

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK

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Life and Letters of

ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK.



Your affectionate sister
Elizabeth Comstock

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

Elizabeth L. Comstock.

Compiled by her Sister,

C. HARE.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.—1815-1829.

ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK was the daughter of William and Mary Rous, of Maidenhead, Berkshire, and was born there October 30th, 1815. She spent more than half her eventful life in America, and the last time she was in England, some nine or ten years ago, dictated the commencement of an autobiography, from which, and her numerous interesting letters, the following pages are compiled.

We will quote first from the former :—

It has been truly said that “Everyone’s life is a Story”; the first page of my life’s story was opened at the little country town of Maidenhead, in Berkshire, England, six miles from the Royal Palace at Windsor.

In the lull that succeeded the battle of Waterloo, when peace was restored to the European powers after their long conflict, and Napoleon’s restless spirit was chafing on the rock-bound Island of St. Helena, my eyes opened upon my mother’s face, beaming upon me with loving admiration. I was her first girl, the oldest of seven daughters—one little brother had preceded me, and another followed two years later, over whose birth I rejoiced exceedingly, and in my excess of love nearly ended his life prematurely. Wishing to share with him a rosy apple that had been given me, I went to his cradle and awoke him, saying “Baby, bite,” and

tried to thrust it into his mouth ; and a few days later came still nearer choking him with a tiny biscuit, which I succeeded in forcing in, thinking it "just the size for baby to eat." Some exploits of this kind made my dear mother willing to spare me to a kind aunt, who kept a school near us, for two or three hours daily, so that my literary education may be said to have commenced very early, and also some more domestic lessons. In later life, I found some letters written from this aunt to my mother, acknowledging the receipt of a pocket-handkerchief, "hemmed by little Elizabeth, at two years old," which she thought an extraordinary performance for so young a child. To this dear aunt I was indebted for instruction during several years of my childhood, until, when in my ninth year, on May 20th, 1824, I left home for the Friends' School, at Islington. My dear mother took me to London Yearly Meeting on the way, and there for the first time, I had the privilege of listening to that eminent servant of the Lord, Elizabeth Fry. I shall never forget the impression she made upon my young mind by her sweet voice, beautiful face, and her earnest pleading, as she spoke of the prisoners, the suffering and the outcast. I was too young to understand one half of what she said, yet good seed was sown then and there, which led to active labour in after years. In the solemn silence that followed, after she took her seat, my childish heart was lifted in the prayer that I might grow as good as she was, and work in the same way. Although an unusually wild, wilful, and playful child, yet in my most sacred and secret

moments, I returned to the prayer of my childhood, and these impressions were deepened every time I had the privilege of seeing and hearing her in after years.

Among the early and pleasant impressions of my childhood, are my dear mother's teachings. On one occasion, as I walked beside her along the banks of the Thames, she talked to me about the rushing river and the mighty ocean, the majestic trees and the lofty hills, and the powerful Hand that made them all ; of the sun, moon and stars, and the Heavenly Father,

“ Who planned and formed, and still upholds a world
So fraught with beauty, for rebellious man.”

A sensation of awe, accompanied by something like discouragement, came into my childish heart, which I expressed to my mother with a fear that He would not care for a little child like me when He had so many great and wonderful things to attend to. She replied by lifting me up to see a bird's nest in the hedgerow, and explaining to me that God taught the little bird to build its nest, and to rear its young : and then bade me pluck a little flower at my feet, and pointed out how nothing was so small as to escape His notice, Who gave the violet its life and nourishment, its fragrance and beauty.

My dear father took great delight in seating me on his knee, and talking to me of the truth and beauty of the distinguishing views of the Society of Friends, which he had joined when quite a young man. Many an hour I have listened with great interest as he told me of the cruel persecutions and great sufferings of the early Friends. He took pains to impress upon me the

utter uselessness of water baptism and other outward ceremonies, telling me that he was once baptised with water, and was much disappointed to find that it did not wash away a single sin, or help him at all, in his efforts to be good. Of the horrors of war, he often spoke, and of the sinfulness and cruelty of slavery. His narrative of Leonard Fell was so vividly impressed upon my mind that I have never forgotten it. Leonard Fell, son of Margaret Fell, returning from meeting, one Sunday evening, and passing along a solitary road, was suddenly attacked by a highwayman, who seizing the bridle rein, demanded "Your money or your life." The young Friend immediately took out his purse and handed it to him. As he did so, the robber, seeing seals and watch-chain, became bolder, and presenting his pistol again, demanded "Your watch or your life." The watch was immediately given him, and emboldened still more by this, and thinking he had only a coward to deal with, he became still bolder, and presenting his pistol again, said "Your horse or your life." The young man dismounted, and the robber mounted the horse, and would have ridden off, but Leonard Fell took hold of the bridle rein, and began to expostulate with him on his sinful course, preaching to him, "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come."

Again the pistol was presented, with the threat "If you do not stop, you are a dead man," but without paying any regard to his threat, our young Friend continued his earnest words of rebuke and exhortation, to the great amazement of the robber who exclaimed,

“I thought you were a coward—you gave me your money, your watch, and your horse to save your life, and now you have nothing more to lose, you risk it standing there, preaching to me.” Leonard Fell’s reply is worthy of being written in letters of gold.

“Though I would not risk my life to save my money, my watch, or my horse, yet I will risk it to save thy soul.”

The man dropped his pistol, listened to the words of the young preacher, dismounted, restored all he had taken from him, and with tears of contrition confessed his sin, gave a sad detail of his past life, and the circumstances that had led him to such a course, how he had taken to drinking, lost his work and his character, and when going down hill, found everyone ready to give him a kick, so he had gone on from bad to worse, until with a sickly wife and starving family, he had been driven to his present life. Leonard Fell gave him his address and promised to provide him with work if he would forsake his evil ways and abstain from liquor. He did so and became a changed character, and henceforth lived industriously and honestly. How much better than if the life of either had been sacrificed!

In the conversations with my father, he would sometimes mention John Rous, one of the early champions of Truth, as held by Friends, who married Margaret Fell’s daughter, and suffered such cruel persecution both in England and New England, having his right ear cut off for returning to the latter country after being banished. In Sewel’s “History of Friends,”

we read of some of John Rous's family settling in Suffolk, which being my father's native county, he thought we were probably descended from the same good stock, and he imbued my young heart fully with the idea that such ancestry was infinitely superior to being able to prove our descent "From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth."

The following is a story we heard from our dear father. We called it "The stolen hides." William Savery, an eminent preacher in the Society of Friends, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour, whom I will call John Smith. The next week, the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper, "Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole affair secret, and will gladly put him into the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without

looking up he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery ; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee ; then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee." As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back to her and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you ; and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. Thy little boy can pick up stones. But eat now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first, but keep up a brave heart for

the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him.

After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted from him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." . . . He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them, but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story to show the power of that love for God and man which the Gospel of Christ inspires. Would to God that all men were as wise, as patient, as eager to do good, as much like Christ as he was!

One of my chief troubles at school arose from the difficulty of observing the very strict rules, a long list of which was read to us once a month; and here I will bear my testimony against the practice, then so sadly prevalent, of inflicting so many strict rules upon little children. One of them was "not a word to be spoken from the time the bell rang, at 7.30 p.m., for evening reading, until we came downstairs the next morning." This silent system I constantly transgressed, for it was impossible for a lively chatterbox of nine years to keep quiet so long. Monitors were appointed in every room to watch and inform against those who talked, and

punishment followed every transgression of the rule. This encouraged deceit, and led to artful modes of communication, which might elude the vigilance of the monitors. Another evil resulting from this Spartan-like code of laws was, that we no sooner heard them read, than we felt a desire to break them, proving that now, as in days of old, "sin cometh by the law."

Thus, the rule forbidding us to walk on a certain low wall, bounding our playground, at once suggested an inclination in my wayward spirit to mount the same, which I did, being the ringleader of a dozen more, who followed in my track. For this transgression, my "disobedience received a just recompense of reward," for I was sentenced to solitary confinement until I had committed to memory the twelfth chapter of Romans. Another regulation was that no one should get on the top of a high chest of drawers, which stood in the girls' schoolroom. A few days after this was read, some of my schoolfellows dared me to climb it, and to prove to them my bravery, I soon accomplished the feat, and was seated on the top when governess suddenly made her appearance in the room, and, with look and tone of severe displeasure, ordered me to stay there until permitted to descend, and, in this uncomfortable and ignominious position, the gazing-stock of all who came into the room, I (justly) remained for an hour or two.

Another of these written laws forbade us to climb a fine chestnut tree at the lower end of the playground. No sooner was this new rule made, than a number of us, standing under the tree, gazed up with longing looks at the delightful seats among its umbrageous branches,

that we could find for sitting sheltered from the sun, with our fancywork or our reading: enjoying this stolen pleasure, with several others, for many an hour have I sat, perusing "Pilgrim's Progress," the only interesting book that was allowed us, while one of our playfellows would watch and give notice of the approach of teachers, I taking my turn as sentinel. Thus were seeds of deceit broadly sown through our school by stringent rules.

Before going to school I had not been a dainty child, but soon after entering, received my first lesson in this direction. I was told that only the poor children liked the rice pudding, so with childish vanity, and a strong wish to support the respectability of my family, I soon took a dislike to it, and fancied I could not eat it. Sometimes the rice was boiled, and not very thoroughly, and I really found difficulty in swallowing the hard grains, and made a bargain with Hannah, the girl who sat opposite to me at table, that if she would eat my rice pudding for me at dinner, I would give her my treacle at supper. For a long time, this transaction was regularly carried on between us on a Tuesday. Should this ever meet her eye, she may accept my cordial thanks for the friendly help so long and constantly rendered, although on that day, I not only gave away my dinner, for we had only pudding, but had nothing but dry bread for supper. On one memorable occasion, Hannah being absent, and the pudding being worse than usual, very hard and dry, I could not eat it, and after one or two vain attempts to swallow it, was left behind with

a good many others in like predicament. We were all required to clear our plates, and eat the whole of our first helping at dinner, whether palatable or not ; one of the teachers remaining with us. As she walked to and fro in the dining-room, I learned another lesson in artfulness from my next door neighbour, who, when the teacher's back was turned, deposited a spoonful at a time of her pudding into a handkerchief in her lap, which example I quickly followed, and soon the whole of my rice was transferred to my pocket from my plate, and I was allowed to leave the dining-room, the teacher supposing I had eaten it. At the playroom door, I was met by a merry group, waiting for me to join in their play, and in the noisy, eager game of " I spy," I forgot all about the contents of my pocket. In the afternoon school, the monitor called out my name for talking, and a bad mark was given me ; when I rose to make excuse that I was speaking necessarily, another mark was added. A feeling of indignation at the injustice, drew from me the exclamation, " It is a shame," whereupon, I was called from my seat, and made to stand at the teacher's table. A burst of tears led me to draw forth my pocket-handkerchief, when behold, in full view of the whole school, and all of the teachers, the rice rattled down, and scattered all over the open space between the teachers' tables and the girls' desks. A solemn silence followed, in which we might have heard a pin drop anywhere in the room. Happily for me, governess was absent from the room, receiving, in the teachers' parlour, a visit from the gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married. I stood all the

afternoon, in great fear of her appearance, but, thanks to her friend, she did not come ; and after school, one of the girls swept up the rice, and threw it away.

One of our favourite amusements at School, was playing at meeting and preaching. I had the reputation of being an excellent mimic, but not quite so distinguished as my school-fellow Susan, who was particularly clever in imitating an aged minister, concerning whom, a tradition was current amongst us that he generally spoke from the text "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom." This preacher was very peculiar in his delivery, very tall and so upright as to lean a little backward, and bring his hands down with much emphasis upon the gallery-rail, in his loud vociferations. One evening we had retired earlier than usual, as cleaning was going on downstairs, and had received the permission, very seldom accorded, to converse in our bedrooms—the teacher's parting charge as she left the room was that we should not talk very loud, and only on serious subjects. This was followed on our part by a request that Susan would "give us a sermon, as there is no talk so serious as sermons." She at once complied, to our exceeding amusement, and as the tall girl standing up, just visible in the moonlight, brought down her hands upon the bed-rail, with the emphatic words, and the peculiar manner, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom," a merry peal of laughter rang through the room, which reached the ears of the governess below, and "G.G.," "G.G.," (great governess) was whispered round the room, while the sound of her advancing footsteps silenced the noise, so that

when she entered our bedroom, Susan was in bed, and apparently fast asleep—and I was the only one whose laugh she detected. My risible faculties were of such a nature that it always seemed easier to me to laugh, and more difficult to stop laughing than to my school-fellows. Advancing to the foot of my bed, governess severely demanded “Elizabeth, what art thou laughing at?” If there was any character that was specially despised among us, it was a tell-tale, and therefore I was silent. After the question had been repeatedly asked, with no reply, I was ordered to get dressed and accompany governess downstairs. There I was again plied with questions, but assuming the heroic, I resolved that torture should not draw the cause of my laughter from me. After repeated severe reprimands, she seated me at the end of one of the school-room desks, and giving me a Bible, directed me to read in that and see how wicked it was to be making fun and amusing the girls when we ought to have been engaged in self-examination and devotion.

Instead of using my Bible for the purpose named, I began seeking for the text “Every tub must stand upon its own bottom,” and trying to find out the circumstances under which it was first spoken—in vain—and have since learned that it is not a Scripture quotation at all, but the language that Bunyan puts into the mouth of one Presumption, whom he found sleeping at the foot of the Hill Difficulty.

While thus engaged, the whole scene came so vividly before my mind that I again laughed aloud, to the great indignation of my governess who was within

hearing, and immediately came to me, reproved me severely and took the Bible away, saying I should not make fun of that any longer, put out the light, and left me alone in the darkness and in tears, to think over and repent of my sin. There I remained until ten o'clock at night. The following Saturday, in play afternoon, we amused ourselves with holding meeting. We selected for our meeting house, a shady spot beneath the spreading boughs of the chestnut tree, as far removed as possible from the teachers' parlour. Our favourite preacher was called upon to occupy the pulpit, which was an empty water-butt turned upside down. Susan mounted, and raising her hands and eyes, and elevating herself to her utmost height, as she in a very emphatic manner, brought down her hands on the bough of the tree which made an admirable gallery-rail, she gave out her text in a stentorian voice, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom." As she spoke, the head of the cask fell in, and she made a most ignominious descent into the depths below, leaving nothing visible but the upper part of her face—loud and long continued was the merry laughter that followed, but being holiday afternoon, no evil results ensued, or enquiries as to our laughter.

The next morning in meeting, unfortunately for me, as subsequent events proved, I occupied a very conspicuous place, the third seat from the aisle, and facing the ministers. We had sat some time in silence when the minister mentioned before rose, and with his peculiar manner, which we had seen so cleverly mimicked, gave out his text, "Every tub must stand

upon its own bottom." This was too much for my risibility, and I laughed aloud. The preacher stood as if spell-bound ; had he been turned to stone he could not have been more silent. The solemnity that followed was awful to me, as the governess left her elevated seat at the side, came to me, and led me out of meeting, a poor little culprit of eleven years old, led down the aisle in solemn silence in the presence of about 300. I felt the disgrace most keenly, and as though I should never be able to lift up my head again as long as I lived. Without a word she led me back to the school. I thought that if she had scolded me, or shaken me, or even beaten me, I should have preferred it to this awful silence. She took me into the house, through the hall, up the stairs, and locked me up in a closet. After meeting, I was brought down into the teachers' parlour, where a solemn assembly was gathered—the two ministers, two elders, two of the committee, the superintendents, governess, and some of the teachers, numbering in all eighteen, like the judge and jury, and I the prisoner at the bar before them, trembling and weeping. The first command given me was, "Put thy hands behind thee," a thoughtless charge to give to a child with eyes swollen and red with weeping. Next came the query, "What didst thou laugh at?" It would have been impossible for me to explain had I been disposed to do so, and I had determined to implicate no one. Each of the members of this solemn conclave by turn addressed me ; I do not remember what one, two, three, and four said, but seventeen and eighteen will never be for-

gotten. Number seventeen charged me with being guilty of the same offence that the children of old committed who mocked Elisha, reminding me of the awful judgment that followed, when the bears came out of the wood and tare forty-two of them. I was so terrified that for a long while after I could seldom walk in a lonely place or through a wood without some fear that I might hear the growling of a bear. I knew enough of natural history to understand there were no wild bears in England, but did not know what miracle might be wrought for my especial case. The illustration was the more forcible, as glancing timidly at the preacher, I noticed his head was very bald. Number eighteen compared my fault to the sin of Belshazzar, in making light of sacred things, in allusion to his sacrilege in using the holy vessels of the Temple for his feast. In after years it has seemed to me that this was very far-fetched, but at that time I was much frightened, and when taken upstairs again and locked in the dark closet, I hardly dared open my eyes lest I should see a hand writing on the wall. I was condemned to solitary confinement, with only bread and water for food, and what was worse still to me, to sit by governess in meeting until I would tell what made me laugh.

After sitting there three meeting-times, and having through excessive crying to go to bed with a bad headache directly I got back to the school, on the morning of the fourth meeting-day, Susan found me weeping at one of the schoolroom desks, and said to me, "Elizabeth Rous, I do think thou art a little simpleton." This

I felt "the cruelest thrust of all." I turned upon her with indignation, saying that if I had told of her, she would have been in punishment instead of me. She replied, "Well, I do think thou art very foolish ; here for three meeting-days thou hast sat by governess, cried so much, and made thy head ache so badly, and had to go to bed directly after meeting. If thou hadst had a spark of sense, thou wouldst have had the headache before meeting. I am sure thou hast a bad headache now." Whereupon she took me to L.B., one of the kindest and most sympathizing of the teachers, and said to her, "This poor little thing has a dreadful headache, she was sobbing and crying all night, and kept all the girls in our room awake ; may she go and lie down ?" This appeal was rather a stretch of Susan's eloquence, but it met with a kind response from the teacher, who put her arm round me, and, with a loving kiss, said, "Poor child ! I am very sorry for her, but her case is under the care of the ministers and elders, and of the committee, and I don't dare to interfere."

L.B. kindly allowed me to go and lie down till meeting-time, and Susan saw me comfortably in bed, and left me with the charge, "Now, of course, thou won't hear the bell ring for meeting, and if anyone comes to call thee, snore loud enough to let them know thou art fast asleep." I must soon have fallen asleep, as the next sounds I heard were those of the girls taking their things off after meeting. Whether they forgot me, or relented and thought my punishment too severe, I know not, but this was the last I heard of the matter, and here ended my playing at meeting and preaching.

