundred miles in length. The official returns give the following as the dimensions of the principal lakes in this vast extending chain of navigable waters:—

Lake Superior, the largest of all the lakes, and which is situated at the extreme north-west point of the United States, is 420 miles long, 100 miles in average width, and is 900 feet deep.

Lake Michigan, which extends from the south-east point of Lake Superior to Chicago, is in length 340 miles, in average width 58 miles, and is 850 feet deep.

Lake Huron, which extends from the south-east point of Lake Superior, and from the north-east point of Lake Michigan, in a south-east direction towards the Lakes of St. Clair and Erie, is 270 miles long, 70 miles in average breadth, and is 950 feet deep.

Lake St. Clair is the smallest of these lakes, and is a few miles north of Detroit. It is eighteen miles from north to south, and twenty-five miles from east to west.

Lake Erie, extending eastward from Detroit River to Buffalo, and receiving for transmission towards the

Atlantic the water of the four lakes above-named, is 240 miles long, 38 miles in average breadth, and 265 feet deep.

Lake Ontario extends eastward from the Niagara River, by which it is united with Lake Erie, to the River St. Lawrence, and is 180 miles long, 40 miles in average width, and 550 feet deep.

All these lakes flow, by rivers, and straits, and canals, out of one deep basin into another; and from Lake Superior, in the order I have named, transmit their volumes of fresh water (drained from the great north-west of the continent) by the River St. Lawrence, which is 700 miles long, into the Atlantic Ocean, making, in one continued line of measurement (without following, as we did in our former reckoning, the indentations of the shores), more than 2000 miles: the largest inland navigation in the world.

On reaching the north-eastern shore of Lake Erie, we found we were at the bottom of the port and city of Buffalo. The pier at which we landed is constructed of stone and wood, and has a lighthouse of yellow limestone standing at its head. This pier extends as much as 1500 feet into the lake, and serves as a breakwater for the protection of vessels from the violent gales which are occasionally experienced here. There appeared to be many vessels of different sizes in the port, and, in the lower part of the city, it bore quite the aspect of a maritime place. After depositing our luggage at the railway station, we ascended the rising ground to look at the city. Buffalo resembles other American cities, being regular in its plan, well-built, and having broad, open, straight streets, that intersect each other at right angles. The principal street, run-

ning from east to west, is named "Main Street;" it is more than two miles long, is 120 feet wide, and on each side has large massive piles of buildings for stores, dwelling-houses, and hotels. There are three public squares, named "Niagara," "Franklin," and "Washington" Squares; they are planted with trees, and add much to the appearance of the city. There are also some good public civic buildings, and numerous churches of more than ordinary architectural consistency. Altogether, the city looks like a great commercial mart, and situated as it is on the shore of Lake Erie, from which vessels can go not only to Detroit, but also to the Great West by the large upper lakes of Superior and Michigan, and having direct railway communication with the St. Lawrence, and also with the Northern and Eastern States, Buffalo presents every promise of increasing importance and thrift. It first became a settlement of white men in 1800; in 1814 it was only a small village, surrounded by thick forests; in 1825 it had only 2000 inhabitants; but since then, through the formation of the Erie Canal, which opened the navigation between the Atlantic and the upper lakes, its increase has been amazing. Three times within thirty years it has doubled its population, and it now contains as many as 80,000 inhabitants. Its situation by Lake Erie secures to it both pleasing views and refreshing breezes.

After having viewed Buffalo, we took the railway-train for Niagara Falls, and passed through several small towns and villages, having the Niagara River flowing smoothly at our left. In little more than an hour we passed through Niagara village, crossed the new suspension bridge over the deep chasm of the river, and landed at the railway station on the Canada side.

We engaged a coach, drove towards Clifton House, and as we went, knowing that we were now in the British dominions, we took off our hats, and, with loyal hearts, together exclaimed aloud, "God save the Queen!" We soon had our rooms selected, and, making as little delay as possible, you may be sure, went out to have our first gaze at the giant cataracts, the deep ponderous sound of which we could now distinctly hear.



LETTER XIX.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Source of the Falls from the Great Lakes—The River of Niagara—The Whirlpool—The Rapids—Goat Island—The American Fall—Luna Island—The Middle Fall—The Canada, or “Horse-shoe” Fall—Retrogression of the Falls according to Geologists—View of the Falls from the Hotel Balcony—View from the River Bank—From “Prospect Place”—From the Bridge over the Rapids—Landing on Goat Island—“Prospect Tower”—The “Cave of Winds”—The Falls by Moonlight—Legends and Tales of Horror respecting the Falls.

I AM now in the presence of this great overpowering wonder of creation—the Falls of Niagara. I have been here three days, viewing it from all points, until my mind is filled with it, and now, from the hotel window, from whence I can see it, and from amid so much of its ceaseless sound as seems to make the earth tremble under the building, and which shakes the window-frame of this my chamber, I attempt to describe it. I feel the attempt to be almost hopeless, for words can never describe this overwhelming spectacle, nor express the mingled sensations of awe and delight with which it is beheld. I have here felt more than ever the excelling grandeur of the works of God as compared with the works of man. One may have experienced deep and solemn emotion in visiting English and foreign cathedrals—viewing them in their long-retiring perspective

of columns and arches, of nave and choir, of transept and aisles—under varying and changeful lights, or coloured with slanting reflections of richly-stained windows, at noon of day, or darkened into gloomy and frowning grandeur at the approach of night; but the contemplation of God's workmanship, which man can neither alter or adorn, is productive of far more profound and indescribable feeling and thought. I felt it to be so when you and I together viewed the stern uninhabitable Alps, which rise so far above the paths of men, and seem themselves to inhabit the heavens—those Alps, which, when once viewed, ever afterwards “stand fast” before the mind as the everlasting hills which cannot be moved, and as the abiding proof of the Divine omnipotence. It was so with the ocean, as I saw it in our outward voyage to this continent—that dread infinity of “many sounding” waters has a voice for the soul which language cannot express. And it is so with Niagara: there is a might and majesty in it which irresistibly sway the soul of man, and make him feel his own insignificance, and the littleness of all—even of the greatest works of his race.

Before coming to view the Falls, we were repeatedly warned by our friends against yielding to a feeling of disappointment at first sight. But though in most things where high expectations are entertained the imagination usually exceeds the reality, it was not so with us and Niagara; indeed, it is difficult to understand how expectation could surpass this scene. When it first burst on our sight we felt it to be unspeakably sublime; and as we have viewed it from various standing-points day after day, our wonder and delight have never abated. We have scarcely thought of anything else by day, and we have had no real sleep by night; rushing

cataracts have always been before the mind, whether we have been in slumber or broad awake—we seem to live in a sort of reverie with waterfalls. When in the immediate presence of this marvel we are all agitation—our awe approaches to terror—the blood seems to be sent back with overpowering pressure to its fountain—we stand gasping for breath, mute and powerless, and are some minutes before we can do anything but gaze, and before we can begin to contemplate.

I believe it to be impossible for words, however skilfully employed, to express the feelings and thoughts with which Niagara is viewed. It must be seen for these to be known. The most moderate and defective language will seem exaggeration to those who have not been where we now are. I am not sure that what I now write will not, even to you, seem to be such ; but I must, in this instance, be willing to pay the unavoidable penalty of being deemed too emotional, and console myself with the thought that nearly all who come after me will irresistibly and inevitably find themselves in the same case. Yet I must attempt something like a narrative description.

The Falls of Niagara are the headlong plunging of an immeasurable mass of waters, which flow down from the Great Lakes enumerated in my last letter, and which here suddenly precipitate themselves over immense shelves of rocks down into the river or strait below. From thence they hurry onward to unite themselves with the lower waters of Lake Ontario, which empties itself into the St. Lawrence, from whence, winding amidst a thousand islands, the outlet is into the vast Atlantic. The source of this immense volume of water is in the rocky region of the north-west of the American continent. It is estimated

that Niagara drains an area of not less than 40,000 square miles, and is connected with half the entire quantity of the fresh water of the globe. The waters of the four large inland seas—Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, with all the rivers and streams flowing into them—all pass onwards by this course, which, in their narrow, deep bed between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario is named “the River of Niagara.” The distance between these two lakes (and, consequently, the length of this river) is about thirty-seven miles, and its entire descent from the basin of Lake Erie to that of Lake Ontario is 334 feet. At about twenty miles from Lake Erie, across the entire bed of the descending river, occurs a sudden break in the rock, where the waters fall 160 feet downwards over the perpendicular cliffs, and these are called the Falls of Niagara. The river, as it leaves Lake Erie, is about a mile in width, and flows but lazily along at first, between low and marshy banks, and almost in a straight line, being dotted with many small islets. It widens, however, in some places as it approaches the Falls to nearly three miles. Then, when it has passed the Falls, it suddenly narrows exceedingly, for immediately below them the river is confined within a gorge of only three-quarters of a mile wide, and thus it flows onwards in its straitened channel, in a more serpentine course, to Lake Ontario. In the upper part, or before it reaches the Falls, the river is comparatively shallow, but half-a-mile below the Falls—the point nearest to them at which soundings have been ascertained—it is as much as 260 feet deep. Lower down it is deeper still. Immediately under the Falls, where the bed of the river receives the descending flood, the depth cannot be fathomed, but, from the time which elapses between the passage of a huge piece of timber

over the precipice, and its reappearance on the surface of the river below, it is supposed that the depth of the cauldron of waters there is very great indeed. An opinion is entertained that, at the foot of the Falls, and in other parts, there are vast cavernous openings through which a portion of the water finds its way, by subterraneous channels, beneath the natural bed of the Niagara, straight into Lake Ontario. This opinion would seem to find support from the fact that there are concave recesses and deep yawning hollows under and behind the Falls, as well as from the appearance of the water at points and bends lower down, where it whirls up as from rushing under-currents. The bed of the river, as it proceeds downwards in its winding course, narrows into a deep, rocky, picturesque gorge, which, in one part, is not more than 100 yards wide, and descends in its surface line below the overhanging cliffs and wooded banks, until it is as much as 400 feet below them. It, therefore, becomes difficult to conceive, without the admission of a subterranean passage, how the millions of tons of water from the Lake region above, which are precipitated every hour over the Falls of Niagara, can be held within that narrow channel below. At a distance of about three miles below the Falls, at a bend of the river in its narrowest strait, there is a singularly turbulent appearance in the midstream, called the "Whirlpool," where the gathering waters whirl in circular and agitated eddies until they rise as much as 10 feet above the edge of the stream. Here huge logs and fallen trees are caught in their descending course, and are twisted round and round by the circular motion of the water until they stand on end with several feet out of the river, and then sink down and disappear entirely. It is supposed that this is one of those cavernous hollows where the water

either rushes up from a subterranean passage beneath the bed of the river, or sinks whirling down from the channel above into the vaulted stream below. Whether either side of this theory be true, or whether the strange turmoil there is caused by the river making a sharp bend in its narrow rock-bound channel at nearly a right-angle, I am not competent to pronounce, I can only say that the sight of the "troubled waters" there is very impressive. As the floods hurled over the Falls rise up from the huge seething cauldron into which they have been precipitated, and issue forth into the lower river to flow towards this whirlpool, and then in a widening channel to Lake Ontario, they do not toss themselves into waves, but move heavily along, as if stunned by their fearful descent, or as if

"Astounded and amazed;
No wonder: fall'n such a pernicious height."

Paralysis seems to succeed the sudden shock. But this is only temporary. As the river descends in its course it recovers strength and buoyancy, and at length hurries rapidly towards its destined receptacle, Lake Ontario. The rate at which the River of Niagara travels from one lake to the other is from two to eight miles per hour, according to the nature of the declivities and angles met with in its passage.

Immediately above the Falls are what are termed "The Rapids." These are tumultuous descents of the water over a succession of rocky shelves towards the giant precipice of the Falls. Within one mile's space the stream thus descends, by a succession of slopes, as much as 50 or 60 feet, and also narrows itself, as I have stated, from about three miles in width to three-fourths of a mile. All along its journey over these rocky shelves, the speed of the river is, of course, much accelerated, its waters

rage furiously, toss and upheave themselves into the air, and seem to battle madly with each other in their fated course to the margin of the precipice which awaits them. About half way up the Rapids, the raging waters are divided into two moving masses by the intervention of an island called "Goat Island," which lies nearly in the middle of the river, and extends its north-western extremity to the very edge of the grand precipice, and thus makes of Niagara two great falls of water. The body of water between this island and the American shore is named "The American Fall," and the body of water between Goat Island and the Canadian shore is termed "The Canada Fall."

The American Fall is 900 feet in breadth, and the water descends nearly perpendicularly over a precipice of 164 feet in depth. This fall, by the intervention of another and much smaller island, called "Luna Island," from the lunar rainbows seen on it by night, is divided for the space of 30 feet into another cataract, which bears the name of "The Middle Fall," and is a fall of crystal clearness and beauty. The Canada Fall is as much as 1800 feet in breadth, without any intervention in any part, and with a deep bend in the surface line, formerly in the shape of a horse-shoe (whence it is called "The Horse-shoe Fall"), but now worn to the figure of a demi-hexagon; and its vast body of waters descend less perpendicularly, or with a greater projectile curve, over cliffs 158 feet deep. The greatest volume of water rushes over the Canada Fall, and it is by far the grandest and most impressive spectacle—though, if the American Fall were alone, it would be reckoned one of the greatest wonders of creation.

As much as seven-eighths of the whole descending water rolls over the Canada Fall; and that with a pro-

jecting curve of not less than twenty feet at the edge of the precipice. This sweeping curve-line, with the glancing sun-light upon its ever-moving crest, and its constant variety of translucent colours, give the Canada Fall an aspect of more commanding attraction than that of its neighbour. The American Fall can only boast of a straight line, which, as every one knows, is never favourable to beauty. And then, again, while wanting that gracefully sweeping curve of rolling waters over the edge of the precipice, its cataract does not, as in the Canada Fall, pour itself into an abyss of convulsed and fathomless waters, white as molten silver—but plunges among fragments of dark fallen rocks, from whence it winds its way into the lower river. From the foot of both the Falls, however, clouds of white mist or spray, like fine steam, ascend high up into the air in curling wreaths, until they seem to mingle with the clouds of heaven. In this respect the “Horse-shoe” Fall is still greatly superior to the American; the cloud of shining vapour hanging over it proclaims to travellers far distant that they are approaching this wonder; and, no doubt, it calls up before the imagination of some of them, as it did with me, that Pillar of the Cloud which hung over the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, and which preceded the march of the Israelites to the Promised Land.

According to Sir Charles Lyell, and other geologists, the Falls of Niagara have gradually retrograded northwards, having eaten their way backwards from Queenston, which is seven miles distant from the present Falls, four miles beyond the Whirlpool, and about half way between the present Falls and Lake Ontario. This conclusion of men of science is a very probable one; for the action of the immense volume of water which pours

over the precipices at the rate of 20 millions of cubic feet per minute, with the stupendous weight of 100 millions of tons per hour, must of necessity "wear away stones," and so remove the Falls farther and farther upwards. No person can examine, even cursorily, the strata of the Falls and the bed of the river, without perceiving that the process of disintegration, or gradual abrasion and removal of both rocks and soil, has long been going on, as it is going on at the present time. The ponderous body of water which teems over the precipice falls from a height as great as that of the front towers of York Cathedral. The upper ledge is of hard limestone rock, and the immediately underlying bed consists of slaty shale in horizontal layers, which is perpetually crumbling away. Blasts of wind, charged with the spray that is constantly rising from the fathomless abyss under the cataract, strike against this bed of perishable shales, and, together with the expansive agency of frosts, incessantly crumble and force it away from under the calcareous rock, and leave the limestone to project without support.

Through the operation of these agencies, there is now a passage behind the falling waters of the Horse-shoe Fall of 50 feet wide in some parts ; hither adventurous visitors go for a length of 100 feet, upon a slippery path, to be immersed in spray and sand-dust, while they have the concave recesses and worn-away limestone on the one hand, and the crystal veil of the descending flood, through which the light gleams, on the other. From time to time, the unsupported rock falls in large masses headlong into the profound abyss below, and into the bed of the river around, with a sound the most terrific. Such a fall occurred on the American side in 1818, and again in 1843 ; and on the Canadian side in

1828. In 1852, a large portion of the Horse-shoe ledge fell, and left a severed mass, 150 feet high, remaining erect. On all these occasions, it is affirmed, the surrounding district was shaken as if by an earthquake. Parts of the fallen rocks still remain at the foot of both the cataracts, and appear like the overthrown relics of a Cyclopean wall. Living men, of advanced years, who from childhood have resided in the neighbourhood, affirm that in their time the Horse-shoe Fall has receded as much as 150 feet. An early print, made from a drawing by Father Hennepin, in 1678, confirms this statement, and shows another fall jetting out obliquely from the Canadian cliff, where the "Table Rock" has since fallen: with the Table Rock the oblique jet has wholly disappeared.

Every intelligent observer may ascertain for himself, that the appearance of the disintegrated strata (along this space of 150 feet, which is said to have been worn away within the memory of living men), as seen at the sides of the ravine, are precisely of the same character as that of the seven miles gorge which has been gradually excavated backwards from Queenston to the present Falls; while, at several points, he will find unmistakable wearings of an overflowing flood of waters: so that the probability, if not certainty, is with the conclusion of geological science, that the Falls have gradually receded through the seven miles chasm up to their present position, and have scooped out for themselves the deep and rocky ravine through which the river now flows from them southwards.

The only difficulty in the way of this conclusion is the length of time required for the process. For, if 150 feet have been worn away within the memory of living men, it would require 10,000 years at least (Lyell



IDEAL BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NIAGARA AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

says 35,000 !) for the Falls to have reached their present situation. But, without encroaching on the Scriptural chronology of the world in this instance (if the first verse of the Bible is not to be separated, as a general statement respecting the creation of all things), since it cannot be proved that the rate of the abrading power upon the rocks has never been swifter than it is at present, the difficulty of time, even with the most tenacious holder by the old chronology, need not prevent the conclusion of science on this question.

Another question may arise in the mind, as to the number of years that would be required to bear back the Falls, at their present rate of recession, through the twenty miles which intervene between them and Lake Erie. But the geological survey recently made may save us the trouble of a calculation: the limestone rock dips northward towards Lake Erie, and at the distance of two miles—if the Falls recede so far—the limestone will be at the base, the ledge incomparably lower than it is at present, the weight of water incomparably less, and, most likely, the recession would cease altogether. Such, at least, is the opinion of the first living geologists. The accompanying ideal bird's-eye view of the course of the Niagara waters, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, as suggested by Sir Charles Lyell in his *Geographical Observations on America*, will explain to you, at a glance, both the position of the Falls, and the character of the bed of the river down which their volume flows.

But whatever the supposed facts of the formation and process of this great phenomenon of nature may be, undoubtedly it is one of the most stupendous and overwhelming of all the works of the Almighty. If a visitor to these shores were to see nothing else, it would be

worth his transit over half the convex world. Dr. Hannah and I commenced our survey, on the morning of our arrival, without any preconcerted plan. We agreed simply on one thing—that we would not hurry from point to point, but would deliberately view it in its various features, until we should have received into our minds as full an impression of its solemn grandeur as possible. And this has proved our best course. We have now walked and sauntered around it for nearly four days: we have stood before it on fallen masses of rock, under its white drizzling spray, until, with sight bedazzled and ears confounded, we could almost imagine that we were witnessing a world of waters come tumbling down out of a rent in the firmament, or that Chaos were come again; and we have watched it with greater calmness at a more respectful distance.

The general scene, as beheld even from the balcony of the hotel where I am writing, is magnificent. Yet this view of the Falls being from an elevated point, and at a distance, is not so overpowering in its awful effect as that taken from a lower stand-point and in closer contiguity with the great wonder. Here, from the hotel balcony, the vision is that of a panorama of cataracts. The Horse-shoe Fall is directly before us—an extended line of overflowing waters, reaching across and filling up the whole breadth of the yawning chasm between one bank of the river and Goat Island. The American Fall is on our left, separated from the Canadian Fall by that island, and divided by Luna Island into one expansive cataract, and another of more slender breadth. The water, as seen rolling over the rocky ledge at this distance, appears like moving sheets of snow-white foam, varied at intervals with gleaming crystal and

emerald. The background beyond the Horse-shoe Fall, and on the right, is a richly-wooded elevation sprinkled with villa-like buildings. The clothing of the forest trees on Goat Island, and of the shrubbery on the shelving sides of the river, is a rich spring green; while from both the great cataracts rise clouds of spray that steam high up into the air, are wreathed by the wind into spiral forms, and then disperse imperceptibly, or join the overhanging vapours in the heavens. I have sketched and coloured this view, from the hotel balcony, considering that, though it is not the most impressive, yet it may be regarded as the most explanatory view of the Falls that could be selected to present to the eye of a non-observer.

When we first descended from the balcony of our hotel, we advanced towards the Horse-shoe Fall along the Canadian cliff. We then returned to the point immediately on the left, by our hotel, and winding down upon a carriage road formed at the side of the river, we took the ferry-boat, and crossed over to the bank on the American side, that we might view the general scene from thence. In crossing, we found the river, which looked peacefully smooth from above, to be variously agitated and heavy in its descending current. Our skiff seemed a mere cockle-shell in the disturbed waters; but our strong-armed ferryman pulled us over, with our bow pointed against the flow of the current, and in ten minutes landed us at the foot of the wooden staircase on the other side of the river. In our short passage the spray from the cataracts fell thickly upon us, and partially obscured our view of the Falls; but this served to heighten the effect, by veiling the grand object in mysterious folds.

Having landed on the American side, we ascended by the wooden staircase of 300 steps to the cliffs,—passing out at intervals to view the American Fall in its huge profile,—and on reaching the top we stood on a picturesque and frequented piece of ground, called “Prospect Place,” doubtless on account of the impressive view here to be obtained of the Falls. Standing at the side of the American Fall, and looking over its vast body of waters as they rush down from the Rapids at your left, and roll over the edge of the precipice at your right into the gulf beneath, you see the great Canadian Fall, with its long reach of snowy foam in front, skirted and backed with trees and verdant embankments, and with its column of half-transparent spray hovering before it and ascending on high. We had this view daguerreotyped, with Dr. Hannah and myself in the foreground—for such is the regularity even in the indentations and foldings of these ever-moving waters, that they may be successfully transferred by the sunlight to the chemically prepared plate. But it is impossible to give, even with this accurate representation by the sun itself, the accompanying impression of resistless and overwhelming power which is experienced by the spectator in the presence of this great work of the Creator: such profound feeling cannot be transferred by any art, however skilful or true. Upon the perfect accuracy of the lines of the scene, as you will see them in the daguerreotype, you may, however, confidently rely.

After lingering a considerable time over the view from Prospect Place, we picked our way eastwards by the side of the American Rapids, until we reached a long wooden bridge, which undaunted and persevering man has thrown over the lesser breadth of these turbu-

lent waters, that he may have an entrance to Goat Island. Here, perhaps, from the middle of this bridge, which trembles with the violent rush of the water over the rocky shelves beneath it, you have as impressive a view of the Rapids as can possibly be obtained ; for though the amount of water rushing over the American Rapids and under you, as you stand on this bridge, is only one-seventh of the moving mass which descends over the Rapids to the Horse-shoe Fall, yet, as there is no bridge over the Canadian Rapids, there is no middle point for seeing them.

The comparative narrowness of the channel which is spanned by this bridge renders the waters more tumultuous, and from this stand-point on the safe but trembling bridge, the vision of the Rapids is really sublime. There is a solemn grandeur in the wildness of the waves that thrills one's whole nature. They are broken into every variety of form, as they rush over their shelving bed ; some of them leap perpendicularly many feet, and rear their foaming crests in the air, far above the horizontal line of view, showing themselves in their whirling fury strongly against the background of the sky, and catching at every change of form and posture gleaming prismatic lights from the sun. Others rush headlong over their broken bed, as if too sullenly resolute on reaching without delay the edge of the great gulph, to linger even for a moment and upheave themselves into spouting billows. The entire spectacle of these wild, tumultuous waters, extending up to the very heavens on one hand, and down below to the precipice on the other, and reflecting in their raging and multiplying forms the various hues of sky and trees, is indescribable in its effect upon the mind of the beholder.

Crossing the long wooden bridge, we landed on Goat Island. This island contains about sixty acres of forest land, and is about a mile in circumference. Where you first step upon it from the bridge there is a picturesque cottage, with a garden on the left, and a factory-like paper-mill by its side on the right. For the greater part the islet is thickly wooded with forest-trees of large growth. We hastened along a colonnade of these to the north-western point of the islet, singularly named "Hog's Back," where there is a most charming and impressive view looking down the deep gorge of the river. The profiles of the American Falls, divided by the lovely islet of Luna, are immediately in front; and the graceful suspension bridge of 800 feet span, with its double floor, and swinging on its slender cables, is also before you. I traced this scene also in my sketch-book, and while so doing, a most beautiful rainbow shone out in its prismatic colours amidst the ascending spray from the fall, and seemed to corroborate the suitability of another name which is sometimes bestowed on the islet of Luna, that of "Iris Island."