In reference to the foregoing, it is due both to my teachers and schoolfellows to explain that the former would not have been so severe had they known the circumstances, and they thought me incorrigibly obstinate for refusing to tell what I laughed at; and, being cut off from all communication with the latter while I was in disgrace, I had no opportunity of explaining to them, or they would have cleared me, and Susan herself would have explained all.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AS A TEACHER—MARRIAGE.

1829—1850.

ELIZABETH ROUS left Croydon School, after attaining the first place in it, in 1829—and ten years after returned there as a teacher. Her unfailing energy and excellent spirits made her a great favourite among her pupils. She was not only the teacher, but the sharer of their out-of-door games and their indoor amusements. She often accompanied them in long walks through the pretty country around, Croham Hurst and the Addington Hills being frequently chosen for their afternoon strolls.

In 1842, she went to Ackworth, where she had charge of the senior class of girls, and where, as at Croydon, she was much beloved by her pupils. She enjoyed their companionship both in the playroom and schoolroom, and was ever ready to give up her time to help them ; while her desire for their best welfare was sincere and earnest. Her sense of the responsibility attached to the teacher's calling increased and deepened. To one of her sisters who was about to join the teaching staff at Ackworth, she wrote in 1844 :—“ Let us strive *together* to serve the Lord. Let this be our constant aim ; let us have no greater pleasure, no more powerful attraction that might draw

our hearts and our affections from Him and from His service. Let us be one another's help and strength in the Lord. We may have trials and conflicts and bitter cups to drink yet, but we can drink them together; we can bear one another's burdens; we can watch over one another for good."

Under date 18-6-1846, E. R. wrote from Ackworth to her sister, then at Croydon, . . . "But my dear C. it requires no *small* qualification to be *fit* for an Ackworth or a Croydon teacher either; the longer I live, the more I feel the importance and responsibility of the position. A little circumstance has occurred which has made me feel this just now with increased weight, and as I think it calculated to convey a lesson of instruction to all teachers, especially to young and inexperienced ones, I hand it to thee. During the recent hot weather, the girls have given a good deal of trouble, in getting or wishing to get water, before going to bed. One evening they were spoken to all together, and told they could have as much water as they wished before reading, but none on any account, after. On the very next evening, one of the young teachers brought two *little* girls to me with the complaint that they had been into the wash-house for water, instead of going straight to bed. The teacher who told me spoke as though much vexed with the little delinquents, whom she had been blaming in no very gentle terms for their disobedience. When she left them with me, I took them one in each hand, and led them to sit down by themselves, instead of going to bed with the rest, telling them as I did so,

that I was very sorry to have to punish them, for that I had noticed them particularly during the week, as behaving unusually well. They were generally very giddy and disorderly though interesting little creatures, and I had several times commended them for their care and watchfulness over themselves during this week. When I made the above remark to them, I left one sitting in the schoolroom alone, and was about to leave the other in the playroom, when she burst into tears, and sobbed and seemed so much distressed that I did not like to leave her, and sat down by her on a box to have a little conversation with her. I am truly thankful that I did this, for by it, I was prevented from committing an act of great injustice, by punishing these little ones, and I fear to think of what might have been the consequence in their state of mind, had I done as I was going to. By my talk with little J., I found that she and M. E. had been under very serious impressions, that they had yielded to them, and were striving to be good children, lambs of their Saviour's fold, that they had spoken to S. E. W. (one of the teachers) on the subject, and asked her to let them go to her every night to tell her how they had behaved during the day, whether they had talked or been disorderly, or done anything wrong, etc. On the evening in question one of them had some flowers in her hand, which the teacher who brought her to me said she had been to her garden for. It was quite a mistake; they had not been to get water, they had not been to their gardens. They had been told that S. E. W. was in the wash-house, they *looked* in to see,

and did not enter, they got no water. The little girl who had the flowers, shall speak for herself. After I had heard the explanation about the wash-house, I asked her, 'My dear M. E., why didst thou go to thy garden after reading? thou knew that was wrong.'

"M.E. 'I did not go to my garden, please.'

"I. 'Then where didst thou get those flowers?'

"M.E. 'I got them before reading, and laid *them there*,' pointing to a shelf.

'*What for*, dear?' said I.

"Tears again started into the dear child's eyes, and into mine too, as she replied, 'S.E.W. has been very kind to me, and I thought she would like some flowers out of my own garden.'

"After dismissing the dear little lambs to their respective bedrooms, I retired to my own, to pour out my full soul to Him who *sees the heart*, and judges not by the *outward appearance*.

"While I thanked Him for not permitting me to commit an act of injustice, I bewailed, with bitter tears, my own weakness and my liability to err in this way, through ignorance of what the children were feeling and thinking. And earnestly did I commit it to His especial guidance, who alone knoweth the *heart*, that he would watch over us all, and over our precious charge, that we might never be permitted in ignorance, to punish unjustly, or to check any good work in the heart of the lambs committed to our care. I felt relieved when I left my bedroom, but this circumstance and the narrow escape that I felt I had had, rested upon my mind. It has already been of use to me, and

I trust will be yet of greater use. May it be a lesson to thee, too, my dearest, not to condemn too easily from outward appearance, and not to judge or punish hastily. . . . I hope thou hast settled in again very nicely and cheerfully, since I bade thee farewell, and that dear — is endeavouring to walk in the narrow path of self-denial, the path which leads to peace.”

Writing from Ackworth again, 21-12-1847, she mentions several cases of indisposition in the school, and continues, “I have just been upstairs with the girls, a quarter at a time, to see the remains of their late dear school-fellow, C.R. It is a solemn sight to see this young and lovely flower so soon cut off, transplanted, I trust, to a heavenly garden, there to bloom for ever. She looked very beautiful. Dear Thomas Pumphrey, governess, and I were present while all the children went in to the chamber of death. T.P. sweetly addressed them, and told them a little about the last hours of their young companion. He spoke of the *body* so soon cut down, told them that C., after hearing of her danger, had, in conversation with him, quoted those two lines,

“The body ! little is its worth,

“Oh ! let it mingle with the earth !”

but that all her concern was for the soul. During the very few hours that elapsed between her being informed of her danger, and the summons going forth ‘Prepare to meet thy God,’ she was twice heard, as if in earnest prayer, to utter the words ‘Forgive me ! oh forgive me !’ She was conscious to the last, her close was remarkably quiet, as though sinking into a sweet

sleep. She had hold of my hand when her spirit took its flight from the weak tenement. The last who died in that room, was our dear sister Mary.* T.P. and I were forcibly reminded of that event, as we watched the dying bed of this sweet lamb.”

Elizabeth Rous left Ackworth in 1847, on her marriage with Leslie Wright, who about this time, had given up a lucrative business from conscientious motives, and had taken a market garden at Walthamstow, in Essex.

Before this they had had some thought of settling in Ireland, and re-opening a school there which had been closed for some time. She went over to make enquiries and wrote thus of her trip. “—— and —— very kindly met me at the station, and went on board and stayed half an hour with me before the steamer started.

“The evening was very rough, and both wind and tide against us. The stewardess greeted me with the *unwelcome* intelligence ‘we shall have a blustering night, and get *late* to Dublin.’ To my great satisfaction when seated in the saloon, feeling quite disconsolate, I saw a Friend seated near me. A member of our Society amidst forty other passengers, all men, was quite cheering. He soon made himself known to me, and in the course of half an hour, we were in a very interesting and animated conversation about Ireland, Irish character, and Irish schools. . . . I

* Mary Rous, mistress of the Monitorial School, died at Ackworth, in November, 1843, in her 21st year.

sat talking with this Friend until half-past eight. Tea and coffee, &c., were then set out, and having had nothing since dinner, I enjoyed a good meal. This over, I withdrew to my cabin, staggering as well as I could, the motion of the vessel being considerable. I got into bed, and being weary, soon fell asleep. After awhile, it seemed an hour or two, I awoke, and was much puzzled to find that *all motion* had ceased. All around me was perfectly silent, but over-head was a fearful noise, so much running, shouting, &c., I was quite alarmed. There was also a noise of steam escaping. I can't tell thee all the thoughts that rushed into my mind, but amongst others most prominent, was the recollection of 'the loss of the Kent,' and the vivid description of the stillness in the cabin, and the absence of all motion, that takes place when a vessel is 'settling previous to going down.' That we might be in that position seemed more than probable. I heard now and then a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from some one in an adjoining cabin. I endeavoured to stifle all excitement, and to get as quiet in mind as possible, and by no means disposed to add to the tumult upon deck, feeling assured that if the steamer was 'going down,' I should be as safe in my berth as on deck, and more tranquil. After lying very still for awhile, indulging these thoughts, I heard my name pronounced by S. M. with an enquiry after me. 'How truly kind of him to think of me, at such a season of danger' I thought, and starting up, I called out, 'What is the matter?' The Stewardess replied 'We're in.' 'In what?' I enquired, with some alarm, picturing to

myself whirlpools, rocks, and all sorts of dangers to voyagers. 'In Kingston Harbour.' 'In Kingston Harbour, impossible,' said I, 'we've been so short a time.' 'We have been longer than usual,' was her reply, 'it is after seven o'clock.' I now started up in reality, and with the greatest possible speed got dressed and off by the half-past seven train to Dublin, and thence by car to the other terminus to start for C—, but too late; the train started at eight o'clock, and I arrived at three minutes past eight. Greatly annoyed, I set out on a two miles' walk to the Imperial Hotel to make enquiries, in reply to which I found that I could not get to C— to-day. So I tried to feel resigned to circumstances and to hope it might all prove for the best. . . . After walking about for an hour, I found our friend ——'s house, received a hospitable welcome, and am staying till to-morrow morning when I hope to catch the early train."

Soon after her marriage she wrote to one of her sisters :—"My snug, quiet little home continues much the same as when I last wrote. Nothing has occurred to break the even tenour of our way. We are very *retired*. We have had no visitors since our brothers and sister left, and we have not been out at all except to meeting. L. finds his hands pretty full whenever the weather admits of his being in the garden, and I find plenty of occupation, amusement, and pleasure in the house, *at home*, without going elsewhere to seek it. . . . Peace be with thee, dear C. ! That peace which the world can neither give nor take away, and may each succeeding birthday, find thee progressing in

that path of self-denial, prayer, and watchfulness which will lead thee ultimately to an incorruptible inheritance in the land where that Peace will meet with no alloy. Do not misunderstand me, I would not imply that any good works or any care, &c., on thy part would be sufficient to take thee there. Thou art well aware that there is but One who can enable thee to steer clear from the snares that encompass thy path, and guide thee to that Kingdom of rest and peace. May He be with thee and guide thee, and guard thee, and do thou commit thy way unto Him, in full confidence adopting the language ‘My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.’”

Her husband died two years after their marriage, leaving her with an infant daughter.

CHAPTER III.

RESIDENCE AT BAKEWELL.—VOYAGE TO
AMERICA.—1850—1854.

A FEW months subsequently, she went into business at Bakewell in Derbyshire. After writing of some household cares, E.L.W. continues, "How well is it for those who in the season of adversity can flee for refuge to 'The Rock,' until the storm has passed over; who can 'cast their burden upon the Lord,' and feel his sustaining arm. I look for the Rock, but it seems far off, and so dense a cloud of doubts, anxieties, and cares intercept my view that it is dimly seen, and I cannot draw near enough to *repose* under its shadow, or to find 'a covert from the storm.' While at Kettering I thought I might learn an instructive lesson from contemplating the characters of M.E. and A. They *always* look tranquil. We do not often see them laugh, but they often *smile* and always look tranquil, and whether in sorrow or in joy, they remind me of the words, 'Nothing shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good.' They seem really to possess 'quiet from God.'

“ How beautiful within our souls to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given,
To feel when we awake, and when we sleep,
His incense round us like the breath of heaven.
Quiet at hearth and home,
Where the heart's joys begin,
Quiet where'er we roam,
Quiet around, within.”

I can see its beauty, *but* ‘it is high, I cannot attain unto it.’”

In after years we cannot doubt this high attainment was hers in an eminent degree, and in telling others of that “incense round us like the breath of heaven,” she herself experienced that “quiet from God,” that “peace which passes all understanding.”

In 1854, she emigrated with her little girl to Canada. Her youngest sister accompanied them, and wrote a graphic description of their voyage in the “Sarah Sands,” from which a few extracts are given below. Steamers did not cross the Atlantic forty years ago so quickly as they do now, and they were nearly three weeks on their way. Contrary winds and rough seas, occasionally, did not prevent much enjoyment in their novel circumstances. The “wonders of the deep” called forth their admiration from day to day, and the rolling of the vessel sometimes occasioned amusing and ludicrous scenes on board, “gentlemen crossing the deck in two strides, ladies congratulating themselves on having walked, or rather staggered, in safety to the head of the cabin stairs, suddenly finding themselves on their knees at the foot of them, others luxuriating in real genuine salt shower baths, given gratis by the

spray ; folks tumbling about in all directions, gentlemen going over each other as though they were playing at leapfrog, ladies, standing or sitting conversing together, suddenly thrown into each other's arms with most affectionate force, stewards hurling tureens full of soup from one end of the saloon to the other, stewardesses throwing teapots full of tea into the cabins, instead of placing them on the table ; cups, saucers, and teaspoons running races, all making a tremendous clatter, and Mrs. 'Sarah Sands' herself staggering from side to side, like a teetotum that's tired of spinning, and just going to fall—she also amused herself with submerging the tops of her bulwarks in the water, first on one side and then on the other. The captain and officers called it 'a stiffish gale,' and one of the passengers exclaimed, 'If they don't look sharp about those sails, they'll have her on her beam ends directly.' The wind had risen so suddenly, and the heavily falling rain and sleet so completely saturated the thick, ponderous canvas, that the sailors found the sails rather refractory. However, I believe there was no sort of danger, for the captain was coolly smoking a cigar, with his hands in his pockets, while issuing his orders alternately to the man at the wheel and to those aloft in the rigging."

A few days after—"About four p.m. an iceberg 'hove in sight,' and the passengers inclining to pay it a visit, the captain took us seven miles out of our way, and we passed within 200 yards of it, between nine and ten p.m. The captain estimated its height above the water at 300 feet, but said six-sevenths of it were submerged. He said also that it was the largest

he had ever seen, and he had 'had more experience with icebergs than he liked.' I wish I could describe it to you properly—it was so magnificently grand and transcendently glorious, the stars shining with the most intense brilliancy, and the moon looking as fiery as the 'red planet Mars' in his hottest moods, and the Aurora literally *spanning* the firmament with its arrowy lustre, looking only one degree less cool and white than the iceberg itself. Everything seemed cold, quiet and grand, even the vessel seemed awed into more *steady* behaviour than usual, so that we could stand and admire, and offer real pure heart-homage, without bodily obeisance." On the following day—"To-day we are in the region of icebergs; there were six visible before breakfast, and most beautiful they looked, and *very cold* we felt, but the air was so pure and bracing, and, although some of the passengers called it a 'Canadian day,' the sky was certainly an 'Italian blue.' A fortnight since we left Liverpool, and 'no land yet'; we have had unusually adverse winds, and our engine is so small that one of the passengers remarked that when the wind is ahead, the engine has no power to take us forward, but merely prevents our going back. . . . No vessel is allowed to come up the St. Lawrence without a pilot accustomed to the coast, on account of the many hidden rocks and reefs; the captain said having to take a pilot would cost him £16. In the afternoon a pilot-boat appeared in sight, and soon sent off one of her crew in a small boat to us. During the evening service on Sunday, we were in rather a

perilous position for a few minutes, owing to a sailing vessel (notwithstanding all our lights were hoisted, and the captain, mate and pilot shouting at the top of their voices to those on board her) crossing our path, within two yards of our bows; had we struck, it is considered one of the vessels would inevitably, and most probably both, have gone down—how thankful ought we to be to that Allwise Pilot who mercifully steered us clear of each other! Great credit was due to Captain Ilsley, who was as usual at his post, and showed great skill, energy, decision and self possession.”

“At ten minutes before twelve a.m. on the fourth of September, 1854, the captain gave the order ‘let go the anchor,’ the chain rattled, the anchor slipped down into the water, and we were standing still in the midst of more magnificent scenery than we had ever beheld, or even dreamed of, in our most extravagant day-dreams. There stood Quebec, that city of cities, surrounded by hills, or rather mountains . . . We had a good view of the Citadel, and also of the (late) Parliament Houses—they are now in ruins, being burned down about a year ago. Here we left the ‘Sarah Sands’ and went on board the ‘New Era’ a fine steamer, saloon 220ft. long, and luxuriously furnished—this conveyed us to Montreal, a large city with 75,000 inhabitants and its Roman Catholic Cathedral, said to be the most splendid building in North America. Here we again changed steamer for the ‘Bay of Quinté,’ which took us to Kingston, passing through the ‘Lake of the Thousand Isles,’ the scenery most beautiful. The islands, of all shapes and sizes, seem composed of masses of rock, out

of which grow various flowers and shrubs, though it seems wonderful how they can find support.”

The next letter from Elizabeth L. Wright, tells of their kind reception in, and first impressions of, the land of their adoption.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.—1854-1857.

*At William Mullett's, Huntingdon, near Belleville,
10-9-1854.*

“OUR introduction to this land has been very promising, encouraging bright hopes for future comfort. After posting my letter at Kingston, our voyage in one of these splendid floating palaces up the beautiful and winding Bay of Quinté, was very pleasant. We reached Belleville at nine p.m. John Mullett, William M.'s nephew, met us upon our arrival at the wharf, and accompanied us to the hotel where we lodged, and called upon us next morning at eight o'clock to see whether he could render us any service. He is a tanner, and keeps a currier's shop at Belleville. Before breakfast, L.A. went to the post, and returned, to my great delight, with four letters, which we very much enjoyed. . . . You must know what it is to emigrate to a distant land, to be 4,000 miles from your country and your beloved relatives, before you can fully understand the joy we experienced, and the eagerness with which we perused those letters. We have gone through them twice, and shall soon commence a third reading. 11th—We called on Sheriff Moodie. As we drew near his house, he came

forward, and shaking hands with the greatest cordiality, said, 'I think I can't be mistaken, is it not Mrs. Wright?' A hearty welcome to Canada followed, and an introduction to his house, wife, daughter and son—the former looked like a comfortable, real, English home, the latter three, all cordial, affable and agreeable. After an hour or two spent pleasantly with them, we accepted the kind and urgent invitation of our friends William Mullett and wife, and came over here. Next morning we went to look at the town—houses are never long to let here, it being a thorough go-ahead place, rapidly increasing in population, especially now they are making a railroad to join the Great Western Rail, which goes right through West Canada to London, and on to Lake Huron. I am rather disappointed by the first sight of Belleville, and do not like it so well as Bakewell, though it is very much larger. There is one principal street, a mile-and-a-half long, and several smaller ones intersecting it at right angles; also another, parallel to the best, of an inferior rank. But the best does not come up to the best street at Henley, the buildings being rather irregular, and streets narrow. Some houses are of brick, some stone, some wood, some a combination of all. The rents in the best part of the town are very high, but in the back streets we may get a house for a trifle. We cannot learn the population of Belleville, having enquired of many persons, and received very varied replies, from 3,000 to 30,000. I fancy 10,000 or 12,000 is near the mark in the actual town, but the suburbs and

surrounding villages and townships would equal five or six times the population. There is no town so large within eighty miles, Kingston being the nearest, and all the large and widely-scattered population make Belleville the central point, and go shopping there.