From thence we took a narrow path, by the side of the river, leading to the Horse-shoe Fall (passing what I have since visited alone—the descent to the eastern shore of the river between the cataracts, called "Biddle Stairs," where I sketched memoranda of some terrific views of the descending torrents in front of the "Cave of Winds"), and picked our way to the south-western corner of Goat Island. Here, by a narrow, slender bridge of shaking planks, we passed over the Rapids to a sort of lighthouse structure, named "Prospect Tower," that stands on the very edge of the terrible abyss of the Falls. Ascending to its height of 45 feet, we looked

dizzily down from our frail and trembling platform into the huge cauldron of seething and smoking waters below. And here again, as may be supposed, the scene of the raging Rapids and descending cataract was fearfully sublime. The waves from the expanse of the upper river came tumbling and whirling along, and uniting at some distance from the curved-out precipice, rolled over its brink with unexampled grandeur. The smooth, deep current between the Rapids and the edge of the Fall flowed on like a stream of molten glass, it was so pellucid, and so even and unwrinkled on its surface. But, as it formed its curve of 20 feet over the brink of the precipice, it broke into an infinite variety of forms and colours;—here it looked like whirling pillars of alabaster, and there it streamed over like liquid emerald;—here it seemed forming spiral pillars of glistening snow, and there it sparkled and gleamed like rolling folds of crystal. These ever-changeeful forms seemed to chase each other down into the terrific gulph beneath, from whence clouds of drizzling spray came rolling upwards to our faces; while, as if to inspire us with hope on our slender and quivering stage over the fearful abyss, lovely rainbows interlaced each other before us, and, as if to inspire us with praise to the Creator of so much awful magnificence, a little song-bird, soaring amid the ascending incense of this high altar of falling waters, warbled its sweet carol in notes of silvery-ringing clearness, so as to be distinctly heard above the deep roaring from the cavern of howling winds below. But all this, in its mingled grandeur, terror, and beauty, surpasses verbal description; it must be beheld to be appreciated.

If I were asked how best this scene of wonders

can be viewed? I should answer, "Alone, and in silence: in deep, profound silence." This is the immediate dictate of man's nature while standing before it. And doubtless this dictate ought to be obeyed. There are some scenes, sacred in their solemn majesty, which ought to be viewed alone,—scenes where the presence of another seems an intrusion, and where a passing footstep would dissolve the solemn charm. And when in the presence of this great wonder of creation, the spell under which the admiring soul is bound ought not to be broken, even by the voice of loved companionship. Man feels himself to be here most veritably in the awful presence of the Almighty and Infinite Source of Being, and he would stand before his Creator and worship in silence. Without any agreement for this, Dr. Hannah and I, before inseparable in American scenes, have obeyed this instinctive feeling, and frequently paced our way separately and alone around this scene. And as I have stood at parts before it to gaze and contemplate, I have thought of the great Sir Isaac Newton, who, by his contemplation of the stupendous works of creation, was so filled with reverence for the matchless Maker, that he uniformly took off his hat at the mention of God's name. So, in silent adoration before God at the Falls of Niagara, man may well uncover his head and worship. Infinity and Almighty power are here the great impression. Voices from innumerable past ages sound in its ever-flowing waters, and the future of its continuance seems to have no limit but the end of time. Infinite variety and diversity are seen in all its parts, and irresistible and overwhelming power are everywhere apparent. Niagara is, in fact, the true sublime; and like the true sublime

in other things, it is, with all its rush and fall of waters, calm and majestic. It is not hurried and confounding. It does not seem to put forth all its might. And its vast booming, which resounds for miles distant, is still the voice of majesty. It does not bawl or strain; it is not like any other sound of earth, air, or sea; for it is a voice deep—profoundly deep and unbroken. It is “the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings;” and after all that has been written and sung concerning it by gifted travellers and poets, the Iroquois Indians’ simple name for it is its best description—Niagara, or “the Thunder of Waters.”

The appearance of the Falls, and the scenery around them, when beheld by moonlight have an exceedingly impressive and subduing effect. The whole is then flooded with soft silvery brightness, which harmonises the scene, and renders it more spiritual in its aspect. The harsher lines of the rocks and cliffs are softened down; the river flows in its deep bed as if it were molten silver; the trees stand as in dreamy repose; the cataracts themselves have a subdued lustre; and the very sound of the Falls, by its softened cadence, seems to be in sympathy with the scene.

But I am told that the spectacle in winter is surpassingly grand and wonderful. And from what I have seen here of daguerreotype views taken by an accomplished artist at that season, I fully believe it to be so. In the coldest periods the body of water continues, of course, to descend as usual; but above the Rapids, and at a mile or so below the cataracts, the river is frozen over, so that passengers go over it on foot. The water rushes from under the ice of the upper level to supply the

Falls, and then passes again under the ice of the river below, to flow, under cover of it, to Lake Ontario, which, as well as Lake Erie above, is entirely frozen over in midwinter. In its course from above, the descending water brings with it huge boulders of ice, many tons in weight, and precipitates them over the Falls, where they accumulate until they sometimes get progressively piled up even higher than the Falls themselves. Meanwhile the cataracts keep for themselves a free passage between the edge of the precipice, over which they roll, and the wall of ice and snow before them. The remains of one of these winter-screens are now to be seen in large dimensions at the foot of the American Fall, and appears as represented in the sketch from the hotel balcony. But the appearance of the rocks, and cliffs, and trees at that season, as depicted in the daguerreotyped views which I have seen, is especially striking. The rocks and cliffs appear hooded and cloaked with ice and snow. The trees, retaining the drifted particles of frozen spray from the cataracts, accumulate upon their stems and branches masses and bunches of gleaming ice, until they assume the most grotesque and significant forms. The forest bends, as it were, under the fruits of ice with which it is laden; while the smaller trees and shrubs on the margin of the river get filled up with statue-like shapes, and stand like nuns in snow-white vestments to do saintly homage in this Scandinavian temple.

Of course there are legends and tales of horror told in connection with the paths and precipices of this scene of terrific majesty. In the rear of Goat Island there are several sentimental-looking islets that lie side by side covered with moss and shrubbery, and divided

by feathery-like falls, which are associated with love-scenes, both of life and death. There are solitary patches of ground in the midst of the Rapids, and cultivated plots on the island, that are shown by Niagara guides as having been inhabited by an eccentric hermit, who, wearied with the dissipations of fashionable life, built here for himself a log-hut, and lived in voluntary solitude until he was drowned while bathing in the river below. Respecting almost every prominent point there are relations given of perilous falls, surprising rescues, and instantaneous deaths that thrill the listener. At Hog's Back, in addition to the united deaths of two lovely young persons swept over the middle cataract, a Dr. Hungerford is said to have been suddenly precipitated, by a falling piece of the cliff, into the river below, where he sunk to rise no more alive. Near Biddle Stairs, a madman, named Sam Patch, leaped from a scaffold ninety-six feet high, and afterwards attempting a more daring feat still, was drowned. From the frail narrow bridge which extends from the southwest corner of the island to Prospect Tower, a gentleman is said to have been swept by the wind into the current, and yet to have been rescued from an arresting rock at the very brink of the precipice.

In Indian times an annual human sacrifice to the Great Spirit was sent over the great cataract in a canoe; and, as might be expected, "the chief's lovely daughter" is named among these sacrifices in the legends. Perilous situations, surprising rescues, and frightful deaths, are spoken of in connection with the islands in the Rapids. As late as 1844 a youthful lady, stooping to pick up a flower from the margin of the Canadian side of the river near to the Horse-shoe

Fall, is said to have been plunged with the crumbling soil into the destructive gulf below.

There are also caves in different parts of the rocky sides of the river that have names of heroes and supernatural beings associated with them. Some of these caves are grotesquely festooned with petrified moss and stalactites of carbonate of lime. Others of them, like the "Cave of Winds" behind the middle Fall, are fearfully stormy and turbulent. There are also stories of desperate battle between Indians and Europeans, and Englishmen and Americans, associated with this scene; and though one would not be over credulous, or so voluntarily superstitious as to receive for facts all that one hears in this locality of wonders, yet who that has any sense of the marvellous within him would doggedly close his ears against the stories of the Niagara guides? It would strip life of many of its flowers, if everything were brought down to proved reality. Who would wish to dis sever the Lakes of Killarney from the legends of O'Donoghue and his attendant sylphs? Who would stay to have Rob Roy's hiding-places in the caves around Loch Lomond all shown to have no existence? Who would desire to have the beautiful tale of William Tell proved to be, what some have of late affirmed it to be, an entire fiction?

No; life must not be denuded of all its poetry, and entirely reduced to leaden, dull prose. Niagara may be permitted to have its traditionary legends as well as its authentic stories. But whatever may be true or false in what is related as belonging to it in years gone by, it is now in itself, and apart from all fictitious accompaniment, a sublime reality.

LETTER XX.

CANADA.—WESLEYAN CONFERENCE AT BROCKVILLE.

Railway from the Falls along the Line of the Niagara River—Lake Ontario—Arrival at Toronto—Methodist Friends—Sabbath Services at Toronto—Sketch of Toronto—Great Normal Schools—Dr. Ryerson—Illness of Peter Jones, or “Kahkewaquonaby,” the Methodist Indian Chief—Canadian Parliament—Maekenzie, and Scene in the House of Representatives—Loyal Attachment of Canada to England—Lake Ontario, the “Thousand Islands,” and the St. Lawrence—Arrival at Brockville—Proceedings of the Conference—Railways in Canada—Resources and Prosperity of the Country—Arrival at Montreal.

WE left the Falls for Toronto at noon of Saturday, May 31, travelling by the train as far as Lewiston, and from thence by steamer across the western end of Lake Ontario. When passing Queenston, seven miles from the Falls, we could see on its heights the monument erected to the memory of General Brock, a British officer, who received there a mortal wound, when, in 1812, he was about to lead his men to the conflict. It is a high columnar monument, something like our Nelson's in Trafalgar Square, and is of very recent erection—the former monument having been shattered and destroyed by some unknown person, who, in the night, blew it up with gunpowder. It was interesting to trace the bed of the Niagara River as we passed along, and to observe how it had worn its way through the strata of the country, and united itself with the lake.

On reaching the pier at Lewiston, we took the steamboat across the lake to Toronto, a distance of 50 miles. Leaving the American Niagara Fort on our right, we started in a "tight" and commodious vessel, with the British flag streaming from the stern, and with fifty or sixty passengers on board. The day was exceedingly fine, and we enjoyed the lake scenery very much. Our company, too, was more English than it had been since we landed in America, especially in manners. There was less inquisitiveness, and less hurry, and more sobriety and quietness. After three hours' passage, we neared the city of Toronto, which stands at the head of a large open bay, and, being met by ministers and friends at our landing, we drove with them direct for the house of the President of the Canadian Methodist Conference, the Rev. Enoch Wood, like ourselves a native of homely old Lincolnshire. He resides in a pleasant cottage in the upper suburbs of the city. We were most cordially welcomed by him and his family, and it was proposed that both Dr. Hannah and I should be his guests. But a friend from Dublin soon learned of our arrival, and insisted that I should accompany her to her hospitable home. From pleasing reminiscences relating to the "Sister Island," I was nowise reluctant to do so. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, and his daughter, just returned from England (where she had been presented to the Queen), spent the evening with us; and with such companions, together with Mr. Hodson, the intelligent husband of my cheerful and youthful hostess, the evening was exceedingly pleasant. The unexpected meeting with former friends in a far country, and among a crowd of strangers, is a pleasure that can only be estimated from experience.

On the Sabbath morning Dr. Hannah conducted the service in Richmond Street Chapel, and preached to a crowded and admiring congregation an eloquent sermon on the Priesthood of Christ; it was full of divine unction, and was delivered with amazing energy and power. In the evening, I preached to a multitude in the same chapel, and afterwards assisted in administering to several hundreds the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The services here were thoroughly English in all respects. The chapel is large, and in a good style of Grecian architecture. It will hold, I suppose, fifteen hundred persons; but it has one fault—copied, I presume, from some recent erections in England: the entrance is at the end where the pulpit stands, so that the minister is disturbed by cold draughts of air from the door every time it is opened, and by the entrance and exit of the congregation, while the worshippers have their attention arrested by everything that transpires at the doors in connexion with persons coming in late or going out early. Under such an arrangement, no Sabbath-stroller is likely to enter the house of God to hear the saving truths of the Gospel as he passes, for he would have to face the whole audience to do so. Nor can a mother with a crying infant retire without disturbing both the minister and people.