. . . . Everything we have heard since coming here encourages the idea that Belleville is the right place for us, except one, and that is to me a very serious one, there is not a Friends' meeting here. There are a few Friends' families residing four miles from Belleville, but they go twelve miles to meeting. . . . William Mullett and wife belong to a very large family—their fathers are both living, fine old men, eighty-five and eighty-seven. One of them tells me his children and grandchildren number ninety-six. They have intermarried very much, three sons of one family having married three daughters of another. They all seem to live in the greatest unity, harmony and love. The cordial greeting that all whom we have yet seen have given us, is wonderful. Here we are entire strangers, without even a letter of recommendation, and they receive us with all the warm-hearted hospitality of near relatives. They—the old folks—emigrated from Somersetshire thirty-five years ago, some of the family from Ireland. They were fourteen in number. They brought over a small lot of merchandise with them, sold it at a good profit, and with the money bought land. They had not been at all accustomed to farming, but thought it a pleasant change after applying closely to a shop. They say that in Canada it takes a very short time to learn how

to farm, and, if a man is willing to work, he cannot help succeeding, so little labour being required to make a farm produce the necessaries of life. I am so amused to see how they manage: neither pigs nor fowls are fed—when I ask what do they live on, the reply is, ‘Oh! I guess they pick up plenty to eat—corn, apples, pumpkins, in abundance.’ Then they have most of the skim milk, and scraps left at table in great profusion are thrown into the yard for the pigs to help themselves at pleasure.

“This meeting consists of from ninety to one hundred members, some of them living ten or twelve miles off. They think nothing of that to ride, but a walk of a mile frightens them.

“They have a good many fine horses on this farm on purpose for riding. The ploughing is done by oxen. They pay 6d. per annum tax for a horse, *i.e.* 4½d. English. Mutton is selling here at 3d. a pound, 2¼d. English money; beef, prime joints, 4d., Canadian money 3d. sterling; apples and potatoes so plentiful that a person may almost have them for asking. Eggs used to be 3d. a dozen, they are now 5d., very good and fine ones; good cheese, 4½d. Flour is higher now than it has ever been known, owing to the great demand for the English and French markets, and a failure in the crops here this season; it is 1/9 per stone of 14 pounds. We have not yet seen any pine-apples, but melons and peaches in abundance, and very large pumpkins.

“Now let me introduce ‘mine host’ to my dear sisters and brothers. He is a plain, consistent Friend,

quite English in his manners, language and appearance, a well-educated farmer. He and his wife superintended the Friends' School, West Canada. He is a grey-haired man of fifty-five, very active, and quite in his prime apparently. His wife is his junior by ten years, but looks rather more nearly approaching being worn out; a motherly kind-hearted woman, thin, working far too hard for her station and her means. But she seems to be most happy when actively engaged in her kitchen or dairy. The cows go prowling about the fields at pleasure all day, going to the water to drink of their own accord when thirsty, and come when our friends call them to be milked. It looks so droll to see E. Mullett and her daughter Eliza Maria stand on the doorstep and shout 'Possie,' 'Possie,' and presently the cows come running down the hill.

"The swine here are far more docile than in England. All the pigs I have seen in the mother country persisted in going the opposite way to what their driver wished; here they come when called.

"This house is a square stone building, very strong and pretty looking. The front (West) has a balcony or colonnade, all along. On entering the house, we come at once into a sort of hall, or keeping-room of the family, a plain, substantial comfortable room, sixteen feet by eighteen, ten feet high. It has two windows and six doors. One of the latter opens to the yard, in front, and to the stairs, one to the side, one to the kitchen, three into bedrooms on the ground floor. Upstairs is a square room of the same size, from which three bedrooms open, and the stairs. A kitchen, pantry,

cupboards, outhouses, &c., complete this specimen of a farmhouse in West Canada. The table is heaped with abundance of all that is good; cream, butter and eggs of the best quality in particular. The floors are painted or stained oak, not a carpet to be seen in the house, all beautifully clean.

“This Meeting consists almost entirely of thriving farmers and their families. It is called Huntingdon Particular Meeting, a branch of Westlake Monthly Meeting. The Friends here seem to have a very lively recollection of John Pease’s visit. We have had many enquiries after him, and the Friends seemed so pleased to hear we had seen him just before leaving England. . . . Monthly Meeting at Picton, thirty-eight miles distant, will be next week, and W.M. promises to drive us to it in his four-wheeled chaise if we will stay. I will post this at Belleville to-morrow, and you will see how well we are faring, surrounded by such kind friends—we have met with kindness and courtesy from all classes since landing on these shores. Whoever we speak to, gives us a kind reply. Women here seem to be treated with much greater respect than in England.”

E.L.W. settled in Belleville. It was soon after her arrival in Canada that she felt it her duty to speak in our meetings, and this being acceptable to her friends, she was recorded as a minister.

E.L.W. to S. and C.H.

“*Belleville, 21-10-1854.*”

“Your very interesting letters have been a rich treat

to us. Did you know how welcome they are to us in this distant land, you would favour us with them rather more frequently. Just now they are particularly acceptable, for I have been feeling depressed and lonely. Dear little C. is at Huntingdon, to stay there while we get settled in here, probably two or three weeks. Notwithstanding all the kindness we have received from all with whom our lot has been cast, yet there are times when I feel a sinking of the soul, a loneliness that longs for a communion of spirit with those I have loved from childhood ; when I feel that I can unite in the language

‘ Friends, kindred, home and country—these
Are things from which we never part ;
From clime to clime, o’er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart.’

My experience since leaving my native land has been more than ever a leaning upon one unfailing Friend. Utterly helpless and unable to go forward without His protecting and guiding care, ‘ Hitherto has He helped me ’ indeed, and provided friends for me, where I had no friends but Himself.

“The accounts of cholera in England are very distressing. Oh ! that those most dear to us may be preserved from it ! I feel much for E.W., and for any one who loses a precious child. C. dear, I fully participate in thy enjoyment of thy little treasure, and his father’s too. May he long be spared, and prove a blessing to his dear parents. I fear I love my C. too well ! I seem to have mingled with my love, pleasure and pride in that precious child, a constant fear of

losing her. I feel condemned in the conviction that she is too dear to me. . . . Oh, that some of you were here. I want to see you and talk to you, to ask you many questions. Solomon Vermilyea, at whose house we hope to spend to-morrow, and who will kindly drive us to meeting, says that 'farming is the best trade in this country,' that he has cleared £300 per annum for some time past, after providing abundantly for his large family of twelve children. He thinks no previous knowledge of farming needful, to enable a man to *get a living* in this land, but *with* a previous knowledge, he may soon get *rich*. This Friend is renowned for his hospitality. He likes to see his house *full* of visitors—often has twelve at a time under his roof."

L.A.R. to C.H.

" *Belleville, 9-9-54.*

"I wish you could have gone to meeting with us yesterday, so as to see the trees we passed. I thought them unequalled a fortnight ago, but they were then tame compared with their present hues, green, brown, orange, scarlet, yes, a brilliant, genuine *scarlet*, crimson, fiery golden, oh, they are so indescribably lovely. As I stood gazing at them yesterday, with my body in Canada, and my spirit in England, I almost fancied I could see them change, while I gazed, like the scenes in a dissolving view, only infinitely more splendid. Really Canada is a glorious country, in its natural beauties, and did not history assure us the Garden of Eden was in the East, and America unknown until

1492, I should be strongly inclined to believe it was in the backwoods of Canada that Adam awoke from his sleep, and found a wife beside him, and the St. Lawrence that was Eve's mirror.

“We are now feeling very anxious to get settled, and I hope we may open this day two weeks, but it is doubtful. Our ‘store’ is a good-sized one, and has two windows. It is fifty-two feet long, (but we are having a small piece partitioned off at the far end, for a ‘little back parlour’), and twenty-two feet broad. There is a cellar, extending the whole length, underneath. It is a good situation for business and health. The weather is still distressingly warm, the Indian summer has just commenced—its chief characteristics are intense closeness and great haziness in the atmosphere; the sun by day and the moon by night look like balls of fire suspended in the sky. . . . I am learning to milk, and some other out-door employments. W.M. and I gathered more than eleven bushels of apples between us in one morning, a few days ago—really, there is a very independent feeling in being perched on one of the topmost boughs of an apple tree, with a clear, blue sky and bright sun above, and rosy fruit all around, and when the wind blows, and it did pretty hard one day when we were gathering apples, it's capital fun and capital exercise to stick on. I have some Indian corn for you—how shall I send it? William Mullet gave me an ear, containing 520 grains—it is so pretty. . . . A few days since, I joined a large party of young people in a picnic. Our destination was a beautiful spot on the banks of the Moira, the river at whose mouth

Belleville is situated. The woods were beautiful, and afforded me my first introduction to the snakes; we saw two very pretty ones, each about twenty inches long—they were striped alternately with a dark olive and light yellowish green—they were of a perfectly harmless species. We dined by the water-side, tablecloths were spread on the grass, and then covered with knives and forks, plates and glasses, and a profusion of appetising dishes. This feast in the wilderness was garnished with various leaves, rich in all their autumnal glory, and boughs of different sorts arched gracefully across it. . . . In the course of time if you should be sending us a box, please enclose a bunch or two of lavender, the people here do not know what it is, for it 'comes out missing' in this country, as also daisies and primroses."

"*Huntingdon, 1-11-54.* Our fifth, and, I suppose, last Sunday at Huntingdon for some time. Eight weeks yesterday we arrived here, friendless foreigners in a strange land, and, really, going to Belleville to-morrow will feel almost like a second emigration, we have experienced such ceaseless, ever-varying kindness."

E.L.W. to S. and C.H. and L.R.

"You will be pleased to hear that thus far we are bearing the Canadian winter well. It is colder than in England, but so bright, fine, light and clear that we do not seem likely to suffer from the cold more than in England, though the thermometer stands 8° below zero, and occasionally 11° or 12°—one day last week it was 15° below zero. Yet we are all in good health,

free from colds, coughs, and chilblains. Indeed we quite enjoy the winter. The sleigh rides are delightful. We very often have the offer of a ride into the country, and frequently accept it to get to meeting. . . . Three Friends have offered to take me to Kingston to our Quarterly Meeting next week. It is sixty or sixty-five miles by land—two days' sleigh ride. I anticipate going with much pleasure. I can give you no adequate idea of the kindness of the Friends here. I believe it is my being a widow, with a lovely little girl, that attracts their sympathy and love, for both I have received in large measure. Scarcely a day passes without some proof of their considerate thoughtfulness. . . . We get on very comfortably altogether, and I am truly thankful that I came here, and shall be still more so if you will all come too. Do come! There is abundance for you all to do. I believe we shall promote our comfort in this world by coming, and if we think of the future, I may say I never felt so earnestly desirous to dedicate my heart, soul, strength and life to the Creator of all the wonders we have seen of late, since leaving England. . . . I want to feel less engrossed in this world's affairs, and more at leisure to dedicate the strength of my days to Him, who has so helped me, and provided friends for me here. Before leaving my native land, I made a covenant with Him, that if He would be with me and bless me, and preserve us on our voyage, and provide me friends and a home here, that henceforth my life should, far more than ever before, be devoted to Him, and to the promotion of His cause

and His truth upon the earth. He has fulfilled my desire to the uttermost extent of my wishes, and I find peace in endeavouring to fulfil my covenant. . . . For the most part since leaving England my spirit has been preserved in quiet confidence and trust.

“ I wish to get to meeting as regularly as possible, and the great kindness of the Friends here in taking me, makes it easy to do so, notwithstanding the distance. They drive me to the Quarterly, Monthly, and Particular Meetings, and so I attend as regularly now as at any time since leaving Ackworth School. At the close of the last Monthly Meeting the wife of one of the ‘substantial farmers’ at Westlake, came to me and said, ‘How glad I am thou art come! My husband says whenever thou canst get to Monthly Meeting he will take thee back, if thou hast no other way, and if thou wilt write and tell us whenever thou wants to come and has *no chance*, he will go and fetch thee.’ Is not this kind? He lives nearly thirty miles off the nearest way, that is across the bay when it is frozen over, so that we can cross in a sleigh. When that is not the case, it will be a journey of nearly fifty miles. . . . I wish you were all here—you would enjoy this bright, clear, bracing air; it makes one feel all alive. Every perception seems awakened to a new and keen enjoyment. Perhaps you will think me ungrateful and wanting in natural affection, if I tell you that I have tasted more real lively pleasure and enjoyment, peace and tranquillity since emigrating, than ever in the same space of time in my life before. . . . C. often talks of you all—

and wishes me to tell you how she likes sleigh rides, and that the horses all have a row of pretty little bells across their shoulders. The sleighs glide very quietly and very noiselessly, but with great rapidity over the snow. 'Tis a pretty sight, a pleasant sound, and delightful feeling. Seated completely enveloped in buffalo skins, and well muffled up, gliding along on the ground so easily, too near the ground for the keen winds to be much felt. There is no way of travelling I have ever tried, in England or Canada, so enjoyable as sleigh riding. It far surpasses first class railway travelling."

On January 28th, 1855, she writes,—“We had a tremendous snow-storm yesterday, and few people left their houses. We hear that the snow is lying a few miles distant, four feet deep, not in drifts, but on a level surface. Persons can ride along the top in their sleighs, in a direct line, hindered by no impediments, over three feet fences, hedges, ditches, &c. The farmers are rejoicing over this snow, it protects the young wheat which was growing too tall, and in danger of suffering from frost. Pleasure hunters are rejoicing in the snow, because they can ride about the country with so much greater facility. Tradesmen rejoice over the snow because it doubles their trade, by enabling country people to come more easily to town. Residents in the country rejoice to see the snow, because it is so much easier to get over the ground, and to take their produce to market, and to stock their little country shops from the large Belleville stores. Everyone looks bright and brisk after a heavy snow-fall. The very horses seem filled with double life and

vigour, as they tear over the ground at an incredibly rapid rate with sleighs and cutters, and their musical bells in the rear.

“Winter is the season for enjoyment in Canada. We do not suffer from the cold at all. Dear L.A. and C. are bright and well, and happy, and I am also in good health, and truly thankful to the Giver of every good, for all His blessings. This is a glorious country. The prospect just now from our door is singular and beautiful. The whole row of houses opposite have ornamented roofs of spotless white, and a handsome fringe of icicles, varying in length from one inch to four feet, average perhaps three feet. The sun shines on them at noon, and they glitter and sparkle like brilliants. To see the number of people riding past in their sleighs and cutters adds to the life and animation of the scene, muffled so closely in buffalo and racoon skins, hoods, veils, muffs, boas, victorines, &c., &c., in every variety, they seem able to bid defiance to the cold, and look so bright and happy. A good-sized sleigh will hold six or eight passengers. A cutter is smaller, adapted to carry two only. The latter is more stylish and prettier, but not so warm and comfortable as a sleigh. W. M. kindly took me in his cutter to the Monthly Meeting at Westlake. We drove three miles on the ice across the bay just as though we had been on terra firma. There is a regular track or beaten road, the snow trodden down, and we are told the ice is from twelve to eighteen inches thick. Every now and then it cracks with a report like distant cannon. This is considered a good sign—I mean a sign that the ice is good and

firm, because it only occurs when it is so, and seems to be a sort of safety-valve to let the confined air escape that has been kept close by the solidity of the ice. Much as we admire the beauties of the Canadian winter, we shall rejoice in the spring thaw. . . . People here are very loyal to our Queen and Government. There is a feeling akin to acrimony towards the Americans, as they call the inhabitants of the 'States,' while the latter despise the Canadians. They need not, for Canada is rapidly rising, and will soon equal them in all that is worth boasting of. . . . I have been interrupted in my writing by a call from Mrs. Moodie (author of 'Roughing it in the Bush'). She and the Sheriff are very kind friends to us."

About this time, to cheer one who had lost a dear friend, and experienced a trying change of circumstances, E. L. W. writes, "We read of some who 'knew no changes, therefore they feared not God.' I trust none of us may be of that number, but that we each one may in sincerity, adopt the language—

'I will not waste one breath of life in sighing,
For other ends has life been given to me ;
Duties and self-devotion—daily dying
Into a higher, better life with Thee,
Dear Lord, with Thee.'

"In my own heart's history, I can read some progress during the last eight years' changes. At this present time, I know more of confidence in my Heavenly Father's love, more of the tranquillity and peace that the world cannot give, than at any former period of my life. I hope I am not deceiving myself—I feel

that I am not, and that my whole soul and spirit are more devoted and dedicated to the service of my God than heretofore. Oh! for an increase of faith and love, and a deeper soul-communion with Him, that He may be increasingly, 'the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely' to me—to us all. The sense of entire dependence upon his direction and protecting care, since leaving my native land, has brought me nearer to Him."

Belleville, 3-11-1855.

"I am glad you are reading 'Roughing it in the Bush.' It may make you a little better acquainted with our adopted country, though 'times are altered' since the publication of that graphic volume. The 'City of the Bay' advances in civilization, and bears something like an approach to a small country town in our native land, in cultivation, refinement, manners, and customs. But the country life twenty or thirty miles back in the woods, assimilates itself with sufficient nearness to enable us to comprehend Mrs. Moodie's descriptions. The Sheriff and his lady often call upon me, and warmly shake hands with me when they meet me in the street. They invite me often to their house, but I have neither time nor inclination to visit, beyond the visiting amongst Friends, that getting regularly to meeting necessarily involves. 7-11-55—Day after day passes, and I find very little time for writing. How I wish you were all here in Canada, that we could hold communion without writing. . . Provisions are pretty high in price just now for

Canada. Bread $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. per four-pound loaf, Beef 4d. per pound, Candles $9\frac{1}{2}$ d., Sugar 5d., Butter $9\frac{1}{2}$ d., Cheese 5d., Ham 6d., Eggs 7d. a dozen.