Dr. Hannah also preached in the evening at another large Methodist chapel in the city, and administered there the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We enjoyed the day greatly, feeling so much of home in our services. We had, too, our own English hymn-book, unaltered and unmutilated, and this was satisfactory. The number of British emigrants who gathered round us, and inquired concerning England and friends, was very great.

One of them came seventy-five miles, with his wife and child, to have his last-born infant baptised by Dr. Hannah. In the small vestry of Richmond Street Chapel I must have counted not less than twenty Methodists who had emigrated from our own county of Lincoln, and how many more there were in the general congregation who did not press into the crowded vestry to speak to me I cannot say. Most of them seemed "well-to-do," so far as I could judge from appearances; but with all of them there were the same affecting remembrances of home and England that we found with English emigrants to the States. Childhood's home is nowhere forgotten.

On Monday we visited the principal buildings and institutions in Toronto. Some of the streets, with their shops, will bear a comparison with the best streets in Liverpool, Manchester, or Birmingham. Several of the public buildings are in good architectural style, and imposing in their appearance. The cathedral, and some of the churches, are excellent Gothic structures in stone. The Methodists have several excellent chapels, a well-furnished book-room, with its numerous publications, and a weekly newspaper. The president has recently built a very neat Gothic chapel, with its belfry in front, near to his own dwelling: and, altogether, Methodism has a foremost place in Toronto, among the different sections of the Christian Church. The Roman Catholics are strong in the city. They have their cathedral and their "religious houses," and have at the head of their priesthood a French nobleman, who devotes himself and property to the interests of the Church of Rome.

We spent considerable time at the great Normal establishment for the schools of Canada, which is under

the able superintendency of the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson. This is the normal college for all the grammar and common schools, supported by the Government throughout Upper and Lower Canada, and is a most effective and flourishing institution. It is Dr. Ryerson's own creation, after careful inspection and comparison of the different systems of education in Europe and the United States, and must remain a lasting and honourable memorial of his enlightened and benevolent zeal for the best interests of the youth of his own country. The Government have, happily, been liberal in their grants for his object; so that, in most respects, the funds required for the accomplishment of his plans are supplied. The buildings of the Normal and Practising Schools, with the offices of the superintendents and clerks, are in an elevated situation, and have a large open space of garden-ground and walks round them. They are of Italianised Grecian style, and have a good façade with central turret, in connection with the long line of public offices in front. The Practising Schools, with their class-rooms and theatre, are behind and in the wings; the playgrounds are in the open spaces at the sides.

We attended the exercises in the different departments, and were much interested with the order and proficiency of the scholars; but, above all, we were delighted to see that coloured children were unreservedly mingled with the children of the whites. The school system pursued is most like the national system of education for Ireland. This system does not secure by itself the religious and scriptural education of the scholars, but in its present superintendency the practice is better in this respect than the profession. Dr. Ryerson, as a methodist minister, is

evidently watching over this part of education, and, by his own arrangements and superintendency, to a great and admirable extent secures it. But we could not help inquiring with solicitude, "How shall this be secured in perpetuity, when it is not provided for in the system?"

We saw several of the Government day-schools in Toronto. They are neat substantial buildings, mostly of good white brick, with stone dressings, and have ample playgrounds attached to them.

We afterwards dined at Dr. Ryerson's, and found there, at his friend's house, the Rev. Peter Jones, or "Kahkewaquonaby," the Methodist Indian chief who visited us in England some years ago. He is thin and sunken both in countenance and body, and is dying of consumption. But love to Christ and to the churches of England beamed from his dark eyes, and irradiated his tawny face, as he said to us, "Tell my friends of England that I die triumphing in the blood of a crucified Redeemer." Dr. Hannah administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, to his wife, and to his friends; and the solemn service in the dying chief's chamber is truly memorable. With Dr. Ryerson, his wife, and Dr. Ryerson's mother, we had some lengthened conversation respecting Peter Jones and his Christian course. We learned that his father was a Welshman, but that his mother, by whom he was brought up, is so thorough a "squaw," that she never could be persuaded to sleep on anything but her own blanket, however good or comfortable might be the bed in a house where she was visiting with her son. Peter was converted under the preaching of a missionary from the United States, as before related. He has since that time laboured un-

ceasingly for the temporal and spiritual interests of his Indian people, and has been employed as a Methodist missionary among them. He has aided the British Government greatly by his interpretations and by his loyalty, and among all classes he is held in high estimation. It is most probable that this worthy servant of Christ will have passed to his eternal reward before you receive this letter.*

In the evening I went with Mr. and Mrs. Hodson to hear and see the Canadian representatives in their own house of legislation. The Upper House was not assembled, but we went into the hall, which is a good room, richly canopied and adorned, and hung with some full-length portraits of English kings and queens. The Hall of Representatives is a large room, very much after the style of the old British House of Commons—the floor being devoted to the speaker and members, and the gallery given to the public. Several of the members are of French descent, as you will suppose, but the whole assembly had a most English aspect, and the gentlemanly bearing of the speaker, and of the members generally, made one feel it creditable that they belonged to England.

There was in the house one member who is known as an opposing demagogue—Mackenzie, who took a prominent part in the Canadian rebellion of twenty years ago. He is a thin, sharp, ferrety-looking man of more than sixty years of age, and sits at his desk, watching, in Joseph-Hume-like style, everybody and everything. When any of the members on the Government side can retort upon him, they evidently do so with great zest.

* He died on Sunday, the 29th of June, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and was followed to his burial by multitudes of both rich and poor.

Some of them did so with considerable effect on the evening I was in the house. Mackenzie had been attacking the Government most unmercifully, and had represented it as a rotten cabbage, which became only more corrupt and offensive by age. He said that he was the oldest member in the house, and he had not in the whole length of his experience known anything so nauseously offensive as was the present Government. A member on the Government side, by way of rejoinder, exhibited Mackenzie as an old rotten cabbage, and, after showing from the demagogue's political life, that Mackenzie had always been a corrupt member of that house, finished with the conclusion that, as he was the oldest member and the most corrupt, he was, on his own principle, the most offensive. Loud cries of "Hear, hear!" from all sides told that the force of this repartee was almost universally felt, and Mackenzie tried to parry the effect of the blow by pretending to join in the general laugh, and by exclaiming aloud, "Good—very good!" but when his foe proceeded to administer still further castigation by similitudes, and likened him to a fusty old maid dressed up in man's clothing, and bothering everybody with his ridiculous officiousness and petty meddling, his face lost its assumed smiles, and twitched violently with chagrin. And when a Frenchman, in broken English, exclaimed aloud, in Mackenzie's own words and manner, "Good—very good!" the roar of united laughter was overwhelming, and the old man was for once, at least, thoroughly put down.

It is plain, even to a casual observer, that the policy now pursued by England in granting enlarged freedom and independent action to Canada has worked most suc-

cessfully both for the colony and for England itself. That a colony *can* thrive, and that absolute “independence” is not necessary to secure the prosperity of a country, is proved by the example of Canada under the wise policy to which I have alluded. The governor, on opening the present legislative session, congratulated the colony on the satisfactory state of the finances, and on the increasing wealth of the country. This is a pleasing contrast to the complaints of debt under the old system. And now, also, in the place of perpetual feuds between the Upper and Lower Canadians, and between French, Irish, and English settlers, and in the place of proposals and threats to unite with the States, there is a feeling of the very strongest and most enthusiastic loyalty towards England. Our sovereign and our country are toasted and lauded wherever they are named in Canada; and in all respects, so far as we can see, Canada is all that one can reasonably desire a British colony to be. But with so vast an extent of territory, stretching, as Canada does, over the broadest part of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and comprising more ground than the United States, it may to some minds seem impossible that such a country should continue to be an appendage to the British dominions; yet if the day of severance should come, largely peopled as Canada is with England’s sons, and modelled as it is upon English laws and institutions, the parent will find in her child her own image reflected, if not her youth renewed.

We left the city and our friends of Toronto, on Tuesday at noon, June 3rd, by the steamer which was to convey us over the length of Lake Ontario, through the Thousand Islands and by the St. Lawrence, to

Brockville, where we were to attend the Wesleyan Conference for Western Canada on Wednesday morning. The president, and from twenty to thirty ministers, with numerous Methodist passengers, were on board with us; and we had good opportunities of conversing with them upon both the country and its churches. The day was not very fine. Fog gathered round us at times, but it cleared away as we approached Cobourg, where, while fresh log-fuel was taken in, and numerous passengers were exchanged, we could view the Victoria Wesleyan University which has been established there. It is a good, substantial, and imposing structure, with returned wings at the sides, and a cupola over the middle. There appears to be a considerable quantity of land belonging to it. With its accomplished president, professors, and tutors, it is a most respectable and effective institution. Its officials, and other ministers, came on board our steamer at Cobourg, and proved to be most interesting companions and friends.

I rose before five o'clock the next morning, that I might view the "Thousand Isles,"—as a number of islands extending from the foot of Lake Ontario, thirty miles down the St. Lawrence, are named. These islands are, in reality, more than 1600 in number, and they are surpassingly picturesque and lovely. They are of various sizes, some containing fifteen acres, and others only just visible, and bearing a single shrub, and they are of every form imaginable. But while richly adorned with trees and rocks, they have only a slight elevation above the water. The scenery of these islands, while threading your way among them, with their varied shapes and colours, and with their clear

reflections in the surrounding waters, you feel to be exceedingly beautiful ; and that it would well repay a voyage from England to the St. Lawrence to gaze upon such a sight alone. The “Thousand Island ” scenery is more like Killarney than any that I have seen, but it is much more extensive. In steering through these isles it is an ever-changing vision—at one time you are inclosed in a narrow channel, then you see before you many openings, like so many noble rivers flowing in different directions, and immediately afterwards you are surrounded on every side as by a spacious lake.

We arrived at Brockville by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, and, with several other ministers attending the Canadian Conference, we were very hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. John Ross. In another hour we went to the Wesleyan chapel, where, among the numbers of our brethren who were gathering from Western Canada, we recognised some whom we had known in our own country. Brockville is a homely sort of town on the northern bank of the River St. Lawrence. Neither the town nor the Wesleyan chapel is large ; but Methodism flourishes among the inhabitants, and Brockville is prosperous, and it may be judged that it is central from the fact of the Conference for Western Canada being held here.

The president, with his co-delegates, the Rev. John Ryerson and the Rev. Richard Jones, with Dr. E. Ryerson, Dr. Green, and ourselves, sat within the communion-rails, and the ministers generally filled the pews on the ground-floor. The ministers were about 150 in number, and bore a very respectable appearance. There were more young and middle-aged men, proportionably, than are seen in our own Conference, or than we had seen

in the General Conference of Delegates at Indianapolis. The aspect was more like that of a meeting of ministers for a large district, such as London or Manchester ; but it was thoroughly English in character.

We were most kindly and respectfully introduced by the president, and most cordially received and welcomed by the brethren. Dr. Hannah and I addressed the Conference on the fraternal regard in which they were held by the English Methodists, and we reported to them the state of our churches and institutions in England. We felt immediately at home with our Canadian brethren ; so much so, that we at times, almost unavoidably, took part in their deliberations.

The only election to be made for the organisation of the Conference, was that of one secretary. This was soon done ; and here, as in the States, such an election is not made so much of as with us in the English Conference. The secretaryship is regarded almost entirely as a business office, and does not bring the holder into such close alliance with the president as it does with us. The business of the Canadian Conference was conducted in an orderly and able manner ; the brethren discussed their subjects freely, often displaying considerable logical and rhetorical power ; and the president, with his co-delegates, gave good and weighty counsels. The only question I had of the entire wisdom and propriety of their proceedings was in reference to their reception of ministers who are advanced in years from other parts. Their temptation to this is great ; for with them “the harvest truly is great, while the labourers are few.” But their practice of receiving ministers of more than forty years

of age, with their families, while it evinces self-forgetful zeal on the part of the Conference, may—and I should say must—ere long, prove oppressive upon the connexional funds. We spoke upon this both in and out of the Conference, and we were glad to observe that many of the most influential ministers are awake to this danger.

In the evening Dr. Hannah preached, by request, before the Conference, on the prophetic investigation of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that shall follow. He was not free from the effects of past excitement and over-labour, and I feared the consequences of the services upon him; but he preached like an apostle, with all the fervour and glow of his own manner, and his ministration was exceedingly refreshing to us all. Next morning we took formal leave of the Conference, exchanging the most tender and affectionate salutations and greetings; and bore away, from the crowd that thronged about us in the chapel to bid us farewell, many a token and message of love to parents, brothers, and sisters in England. The Rev. John Ryerson and Dr. Green accompanied us to the railway-station, and at twelve at noon we left Brockville by the train for Montreal.