“Thank thee dear, for thy birthday congratulations, they are very welcome though a day after time. I had quite forgotten the day, when dear——’s letter reminded me. Amongst other good wishes, she hopes I shall acquire a fortune in ten years, a desire in which I *do not* unite. I believe that wealth in this world and in the next, rarely falls to the lot of the same individuals, and my ambition is to gain sufficient here to procure a subsistence in this life; and in that to come, ‘a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,’ a *real* and rich inheritance ‘that fadeth not away,’ one of the many mansions promised to the followers of the *meek* and *lowly* and humble Carpenter’s Son, not a wealthy gentleman, or rich merchant or noble peer. I hope I have not already comforts enough to weaken my faith and dim my sight of the glories there, but I take the words literally and in their fullest sense, ‘How hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom.’ ‘It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.’

“Therefore my dear sisters, all of you, let your desires for me be of a different class; you may say with J. Montgomery, as I do for each of you,

‘I dare not wish thee beauty,
I dare not wish thee wealth,
But only a contented mind,
Peace, competence, and health.

Fond friends to love thee dearly,
And honest ones to chide,
And faithful friends to succour thee
Whatever may betide.”

The day passed very pleasantly with me.”

Her first visit to Niagara was thus described :—
“3-8-1856.—We are now on board the steamer ‘Arabian.’ The handsome saloon is decorated with the most gorgeous painted glass. There are twenty-four windows three feet by two feet at each end, and about fifty or sixty smaller ones along each side, higher up. I cannot think how they can afford all this splendour at the price we pay, four dollars from Kingston to Toronto, a night’s lodging, and two meals, in which ‘the table groans with costly piles of food. And all is more than hospitably good.’ No charge for children under twelve years. From Kingston to Belleville one-dollar-and-a-half ; from Toronto to Niagara one dollar. . . . And we have really seen the world’s wonder, Niagara ! Everyone who sees it, is expected to say something about it, something *great* is generally looked for, but I never in my life felt so small, so insignificant, so feeble, as when I sat viewing the magnificent falls. ‘What is man that thou art mindful of him?’ again and again passed through my mind. My first feeling when the sight broke upon my view, was a slight shade of disappointment, that it was only a waterfall after all, and so exactly what my imagination had depicted from the pictures I had seen that I could scarcely believe I had never seen it before ; I did not feel as if I was looking at something entirely new. This, my first senti-

ment, I attribute to the incapacity of man's finite view, to take in, appreciate and comprehend at a single glance, a spectacle so grand, so extensive, so magnificent, so glorious in resplendent beauty. The more we gazed, the more we admired; the longer we fixed our eyes upon the scene, the more new and varied beauties were presented to the astonished gaze. 'Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder, love and praise.'

From Belleville, 25-7-56.—After mentioning a case of dispute between two parties, one of whom threatened to sue the other in order "to humble him a bit," E.L.W. wrote: "Oh, if we could each seek to humble ourselves, instead of each other, how much good might be done, how much suffering and misery saved. How much war and bloodshed might have been saved of late, if nations, as well as individuals, could be found to act upon this principle."

Towards the end of the year, one of her sisters wrote from Belleville: "The last fortnight the ground has been covered with snow, and it has been an amusing sight to us to see the sleighs and cutters gliding about in all directions, their drivers snugly wrapped up in buffalo skins and other furs. There is a great deal more travelling here in winter than in summer, because the people from the country can then journey over their 'corduroy' roads so much more easily than they can when there is no snow on the ground to fill up the interstices. The children have their small sleighs, in which they can draw each other along.

"There is a good deal of freshness in the kind of life we lead here, and a good deal of freedom. It is

pleasant, too, to know that there is abundance of food in the country, so that every man that will work can easily maintain his family. Our friend, S.V., has recently engaged a poor man from England on his farm ; he boards the man, allows him £30 a year, and a house, rent-free, on the farm for his wife and children. This is for the first year ; should he stay with him longer he will then receive higher wages as he will be more useful from having learned how to fell trees, saw wood, and other Canadian arts. The more I see of this country, the more convinced I am that it is a good thing for the hard-working poor of England to emigrate. Here they can maintain their families in comfort with far less toil than is necessary in England to maintain them in poverty, and they can enjoy also the pleasure of independence. I have not seen a beggar since I came into the country (nearly six months). For those who are well off in England, this is not the country ; the *luxuries* of life are much cheaper there than here. . . . For the mechanic and labourer, who have difficulty in supporting themselves and families, emigration would prove a great blessing.”

E.L.W. to C.H.

“One of the difficulties of travelling in this country is the mud-holes. One of the children rolled down a steep hill into a mud-hole, and came out completely plastered, as though she had been spread all over with brimstone and treacle. A mud-hole is a curiosity that the *patriots* in England never see. Those, I mean, who are too patriotic to leave their country. For your

instruction I may state that a mud-hole is a hole full of mud, varying in depth from one foot to seven or eight. When the frost 'comes out' of the earth, it leaves the ground very soft the depth of a foot or two, so soft that the horses' feet sink in, ditto the wheels. In some of the *ruts* the water sinks very deep; and stories are told of horses sinking and never being heard of again, in the poor roads through some of the marshes! If you read Bunyan's description of the 'Slough of Despond,' you may form a pretty correct idea of a Canadian mud-hole in spring and 'fall,' only these are upon a much smaller scale. A sad accident occurred a few months ago. An English woman, probably not aware of the depth of our famous mud-holes, was riding along in a 'lumber wagon.' She ought to have held tight, but not doing so, she was thrown out by the violent jerk produced from the wheel entering a mud-hole and coming out again, and the vehicle went over her and killed her. Be sure you 'hold fast' when you come here and travel over our rough roads. This poor woman lost a son some time before. A boy, eleven years of age, had come from England with some neighbours, and on arriving at Belleville, took his seat in a lumber wagon to ride sixteen miles into the country to meet his mother, who was anxiously looking for him, and prevented by indisposition from meeting him at Belleville. When rather more than half way to Huntingdon, they were going over O'Brien's Bridge very fast. The boy full of animation, of life and spirits, perhaps standing up to admire the beauty of the scenery, I do not know, was

jolted off, and thrown into the river and drowned. The stream is very broad there, and very beautiful, like a calm lake surrounded with woods. It is a lovely spot, but I never see it without thinking of that bright boy, in his joy and pleasure, so suddenly cut off, and of his mother's disappointment and sorrow.

. . . I hope this will reach thee on thy birthday, with many more valuable epistles. On occasions like this I feel sadly at a loss what to say, or in what language to express my good wishes. The hackneyed phrase 'I wish you many happy returns' is so worn out, I do not like to use it. After all, I do not know any more expressive language than the ancient Jewish mode of salutation, 'Peace be with thee!' Therefore let this be the language with which my spirit greets thine, 'Peace be with thee,' my sister, in the fullest sense of the word. . . . Since my last to you, I have been a good deal from home with our dear friend, Eliza Brewer, holding public meetings in different parts of this county, and visiting the families of Friends in this Monthly Meeting. It was a very favoured time to me, and I can truly say many opportunities we had were 'seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' I felt it a privilege to be dear E. B.'s companion in this service. I am just placed upon a very singular appointment by our Quarterly Meeting—to visit one of our Monthly Meetings, *Leeds*, 110 miles East of this place. There are not many Friends there. Two families, the most intelligent, wealthy and influential, have become Spiritualists: (the others seem to be following them)

one, a medium, has commenced speaking in meeting, and preaches spiritual doctrines. So a committee of six men and four women are appointed to visit them, and give them 'such assistance as our place in the body and their state require.' I feel so very ignorant that I may truly say 'I know not what this new doctrine, whereof they speak, is!' Oh! I trust we may be guided, led about, and instructed in this matter, and preserved from doing any harm. Oh! for the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove!"

The following letter was from her brother, who left England for Canada in 1856:—"17-1-1857. Since I last wrote to England, we have had some very severe weather, thermometer for three successive nights, 24°, 24°, and 18° below zero. This was last week, and it so happened that we (Elizabeth and myself) started on a sleighing expedition on the preceding day, and were out the whole of the time. We went to attend the Quarterly Meeting near Kingston. Meetings here seem to be kept carefully clear of towns. This was held at Waterloo, about four miles from Kingston. We went about eleven miles (between five and eight p.m.) the first evening. I felt the cold *very* much, although defended by a massive top coat, with a thick cloak over it, and several wrappers in front. The small part of my face uncovered (nose, eyes, and brow), became so painful from cold that I had at last to throw my plaid completely over my head, with two thicknesses in front. My dear R., being in the back seat, felt it less, and E., who sat by me, bore it better than I did. The

house we stopped at, quite a small wooden one, had several visitors besides ourselves. The sleeping accommodation was amusing. At one side of one room (there were three on the ground floor) were two beds, in the middle a settee. R. and I occupied one of the former, another Friend and his wife and child the other, E. and a lady companion the settee. The process adopted was this: the ladies retired first and located themselves, the gentlemen then following, and discovering by instinct, observation, or enquiry, to which bed to betake themselves. In the morning the reverse process took place. The following day was clear and bright, and we much enjoyed the forty miles drive, lasting from about nine till five, excepting an hour-and-a-half for dinner and warming ourselves, as well as resting the horses. The next two nights we lodged at a Friend's house, who very comfortably accommodated about thirty besides ourselves. He had built his house expressly for the entertainment of Friends, his former one (quite large enough for himself and family) having been too small for that purpose."

"18-1-1857. Last night was, I think, the coldest we have had, and I will just mention a few of the phenomena. The windows were of course all frosted over, and in a different fashion to what you see in England. Here the frost-work, which is very beautiful, accumulates till it is *over* half-an-inch in thickness. The water in my sponging tray, in our bedroom, was about one-half of it changed to ice, and *rattled* curiously as I used it. The sponge was frozen stiff. The water splashed upon the floor, where there was no carpet,

became ice at once. The extremities of my hair were frozen before I had used the comb and brush. The towel was stiff a few minutes after being used. The front door was covered with frost inside, like the windows 'at home.' Dost thou understand this expression? It is often used here in reference to the 'old country,' for which a very strong attachment is generally felt. I have just put into the stove a log, which has been lying *close* to it for four hours, there *was* snow on it, and a part of this yet remains in the form of ice. Of course the floor may have ice upon it quite near the stove. . . . I was pumping to-day and sprinkled the handle, by which I had just carried the pail (wood to hold by), I tried at once to shake the drops off but they had become solid. I might multiply my illustrations, but wish now to add that we do not find the cold at all insupportable, unless when driving in an open conveyance, or when, on very rare occasions, the extreme frost is accompanied by wind. The air is clear and dry, and our clothing is adapted to the weather, To me, the winter seems quite a pleasant season, and I am only apprehensive of the heat of summer, which I think we have scarcely yet experienced."

After two or three years in business at Belleville, E. L. W. wrote—"I think of retiring at the end of this year. I shall have but a small income, but a little will do for dear C. and me in this country, where everything is so cheap that is necessary to live upon. We shall have a neat little stone cottage, with a verandah, rent free, an acre of land of our own, and as much fire-wood as we can burn, for many years to come. Our own

fowls will supply us with eggs, and our wants will be few. You will perhaps wonder at my readiness to retire from a remunerative business so soon, and with so small an income. My chief reason is, that I feel I have a call for other work than shop-keeping, and that a good soldier should not be 'too much entangled with the things of this life.' I want to hold myself at liberty for that work, in attending to which I find true peace of mind."

CHAPTER V.

REMOVAL TO MICHIGAN—FUGITIVE
SLAVE LAW.1858.

SHE removed to the United States on her marriage to John T. Comstock, of Rollin, Michigan, in 1858. Her previous life had been marked by much energetic labour in the varied avocations which had fallen to her lot, and here, on what was then regarded as a Western farm, she found scope in various ways for the exercise of those natural talents, trained and mellowed by her life's experience, which now began to be more conspicuously employed for the good of those around her.

Her friends soon found that she had received a valuable gift in the ministry of the Word, and she was made very helpful in building up the small meeting which at that time assembled in Rollin.

Her labours were not long confined to that locality. She visited first the meetings of Friends in her own Yearly Meeting, and, later on, paid a general visit to many of the prisons, asylums, and poorhouses in the States, her ministrations proving exceedingly useful and comforting to the objects of her loving concern. In several instances she was the means of encouraging the commencement of a new course of life, which led

in after years to the re-instatement of the individuals in a position commanding the love and esteem of their fellow-citizens.

In common with many other members of the Society of Friends at this time, she felt a deep interest in the condition of the coloured population, and was able to aid, in some cases, the escape of fugitives to the land of freedom.

The following is her own description of some of these cases :—

“After the passing of the wicked Fugitive Slave Law, which made it a penal offence to shelter an escaped slave, many fugitives fled northward through Michigan into Canada. Among these, the first who largely called forth my sympathy by seeking refuge in our house, in 1858, was Lucy, a tall, handsome quadroon, bearing in her arms a child of seven or eight months.

“We did what we could to hide her away for awhile, and then help her off on the Underground Railway towards Canada. She was placed in the charge of a well-known abolitionist, to take her on the last stage towards lake Erie. Just as she was leaving the station at Sandusky, she saw a placard, describing in large letters herself and her baby, and offering 1,200 dollars reward for her arrest. In great terror, she pointed it out to the conductor, who took her back, and hid her in the baggage-car, saying he expected soon to run the train into Detroit, and could perhaps get her across the river there. On landing in Detroit, the same difficulty presented, a similar placard being posted there. Again

poor Lucy took refuge in the baggage-car, while the kind-hearted conductor undertook to go into the city and see a gentleman, who was an earnest abolitionist. He brought his carriage in the dusk of the evening, and took her home to his house. He and his wife carefully secreted her for several days, while they endeavoured to devise means for transporting her across the river—in vain. In every direction the notice of the large reward offered, met their eye. At length, as a last resort, the lady proposed to Lucy the following plan ; that she and her husband should be travelling, Lucy's baby in her arms, dressed up like her own, and Lucy with her ringlets cut off, disguised as a porter, should carry the trunk, and thus go on board the steamer. To this plan, Lucy made great objection. First, she was unwilling to lose her ringlets, and secondly, to put on men's clothes ; but her objections were overruled by the gentleman and lady, who told her this was her only chance of escape. She was so tall, and the description of her person and baby so accurate that she could be easily identified, unless thoroughly disguised. They equipped accordingly, the gentleman and lady in their carriage went down just before the starting of the boat, the lady had the baby in her arms, dressed just like her own, and closely veiled : the pretended porter carried the box before them up the gangway. Lucy, as she walked on to the boat, passed within a stone's throw of her master, who was watching intently every passenger who went on board. No sooner had the steam-boat moved from the wharf, than Lucy throwing aside her disguise, her tur-

ban on her head, her baby in her arms, stood on deck, under the light of the lamp, and waved an eternal farewell to her master.

“He frantically called out for the captain to stop, shouting aloud that he would give him 1,000 dollars, if he would put back for one quarter of an hour. The captain, comprehending the whole situation, calmly replied ‘Don’t be excited my dear sir, don’t be excited, there will be another boat soon.’ It would have taken more than 1,000 dollars to bribe that liberty-loving captain to return the poor fugitive to her master. Within half an hour, Lucy set foot upon the Canadian soil, which she had so long been seeking and travelling toward. The first thing she did on reaching land, was to prostrate herself upon the earth, kiss the ground, and pray God to bless Queen Victoria and all her people for providing a refuge for the oppressed.

“Three years had passed away, when Lucy again presented herself at our dwelling, during which time she had not only provided for herself and little girl by her industry in laundry work and millinery, but had laid by 375 dollars, with which to purchase her husband’s freedom. We exerted ourselves to assist her in this object, and found that her husband could be purchased for 600 dollars (1,200 had been asked for her—see the relative value of men and women at this time in the United States). I took her with me to meeting on Sunday, and at its close introduced her to the congregation, stated the circumstances, and made an urgent appeal for help. An aged and very

conservative Friend arose, and objected to money transactions being entered into on the Sabbath, and in a meeting-house. As he took his seat, my sister-in-law, Rachel S. Beal, stood up, and said 'If any man among you have an ox or an ass fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not straightway release him?' These few words, spoken with the quiet dignity of a woman whose voice was rarely heard there, produced an effect almost magical. The result was, a good collection was taken up; this was followed by similar efforts in surrounding neighbourhoods, and other meetings, and the desired sum was soon made up, with the addition of sufficient money to pay her husband's travelling expenses to Canada, where they were soon comfortably settled with their little daughter.

"Another thrilling incident connected with the escape of a fugitive slave I will here relate. The poor fellow had run away from the south, travelled many hundred miles by night, hiding away during the day, when, foot-sore, weary, and exhausted, he rushed into the barnyard of a Friend in Ohio, who was working with straw and pitchfork among his cattle. In distress and terror, poor Sam quickly made known his situation to the Friend, who told him to lie down on the straw and he would cover him up. He bade him not to fear, saying he had had many a score of fugitives in his hands, and not one had been recaptured. The pursuers were close behind and quickly made their appearance. They accosted the Friend, who was apparently very busy at his work, demanding what had become of their 'nigger,' whom they had seen come into his barnyard.

“A sudden deafness seemed to have seized the farmer, who apparently heard none of their queries. Coming closer to him, and shouting much louder, he looked up at them, and with his hand behind his ear, asked, ‘Lost a cow, did you say?’ In very loud tones they replied, ‘No, a nigger, and we saw him come through your gateway.’ With his hand still up to help his hearing, ‘Did she have a white spot on her forehead, Alderney breed?’ ‘No, you old fool,’ was the rejoinder, and with many rough words and much profanity, they tried to make him comprehend they were going to search his house and buildings for their lost property, who they felt sure was concealed there. He said he had not seen or heard any negro go into his house, though he had been working there all the afternoon. With sundry uncomplimentary epithets, they intimated that he was such a dull, stupid old fellow, that a whole regiment of soldiers might have gone in without his seeing or hearing them. He replied that he did not think any one could have gone in without his seeing them, but that an honest man need not be afraid of having his house searched, and they might search as much as they liked, but he felt sure they would not find him there. They went in and searched every nook and corner from garret to cellar, looking into every room, closet, clothes’ press, between beds and mattresses, and even into the old Dutch clock-case, then thoroughly examined the barns, stables, and other out-buildings. ‘Pity you didn’t take the word of an honest man,’ said the Friend, as they were departing, ‘I told you he wasn’t there.’