By taking this route we missed, to our great regret, the sight of the Shooting Rapids on the River St. Lawrence; but we saw what we most desired to see—the character and state of the land in Canada, with its various classes of settlers and cultivators. The country through which we passed very much resembled what we had seen in some of the more westerly States of the Union. The land appeared to be good, and was largely cleared in some parts; while in others the original

forest-trees remained, and near to them was the log-cabin surrounded with black burnt stumps,—the proofs that clearance had only recently begun. The country had, decidedly, a more English aspect than the new lands of the United States ; and the settlers looked, in figure, countenance, and dress, as well as in their associated gear of agricultural teams and instruments, more like British husbandmen. On the whole, I should say that a finer or more promising country than Canada cannot anywhere be found. Taking into account its climate, soil, wood, mineral treasures, rivers, lakes, railway conveyances, and quickly advancing towns and cities, we may feel ourselves warranted in concluding that Canada is destined to become one of the first countries in the world.

Within the last seven years it has doubled its population, while the gross revenue of the colony has in that period been quadrupled. Some of the cities and towns have advanced in a still higher ratio. The city of Toronto had, in 1830, scarcely 5000 inhabitants ; it now contains more than 50,000 souls, and its assessed property is valued at full four millions of pounds sterling. The railways and their telegraphic wires are crossing and intersecting the country in all directions. At present there are more than 800 miles of railway in use, and preparations are making for opening within the year 250 miles more, or what is called the “ Great Trunk Line,” and which, by a colossal tubular bridge a mile and a half long over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, will connect the large and increasing traffic between Canada and the United States. Then there is the great highway on the water, from the estuary of the St. Lawrence at Quebec to the upper lakes : indeed,

the facilities of the country for transit, agriculture, mining, trade, and merchandise, seem to be boundless ; and, ultimately, Canada must assert its claim to be classed among the most wealthy and flourishing portions of the globe.

With the river on our right, as an interesting companion for several miles as we rushed along, we advanced towards Montreal. We reached it at four in the afternoon, and drove to the St. Lawrence Hotel, where we obtained a two-bedded lodging-room for the night. We went out to look at the town until dinner-time, and got a fair general idea of it. Montreal is a large, fine city, stretching along the side of the river about two miles, and extending inwards, up a sloping acclivity, a mile and a half. Paul Street, the chief commercial thoroughfare, runs parallel to the St. Lawrence for the whole length of the city. There are several good squares and places of promenade. The quay at the river-side, a full mile in length, by its situation and masonry may be favourably compared with any structure of the kind in England. There are some large, fine public buildings. The churches are good. There is a very handsome Gothic Methodist chapel in James Street, which will hold, I should say, 1500 persons.

But the most pretentious structure is the French Roman Catholic cathedral. It is said to be capable of accommodating from ten to twelve thousand persons—a report which, from experience of the exaggeration so customary in speaking of public buildings, and the number they will hold, I should translate into five or six thousand at the most. This cathedral is of flat, pasteboard, Gothic style, outside, with high towers ; but

inside (like the Romish Church itself), it has nothing worth admiration. Here, too, as in the cities of the United States, the Romish cathedral is pewed, and has no open space left, as in Europe, for the kneeling poor. The town, in many parts, bears unmistakeable signs of Roman Catholic inhabitants. It has several religious houses and schools; and in the lower parts there are crowded together the poorer classes of French people, not the most cleanly in their persons and dwellings.

There are many large handsome houses in the great streets and in the suburbs; also an English university, a college, and numerous institutions for the promotion of learning, science, and religion. There is, likewise, a marble monument of Nelson; but it is much shattered and broken. The population of the city of Montreal was 9000 in the year 1800; now it is 75,000, and it is rapidly on the increase. The aggregate value of the real estate of the city is estimated this year at £6,391,333, and the total revenue at £71,258; so that Montreal is now a city of extensive and increasing merchandise and trade. With the exception of half an hour for dining, we spent our hours till bed-time in looking over the town, and, as you will suppose, found in it much to interest us.

LETTER XXI.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, BOSTON, AND ALBANY.

Departure from Montreal—Railway-ticket Sharpers—Beauty of Lake Champlain—Town of Burlington—Brief Separation from Dr. Hannah—State of Massachusetts—Glance at its History—Its English Features—Boston—Sketch of the City—Wooden Bridges—State-House—Chantrey's Statue of Washington—Faneuil Hall—Ancient "Timber Houses"—Public Buildings and Monuments—Ascendancy of Unitarianism—Theodore Parker—Departure from Boston—The Infidel in the Railway-car—Striking Scenery—Albany—Description of the City—Churches and Sects—The Shakers—Sabbath in Albany.

WE left Montreal on Friday morning, the 6th of June, at six o'clock,—Dr. Hannah intending to rest for a day or two at Rhinebeck, while I turned aside to see Boston and Albany, and then returned with him to New York. I had very much desired to visit Quebec, having heard much of the advantages of its position, and the grandeur of its surrounding scenery. The doctor, however, evidently felt some effects of our long travel and continuous excitement; and having become fully accustomed to each other's company, I resolved not to remain so far behind, but to journey with him as far as Rutland, at which point we might separate more safely for a day or two, knowing that, meantime, we should not be far from each other.

The morning was fine, and I rose from my bed in a

thankful frame, for it was the anniversary of my birthday. But as soon as we reached the quay to cross the river for the Rutland Railway, we met with considerable discomfort. A crowd of eager, bawling ticket-sellers surrounded us, contending for us as purchasers of railway tickets, which they said we could not obtain after we left Montreal. Many of our fellow-passengers, either on the ferry-steamer or the quay, saw how much we were annoyed and perplexed, yet allowed us to stand and reluctantly buy our tickets of these contentious sharpers at any price they chose to demand. Not a word was spoken for our counsel or relief by our fellow-passengers, though they knew that tickets might be had either on board as we crossed the river, or of the conductor in the railway-car. We purchased our tickets of the salesmen on the quay, at the lowest price we could obtain them for, and went on board the steamer, in which we were to cross the River St. Lawrence for the train waiting to receive us on the other side.

On being seated in the railway-car, it occurred to me that our bill of charges at the hotel was very high, considering the brief time we had stayed at Montreal. On examination I found that full three-quarters of a day each more than was due was set down to us. This increased our annoyance, and the more so because it was the first overcharge we had detected since we left home (except in the hiring of coaches), and it had occurred in the British dominions. We felt our British character involved in it, and I immediately pencilled a note to the proprietor of the hotel, enclosing the bill, and pointing out the overcharge, which I hoped was the clerk's error, and which I requested he would remit to me in dollar notes. Having done this, we deter-

mined to rise above our annoyances, so resumed our spirits, and prepared for the enjoyment of the scenery in our way.*

We passed over forty or fifty miles of cultivated prairie land, between the Montreal ferry and Rouse's Point, which is at the head of Lake Champlain, and immediately on the border line between the United States and Canada. Here we crossed the lake in the railway-car over an unfenced timber bridge, and ran several miles down on the east side of the water to Burlington, crossing the several creeks and bays of the lake also on wooden supporters. We might have gone down the lake in a steamer, and landed at Burlington to take the rail, if we had not been perplexed and confounded at starting by the ticket-sellers. If we had done so, we should have seen more of the beauty and expanse of the lake, and of the charms of its lovely islands. But as we had bought our tickets for the railway we went upon it, and the prospect afforded from it was very pleasing and beautiful. Lake Champlain is 132 miles long, and at Burlington, the widest part unobstructed by islands, it is nearly ten miles across. It varies in depth from fifty to nearly three hundred feet. Its shores are richly-wooded, and are surrounded by lofty Cumberland-like mountains. Many of these heights have an historic interest from the skirmishes and battles that were perseveringly sustained in them.

Burlington seems to be a town of importance, both in learning and trade. The University of Vermont, founded as early as 1791, is here, with its president and five professors, and its library of 10,000 volumes. It is

* Since our return home the overcharge has been returned to us, thereby showing that it was a clerk's error only.

situated on a rising ground, at about the middle of the east side of the lake, on one of its larger bays, and has some good streets intersecting each other, and regularly laid out. Steamboats and river-craft are plentiful on the water in front of it. On leaving Burlington by the train, we still kept near to the lake for an hour and a half, as far as Vergennes. From that town we took a direction somewhat more inclined to the east for Rutland, where Dr. Hannah and I separated for a short time—the doctor going on south to Albany for the night, and from thence to Rhinebeck the next morning, while I went south-east to Boston. The scenery, while we were together, was highly picturesque. It very much resembled some parts of the Welsh scenery in its gorges, mountain passes, and valley streams. But all the scenery, both of hills and valleys, was richly wooded, of a light pea-green colour.

When the doctor and I separated, I journeyed on by rail to Keene. The scenery continued to be very delightful; some of the rocks and cascades pouring from them were strikingly picturesque. After this I entered the State of Massachusetts, and proceeded towards Boston, which I reached about nine in the evening, having travelled in fifteen hours about 330 miles. I obtained good accommodation at “The American House,” and, after a comfortable meal and a brief stroll through the town, retired to bed.

Massachusetts is one of the oldest, wealthiest, best-cultivated, and most influential states of the Union. It is small in comparison with some other states; but it is rich in iron, lead, marble, and limestone, as well as in the varieties of its soil. It is also advantageously posited, with its fine bays and ports on the east coast, while it is

well watered by its rivers within. Of late years the manufactures of this State have risen to considerable importance. Farms are numerous, in proportion to the extent of the State, and are well cultivated. The roads are good and well fenced, the gardens and orchards are trimly kept, and, altogether, an English traveller is more reminded of his own country in passing through Massachusetts, by its enclosed fields, flocks of sheep, blooming orchards, and flowery gardens, than he is by what he sees in any other State. So that he is fully reconciled to the use of the name given by Prince Charles to this and the five adjoining States eastward of the Hudson River, that of "New England."

I need scarcely say to you that in this State is the landing-place of the "Pilgrim Fathers," who, after their long and perilous voyage in the *Mayflower* (fleeing from the persecution of the first Stuart), reached its shores on December 22, 1620, and founded the town of Plymouth. Their early struggles in the establishment of their infant colony are familiar to you. Massachusetts, in the beginning, seems to have borne very much of the character of its Puritan founders. Its laws were most unjustifiably strict for mere private and domestic faults, and it was disgraced by its cruel persecution of the Quakers, and its barbarous burnings for "witchcraft." It seems to have been involved with the other States in the guilt of slavery, and to have advertised for sale not only negroes and Indians, but also Irish and Guernsey boys and girls. It also committed some sad depredations upon the Indian possessors of the soil. One is happy to say that Massachusetts, like some other parts of Christendom, has now cleared itself of many errors which lingered too long, and that it is now foremost of all the

States in the promotion of benevolent and moral schemes for the advantage of the coloured race and the aborigines, as well as of its own population.

Before the revolution of 1776, Massachusetts had virtually abolished slavery in its own territory, and now not only are the coloured people within it all free, but possess equal electoral rights with the white inhabitants. It has also its organised Abolition Society, which is zealous and active. Eliot and Brainerd were missionaries to the Indians from New England ; and, at the present time, not only is Massachusetts the richest of all the States in its provision of university and college education for the youth of the wealthier classes, but it has public schools which are said to be fully adequate to the wants of all the children within it. There is, however, one drawback to its public reputation, and that is a very serious one ; it is foremost in the profession of Pantheism, and of the Socinian heresy. Next to the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, the Unitarians are most numerous, while the Universalists have also many supporters within the State. The people, generally, seem cold and phlegmatic. There is a hard, stern, Scotchman-like look and bearing in their demeanour that differs as greatly from the sunlike glow of the luxurious and hospitable Southerner as it does from the impulsive, go-ahead recklessness of the onward-bound Westerner.