“Near the gate they saw a boy, one of the farmer’s sons, and asked him if he had seen the negro, describing his appearance. The youth, like most Friends’ children in those parts, was not disposed to help a slave-catcher, and replied that he did see a man, looking something like that, going up yon hill a mile away an hour ago. He could not see his face, and did not know whether he was black or white. The two men started in pursuit in the direction indicated, and as soon as they were quite out of sight and hearing, Jabez Brown called to Sam to get up, and come into the house for the greatly-needed refreshment, rest, and change of apparel. With cordial greeting and kindly words he cheered the poor fellow by saying, ‘Now, Sam, my house will be the safest place for thee for a month to come ; thou art quite welcome and need not be at all afraid, for I can outwit all the slave-hunters who may come, and they cannot look a second time in the same place—it is against the law.’ Sam staid there quietly for five or six weeks, and was then passed on by the Underground Railway, and arrived safely in Canada, adding to the 15,000 already there, fugitive slaves, or the descendants of such, as healthy, honest, sober and industrious a people as either race can present. . .

“My next narrative shall be of a beautiful octoroon, who had been a great favourite with her mistress. Upon the death of the latter, she was sold at auction, and became the property of a young profligate from the far south, who paid 1,800 dollars for her. She was in exceeding distress at the prospect before her, knowing she was destined to be ruined body and

soul. She endeavoured to restrain her tears, and hide her feelings from her new owner, lest he should place her in chains. He came and talked with her, speaking smooth words and making fair promises. He told her of his elegant carriage and horses, of his magnificent home and beautiful gardens, and promised that she should be the mistress of his house. She manifested no repugnance, but appeared pleased. In the night she made her escape, travelled night after night, hiding away all day, until she reached Ohio. To her great distress, she found she was pursued by two horsemen, of whom now and then she caught sight in the distance. In the afternoon of the third day after she made her escape, with her feet bleeding, and dress soiled and torn, she rushed into a barn, where a plainly dressed Friend was busy at work. She hurriedly told of her distress, and the pursuers were close behind. 'Don't be alarmed, my child,' he said, as he led her through the barn and a small door at the back, 'but go to James Green at that house,' designating one near by, 'and tell him that I say he must take thee on immediately, without any delay, by the Underground Railway, and I will detain the pursuers here, until thou art a considerable distance on thy way to Canada—they will never catch thee.' So saying, he went out again by the large barn doors, and had only just time to fasten them securely, and nail up three or four boards across them, when the slave-catchers rode up, and demanded the slave whom they had seen enter there. As the Friend went on steadily with his work, paying very little attention to them, they dismounted, hitched their

horses to the fence, and began trying to get the door open. One of them caught up an axe that was lying near, and was about to break it open, when the Friend, laying his hand upon his arm, said to him quietly, 'Young man, thou art now in a free state; we have laws in Ohio, and it is a penitentiary offence to break open another man's premises. I assure thee I have none of thy property there, but if thou wilt not take the word of an honest man and art determined to search my barn, thou must do it legally. Thou wilt have to bring a constable and a warrant.' The two men conferred together a few minutes, and after roundly abusing him, agreed that one should stay there, and watch that the girl did not make her escape, while the other went in quest of a constable and warrant. This proved no easy work, for while they had been talking to the farmer, the boys had quietly unhitched the horses, which were now seen wandering at some distance. After awhile they were caught, and another difficulty arose in finding their way to a constable, in a strange country, where no one seemed disposed to aid them, or to give reliable information as to the way. Just as the young man was departing, the Friend called out to him, that he might as well bring a carpenter too, for, having a newly-painted barn, the work must be done skilfully, the nails drawn carefully; he would expect to recover damages if anything was injured. Two or three hours elapsed before his return, bringing the constable, warrant, and carpenter, during which time his companion never once lost sight of the barn, watching closely that the girl should not make her

escape. The Friend was still nailing up his boards, as if desirous of making the place very secure, but in reality to gain time. As the carpenter was beginning to draw the nails, the Friend enquired of him who was going to pay him for his work, and who would pay the damage if the newly-painted barn was injured. This occasioned some further delay, as the carpenter stipulated he should not be responsible for damages, and should be well paid by his employers.

“At length, as the sun went down, the nails were drawn, barn-doors thrown open, the two young southerners rushed in to seize their prey, and behold the barn was empty! A volley of oaths and curses succeeded, which did not in the least ruffle the temper or disturb the equanimity of the good man. He went on quietly with his work until the strife of tongues had ceased, and then courteously invited the young strangers to partake of the hospitalities of his house for the night, reminding them that there was no hotel within several miles, and that their horses would be jaded and weary. Having no alternative, they very reluctantly accepted his invitation, resolved that early on the morrow they would resume the search for their lost property. Their host took the opportunity that evening to hold some converse with them on the evils of slavery, but did not succeed in converting them into abolitionists. One young man complained that his case was very hard, having paid out 1,800 dollars, only a few days before, for the poor slave, to which the Friend replied it was a hard case, but would have been a far harder one for her, had he succeeded in capturing

her. The best the house afforded was set before the guests, and an excellent lodgment provided for both them and their horses.

“On the following morning the family deviated from their usual practice of breakfasting at six o’clock, and sat down to table at nine with becoming deliberation. After breakfast, the boys were an unusually long time in preparing the horses, and when at length they were ready to depart, their host gave them a few words of parting admonition. He told them it would be useless to pursue or search longer for the girl, that she had gone on by the Underground Railway, and was now nearing Canada, and it would be impossible for them to catch her. He advised them to return home, and never to come to Ohio on similar business again, but if any other business should call them this way, he extended to them a cordial invitation to seek rest and shelter beneath his roof ; his house was ever open to those who needed it of either race. . . . I saw the girl some months after in Canada, and heard the account from her own lips, as well as from the Friend who had with so much ingenuity saved her. She was a skilful milliner and dressmaker, and earned a comfortable livelihood by her needle.”

CHAPTER VI.

HOME LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

1858-61.

THE following letter was addressed to her young nephews and nieces in Canada :—

“8mo. 7th, '59. I have just returned from a most delightful day's ramble. I accompanied a party to a school examination and picnic in the woods, eight miles from here. J. and H. H. took me. J. H. is the Friend who was convinced by reading G. P. R.'s tracts on his way out from England twenty-eight years ago. His son J. is C.'s friend, his daughter R. teaches our district school. Of course C. and J. were of the party. I wish all of you could have been with us, you would have very much enjoyed it. We were a large party ourselves. H. H., who is a most liberal house-keeper, provided an elegant repast, which was conveyed with us in baskets. We reached the encampment about 9.30 a.m. Many *thousands* were there before us. As soon as we entered the woods the sound of music attracted us to the spot. A *band* from Hudson had been engaged for the purpose, composed of many of the wealthiest tradesmen there. It was a beautiful sight our eyes beheld when we ascended some rising ground, mounted a log, and looked down upon a gentle slope, where were seated about a thousand children,

looking as happy as children can look in this world. The girls were nearly all dressed in white with a blue sash, and a wreath of flowers round their heads. The melody of their young voices singing so sweetly was a sound that I could not help being enchanted by, Quaker as I am. There was a pleasant breeze stirring the trees and making us feel *cool*, while the dense woods shaded us from the scorching beams of the sun. All the schools of the township were assembled together, all the teachers of course, and the directors; most of the parents of the children, and multitudes of visitors from surrounding townships. There was something so imposing in the whole appearance, that I felt fairly transported to Utopia or Paradise by a first glance. How I wished you were all there! R., thou would'st have been delighted. The little ones would have been beside themselves with glee. F. would have joined multitudes of little boys that mounted the trees and took a bird's eye view of the whole. The trees looked alive with little boys, not the schools to be examined, but the little visitors from other schools. The examination was for the thirteen schools in Wheatland township, not Rollin. The thirteen schools had their different badges, banners, and devices, their wreaths and garlands, &c. The whole assembly that greeted our delighted eyes I wish I could daguerreotype for you. Above and around were our majestic forest trees, rich in foliage, dotted with little boys, silent spectators of the scene. Below on an area, between and amongst the trees, 1,000 children—500 boys, 500 girls—their bright eyes and happy faces

radiant with delight and eager with expectation. On a raised platform a committee of gentlemen, who took the management, with some professors from Hillsdale College, on the right hand raised seats for lady visitors, opposite to them the same for the band, while in the background were throngs of people eager to hear and see. As far as the eye could reach, right and left, in the front and rear, were more coming; more, and more, and more poured in, until we left off wondering where they would find seats, to wonder where they came from. While looking hither and thither, lo, a new wonder arose on my astonished gaze—F. M. W., listen. Over there, a great way off, were people *building* tables. They had props and sticks, and poles and stumps, and all were put to some use speedily, and soon a table was spread in the wilderness — such a table — in the form of a crescent or new moon. A. confidently affirmed it to be half a mile long, some one else disputed the fact, and was persuaded it was only a third of a mile, while J. and C. after walking round it, were loud in their assurances that it was a *full mile*. And these tables were not empty. Do W. and D. and L. want to know what was on them? Very well, I will tell you, and you can tell Lina. First, clean, white tablecloths, and then bread, cheese, butter, boiled fowl, roast fowl, chicken pie, ham, veal, roast sucking pig, all kinds of cold meat, maple molasses, maple sugar formed into hearts and eggs, and boys and girls, and dogs and cats, and hens and chicks. Candies of every conceivable shape and size, red candies, green candies, blue, yellow,

pink, white and orange coloured candies. Pies, cakes, tarts, turnovers, jellies, preserves, pickles, puddings, of all kinds and sizes, baked and boiled. Fruits of all sorts that are in season, apples, pears, oranges, nuts, raisins, dates. Custards, blancmange, and to crown all, *pyramids* of sugar or iced cakes, not so large as the pyramids of Egypt, F., but as large as a boy like thee could carry. Some like churches, some like chapels, some to imitate the pagodas of the East, some like a full moon, some like a crescent, some like a lighthouse. I thought of all of you, dear children, and how pleasant it would have been if you could have come and joined with C. and J. and walked round the tables, and each have had your choice of *one* thing, something you could carry away with you, and share with papa and mamma at home. Well, when we had had a good look at the tables, the music and singing attracted us again to the schools. There was not much of an examination. It might more properly be called an exhibition. The children recited, read, and sang. Some of the boys recited remarkably well—some young orators are training there. . . . The morning exercises over, they walked in procession to dinner, two and two, and looked very pretty. The band meantime played a lively tune. In the afternoon we had a rich treat, the best lecture on education that I ever heard, by an eloquent man, Professor Dunn, from Hillsdale College, about twenty miles north of this place. It was delivered from the platform from which they had examined the schools, to more than a thousand persons. He lectured about an hour. This

picnic, or feast, or whatever we may call it, differed from any dinner or treat of the kind in England, in two or three important particulars. The majestic trees, the forest depths, the rustic seats, many of them formed for the occasion by trees felled on purpose ; the free untrammelled intercourse of all classes, ranks, and denominations. The treat was not given by the rich to the poor, but all contributed as they were inclined. Every school supplied its own table, every pupil contributed some provisions. The band, the professor, the trustees and directors, received no pay, but one of the splendid pyramidal iced cakes presented publicly at the close of the lecture. Each district presented a cake. The band, consisting of twelve gentlemen, received six. Two newspaper editors were there, who were each presented with a cake. No doubt we shall see the fruits thereof in the next week's papers. If I see them, and find any very interesting account, I will send you them."

E.L.C. to C.H.

"One day last summer I was seated writing when I heard two men in conversation outside. 'Go in and ask her,' said one. 'I am afraid she won't come,' was the reply. 'You must shake hands and talk Quaker, and then she will,' said the first speaker, and forthwith the man came in, a rough-looking country farmer, with long, shaggy beard, and commenced trying his skill at *talking Quaker* with offering his rough, hard hand to shake hands, and saying 'I have come to ask *thou* if *you'll* come and preach a funeral sermon for

Mrs. I.' I was so amused I could not frame an answer suitable to the solemnity of the subject. The man proceeded, finding I did not answer, 'You preached the funeral sermon for the old man last year, and the people want you to come again. I gave out notice that you were coming, and we shall have a large funeral and a full house.' As soon as I could regain my composure, I replied by enquiring about the deceased. I found this was one of a large family of sons that she had left behind. She died in her ninety-fourth year. After a little conversation with the man, he told me he had other business to do in town and would call again in an hour or two. Upon his return, having well considered the matter, I told him that I must decline going with him. He wished to know my reasons. I explained a little, Friends' views of the Gospel ministry, and that I did not feel called to go. 'I gave *you* the first call,' he said, 'I have not asked anyone else.' I tried to make him understand what I meant by a call, and told him that I could not go and preach just when I wished or when I was invited, and said, 'I suppose if I go and have nothing to say you will be disappointed.' 'Yes, very much indeed,' he answered, 'for some people are coming a great *ways* to hear you.' After vainly urging the point, he went away and got a Methodist preacher to go with him. For several days after this, every now and then someone would ask me why I did not go and preach Mrs. I's funeral sermon, telling me that public notice had been given out that I was going to do so."

E.L.C. to C.H.

Rollin, 8-2-1860.

“ Day by day, I am reproved by the sight of a silent memento of thee, an unanswerd letter in my desk. I do sensibly feel and acknowledge that I am guilty of neglecting thee and dear L., my relatives at Kettering, our dear Aunts, and our Australian kindred. But how to remedy the evil, is beyond my wisdom and skill to say. No sooner do I get a day free from household duties, than I take my desk and portfolio, and seat myself with the resolution to write to one of my far distant relatives. Well, thus seated and ready, it becomes a question to which shall I write first—my long list of letters labelled ‘unanswered,’ is *appalling*—I quickly decide, and in a sort of desperation, commence three or four, resolved thus to *secure*, and be certain of writing to these ; I am in a letter-writing mood, and feel that I can accomplish wonders, but alas ! alas ! before the first page is completed, visitors number one, two, three, four, come pouring in, trying my patience to the utmost, and my diligence too. My writing has to be set aside, and the pies, cakes, custards, sauces, &c., &c., prepared for my unwelcome and untimely guests. ‘Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,’ that the wife of a Michigan farmer has used so inhospitable an expression. I should lose caste and character rapidly, if suspected of such feelings. Hospitality, indiscriminate, open-handed hospitality without partiality, is a cardinal virtue in this country, the contrary, a capital offence. It is nothing but the want of time that prevents my

writing two or three articles against so much visiting, and sending them to some of our popular newspapers. Dear C., canst not thou write something to the point and send me. Oh, if thou would, I should be so thankful, and beg of S. to do the same, and dear L. too. They would do good. Our newspapers are read at all the farm-houses and have *weight*. Here comes a pedlar, visitor No. 1. A gentlemanly, foreign looking young man, with a satchel and tin box slung over his shoulder with a leathern strap. . . . 10-2mo. That young pedlar is a Polish Jew, with the flashing black eye, dark cast of countenance, and strongly marked features of his fatherland and his peculiar people. He is selling jewellery, brooches, rings, pins, locketts, and many other 'Babylonish vanities.' He wanted supper, lodging, breakfast, &c.—was accommodated cheerfully with all—he offered to pay—we, of course, declined receiving anything. A very intelligent young man, only one year from Poland, speaks English tolerably, and French fluently. John has talked with him most *earnestly* on the New Testament, commending it to his serious, prayerful reading. He received it well. There is after all some *pleasure* in receiving such guests, and I hope a blessing in store. Well, here comes another, No. 2, a tall stalwart athletic frame, one of Afric's sable sons. At the sight of one of these oppressed people, our hearts, our hands, our houses, our purses, are freely opened. Would that the kindness, the sympathy, the liberality shown by the abolitionists towards the fugitives who cross their path, could wash away some of the dark

stains, blotting the records of this nation, could lessen the cruel wrongs heaped upon *their* race by *ours*. C., dear, tell me in thy next what is the origin, what the cause of *colour* in the Africans. Give me S.'s opinion, and John and Joseph Pease's, if you can get it. It is an interesting question here, and the occasion of much discussion. While J. is entertaining and conversing with our black brother, I will give thee a little sketch of his graphic and tragic history. His father was kidnapped in Africa, and endured all the horrors of crossing the Atlantic in a slave ship. Many died on the passage, fever and pestilence raged amongst them, produced by the want of fresh air in the hold of the ship, where they were too closely packed. This poor fellow has had a dreadful time as a slave in Virginia, and, at length, goaded by his sufferings, and impelled by a thirst for liberty, he fled. Numberless difficulties and dangers met him by the way and . . . knock at the door, visitors Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6. Four men and four horses want supper, lodging, breakfast, &c. No acquaintance. Dirty, rough-looking fellows, going about with a thrashing machine. Farewell to my writing for to-night and to-morrow. There will be cooking to do, beds to prepare, &c., then bedding to wash. Truly, this is a weary world—how delightful if ever favoured to reach that land of *rest* and peace, where nothing *unclean* shall enter. Where 'there remaineth a rest for the people of God.' "

"12th 2mo. A quiet day alone with my dear husband. I believe it is almost the first since our marriage. He is now gone out to milk, &c., and I propose to spend

a quiet hour writing to thee. I have many things to say, but fear I may not have time for all. First, thank thee, dear C., for thy last welcome letter; it was very interesting. How I should like to see my dear little nephew and niece. . . . F.'s little lectures and instructions must be beautiful to listen to. Do they ever quarrel? Does F. ever manifest any disposition to tease or tyrannize over his little sister? Has M.C. any faults? Does she manifest enough of human nature to prove herself a true child of Adam's fallen race? They both come of a pretty good stock, so I hope they are not very faulty! C. is a great comfort to me. She is a strange combination of good and evil. She has very quick sympathies, and is easily moved to tears by seeing anyone or anything suffering. She shed many tears over Martin's* broken leg, and devoted many an hour of her playtime reading to him, to take his attention, or drive away his pain. 'That little angel!' he said one day, 'I do believe she was made to comfort others!' When I have a bad headache or anything the matter with me, she is a tender, gentle little nurse. When we have any children visiting here, she is quite in her element, the most boisterous and unruly will submit to her control, the most fretful and irritable will be soothed by her. Most of our circle here think her decidedly the best hand at amusing and taking care of children that they have ever known. She does seem to have a peculiar gift that way. . . . Here comes my dearest J., but I see we are not to have

* One of the farm men (?)

a quiet evening alone, for he is bringing with him visitor No. 7, a somewhat singular looking man with the costume of the South, strong built, dark complexion, fierce-looking. . . . A slave-driver! Well, we have all sorts. All classes are at home here, all claim fellowship with us, and I suppose all should have our sympathy. Poor man, he has lost his right arm. That arm that has often swung the cat-o'-nine-tails, and wielded the whip around the shrinking form of the poor slave, is gone for ever—it shall torture suffering humanity no more. It was torn off by the machinery of a 'cotton-gin,' as he was driving the poor slaves. On the whole, he seems a pleasant man in conversation. He does not think slavery *wrong*, he believes a slave is just as much the property of his master, as his horse or sheep is. He has read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and does not like it. Thinks the slaves are a sort of middle class between men and beasts, and that they are generally well treated, that a man usually takes as much care of his negroes as of his cattle, and that, if set free, they could not provide for themselves, &c., &c. He has left the plantations, and is going home to his relatives in the north of this state. Farewell for to-night."

"13th 2mo. Our Monthly Meeting is over; we have had quite a large company of Friends. Dr. E., and family, from Ohio; an intelligent man, very abstemious, one who disapproves of the superfluous loading of our tables, and thinks that 'most of the inhabitants of this land eat twice as much as is good for them!' An aged couple who have come ten miles

to meeting, seventy-five and seventy-eight years of age. A Friend and wife, and five children, the youngest five weeks old ; the mother, a pleasant woman, seems as much at ease as though she had no children to see to, while C. goes away with the four others and two belonging to someone else, who willingly part with them for awhile. C. seemed quite in her element with them. *4th 3mo.* My letter does not progress very fast. Other calls upon my time besides visitors have claimed my attention since I last laid down my pen. We have had three funerals at our meeting-house, and four at the other meeting-house a few miles from here. There has been a great deal of sickness and death around us of late. Six times I have been sent for to visit the sick and dying. One case was a peculiarly trying one. A young man, recently disowned for disorderly conduct by this Monthly Meeting, who had joined himself to a gang of unprofitable associates, a hunting set, had been out one night with them, stayed in the woods all night, came home with a bad cold, neglected it, inflammation on the lungs and bronchitis followed. A week after I was sent for ; the messenger was very urgent, told me that Charles was in great distress of mind, that he was afraid to die, and the doctors had given him up. Of course I answered the call. I cannot describe that dying scene : the poor young man struggling with the King of Terrors, and frantically pleading for life, for time to prepare to die. Then wandering in delirium and shrinking from the grasp of death. It was a fearful sight. ‘By many a deathbed I have been, And many a sinner’s parting seen, But never

aught like this!' He struggled, he trembled, he wrestled, he gasped, he groaned. In his lucid intervals he entreated me to pray for him. Three days of great bodily anguish and mental agony succeeded, then a little season of tranquillity, a faint glimmer of hope, and then the struggle was ended, and the spirit left the suffering tabernacle. 'He is gone, the last day shall tell where!' Though a young man, he has left a young widow and three small children. Dost thou know it is not an unfrequent thing here for me to be sent for by those not Friends to pray with the sick and dying, and to preach a 'funeral sermon' our ministers and elders encourage me to go and respond to such calls. On one occasion lately a poor old man was dying with a cancer, and urgently requested me to attend his funeral. After his death his widow and sons invited me 'to preach his funeral sermon.' I explained *our* views to them on the Ministry, after which we heard they had engaged a Methodist minister to come and preach if I did not. . . . Friends here lend their meeting-houses freely to others, and use theirs as freely. . . . My health is not so good as it was two years ago, our oppressively hot summer weather does not suit me, it enfeebles me. During the winter I have been much better than in the summer. But I had a strange attack a month ago—all of a sudden a dizzy feeling came over me. I could not stand, and should have fallen had it not been for M. A., who was near at hand, and supported me. My head was in an unusual heat, my hands and feet cold. They got me to bed, with hot bricks to my feet, and in two or three

hours I was quite well again, and have had no return of it since, but my dear husband seems constantly anxious and uneasy about me. He is so afraid of apoplexy or something of that kind. He is exceedingly tender, attentive, and kind to me. If he should be taken away from me I don't know what I should do. We have had many pleasant rides together this winter, going to 'visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,' the sick and dying in their suffering. . . . I have been learning to make soap and candles, and am becoming quite *au fait* at farmhouse work."

"5th 3mo. We have had a great many more visitors, but time would fail me to tell of William, of Samuel, of Joseph, of Welcome, of Pearce, of Ira, of Peleg, of Addison, of Martha, of Charity, of Hiram also, and of the pedlars who, through their love of visiting, subdued and surmounted all difficulties and dangers, to tarry for awhile under our roof. I have other things to speak of, and the time is far spent. M.A. has given up her school, having found these sturdy young republicans somewhat insubordinate. They have studied the Declaration of Independence too much to submit to petticoat government so well as the loyal and liege subjects of our Queen do. They remind me of an educational meeting I attended in New York. About fifty persons spoke, and expressed about as many different opinions. One said, 'It is high time to establish a Yearly Meeting School, our young people are becoming so ungovernable. It is not now as it was fifty years ago; when I was a boy there was some government in families.' Another Friend responded

to the above with, 'I do not at all agree with the last speaker, but think there is as much government in families now as ever there was, but the difference is just this, fifty years ago the old folks used to govern, and now the children do.' Such is life in the 'Great Republic!' . . . M.A. and I have just returned from a delightful stroll in the woods. It is a bright and beautiful spring day. How delightful it would have been if you could have come too! How thy little treasures would enjoy a ramble in our magnificent forests! How do J. and his wife like England after their free life in the woods? Do they settle down and feel comfortable? The Friends here are liberal and tolerant in their views to all '*orthodox*' bodies of Christians, but they cannot endure Spiritualists, Universalists, and Unitarians. They dread and shun these as they would serpents and venomous snakes."

E.L.C. to L.R. and C.H.

Rollin, 30-9-1860.

"Just able to sit up, recovering from an attack of 'chill fever,' I take the pen to have a little talk with thee, dear L., and to tell thee how often I have thought of thee of late, and how I have longed to see thee, and to feel thy cool soft hand upon my burning brow. I have been ill of a complaint here designated 'chill fever,' to which settlers in a new country are peculiarly liable. There is scarcely a house in this neighbourhood without an inmate who is suffering from it now, or has done so within a year. It comes on with a chill, a sinking low sensation, and as though

cold water was trickling down the back and through the shivering limbs. This is succeeded by an uncomfortable degree of heat, gradually rising to a parching fever, accompanied by mental aberration; the climax of heat subsides to a sort of physical zero in about twelve hours, and back again in twelve more, performing a cycle in twenty-four hours. . . . I was interrupted in writing the foregoing by my dear husband, who *insisted* on my laying down pen and paper, and *resting*."

"10th mo. 3rd. John came in the other day, and weak and feeble as I felt, I could not help laughing outright at what he said. I felt a little returning appetite, and asked him to kill a chicken, that I might have a little chicken broth. He protested against it, told me I was not nearly well enough, and he feared it would throw me into a fever. However he added, he would go and get me (and would cook it himself) a piece of fat pork out of the pork barrel. The bare mention of it was enough for me. He assured me I should 'eat it with a great relish,' that 'everybody does,' that 'there was not the least danger of it hurting me. People take it when they are very low, almost dead, and eat it eagerly, and it is astonishing how soon it raises them up after the fever leaves them.' Well, I awaited its arrival with some anxiety, quite sure in my own mind that it would make me sick. But John was very urgent and quite irresistible, so I tried to take it, and strange to say after the first mouthful, all nausea and repulsive feeling vanished, and I did eat it with a relish, quite a thick slice of fat pork, and some

bread soaked in the fat, and cooked and smoked almost black, while held over the top of our wood fire ! !”

“10th mo., 6th. I do not get on very fast with my letter, I find so many things to do. I am recruiting my strength pretty well, and shall not be much the worse for the attack by and by, I hope. A. happened to be here with her husband on a visit, when I was taken ill, she stayed a week after my attack came on, so I had her kind care. M. A. was away at first, but she came home directly on hearing that I was not well, and she stayed two weeks after A. went away. My dear husband was most attentive and indefatigable in his care of me, staying up with me almost every night, and administering every dose of medicine himself. With all their care, I did not suffer for want of attention, but was uneasy during lucid intervals about the housework, and for fear A. and M.A. should be overdone.”

“10th mo. 15th. Our English package has arrived at last after considerable delay in New York, and detention by the way. . . . It was so pleasant to see things just as your dear hands had packed them. I wish you could both have been in one corner of our sitting-room and seen it unpacked. It was a blustering, dark, rainy evening, about seven o'clock, when the cry went forth 'the English package is come, bring a lantern.' Then John went out, and Charles to help unload it, and C. to hold the light, M.A. and L.A. (my servant pro tem.) to look on. I feared the cold wind, and obeyed John's strict charge to remain in the house. In a few minutes the case was in the dining-

room, with a lively company round it. That evening was quite an era in J.'s life, and C.'s too. I do not know which of the two was most delighted and excited as one pretty thing after another was brought to light. C.'s delight with her doll was greatly augmented by her father's exclamations of wonder and astonishment at seeing it open and shut its eyes. The slippers he is much pleased with, and the knives and steel. He talks of writing to acknowledge them himself, but in the meantime, I may tell you that they have been sources of great gratification to him. You cannot at all understand the sensation excited here by the arrival of 'a package from England.' There were fifty things at least that were quite curiosities here to this farming population, who seldom go from home except to market, and do not see many things beside farm products. For my presents, I am very much obliged." . . .

"10th mo. 30th. I am forty-five to-day. My ankle is still swelled and rather lame, but I can walk a quarter of a mile without suffering much inconvenience. It is eleven weeks since I hurt it. We have had a great many callers to see our 'English curiosities,' which we hear are common topics of conversation in our neighbourhood. . . . Of C.'s enjoyment with all her treasures, her beautiful little box and its contents, I will leave her to tell. She has begun a letter to you. Accept my thanks, my dear sisters, for all the pains you have taken in purchasing and packing for me. I shall take great delight in doing as much for you some day. . . . John spent yesterday afternoon pruning his peach trees. He has a fine peach

orchard, two or three hundred trees. He hopes to have the pleasure of offering you some peaches from them some day. He came to fetch me to the cellar just now to look at his fine show of winter apples. They certainly do look beautiful. There are about 130 bushels. Some of them are remarkably fine. He pointed to a large bin of the finest and said, 'There, I wish I could deliver that bin of apples, just as they are, to our English relatives!' There were fifty bushels in the bin. Some of them will measure fourteen or fifteen inches round the largest part.* We have not nearly so many apples this year as sometimes. We have raised nearly 1,000 bushels of grain this year; perhaps some of it may go to England. The crops in this country have turned out remarkably well, except potatoes, they are 'some' rotten, but not altogether spoiled."

Writing from Rollin, 23-11-61, E.L.C. says: "I have been to Richmond to attend the Indiana Yearly Meeting, and to Cincinnati, to the Sabbath School Convention. Both were seasons of novel and lively interest. The Yearly Meeting is a wonderful sight. Friends in thousands, crowding into the meeting-house yard, which covers an area of many acres, in their various styles of carriages, from the neat glass coach to the tilted wagon, and the open lumber wagon. The house crowded, on First-day particularly. Friends, seated fifty in a row, and from twenty-five to

* He did send over two barrels of these splendid apples, far larger than any grown in England.

thirty rows, on the ground floor, as well as multitudes in upstairs galleries, and 3,000 holding meeting in the open air, outside the meeting-house, far enough off for the faint sound of the voice of the distant preacher now and then to be heard within the walls. Enos Pray, the most popular preacher in that Yearly Meeting, with a stentorian voice, electrifies with his eloquence the thousands out of doors. I wanted much to be there, but I had a bad cold, and as it was a drizzling rain and wet under foot, all the women were advised to remain in the house, and I lost that treat, and scarcely heard this powerful preacher at all. At Cincinnati . . . we had a most animated, spirit-stirring discussion, on matters of deep interest, connected with education in Sabbath Schools. About 250 present; 150 delegates from various parts of the union. Sister R.S.B. and I from Michigan, and some from every Yearly Meeting, except North Carolina, and a refugee Friend, who had fled from that state, was present. Men and women in about equal proportion. The discussion was ably carried on both by men and women indiscriminately. After the Convention we went to see Benjamin Frankland's school. He has many hundred of the lowest class of children from the very dregs of that large city, in a most interesting Sabbath School. He is a son of Thomas Frankland, of Liverpool, once a noted minister amongst Friends; he was at Ackworth when I left that school, being then a very little boy. Agnes, Mary, and Anna are his sisters. I had a very pleasant visit with them and their mother, now living near Cincinnati.

B.F. spends two hours with these degraded, ignorant little ones every First-day. They sing a good many sweet hymns, a young woman accompanying them on an accordion. Their young voices, in unison, singing thus, seemed sweet harmony to my ears. . . . I have been absent on my late journey seven weeks; sister R.S.B. was my companion. After leaving Cincinnati, and spending two hours on the Kentucky mountains, we went in a north-easterly direction, visiting the meetings of Friends in Alum Creek Quarterly Meeting, Ohio, &c. This journey occupied more time than I expected, and I have returned that minute, and procured another for visiting our State's prison at Jackson, the Juvenile Penitentiary at Lansing, to hold meetings in many of the cities and villages in this State, the Northern Quarterly Meeting in Indiana, and some other service that will probably occupy me two or three months.

“As far as I can see in the dim distance, Canada may then be my course. . . .

“After one meeting I was at, a pleasant friendly-looking man (not of our Society), came and advised me *not* to speak on peace any more, ‘or you will be *mobbed*,’ he said, ‘for the people won't bear it.’

“The war spirit seems to prevail over every other feeling. Farmers complain grievously of the badness of the times. Produce of all kinds, raised on the farms, sells very low, and those things we have to purchase from other parts, groceries, cotton goods, &c., are very high. Tea and coffee three times their usual price, raisins, sugar, rice, almost beyond our reach. Friends

and others are leaving off the use of tea and coffee very generally, and substituting rye, barley, Indian corn, wheat and oats roasted for coffee, and hyssop, catnip, sage, &c., for tea.

“We have had about sixty meetings in cities and villages, and expect to have about twenty more, and then return our minutes to our Monthly and Quarterly Meetings in Third month.

“Upon returning this minute, I have some prospect of requesting another for Canada, New York State, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and some appointed meetings with those out of our Society.

The States’ Prisons of New York and Pennsylvania it is probable I may visit also. I have entertained the hope that my dear John would go with me to Canada, but it seems doubtful. . . .

“Yes, I believe that preaching is one great and powerful agency by which God is pleased to arouse, awaken, and convert man. That now, as formerly, He is ‘pleased by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.’ There is a joy and rejoicing in my heart when visiting the sick and the prisoners, the suffering and dying, to hear ‘the blessing of him that is ready to perish’ in my ear.

“I know that I have a *gift* to comfort the afflicted, and for this power I do thank God, and strive to exercise it whenever and wherever I can. I would not give away this precious gift for a large property. I have no unity with that sort of preaching that says ‘I have tried to be excused,’ ‘I am reluctant to occupy the time of this meeting,’ ‘I have spoken because I *dared* not keep

silence.' But I rejoice in my gift, and it is willingly that I use it, attending to the injunction 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

"I rejoice that to me is given a dispensation of the gospel, and I rejoice in 'the recompense of the reward.'"

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR—PHILANTHROPIC LABOURS.—1861-62.

Rollin, 17-4-61.

“THIS letter would have been finished and sent off a month ago; but I have been so much from home of late. We have been round, holding public meetings, and visiting the sick and dying, and attending funerals. The other day I received a lawyer’s letter enclosing a very unusual kind of summons, viz., an urgent request to ‘come and preach a funeral sermon for my mother, who heard you preach at Hudson one day, and wished you to be invited to preach a funeral sermon for her.’ Such requests are very common here, we have one every week on an average. This lawyer sent his man *17 miles* for us, over such roads as you would never see in England. We were six hours going, and five-and-a-half returning, and were from home two days. You will, perhaps, wonder that we should accept such an invitation. It would be thought very strange in England, but here it is very common with Friends. When invited, they rarely refuse. There are many persons not Friends, whose mothers or fathers, or some of their connexions have been Friends, and who prefer a ‘Friends’ funeral.’

“18th 4th mo., 1861. Our country, just now, is in a state of great excitement. Civil war has commenced in the South. In this ‘North Countrie,’ we are removed far from the scene of warfare, and see and hear comparatively little of it; yet, just now, the excitement is so great that it even reaches us. The President has ordered 75,000 troops to be raised to quell the rebellion in the South; Fort Sumter is reported taken by the Carolinians.”

Writing from Rollin, 25-7-1861, E.L.C. says (after referring to some photographs they had had taken): “But in the present state of affairs in our country, it seems trifling to be talking of likenesses, or caring about anything so trivial, and, while I write, I feel so much uncertainty whether my letters will ever reach your hands, that it takes away most of the pleasure of writing. It is so long since I have heard from either of you. I believe this is the fourth letter I have written since hearing, and as I hear nothing from any of my English relations or friends, I conclude some of your letters are lost. In the present troubled state of our nation, our mails and everything else are very uncertain. We have now reached a terrible crisis in this land. Fearful accounts reach us daily of war and bloodshed, affecting details of killed and wounded. The latest account tells us of the total defeat of the Northerners at Manasses Junction, with a loss of 3,000 men, besides many wounded. The poor wounded soldiers claim our earnest sympathy, where, upon the space of one square mile, 3,000 dead are lying, with multitudes of wounded mixed up with them. How fearful must be the

sufferings of the latter, in that warm country, at this sultry season, lying there almost incapable of moving, and their friends driven off the field, and compelled to retreat to the place from which they started. We begin to look forward, with serious apprehension, to the end of all this. The effect of the excitement in the country is disastrous. Trade and commerce are almost at a standstill ; forty per cent. of the shopkeepers in New York and many other cities have failed. Many of the manufactories are closed. Taxes and rates rising. Tariff upon tea, coffee, sugar, and other groceries so great that many of us farmers are almost discontinuing the use of them. Farm produce very low. Wool that sold last year for fifty cents, now fetches twenty-two. Wheat is only fifty cents per bushel, *i.e.* *forty pounds* of flour. Its common price is from ninety-five cents to one dollar twenty-five cents. Cutting off the supplies from the Southerners seems to make grain a drug in the market. My dear husband and other farmers around here sensibly feel these things. We ought to be thankful for the *abundance* of our harvest just gathered in ; a most excellent crop, so that we have plenty of provisions, but money we seldom see. John is always willing to go with me to all the meetings, and to take me anywhere in the work of the ministry where my mind seems drawn, if he can possibly leave his work. But if this fearful civil war goes on, I do not know what we shall do. We shall not be able to go out thus, nor shall we have the means. More than this, the way will not be clear before us, or the minds of the people be open to receive us. A strong prejudice

against our Society seems springing up, because of our testimony against war ; . people look upon us as a sort of half-secessionists, because we will not fight for the Union, and oppose all war. It is wonderful how high the war spirit runs, and how eager the people are to fight or to *hear* that they are fighting. . . . *If times mend*, brother W. and sister R.B. and I hope to attend the Indiana Yearly Meeting, which commences Second of Tenth Month. It is about 200 miles from here. I hope you will write to me as often as you can, and *do not pay* your letters, then those that may be lost will have cost nothing but the time. I do not pay my letters out of 'The Union' ; what a mockery that word seems now ! We begin to apprehend that the balance of power between the North and South is more equal than we had supposed. With characteristic self-respect and independence, the Northerners have all along thought themselves infinitely superior to the South, and have boasted that they would soon crush the rebellion and punish the rebels ; and now our eyes seem suddenly opening to perceive that they too have power, and that they *may* prevail and punish us, at least for awhile."