Boston is the capital of Massachusetts (as the aboriginal Indian tribe after whom it was named called themselves), and the metropolis of New England. It was first described by an Indian name which signified "the hill with three tops," and which was Englished into "Trimountain," or "Trement," but afterwards, in honour of a minister and some emigrants from Boston,

in Lincolnshire, it was authoritatively determined to designate it by its present name—the emigrant's feeling for his native place being strong then, as it is now. It is on record that the first three children baptised in the church of Boston were named "Joy," "Recompence," and "Pity," by way of memento, no doubt, as in patriarchal and Jewish days, of the state and circumstances of the parents. The city is now large, handsome, and prosperous. It contained at the last census 162,629 inhabitants. It is older in appearance than any other city of the States which I have seen, and is less regular and methodical in its plan and thoroughfares. But it has a substantial, well-established look throughout, and, like the State of which it is the capital, is very English in character. Boston stands on a kind of peninsula, and when seen from the water, with its rising terraces, streets, and domes, like Baltimore, it reminds one of pictures of Constantinople seen from the Bosphorus. One of the remarkable sights here consists in the long wooden bridges which connect the city with the surrounding country. Some of these are as much as 6000 feet long, and 40 feet wide. They rest upon hundreds of piers, and at night are lighted with numerous lamps, that seem doubled by reflection in the water. Here are numerous wharves, with large, handsome warehouses upon them, capacious docks, and shipping so extensive as to rank next to that which is seen in the harbour of New York.

The State-House, and other public buildings, are on the crown of Beacon Hill, in front of which, on one side, is a large park for the use of the public—"Boston Common," as it is usually called; and on the other, is the huge reservoir for the supply of the city with fresh

water. The principal street for stores of light and fashionable goods is a long street named after Washington, in the lower part of the city; but the most elegant shops for ladies are those of Tremont Row, which is in the higher part, leading to the park. The business in heavy goods, which of course is great, is transacted near the wharves. The private residences in Boston are good and substantial, and are almost wholly of stone or brick. Many of them, with their granite basement and steps, their tasteful porticoes, balconies, and palisades, are stately and imposing. The impression made by the whole, whether in the throng of the city, or in its suburbs, is that of wealth divided and diffused among the many, and not amassed and possessed by the few. There are no huge mansions, but there are numerous good and elegant houses, with their garden plots and trees before or around them; and almost everywhere but in the lowest parts of the town, there is an air of cleanliness and solid comfort beyond what can be found, so far as I have observed, in the other large cities of the States.

The public buildings are large and respectable. The State-House stands on the highest point; and is seen, with its well-proportioned dome, as a crowning ornament of the city from every point of view. It is a good structure, and is something after the form of the Capitol in the city of Washington; only, it is coloured as stone, instead of being whitened as marble. It is approached by a lofty flight of steps. Both the Senate Chamber and the Hall of Representatives are fitted up with semicircular and gradually elevated desks, fronting the chair of the speaker—the arrangement common to all the legislative halls of America. It is, in fact,

the model of the old Greek theatre, if you imagine a stage in place of the speaker's chair; and undoubtedly combines more advantages for both seeing and hearing than any other form that could be followed.

In a recess farthest from the door of the grand entrance to the State-House, is an exquisitely beautiful statue of Washington, executed by Chantrey, in the very best style of his art. This is *the* statue of Washington: the face, the form, the calm and dignified intelligence, the conscious strength and serenity embodied to the eye in the marble—seem a full realisation of the mind's ideal of skill and courage, goodness and greatness. Near to the State-House is the tenement formerly occupied by John Hancock, one of the leaders in the revolution, and whose name stands first among the signatures to the "Declaration of Independence." The building is still occupied by his descendants; and is not much unlike an English village parsonage of the olden time.

The "City Hall" and "Faneuil Hall" are both large old buildings. The latter is regarded as "the cradle of American liberty," for in it the first strugglers for independence assembled to rouse the people into resistance against the British Government. There are also a few old "timber-houses" of the Elizabethan order, hanging awry with their wooden projecting stories and gables. So that the city of Boston bears more of the signs of antiquity than any other city of the United States. There is a public museum in Tremont Street that promises much by its outside appearance, but greatly disappoints an English visitor, who, on entering, sees only a strange jumble of wax-works, paintings, engravings, casts from statuary, and Indian clothing and

weapons of war. There are some large churches and lecture halls in Boston ; and several imposing structures belonging to literary, scientific, and philanthropic institutions.

The appearance of the people is, in general, American. The men are tall and thin, with bilious complexions, serious countenances, and straight hair, having a puritanical cast. They are, for the most part, well-dressed, without show or dandyism : and have less hurry and bustle in their movements than you see in New York and Philadelphia. The women may not vie with the "Baltimore beauties ;" but they have truer taste and less gaudiness in their dresses, and there is a quiet air of superiority evident in both their gait and look. No one professes aristocracy in Boston, yet there is said to be a talk of "the best circles ;" and there is more reserve of look and manners in this "Athens of the West," than you see in most other places in this new and republican world. All things in this city wear more of the air of English life and society than other parts of the States ; and many of the inhabitants, while most reluctant to admit the superiority of the English to themselves in any respect, yet pride themselves on the purity of their descent from English families of distinction.

The suburbs of Boston have their objects of interest. There is the "Harvard University," with its numerous professors and students, and its extensive library. But this is now in the hands of the Unitarians, and is a stronghold for the corruption of real Christianity, rather than the defence and preservation of it. There is also the Auburn Cemetery, which, with its natural scèenery of river, lake, forest, and shrubbery, some admire more

than the celebrated Père-la-Chaise of Paris. And then there is the much-talked-of Bunker's Hill Monument, which I expected to find far more massive and imposing than it is. It is barely a modern grey granite obelisk, not near so high, and far from being so symmetrical, as some of our factory chimneys, to say nothing of our Gothic towers and spires; and, in my humble judgment, has no grandeur of effect, though placed on an eminence by the harbour of more than one hundred feet.

There are also the Navy Yard, docks, and navy hospitals, which cannot fail to interest the visitor, and which, with other public works and structures, surround and adorn the city; and, on the whole, an English traveller cannot leave Boston without a deep impression of its advanced state both in substance and refinement; while, if he be a regenerate man, he will sigh as he turns away from it, and remembers how rapidly it is becoming the citadel of Unbelief. Boston, in still greater proportion than the State to which it belongs, is the seat of Unitarianism, Universalism, and various forms of scepticism. The Unitarians have more churches here than any other worshipping community. Both Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches have fallen, with their ministers, into this Christ-dishonouring heresy, and have borne along with them large numbers of the more wealthy and influential families of the city; while the University of Cambridge and other colleges have fallen into their hands. Theodore Parker, the polished Pantheist, gathers his crowded audiences in this city, and, with his spurious conceptions of tolerance, is said to bless God that Mormonism can have its free and unrestrained liberty in Boston. The Roman Catholics, too, chiefly through the influx of Irish emi-

grants, are numerous, and have here their priests and female agents in full employment. These facts, to a mind under the influence of spiritual and saving Christianity, throw a gloomy cloud over the city, and lamentably darken its character. The Methodist Episcopal Church numbers here some 2000 full-church members, and has its "Book Concern," from whence it issues its *Zion's Herald*, and various literature.

I left Boston for Albany by the Worcester Railway, and had not been long in the car before I had proof of the prevalence of scepticism and infidelity in this part of the States. A lady, the wife of a senator, as I learned, took her seat at Boston immediately behind me. Very soon a respectable-looking man seated himself beside her, and, in the American manner, entered freely into conversation with her respecting her journey. The lady stated that she was from Auburn, and was the wife of a county senator, who, at a sudden call by the death of a brother on the railway, was journeying from Albany to the West. She seemed to feel her bereavement deeply, and spoke of it as a very serious and solemn event. The gentleman on the seat with her said that it was not surprising that such an event should be felt by the bereaved friends, but for himself, he was reconciled to death on the ground that it terminated existence, and with that all pain and sorrow. He used, he observed, to shudder at the approach of death, when he believed in reward and punishment after it, but in late years he had given the subject a thorough investigation, and he was convinced, both from reason and Scripture, that there was no hereafter. Then he entered upon pretended expositions of passages in the Bible bearing on the question, and gave the most false and unwar-

rantable interpretations. The lady expressed her doubt respecting his conclusions, and declared that, in her view, they afforded no relief or consolation in bereavement, or in the personal prospect of death. He set himself still more earnestly to shake her faith in the doctrine of a future state, and tried to show her how his unbelief was relieving in such a case as hers.

I forebore from making any remarks as long as I could, but this attempt to seduce a sorrowing woman from the truth seemed so insidious and unmanly, that it reminded me of Milton's representation of Satan as a toad squat at the ear of Eve, and I could no longer restrain the expression of my condemnation; so turning round to the gentleman, I said firmly, "Sir, you must excuse me for seeming intrusion upon your conversation with your friend, but, sitting where I do, I could not but hear what you have said; and satisfied as you may have personally become on the subject you have named, yet you must admit that you incur tremendous responsibility in trying to take from the mind of another the all-powerful motive to moral and religious duty which is to be derived from a belief in a future life." He evidently quailed under the rebuke; his eyes drooped, and the flesh quivered on his face. He admitted the responsibility incurred by his conduct, but endeavoured to justify it on the ground of truth. We then discussed the question itself, examining Scripture texts; but his ardour in debate soon subsided, and, on our stopping at the next station, he either left the train, or went into another car, for neither the lady nor I saw him again.

The scenery on this line was very pleasing, particularly in the neighbourhood of Springfield, where we crossed the Connecticut River. The chain of hills for

many miles was beautiful in its round swelling forms and rich green clothing. It was covered with fresh-leaved trees, and that from the river-edge to its summit, so that the sight as I rode along and viewed them was very refreshing. As the train approached Albany the hills became less undulating and more extended in their outline. They assumed more of the form of mountains, and were not so uniformly wooded. With the horizontal streaks of the descending sun behind them, they produced a very solemn and grand effect, which was more sombre as we advanced, and before arriving at Troy, where we crossed the Hudson by ferry for Albany, the scenery was almost wholly massed in darkness. The lights of Albany, sprinkled over the sloping heights of the city, made known its general outline. I drove up to the Congress Hall Hotel, and soon pronounced myself to be in a very comfortable lodging.

Albany is the legislative capital of the Empire State of New York, and was one of the earliest Dutch settlements. It was wrested from them by Charles II. in 1664, and, both under the English and the Americans, has continued to prosper, so that now it is a large and important city, with more than 60,000 inhabitants. Lying on a sloping ascent on the western bank of the Hudson, Albany looks well from the opposite side of the river, as it is seen rising from its quay and wharves at the water's edge, and displaying its buildings and streets at different steps of elevation, until they are all crowned by the dome of the City Hall, which, being overlaid with plates of zinc, glistens in the sunshine most brilliantly. The chief trade is in the lower parts of the city, and, both in appearance and names, the stores remind a visitor of the Dutch origin of the place. Albany is

nearly at the extremity of the deeper navigation of the Hudson, and being, as it is, a great point of communication with Canada and the Atlantic, as well as with the West, the steamboats and river-craft are numerous.

The public buildings and better sort of residences are in the higher part of the town, either on the crown of the hill, or in either of the two chief cross streets, named Market Street and Pearl Street. The great thoroughfare is a long, wide street or avenue ascending from the banks of the river, and reaching to the Capitol on the hill. The streets are irregular in the older part of the town—that nearest the river; but in the higher and more modern division, order has been observed, and large spaces have been appropriated to public squares, which, with their walks and trees, add much to the pleasant appearance as well as to the salubrity of the city. The Capitol is not so stately and imposing as some other public buildings in its neighbourhood, which are of later date.

Churches and educational establishments are numerous in Albany; there is church accommodation for more than two-thirds of its population, including children; and it is said that fully two-thirds regularly attend public worship. The Methodists have the greater share of the churches, and hold a very good position in the city. The Presbyterians, the German Reformers, the Baptists, and the Protestant Episcopalians, as well as the Roman Catholics, have large churches, and all of them have Sunday-schools belonging to them. There are also normal or model schools on a large scale, in which teachers are trained for the public schools in the State.

That very singular religious sect, the Shakers, have

a large establishment within eight miles of Albany, but I had not time to visit it. They are the followers of "Mother Ann Lee," of Manchester, in our own country, who joined herself to some German Shakers, and began like them to profess special revelations and manifestations from Heaven, and held meetings in which leaping and dancing were the results of high mental excitement in some, and persecution the natural result in others. She left England to escape the persecution, and, in 1776, located herself at Niskynna, in this neighbourhood, where the chief community of her followers still reside. There are other communities of this strange sect scattered over the States, comprising 4000 men, women, and children, and they are said to be gaining adherents more rapidly now than for some time past. I might have spent the Sabbath in visiting the Shakers' establishment, and I must confess that I had some curiosity to witness their monastic system, their jumping, dancing, and singing, especially as they have the highest reputation for morality and sincerity; but I could not, on reflection, think it the most suitable way of spending the hours of the sacred day. So I remained at Albany, and visited the various churches.