Mississinewa, Indiana. 20-2-1862.

MY DEAR SISTERS,

"Since writing my last, six weeks ago, I have accomplished this much of my minute, viz., visited the prisoners in the House of Correction at Lansing, the capital of our state, situated 100 miles north of Rollin, and had a meeting in the Senate House with the

members of our State Legislature, and one with the citizens of Lansing. In these somewhat formidable engagements, it has been a great comfort to me to have the company of my dear husband. We went with our own horses and buggy. We took a round of about 400 miles, total cost being about \$15 or £3. In the round we went, we paid a visit to some of John's relatives. . . . In the Senate House I felt myself in a place altogether new. Upon entering the house, the Sergeant-at-Arms marshalled us up to our seats. I had to sit in the Speaker's chair, on a high elevation, a sort of throne. Above me was a spread-eagle, blazoned in gold, around me soft velvet cushions, crimson hangings, rich tassels, etc., etc. All my surroundings were new and strange; before me, the members of our State Legislature. Some were writing, some reading newspapers, etc. John whispered to me that I had better explain that it was a religious meeting, and our usual modes of commencing our meetings. I said a few words to this effect. A most profound silence ensued, which was broken by the Sergeant-at-Arms again marching up to us, to tell me 'it was not time to begin; we must wait until half past seven,' it being then only a quarter past seven, and half past seven being the usual time for meeting there. He then made a similar announcement to the congregation. The writing and reading were then resumed by some, others sat still. At half past seven, the Sergeant near the door kept looking up at the clock, and then at us, and finding all his signs were ineffectual, he once more came to us and announced, 'It is time to begin.'

Rather an unusual mode of proceeding in a Friends' Meeting! I felt dismayed and somewhat losing confidence, but I endeavoured to look to the source whence alone strength is to be found, and after a pause, felt able to rise above the fear of man, and to declare to that large and formidable audience, that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' I had to point out the national sins of this nation; slavery, scepticism, infidelity, and coveteousness among the higher classes; swearing, drunkenness, and depravity among the poor. I pointed out the responsibilities resting upon the legislators, in their speeches, votes, and influence, as well as their example. The many proofs in past history, of sin not only bringing reproach, but ruin, upon flourishing nations and cities, viz., Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Rome. I dwelt upon the character and disposition of Moses, as a model legislator, not seeking his own pleasure or emolument, but the welfare of the people over whom he ruled, etc. The meeting lasted about two hours with very little silence, and after its close the members came crowding round John, and wishing 'to be introduced to his lady.' The Lieutenant-Governor was very kind, and urgently invited us to go and visit him." . .

. "The meeting at the House of Correction was a very different scene. Young people varying in age from seven to eighteen years, were there, 156 in number. They spend five hours per diem in study, five in labour, two in active play. They seem to be in excellent order, warm and clean clothing, and good and substantial plain fare. One little fellow, having heard

us say we were going to the States Prison, sidled up to me and enquired 'Have you any connection at the States Prison?' I spoke kindly to the poor child, and felt my heart touched with near sympathy when he told me that 'his mother was dead, and his father in the States Prison.'

. . . . "The fearful excitement that prevailed respecting England, and fears that she would inter-meddle and help the South, seem to be subsiding. I am ashamed of my native land, when I think of their threatening attitude, and their imperious demand of Mason and Slidell, under present circumstances. I united in the opinion prevalent here, that they would not have taken such a step, but for the present tried and conflicting state of this nation. What do they want with our rebels, and why, in a time of strict neutrality, did the British captain assist them in running our blockades? These are queries put to me to which I can find no answer, except the one current here, that they are acting in a mean and cowardly manner, because at the present crisis, they feel their own strength and our weakness, and so try to provoke a war. But I cannot believe that the best men in England approve or sanction the step. Did John Bright? My husband wishes particularly to know.

"Our Peace Society has turned and goes with the stream, and advocates this war as a mere sustaining the power of the civil magistrate, and keeping up the government. Too many of our Society have turned also, and laid down our Peace principles. When we applied for the Legislative Hall for our meeting, they

made enquiry whether ‘the lady was going to speak against the war,’ &c.”

*Laport, Indiana, fifteen miles south of Lake Michigan,
3mo., 1862.*

“We have stood upon the southern shore of Lake Michigan, and we have visited the States Prison for the northern division of Indiana in the City of Michigan. It was an affecting sight. The chaplain of the prison escorted us, and introduced us there, and gained permission for me to have an audience of the prisoners, near three hundred in number. The sight of their misery and wretchedness almost overpowered me. It was well that I had an hour to recover my composure, after first seeing them in their cells, before they were assembled for our meeting. Some of their countenances bore the impress of hardened depravity and vice. Others looked indifferent and apathetic, and some ashamed and distressed. I spoke to them for about an hour, on the mercy of God to the penitent sinner, referring to David, Peter, the thief on the cross, and the prodigal son. I referred to their happy innocence in childhood’s hours, their mothers’ care and fathers’ counsels, and I saw many heads bowed low, and countenances with an expression of softness and awakened feelings while I appealed to memories of their mothers, sisters, wives, and little ones. I urged upon them the importance of cherishing every right feeling, and fostering every good impression and resolution, as these beginnings of a better life, though small at first, would grow if encouraged—that the

commencement of both good and evil in our hearts is small at first, yet may largely increase, and illustrated my meaning by tracing the growth of evil and sin in their hearts since they first began to wander from the paths of rectitude. When I had finished, cousin P. B. Hathaway, my companion, offered a very appropriate prayer. When our meeting ended we mingled with them, and entered into conversation, many of them pressed round us eager to shake hands, and asked us to come again. A company of fifteen or twenty was introduced to me by their chaplain, with the announcement ‘Mrs. Comstock, these men have resolved to lead different lives.’ I shook hands with the little group, and spoke a few words of encouragement to them to persevere in their resolution. They urgently requested me to stay and attend their prayer meeting, which they have got up amongst themselves. I would willingly have done so, but we had to hasten to a meeting we had appointed for the citizens in the Methodist Church.”

“13-3-62. We are working home gradually, holding meetings in most of the cities and villages as we move along. In three days I hope to see the beloved ones at home again. W. H. has driven us from place to place with his team and sleigh. When we reach home we shall have travelled near one thousand miles in six or seven weeks by sleigh—at a cost of about three dollars each.”

After sending messages of loving remembrance to several dear relatives she says, “Please let them know the reason of my long silence is not forgetfulness, but

from the pressure of duties that occupy my time so fully. My meeting with the legislative body at Lansing, Michigan, was a regularly appointed meeting. About three-quarters of the senate and legislature were there, and two or three hundred of the citizens of Lansing also. We have visited some prisons, almshouses, and hospitals in Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, but we have yet to go through New York and Canada, and may not get home for two months. We do not work every day quite so hard as the one I described to you, but are seldom less than six hours per diem engaged in our mission, and First-day much more. There has been great openness to receive us. The Twelfth Street Meeting, Philadelphia, was very cordial to us, and that Monthly Meeting read our minutes, and expressed great satisfaction and unity with our labours amongst them. They were exceedingly kind to us out of meeting also, and did all they could for our comfort and help. . . . There is so much refinement, mental cultivation and true hospitality, cordiality and benevolence. They are foremost in all the philanthropic movements, and principal in all the noble institutions."

E. L. C. to her Sisters.

New York, 7-6-1862.

"Friends here are like those amongst whom our lot was cast in Philadelphia, very kind. Robert L. Murray and his wife, at whose house we are staying, are very pleasant Friends. His father, nephew of the grammarian, died about the time of the great money

panic in 1857. Robert's anxieties at that time so preyed upon his health and spirits, that he was taken very ill ; for awhile his life was despaired of, but gradually he recovered, though for six months he was too ill to attend to business at all. There is a chastened, subdued manner about him still, that it is touching to see. His wife struggled manfully with her trials, she bore them with true woman's fortitude as long as her husband required her care ; then her spirit flagged and her health sunk, and by the time her husband was restored to health, she was prostrated. I have been reading parts of your very interesting letters to them. They both unite with my view, and the view taken by the author of 'Doing and Suffering,' as to the source whence our trials come. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and correcteth every son whom He receiveth.' This is our motto. This our comfort. 'As gold is tried in the fire, so are acceptable men in the furnace of affliction.' . . . It seems to us all a strong argument in favour of this view of the case, that the most righteous men in all ages have generally had the greatest afflictions. The children of this world, wiser in their generation than the children of light, do not get into these business troubles quite so much. The most covetous man is often the richest ; the proudest and most ambitious manages to gain the most power. Why, it seems to us that you hold the same views that Job's three friends had. They were for charging him with being the cause of all his own afflictions. They thought he must have been wicked, or he could not have had so much trouble. I wish you

could view the matter as I do, you would be much happier. F. thinks I take more comfort in life than you do. The difference lies here. My trials I can look upon as coming directly from the loving hand of a tender Father, so I can bear them, and hope some day to arrive at the state the Apostle was in when he said, 'I rejoice in tribulation.' We have had a very good Yearly Meeting, longer than usual, and many Friends from other Yearly Meetings present. E. M., from New England, green in old age. F. W. T. an able and eloquent pleader for the faith once delivered to the saints, very skilful on doctrinal points, a man in the prime of life. J. H. D., twenty-nine years of age, with wonderful eloquence and command of language, preaches the unsearchable riches of Christ. The doctrine of the atonement, of salvation by Christ, seems his favourite theme. These two last named are both from Indiana. J. S., from Baltimore. W. J., from Western Yearly Meeting. J. S., from New Jersey, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, though residing only a few miles from this city. Our Yearly Meeting has been conducted in great harmony, ample time was allowed for the ministry, and great encouragement given to those from other Yearly Meetings. I have just mailed L. a New York Tribune. There is nothing very particular in it except a short account of our Yearly Meeting, which R. L. M. wrote at the particular request of one of the editors, who wished him to write something that would show the difference between our views and the Hicksite doctrines. The Yearly Meeting of Hicksites concluded just after ours commenced. R. B. M. was there, and, by

her strong and unitarian doctrine, she has quite alarmed their body, very few of them being able to go with her. . . . About recording ministers, there might be some advantages in doing away with the practice. I believe it was resorted to in the dark ages of our Society, to encourage a right ministry, and suppress a spurious one. You might get on better without this form in England than we should here. I imagine that here there might be many more travelling than would be for the good of the Church, for the honour of truth, or their own private benefit, if this needful ceremony of recommending and liberating was not required. . . .

“John Bright is the most popular man in this city, and in Philadelphia, I believe. I see very little of the newspapers and know very little of what is passing in the political world, beyond what the last page of the ‘Friends’ Review’ gives once a week. I cannot get time to read the papers, and our own are so little to be depended on. Unless we read the whole paper, we are sure to get a false impression, as I did when I read Tennessee had surrendered and become loyal. I read two whole columns one day, containing the most astounding intelligence, and as soon as I commenced the third, ‘Later news’ contradicted all the other two contained. The editors do in this way to attract notice and to sell their papers. . . . John and I do not take any political paper. We take no pleasure in reading the horrid details of the battle-field. We long and pray for the day when the proclamation of peace may be made; when the swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks, and

the nations shall not learn war any more. . . . As I came into New York Harbour last week I had a good view of the 'Great Eastern,' lying near this city. It is one of the wonders of the age, but I suppose it is not a remunerative concern. . . . Cousin P. B. H. (our husbands are second cousins) is my companion in this journey. . . . We are very much engaged from 9 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m. in visiting the prisons, hospitals, almshouses, poorhouses, orphan, blind, lunatic, and other asylums, &c., &c. Yesterday we went to the 'Tombs,' a large prison in the very heart of this city, a sort of Newgate. It was a mournful sight to me to see the hardened, depraved, degraded countenances of some of the poor women there; yet there was evidence during our meeting with them that they were not wholly lost to feeling. My dear sisters, it is a blessing if we can do anything to encourage, to comfort, to soothe these poor outcasts and wanderers; if we may only be the favoured instruments of leading a few of them to seek to walk in a happier and better course. There are thousands of children in this city from three to eighteen or nineteen years, in houses of refuge, houses of correction, reform schools, and asylums of various kinds. We saw about two thousand; had meetings with them last First-day. They were classified, the Nurseries containing those under seven. I spoke to *them* a short time, trying to give them a little lesson on the goodness of God in taking care of them, as manifested in the different parts of their bodies, the eye, ear, foot, and hand. When I told them of a pretty little boy of six years old I had seen a few days before

in a hospital, who had gone too near some machinery and had his hand so injured that it had to be taken off, some of the pretty little creatures held up their hands and looked at them, and I think rejoiced for once in their lives over their two useful hands, their eyes, and their feet. It is very touching to go to the hospitals and see the suffering there, and it is very sweet to feel that the poor sufferers are a little soothed and cheered by our loving words of sympathy."

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.—1862-63.

IN July, 1862, Elizabeth L. C. wrote:—"The war news are terrible, more and more awful as the strife goes on. We hear of many young Friends taking up arms for the North. One day three young soldiers were conversing together in Maryland, when one of them used the plain language accidentally. 'It seems to me you are a Quaker,' said another. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am a son of Dr. Tobey.' (Dr. T. is the clerk of the New England Yearly Meeting.) 'Well,' said the second, 'you have heard of Sybil Jones, I guess, she is my mother.' Their surprise had scarcely subsided, when the third announced himself as the son of William Henry Chase, an eminent minister at Union Springs, and a leading man on the committee of our Yearly Meeting School."

"We have paid a visit of spirit-stirring yet harrowing interest to Sing Sing, the largest State prison in this land. There are 1,250 men, and 150 women in it. The chaplain seems to be a very good man, a self-denying, dedicated Christian, who labours indefatigably for the comfort and spiritual aid of the prisoners. It is beautiful to see the love and reverence they bear him, some of them I should say. Others look too hardened to appreciate his 'life of self-renouncing

love.' Mary Wood, wife of William Wood, clerk to New York Yearly Meeting, accompanied us, and several other Friends. M.W. spent two days with me in going from cell to cell amongst the prisoners. One poor woman attracted our sympathy greatly. She is a beautiful woman, refined and pleasant in her manners, her conversation very intelligent, except occasionally when some mental aberration is apparent. She was born in Quebec of wealthy parents, and delicately brought up until the age of sixteen with every indulgence and refinement that wealth could give. At sixteen she was engaged in marriage to a young man whom she loved devotedly, but her parents thought him not quite equal to her in birth and family, and they separated her from him, and compelled her to marry a young Englishman of aristocratic family, an officer in the army, although she told him at the altar that she did not love him, and never could, for her heart was irrevocably given to another. After their marriage, her husband took her to England. She does not complain of his being unkind to her at all, but says her heart was broken, and she could not love him, though he tried to win her love. From the time of her leaving Canada, she was subject occasionally to attacks of mental derangement, produced by distress of mind. In the hope of restoring her to health and peace, her husband travelled on the Continent with her for three years—in vain. When in her twentieth year, she was in Liverpool, and went on board a Canadian ship, left her husband, returned to Canada, and presented herself at her father's door, the home of her childhood, from

which she was spurned with a torrent of reproaches. The young man she had so loved was dead. With a weakened mind, the poor outcast wandered about from place to place, finding no rest, and fell an easy prey to the seductions of a man whom she calls her protector. For four years she seems to have been provided with great abundance. There is some incoherency in this part of her narrative, but as nearly as the chaplain can gather it, this 'protector' was a very wealthy man, who occasionally visited her, and kept her living in luxury, but she was subject at intervals to distressing attacks, and uncontrollable outbursts of mental derangement and insanity. In one of these she put some poison (arsenic) in some beer, and gave a glass each to two poor people, who drank it, and both died from the effects thereof, in a few hours. There seemed to have been no motive to have led to this crime, she owed them no grudge, she mixed the poison in the beer, in their presence, and told them it was sugar. She made no attempt at concealment, did not try to hide herself, or deny what she had done, but laboured under the delusion that her own life was in danger, that some enemies were watching to injure her, and always carried a revolver about with her. She was arrested and convicted of murder, and sentenced to be executed. When told of her sentence, she manifested the most extravagant joy. When told afterwards that through the philanthropic efforts of some individuals, her sentence had been changed to imprisonment for life, she was in paroxysms of grief and distress, tore her hair and her clothes, and was so violent that she was

kept in chains in the black dungeon for some time. When she was first arrested she was most magnificently attired ; now, of course, she is in prison dress. She has been eight or nine years a prisoner in Sing Sing prison, and during that long space of time, no friend or relative has ever been to see her, or enquired after her. She is now thirty-three years of age, and is in prison for life. The matron says she is *generally* quiet and manageable, but occasionally violent, and then she is placed in 'the black dungeon,' where not a ray of light penetrates, and kept there until quiet, perhaps two or three days ; then exhausted she is brought back to her cell. I spent half an hour with her, she was quiet and tranquil, and conversed not only rationally, but with much feeling. Her spirit seems to be galled by the society into which she is thrown in the prison, more than anything else. They are repulsive to her, and they dislike her and call her proud, and talk of her 'airs.'

"Poor thing ! my heart aches for her, but I cannot help her ! The chaplain often goes to her when she is depressed or excited, and soothes her. She speaks of him as the only person in the wide world who cares for her, and sometimes speaks touchingly of her childhood's days, and the love and care she enjoyed then. . . ."