In the morning I went to the Methodist service in Pearl Street, where, in a good, commodious church, I heard a somewhat desultory, but on the whole a telling sermon on the Christian duty of overcoming evil with good. The service was fervent and impressive. Afterwards, I turned into a large Protestant Episcopal church in State Street, where, to a fashionably-dressed audience, I heard delivered a decent moral discourse, which lacked earnestness, evangelical motive, and direct application. In the afternoon, I looked in at the Roman Catholic

church, which was filled in every part. The altar was highly decorated and the priests were in full dress; the schools were in their characteristic costumes; many candles were burning; the choir was large and powerful; and all the congregation seemed to be most earnestly engaged in the service. The show and glare of Popery seemed carried to their utmost height, and as I stood and surveyed the priests and their attendants, bowing and chanting before the crucifixes, I could have shouted "Idolatry! Idolatry!" as loudly as Latimer himself, for my spirit was stirred within me at the semi-heathenish sight. In the evening I sought the African church, but could not find it; so I turned into the Baptist church in Pearl Street, and heard from a Mr. Nixon, who was there that evening, a very tender and loving sermon on the first part of Solomon's Song. After that I called on Mr. Lord from England, and then returned to my hotel, where I slept soundly in a good bed until five the next morning.

LETTER XXII.

HUDSON RIVER, BROOKLYN, AND VOYAGE HOME.

Scenery of the Hudson—The “Crow’s Nest”—Tappan’s Bay—The “Palisades”—Hills of Hoboken—Return to New York—Visit to Brooklyn—Dr. Hannah’s Sermon and Farewell of Methodist Friends in New York—Re-embarkment on Board the *Africa*—Voyage homewards—Passengers—Sabbath Services on Board—Singing—Land in Sight—Summary of Thoughts on America.

I LEFT Albany for New York by the Hudson Railway, which passes along the eastern bank of the river. The Hudson gradually increased in width, and was broken by islands richly covered with graceful foliage. After about an hour’s ride, the Catskill Mountains were seen on the right: rain-clouds were hanging upon them at the time, and they were reeking in their morning-dew with fine Turneresque effect. Here and there the veil of mist was parted, and afforded glimpses of dark, wooded, high-peaked mountains, and of the sylvan sloping scenery around them. I passed the town of Hudson, which takes its name, like the river, from the Dutch navigator and explorer, and saw across the water the small village of “Athens.”

In about three hours from starting I reached Rhinebeck, where my friend, Dr. Hannah, joined me again—he having spent the time of our separation very plea-

santly and profitably at Rhinebeck, with the daughter of Freeborn Garretson and Mrs. Olin, who reside in that locality. He had preached twice on the Sabbath, and had administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in a newly-opened church at Hill Side, for building which the ladies had obtained the funds by their own efforts. It was the first time that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper had been administered there. Notwithstanding these labours, I was delighted to see that the doctor looked refreshed by his visit.

We now journeyed on together, and had most lovely landscape views opening to us,—they were scattered over with mansions, and we learned that this charming locality was named "Hyde Park." The scenery grew bolder as we approached the flourishing towns of Poughkeepsie and Newburgh. The blue hills stretched away beyond the river, reminding us by their forms of our own Cumberland and Westmoreland scenery. Then we came to a highly picturesque part at what is called "West Point," where two frowning hills overhang the water, while an island of rock rises up in the middle of the river. This view of the immense toppling masses of craggy heights and leaning precipices is very impressive. But the most lovely scene of all was that of the "Crow's Nest," where a mountain 1428 feet high rests in the river, in the midst of the most beautiful lake-like expansion of water, and in the most picturesque manner slopes upwards to the summit, where there is a depression in form of fancied resemblance to a crow's nest. Nothing can be imagined finer than this part of the Hudson scenery. The shelving banks and hills sink down at their sides into the glassy river, and reflect their rich covering of June verdure as in a

bright mirror; while the Crow-Nest mountain, with deeper shadows at his sides and in the water, rests in high, calm majesty, like a monarch amidst the whole.

In this neighbourhood, too, standing on an elevation, is the Military Academy, where the cadets for the United States' army are trained, and also the pillared monument raised by them to the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, who, in early life, fought under Washington for American independence, and who spent his latter days in quietness in this neighbourhood, receiving a pension from the United States' government. Further, after passing "Buttermilk Falls" on the right, and "Anthony's Nose" on the left, we came to "Sing Sing," where are the noted marble quarries, worked by state prisoners. Then we reached "Tappan's Bay," where the water expands to an average width of two miles and a half, in a length of about ten miles. This locality is memorable in American history for being the headquarters of Washington during the war of the revolution. We were now also in the neighbourhood of the homes of Washington Irving, the genial author of "The Sketch-book of Geoffrey Crayon," and of Mrs. Wetherell, the successful writer of "Queechy," and "The Wide Wide World."

The Hudson River narrowed again; and now, on our right, for twenty miles in length, rose a most remarkable range of trap-rock, ascending perpendicularly from the water to a height of from 100 to 500 feet, with sharp-pointed edges at its precipice. - This wall of rocks, from its appearance, is called "The Palisades." In some parts it is perfectly bare, showing the angular seams and fissures; in other parts it is scattered over with brushwood, and here and there slopes down a bit

of lawn to the edge of the river, while between the cliffs may be seen peeping lovely cottages, half-smothered in shrubberies. The eastern bank of the river, upon which we passed by the train, is only of moderate height ; but it is not without its adornment of trees and villages.

The Hudson may be considered as the Rhine of the United States ; but its scenery is not so bold and romantic as that which we have seen together on the veritable Rhine, though it is as winding in its course, and as abrupt in some of its turns. The loftier elevations by the side of the Hudson are almost wholly confined to its western bank, and you are not presented here with the rocky juttings and fine old ruined castles which so greatly heighten the picturesque effect of the panorama on the true Rhine, and so constantly carry back the thoughts to the old chivalrous times. Thought is awakened as one gazes here at so much that is beautiful. The imagination pictures the delight and wonder of the first Europeans who ascended the Hudson—for delight and wonder must have been experienced, even by a Dutch commander and his crew, when these varied scenes of beauty and fertility first broke upon their view. They must, one cannot help thinking, have gazed from the deck, with almost breathless admiration, at the richly wooded scenery ; while here and there at openings or at the water's edge, would be seen painted and head-plumed Indians, peeping or staring at them and their heavy vessel. And then there would be the glowing thoughts of the report of their discovery, which they would have to bear to Holland—that report which, when actually delivered, induced the Dutch instantly to form a company for the colonisation of this newly-found realm of loveliness.

We soon beheld on our right the hills of Hoboken, where many of the more opulent merchants of New York have their villas and mansions, the site combining the advantages of good air, extensive and beautiful scenery, and proximity to the great city. On the river, too, the numerous steamers and craft of different kinds, approaching or leaving New York, now gave additional animation to the scene; and soon we were rattling through the streets on the western side of the metropolitan city, and then were busy claiming our luggage at the terminus by the corresponding checks. One of the checks proved to have been given us in error, for it did not bear the same number as that which was attached to the doctor's black bag. However, by explanations and certificates, we obtained the whole (ten portions), and with it drove in a spacious swing coach to the Book Concern. There we took up our large portmanteaus, which we had forwarded for relief from Indianapolis, by Adam's Express, 1000 miles for about £1. Thence we proceeded to our friend Mr. Mead's, truly thankful for Divine protection during our long journey over so large a portion of the American continent, and reconciled to the overcharge of four dollars (16s. 8d.) for the use of the coach from the railway, knowing that, with the exception of a bunch of keys left at Rhinebeck, all our luggage was safe, and that we with it were on the eve of departure for home.

During our very brief stay in New York we went over to Brooklyn by the steam ferry; and while Dr. Hannah called upon an English friend there, I went on to Greenmount Cemetery. This suburban burial-place is very beautifully situated on a rising ground facing New York, is tastefully laid out in walks and water, and its

white marble tombs and obelisks are surrounded or overhung with shrubbery and trees. There is something very instructive and subduing in these American grave-gardens. Reverence and love for the departed are evident in the care, order, and taste with which the graves and sepulchres are preserved. The mementoes of garlands and bunches of faded flowers strewn over them, tell of visits by the bereaved, and the simple and unaffected inscriptions which some of them bear in the place of the full name—such as “My Husband,” “Our Mother,” or “My Brother,” are very touching.

I also revisited the Methodist Book Concern, where the kindest attentions were paid to me by the Rev. Thos. Carlton, and where copies of several publications were generously presented to me. I also stepped into Harper’s great book-store, and several other publishing and bookselling establishments. But I found little in the price of American books to tempt me to add much to the weight of my luggage; nor, indeed, did I find anything in the States much cheaper than the like article in England, while many things, particularly clothing, were considerably higher.

Dr. Hannah preached, by special request, in the evening of the single entire day we spent in New York on our return, in Green Street Methodist Church. The large building was crowded; and the doctor, worn and jaded though he was, preached a most eloquent and powerful sermon. Many had come not only from different parts of the city, but from different parts of the country. Some were there whom we had known in London and Manchester, and seemed to feel much under the remembrance of old times. After the sermon I was proceeding to conclude the service, when we discovered

that it had been arranged to take a public farewell of us on the eve of our departure for home and England. Many ministers were within the communion-rails and around. Dr. Bangs delivered to us a most affectionate address, and Dr. Hannah replied to it appropriately. They pressed me for a speech; but I was tired of public exhibitions, and was too much the subject of emotion to speak at length, so I sheltered myself under the speech of Dr. Hannah, and made my escape from a front position.

The inquiries made of us, and the messages and daguerreotypes entrusted to us, by settlers in the new world, were very numerous. We shook hands that night with not merely scores, but hundreds, of friends; and we returned at a late hour to our host's, in the "Second Avenue," to sleep a little, and then prepare for commencing our homeward voyage on the morrow.

We were on board the *Africa*—our old ship—by eleven o'clock on the morning of June the 11th, accompanied and met by a crowd of well-wishers—among whom were our constant friend, Dr. Osbon, his wife, and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. The last-named lady has written some excellent works on Christian holiness, and kindly presented copies of them to us. At twelve at noon, with feelings never to be forgotten, we waved our hats and handkerchiefs, as the steamship was loosened from her moorings, and began to move her paddle-wheels for England. When we could no longer discern our friends on the pier, we took our last long look around the beautifully expanding bay through which we were steaming towards the ocean; and sighed forth our prayers to heaven for the churches and brethren from whom we had received such uniform attentions,

and expressions and proofs of regard during our sojourn in America.

We were now fairly afloat, and bound for home. The captain, officers, and men belonging to the *Africa* recognised us with pleasant looks and words, as their old passengers; and we were not long before we set our cabin in order, and prepared for repose, after nine weeks continuous travel and excitement. We both felt the effects of our doings, and were glad to escape from the saloon to our cabin, there to rest, and speak unrestrainedly together of our thoughts and feelings in relation to the past and future. We were scarcely out at sea—that is to say, fairly out of sight of land—before we were enveloped in thick fog, so that the horrid screech-horn, to warn approaching vessels, was heard every few minutes. And this was to be endured for several days and nights.

On crossing the banks of Newfoundland, where the cold current from the ice-bound north comes in contact with the warm Gulf Stream, in which we sailed, the fog thickened greatly upon us. Fog, fog, fog, was everywhere—shrouding our vessel, hiding from us the sky and the sea, and filling the saloon and cabins with dense vapour. We were crowded with passengers; and had still greater varieties among them than among those who were with us in our outward voyage. They were well-behaved; and less sea-sick than those we went out with, for the water was remarkably and continuously smooth. There were sudden stoppings, and alarms at times, which made the passengers crowd to the gangway. But the doctor and I kept much in our berths, feeling seriously the effects of our past toil, now the excitement was over.

At length the fog cleared off for a time; and from the deck we could see whales sporting in the water, and spouting out the steam from their nostrils. Then several icebergs were beheld drifting towards us from the north; a sight which interested us all, somewhat apprehensively. I sketched them with black and white crayons. They were like floating islands, as white as snow; and, in the place of dark shadows upon them, there were green, emerald-like reflections. One of them, as it passed by us, having worn the under part away in its course, until the upper had become the heavier, toppled over fully in our view. Thus my desire to see icebergs was fulfilled; and that under most favourable circumstances.

I have been greatly interested and amused by considering the varieties among our passengers—especially of their adornments of beard and moustache; and, one day, I set myself to sketch the forms of these, as I could see them, during the time of a meal, in the saloon. I have sketched no less than thirty-five varieties, which extend from the first pepper-dust crop on the lip and chin, to the full-trained bushy beard that covers all the lower part of the face. Some of the forms are very fanciful and ridiculous, as you will see; and if exhibited, as they might be, to the public, might tend to shame fast and foppish young men from disfiguring the “human face divine” in this *barbarous* way. Some of these beards, you will observe, resemble much those of a goat; and others give the face a sort of harlequin character, by patching it with pieces of dark and light colour. Surely, this rage for face-hair training is the most absurd rage which has displayed itself in modern times!

On the Sabbath, Dr. Hannah preached in the saloon, and I read the liturgy. The passengers were very attentive, and the service was most refreshing. A venerable Russian general, on board, took much to us, and was eager in his inquiries concerning religion. He particularly asked questions regarding the bodily, or "real," presence of Christ in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He was evidently sincere; and seemed glad to be instructed in the things which belong to salvation. We have had some delightful singing on board. In the evening, the Germans, who are numerous, gathered between the decks, and sang some of their full-chorded German hymns, which sounded most heavenly on the water. A lady, too, with her guitar, at night, sang most charmingly :

"Her voice was like the music of a dream."

We are now bearing onward, in clear weather, with a fair wind; and I am hoping, in a few more hours, to see England, "home, sweet home," and yourself. This inspires me until I could not forbear perpetrating some verses expressive of my thoughts and feelings; for cold prose does not seem an adequate or appropriate vehicle of the mind, in such circumstances. I am like the Irishman who wrote a letter and carried it himself; for no mail will get this sheet from me to convey it to you: I shall have to bring it myself. Yet, having described by letter almost all things I have seen, heard, and thought, in my Transatlantic tour, I am induced to spend my time on board in thus penning for you the *memorabilia* of our homeward voyage.

Indeed, land is now in sight, and we are making for the south-east point of Ireland; in other words, for the

entrance into St. George's Channel. Nearly all the passengers are on deck in their better clothing; many of them with spy-glasses in hand, to look for the first speck of England. The water is smooth as glass; and as I shall have time and space to do so, I will try, in the next hour or two, to pen for you my most mature thoughts upon the character of America and its people.

The country and its resources are great beyond conception by a stranger: indeed, it is a world in itself. The area of the United States is three millions of square miles, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, east and west, and from the British possessions on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south. The extent of shore line is 12,609 miles; half of this line being on the Atlantic coast, and looking towards the old countries of Europe. It has thirty-one independent States, and nine territories, including the district of Columbia. In the first twenty years of independent existence the States doubled their territory, and in less than sixty years increased it threefold. The entire population of the United States at present is more than twenty-seven millions; one-sixth of this number are coloured people, of whom all, except about half a million, are slaves. The yearly revenue of the United States' Government is now more than thirteen millions sterling. All this indicates an immense advancement, for it is not yet a century since the Americans won their independence. And when it is considered that their country contains every variety of the raw materials of commerce—wood, coal, stone, and the metals—in abundance; that the soil, for the most part, is as rich and

productive as can well be conceived, and that under every variety of climate; that its vast sea and lake lines girdle it all round, affording openings for the most convenient ports and harbours, and that by these, and by railroads and rivers within, it possesses the very best facilities for both external and internal communications—it must be perceived that the prospect for further advancement is almost boundless.

But it is on the American character that one relies when anticipating a vast progress for the country, since mere material advantages can never make a great nation. And the Americans have energy, expertness, and tact, such as cannot be overmatched by any other people in the world. Brother Jonathan is really a handy fellow; he is ready for anything that will produce profit. And although he eagerly reaches after the “almighty dollar,” one cannot charge him with sheer avarice, for the liberal provision he makes for his numerous philanthropic institutions would disprove the charge at once. The Americans live in an element of political party strife, and are constantly at war on the borders between the North and the South, but they are resolutely determined, at all costs, to maintain their Federal Union, and whatever may be their internal broils, they would combinedly resent the interference of any foreign power, as certainly as the quarrelling husband and wife within doors resent the unmasked interposition of a meddling neighbour. They are disgracefully criminal, as well as grossly inconsistent, in their association with Slavery; but several of the States are progressively severing themselves from this monster evil, and surely we may hope that the rest will, sooner or later, follow their example. Perhaps it is to purely religious effort, after

all, that we must look for the moving power that shall eventually secure negro emancipation in America. One cannot help expecting, with very anxious interest, the coming decision of the Northern Methodist Church relative to this question. It may bring the important issue sooner than some people seem to expect. And yet great preparation seems necessary before the coloured race could take rank with the whites in America. Whoever has seen the country, and felt himself girt in by the prejudices and contemptuous habits of the whites towards the negroes, will fully understand how difficult it is to persuade one's self that the evil can be swept away. But with the Almighty Governor of nations this is possible. With His blessing on the struggles now making, and with increasing and persevering efforts, enfranchisement shall be won for the poor negro.

People who have only heard and read the ridiculous sketches of American character and manners so commonly given, may affect to despise this great Transatlantic people, but those who have been among them, and made due use of every opportunity for observation, cannot do so. An Englishman may prefer his own country, people, and institutions; he may admire most devotedly his own island scenes, all under full cultivation, and rich in their architectural antiquities and historic associations; he may love the English breadth of face and figure, and rejoice in the fresh, healthful appearance of the men and women of his native land; he may exult in the balance and spring of the British constitution, and believe that, under our beloved Sovereign, it bestows more genuine freedom than where government is exercised by presidents who recklessly outbid each other in promises for popularity: but with

all this preference and love for happy Old England, an observant mind cannot regard Young America without admiration and hearty good wishes.

Since writing the foregoing letter, we landed at Liverpool, and arrived safely at our homes, after an absence of nearly twelve weeks, and an extent of travelling of nearly 11,000 miles. As the steamer entered the Mersey, brilliant rockets were profusely discharged, as signals to the town of Liverpool of her approach. John Robinson Kaye, Esq. (who, with Dr. Wood and others, had witnessed our departure), met us at midnight in the river, where we let fall our anchor to remain until the morning, and informed us that our wives and friends were well, and that Mrs. Jobson was at Birkenhead awaiting my arrival. On hearing this, I left the steamship with Mr. Kaye, and went ashore, grateful to God for His sparing and protecting mercies. The next day, when journeying to Summerseat, and looking on the trim, fruitful scenes of my own country, I fully appreciated the saying of foreigners, that it is "all a garden," and rejoiced that I was born an Englishman.

APPENDIX.

REPORT ON SLAVERY.

[Page 250.]

THE Committee on Slavery present the following as their report:—

“That the reduction of a moral and responsible being to the condition of property is a violation of natural rights, is considered by most men an axiom in ethics; but whatever opinions may have obtained in general society, the Methodist Episcopal Church has ever maintained an unmistakeable anti-slavery position. Affirmations that slavery is founded in the philosophy of civil society, that it ‘is the corner-stone of Republican institutions,’ or that it ‘is sanctioned by the Bible,’ have never met with an approving response in our Church. Contrariwise, the founder of Methodism denounced the system in unqualified terms of condemnation, and the Fathers unwaveringly followed the example of the venerated Wesley.

“The M. E. Church has, in good faith, in all the periods of its history, proposed to itself the question, ‘What shall be done for the extirpation of the Evil of Slavery?’ and it has never ceased, openly and before the world, to bear its testimony against the sin, and to exercise its disciplinary powers to the end that its members might be kept unspotted from criminal connection with the system, and that the evil itself be removed from among men.

“It is affirmed and believed that the M. E. Church have done more to diffuse anti-slavery sentiments, to mitigate the evils of the system, and to abolish the institution from civil society than any other organisation, either political, social, or religious. It is also affirmed and believed that the administration of discipline in our Church, within the bounds of Slave territory, have faithfully done all that, under their circumstances, they have conscientiously judged to be in their power *to answer the ends of the discipline in exterminating that great evil.*

“At this period in our history we are met with the inquiry—Does our book of discipline state clearly and definitely our true position and our real sentiments? Does the letter of the statute distinctly indicate the practice we propose? We answer *No*, and give from among others the following reasons for our negative reply. The discipline does not, in express terms, make the slaveholder ineligible to the Episcopacy, and yet the General Conference of '44 considered itself justified, both by the spirit of the discipline and the acknowledged preacher of the Church, in affirming that the relation of slaveholder was a disqualification for the office of a Bishop, and this it did at the expense of an ever-to-be regretted division of our ecclesiastical organisation. The discipline declares that ‘when any travelling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives,’ but the administration assuming that legal emancipation in the case of travelling preachers, universally practicable, does not admit a slaveholder to the itinerant connexion.

“Again, our discipline does not distinguish between mercenary slave-holding and the holding of a slave for benevolent purposes, and yet all the arguments found in our official publications or heard in our Conference debates, by which the admission of slaveholders to church membership is justified, are based upon this distinction, and that for the obvious reason that the distinction itself does really and justly exist in the public mind, and the practice referred to cannot otherwise be justified. Our book of discipline does not expressly enjoin it upon our members that they secure to their slaves the sanctity of the conjugal and parental relations, and yet within all the borders of our slave-holding territory, the uttered suspicion that Methodists are negligent in these regards would be repelled with indignation.

“We now inquire whether the time has come when it becomes the duty of the Church through its representatives assembled in its highest ecclesiastical court, to so revise the statutes of the Church as to make them express our real sentiments, and indicate our practice as it is? We answer—first, because it is just and equal; it is right before God and all men that on a subject involving directly the personal liberties of thousands, and indirectly of millions, of our fellow-men, the position of the Church should be neither equivocal or doubt-

ful; secondly, because we cannot answer it to our own consciences, nor to God, the Judge of all, if we fail to do what is in our power to bear testimony against so great an evil; thirdly, because it is solemnly demanded at our hands by a very large majority of those whom we represent; and, fourthly, because the signs of the times plainly indicate that it is the duty of all good men to rally for the relief of the oppressed, and for the defence of the liberties transmitted to us by our fathers.

“We are aware that it is objected that in the present excited state of the public mind to take any action on the subject will be to place a weapon in the hands of our enemies, with which they may do us essential injury. We reply that in all cases to say one thing, and mean another, is of doubtful *expediency* as well as of doubtful morality. We judge the rather that on all questions vital to morality and religion, the honour of the Church is better sustained by an unqualified declaration of the truth.

“We come now to state what, as it seems to us, is, always has been, and ever should be, the true position of our Church in respect to slavery. We hold that the buying, selling, and by inference, the holding of a human being, as property, is a sin against God and man; that because of the social relations in which men may be placed by the civil codes of slave-holding communities, the legal relation of master to slave may, in some circumstances, submit innocently; that connection with slavery is *prima facie* evidence of guilt; that in all cases of alleged criminality of this kind, the burden of proof should rest upon the accused, he always having secured to him the advantages of trial and appeal before impartial tribunals. In view of these facts and principles, the committee recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:—

“*Resolved*—1st, by the delegates of the several annual Conferences in General Conference assembled, that we recommend the several Annual Conferences so to amend our General Rule on Slavery as to read—‘The buying, selling, or holding a human being as property.’

“*Resolved*—2nd, by the delegates of the several Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled, that the following be and hereby is substituted in the place of the present seventh chapter of our book of discipline, to wit—‘What shall be done for the Extirpation of the Evil of Slavery?’

“*Ans.* 1.—We declare we are as much as ever convinced of the

great evil of Slavery. We believe that all men, by nature, have an equal right to Freedom, and that no man has a moral right to hold a fellow-being as property; therefore, no slaveholder shall be eligible to membership in our Church hereafter, where emancipation can be effected without injury to the slave. But, inasmuch as persons may be brought into the legal relation of slaveholders, involuntarily or voluntarily, by purchasing slaves in order to free them, therefore the merely legal relation shall not be considered, of itself, sufficient to exclude a person who may thus sustain it, from the fellowship of the Church.

“*Ans. 2.*—Whenever a member of our Church, by any means, becomes the owner of a slave, it shall be the duty of the preacher in charge to call together a committee, of at least three members, who shall investigate the case, and determine the time in which such slave shall be free, and on his refusal or neglect to abide by the decision of said committee, he shall be dealt with as in case of immorality.

“*Ans. 3.*—It shall be the duty of all our members and probationers, who may sustain the legal relation of slaveholder, to teach their servants to read the word of God; to allow them to attend the public worship of God, on our regular days of divine service; to protect them in the observance of the duties of the conjugal and parental relations; to give them such compensation for their services as may, under the circumstances, be just and equal; to make such provisions as may be legally practicable, to prevent them and their posterity from passing into perpetual slavery, and to treat them in all respects as required by the law of love.

“*Ans. 4.*—It shall be the duty of our preachers prudently to enforce the above rules.

“All of which is respectfully submitted.

“M. RAYMOND, *Chairman.*”

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