The Society of Friends has always denounced war as unchristian, and the heart-rending scenes Elizabeth L. C. witnessed during the American War, of which John Bright in his excellent Peace address in 1887 said it was the only war during the past fifty years for which he thought any palliation could be made—

show, indeed, how cruel and inhuman, and foolish and wicked it is.

E.L.C. witnessed terrible sufferings, and could at times scarcely speak of them without a shudder. In one letter she says :—“ It is harrowing to see the sufferings of the poor wounded soldiers ; I have heard piercing shrieks from them as I walked outside, while the wounds were being dressed, and the limbs amputated.”

. . . “ I went into a hospital in Virginia one day. A youth of about nineteen seemed to be dying. The soldier who was waiting upon him said, ‘ It’s of no use for you to speak to him—he don’t know nothing.’ He had been badly wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg—lay thirty-six hours on the battlefield before he was picked up, and brought to the hospital, and during the two or three days he had been there, had not been able to answer any questions, or give any information ; had only spoken in incoherent ramblings, or in the ravings of delirium. I enquired his name, but they could not tell it ; said the nurse and doctor had both been trying in vain to find out ; I asked for his knapsack, thinking that by searching it I might find some paper, book, name or initials, by which he might be identified. In vain, for knapsack, coat, cap and belt had all been lost on the battle-field. I stood looking upon the youthful face, and remembering that there is one Name that will sometimes reach the dying ear, and touch a chord of memory when all others were forgotten, I said,—

‘ Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.’

He opened his eyes, and, with an earnest appealing look at me, tried to speak. There was sufficient of memory and of reason left for him to remember his mother, and of sight to see that a woman stood beside him ; and, mistaking me for his far-distant mother, he said, ‘ Mother, I knew you would come.’ I longed to know that another name, besides that of mother, was precious in that solemn hour, and I spoke of Him who said, ‘ As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.’ I spoke of Him whom God hath highly exalted, and hath given Him a name that is above every name, that ‘ at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.’ Again the large blue eyes opened, and rested upon me with an appealing look, and he spoke once more. Listening attentively, I caught the words, uttered with feeble, faltering accents, ‘ Mother, I am going to Jesus.’ They were the last he spoke. I tried vainly to get the mother’s name ; the lucid interval had passed away, or the power of speech was gone. I stood beside him until his voice was silenced by the hand of death, and closed his eyes.

“ Looking carefully to see if there was anything by which he could be identified and his mother discovered, I saw upon the little finger of his left hand a gold ring. The hand had been tightly clasped, as if he had desired to hide or retain it, but when death had relaxed his hold, I removed it easily from the thin, wasted finger. I thought, perhaps, that by means of it I might discover his friends. Soon, however, I replaced it, remembering a sight I had witnessed a few days before, which made

me think it more likely that some one would go there to seek for him, than that I should discover his friends by the ring.

“ The sight I had witnessed was this. I went into the dead-house, where were the bodies of eighteen soldiers waiting for interment. As I stood there, pondering the wonderful mysteries of life and death, thinking of the desolation of the sword in our beloved country, there came into the house two mothers, in great grief and bitter weeping, searching for their lost sons.

“ They had been looking in the hospitals, in vain, and now came to search in this place ; and one went to the head and the other to the foot of the same young soldier, each claiming him for her own. The faces were so changed, blackened with gunpowder, altered by wounds, loss of blood and the hand of death, that a mother would not be able to distinguish her own child. One of the women passing her hand caressingly through the hair, and kissing the cold forehead, exclaimed in an agony of grief, ‘ Oh ! Harry, my darling Harry, will your mother never hear your loved voice again ? Shall I never have that strong young arm to lean upon any more ? ’ To which the other woman responded, ‘ No it is not your Harry, it is my Charley, I know it is my boy by the socks which I knit for him, with my own hands.’ She took possession of the remains to bury her dead at home. The remembrance of this scene led me to replace the ring, and a year-and-a-half elapsed ere I discovered the mother of the boy whose dying words I referred to. Having stated

the circumstances in a meeting, 600 miles from the place where the boy had died, a lady came to me in a flood of tears, and said, 'It seems to me you have been talking about my dear boy.' She accompanied me to the house where I was staying, brought the boy's photo and some of his letters. She told me of their parting at the railway station, when he went to join his regiment, and he earnestly claiming her promise, 'Mother, you won't forget that if I am sick or wounded, you have promised to come to me.' In the last letter he had written, which was just before the battle of Fredericksburg, he had again reminded her of her promise, and told her that he always wore the gold ring on the little finger of his left hand, sending a message to the giver of it. From the mother's description of her boy, a lock of hair which I had saved for her, and other concurrent circumstances, it became pretty clear that this was her son. And the mother, while she wept over the loss of her dear boy, was comforted with hearing of his last words, and with the consolation of the child of the Lord, 'I shall go to him but he shall not return to me.' . . .

"During the war the large Hospital for the Insane, in the district of Columbia, called St. Elizabeth's Hospital, was set at liberty for sick and wounded soldiers, the insane patients being removed and provided for farther north. As I entered one of the wards the nurse approached me with a very warm greeting, saying how glad she was to see me, for yesterday two young soldiers died who had anxiously wished in vain for someone to pray with them. I asked where the chaplain had

been ; she said he was out visiting or pleasure-taking with some of the others. She took me to a small room where lay a poor young soldier whom she thought very near death. As I stood by his bedside, a rough-looking New York soldier, his attendant, said to me, 'It ain't no use for you to talk to him, he don't know nothing, and can't talk ; he has had a bullet through his wind-pipe,' he added, as he snatched roughly the bandages from his throat and exposed a ghastly throat and neck, fearfully swelled and inflamed. This rough attendant was one of a thousand men who had been imprisoned in the 'Workhouse' at New York for short terms for drunkenness, vagrancy, &c., to whom was given their choice to finish out their sentences or serve in the army ; much to the indignation of some of the most respectable families, whose sons were in the army, were these men allowed to enlist. I replaced the bandage tenderly and carefully, and as I looked at the youthful face and open brow I said, 'Poor boy, how I wish his mother was here.' The blue eyes opened and he cast an earnest, appealing look at me, and seeing he was conscious I spoke a few words to him about mother and home, Jesus and heaven. Large tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks as he made an effort to speak—nothing but inarticulate sounds escaped him. I had a little book with me, 'Words of healing for the sick soldier,' from which I read him a few sentences. He seemed to understand, and looked longingly at the book, which I handed to him ; my name was in it, and I wrote beneath it 'to,' wishing to add his name, but this he could not

articulate. I handed him my pencil, and tried to steady his hand while he made an attempt at writing his name. He succeeded in indistinctly inscribing 'Henry Burhans,' but the effort was too much; book and pencil fell from his hand, and he fainted. I called the nurse, and while she endeavoured to restore him, I went to speak to the surgeon and officer for the day. I explained the case, and enquired if they could tell me where the boy came from, and whether his wounds were fatal. In answer to my enquiries, they said that he had not been able to articulate a sentence since he was picked up on the battle-field, thirty-six hours previously. Both chaplain and nurse had tried to discover who he was in vain, but from the part of the battle-field in which he was found it was probable he belonged to a New York regiment. He had been robbed of his cloak, cap, belt, and everything by which he might have been identified while lying on the battle-field, and was brought to the hospital wrapped up in a blanket. The surgeon said his wounds were not *necessarily* fatal, but he thought he would die. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because he will not attempt to take any nourishment, and is very home-sick,' adding, 'We lose more from home-sickness than we do from wounds.' I returned to my poor patient, determined to make further efforts to discover from whence he came. I found him conscious, and the nurse was trying to persuade him to take a little nourishment. She could not prevail upon him to make any effort—'It hurts him dreadfully to swallow,' she explained to me, 'and he cannot live unless he

take some food.' I told him that the surgeon said his wounds were not necessarily fatal, and that he might live, and that I was going to write to his mother, and represented what a sad thing it would be if she came such a long distance to find him gone. Cheered and animated by these tidings, he made a great effort, and succeeded in swallowing a spoonful, though it seemed as though it would almost choke him. I handed him a card and pencil to see if he could write his mother's post office address. I tried to steady his hand, and held the book on which the card lay. Feebly the poor hand moved up and down, back and forth, and very earnest was the gaze fixed upon my face as I tried to read the lines he had made. A look of disappointment and sorrow passed over his face as I tried vainly to decipher it, and tears again filled his eyes. 'Don't be discouraged,' I said, 'cheer up, and I think I shall discover thy mother's address.' I dried his tears, gave him a clean, soft pocket handkerchief, and said, 'Henry, in a few minutes, after thou hast rested, I want thee to try and speak one word, do not attempt more, but simply one word, and that one must be thy mother's post office town. I will watch the motion of thy lips and listen intently.' Presently I saw he was framing to speak, and listening, watching, and guessing, I thought he was trying to say 'Catskill.' 'Mrs. Burhans, Catskill, New York,' I said, 'Is that right?' A flash of joy lighted up the poor, pale face, as he found I had it right. I talked to him a little longer, told him I felt assured he had a good mother, and queried, 'can I write to her, and tell her that

while she has been at home, praying for her wandering boy, he has been praying for himself' ? I requested him to press my hand if I could say so ; there was a look of sadness, but he gave no sign. I queried, ' can I tell her that her dear boy is now seeking his Saviour, that he will now seek his soul's salvation ' ? An earnest pressure of the hand was the response. After a short season of prayer, I was about to leave him, when he kept tight hold of my hand, as though unwilling to let me go, until I said that I wanted to write to his mother, and had only one hour to catch the out-going mail. Instantly he let go. When seated at my lodgings, I felt some doubt whether ' Mrs. Burhans, Catskill, New York,' would reach his mother, not knowing whether Catskill was simply a mountain range, a district with many post offices in it, or a village or town. I therefore wrote to my dear friend, Mary Wood, who I knew often spent her summers at Catskill, told her I thought this poor boy strongly resembled her only son, gave full particulars, and begged her to do all that she could to communicate them to Mrs. Burhans, as quickly as possible. This proved satisfactory, and the mother came to her boy, who recovered at least for a time. I heard of him once or twice after.

" Another very sad case was that of ' Poor Harry.' I was walking from one hospital to another, when I saw a man digging what seemed to be a grave at the roadside. I stopped and spoke to him as he worked with his pickaxe and shovel, and said, ' It looks to me like a grave thou art digging.' He replied, ' I am digging a grave.' ' Well,' I said, ' that is an

extraordinary place for a grave—why is it not in the cemetery or churchyard?’ To which he replied that the grave he was digging was for ‘a young man who was living and well.’ From him and some ladies who gathered round me, I heard a part of the dismal history, which was afterwards corroborated, and completed the story of poor Harry, the only son of a widowed mother, far away in Minnesota. His father had died when he was a little infant, in a fit of delirium tremens. The mother had moved to a distant part of the country, where he was not known, and carefully shielded her little boy and girl from knowing how their father had died, and from ever tasting the intoxicating draught. The boy had been all that a loving mother could wish till he grew up to be eighteen years of age, when the war broke out, and he enlisted in the army. Thinking she was doing a brave and a right act, the poor widow gave up her only son, to fight for his country ; and, taking leave of him at the railway station, as he went to join his regiment, her parting charge, as she placed her little Bible in his hand, was, ‘Harry, do not neglect your Bible, do not neglect prayer, do not forget your Saviour, and remember your promise to your mother—you have promised me that you will never drink.’

“Eight months had scarcely passed away after leaving his mother, until he was court-martialled and sentenced to be shot. He had been placed under a drinking captain, who had invited him to drink with him. For awhile, he steadily refused, saying, ‘I have promised my mother that I will never drink.’ After

a time, it became evident that the vindictive-spirited captain resented his refusal to drink with him as an insult. One of the young soldier's comrades said to him, ' Harry, you are getting out with your captain, you had better not offend him or it will be the worse for you.'

" Finding that he was losing the captain's favour, Harry consulted a lady at whose house he sometimes visited, who gave him this advice, after hearing the story of his promise to his mother and the captain's invitation to him to drink ; ' Harry, if your mother knew all the circumstances, she would absolve you from your promise. You know you need not drink to excess, but just take a glass with the captain, if he invites you again, to show good fellowship.' Poor Harry followed the advice, and it was soon evident that he had inherited his father's weakness. No sooner had he tasted the intoxicating draught than he craved for more, and, under its influence, soon lost all self-control, and rapidly ran his down-hill career, until, after frequent acts of insubordination and drunkenness, he, one day, knocked his captain down, was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. While I was listening to this sad story, unusual sights and sounds attracted my attention. I heard the approaching solemn death march of a company of soldiers, their muffled drums beating, who came and arranged themselves on one side of a square, another occupied a second side, and another a third side, and with the third, in a wagon, seated upon his own coffin, a common pine box, was young Harry.

" The young soldier was led out to a rising knoll, and twelve soldiers placed in front, armed with guns,

taken up indiscriminately, six of which were loaded with bullets, and six with blank cartridges, that they might not know who fired the fatal shots. I entreated the officer commanding, to delay the execution of the sentence, for twenty-four hours, that I might have time to hasten to Washington and report the case to our noble President, Abraham Lincoln. The officer refused to grant my request, and would not even allow me to speak to the prisoner, being urged on by the resentful captain, who had caused all poor Harry's troubles, to the immediate execution of the sentence. The General remarked that there had been so much drunkenness and insubordination among the soldiers, that they must make an example of Harry. Finding that I could not help him I hastened away, but did not get out of hearing until the signal was given, and the shots were fired that took away that young man's life; and Harry fell, covered with wounds inflicted by his own brothers in arms. . . I went to Washington shortly after, and represented the case with several others to the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. That kind-hearted gentleman expressed much regret that such a circumstance should have transpired, adding, 'It is one of the terrible exigencies of war, and such things will sometimes happen in the best regulated armies.' My heart was lifted up with the earnest petition, and I wished that all mothers and ministers of the Gospel would unite in the same—

'Oh! hasten, great Father, the blest consummation,
When nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
When war shall no more be the Christian's vocation,
When the spear shall be shivered, and broken the bow.'"

CHAPTER IX.

VISITS TO PRISONS AND STATEN ISLAND.

1862-1863.

Baltimore, 18-10-62.

MY DEAR SISTERS,

“YOU will wonder at receiving a letter from me, dated from this place. Soon after my arrival at home from Canada, I received a minute from my Monthly Meeting to visit the Prisons, Hospitals, Houses of Refuge, Asylums, and other institutions in many of our large cities, also for going into ‘the streets and lanes of the cities, to bring in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind’: and for attending the Yearly Meetings of Indiana and Baltimore. There was a very full expression of sympathy and unity, and I have a beautiful and comprehensive certificate from Rollin Monthly Meeting, endorsed by Adrian Quarterly Meeting, 28-10. I have had so much to do since commencing this that you must excuse the delay. We have had a very good though small Yearly Meeting, not larger than Ackworth Particular Meeting was fifteen years ago, including the schools. Eliza P. Gurney was in attendance, and ‘had good service to the edification and strengthening of many minds.’

“There is a wonderful difference between this Yearly Meeting and Indiana; it is very striking thus

to come direct from one to the other. My dear sister, R. S. Beal, came with me from home, but could not stay all through this long journey. She was unwilling to come so far from home in the present excited condition of our country. E.Y. is my companion from Cincinnati here, but I hope my dear husband will join me before long, and be my companion to the end of this journey. I have many a heart-sinking and home-yearning, and a longing for the home circle. I have the likenesses of my dear husband and children, and long and earnestly do I look at them. But the belief that I am in the path of duty at this present time, and that my labours for the benefit of my poor suffering fellow-creatures are blessed, raises me above undue depression. Indeed, there are times when I am able to rejoice over my gift to comfort those in affliction, even though it leads me so much from those I hold dear.

. In visiting the Penitentiary here I found a fine, intelligent man, about thirty-five years of age, sentenced for forty-five years for helping a slave with his wife and family to escape. They were nine, father and mother and seven children, and five years' imprisonment was the penalty for each. The prisoner had 'harboured' them, given them food, and shown them the way to Pennsylvania. Another man, a coloured preacher, a very respectable man, is under sentence for fifteen years for having 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in his house. By the iniquitous laws of this Slave State, not only these outrages have been legally perpetrated, but coloured freemen, when committed for State Prison offences, have been sold back into

slavery in South Carolina or other States! These Slave State laws are terrible. If I continue long in this State I may get committed to prison for some breach of such laws, or for lifting up my voice against them.”

Additional particulars of these cases are given in the next letter.

Sandy Springs, Maryland, 19-11-62.

(Six miles from the contending armies.)

“By the date of this you will perceive that I am still out on a journey. My minute is an extensive one, and will probably occupy some months. It is for visiting the prisons, hospitals, poor houses, and other institutions in Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and other cities, extending as far as Trenton, New Jersey, in the east, Cleveland and Chicago on the north, Cincinnati and Baltimore on the south. On the west as far as Jeffersonville and the Illinois. In this service I have now been engaged eight weeks. In another month I hope my dear husband will join me, and continue with me through the winter. Being a farmer, he cannot leave home comfortably, except during the winter season. In my present arduous labours, way has been remarkably made for me by the most influential members of our Society in the cities where Friends reside, and by the prison authorities, &c., where there are no Friends. In every institution I have been kindly received, and in most my visits have been greatly encouraged by those in authority. Way has been made, not only for holding meetings with the prisoners collectively, but for me to visit

them from cell to cell, and labour with them in private, which visits have seemed very acceptable to the poor prisoners, who seldom see the face of one whom they feel to be their friend, or hear the voice of sympathy. In the penitentiary for this State, I found one poor man incarcerated for forty-five years. He has been here five years, and had forty yet to continue. He had helped a family of nine slaves to escape, a father, mother, and seven children. They were recaptured, and by the whip and other means of torture, the name of the man who had given them assistance was wrung from them. He was torn from his comfortable home, his wife and six little children, who are mourning over his absence, and reduced from comfort to want the necessaries of life. A very respectable free coloured man, a preacher, has been taken from his family and his flock, who seem devoted to him, and shut up in the penitentiary for having 'Uncle's Tom's Cabin' in his house; he was sentenced for fifteen years. After serving five years, Friends here succeeded in procuring his release, and aiding him out of the State. There are now seven prisoners in the penitentiary for 'harbouring,' or giving food or clothing to fugitive slaves. One, a very respectable man, who was in business in the city. A beautiful mulatto girl, in great distress, came to his door, begged a piece of bread and permission to rest awhile; both were granted, and a few kind words spoken to her on parting. There were spies around, seeking her; she was seen leaving his house, recaptured, and he was immediately arrested, and taken to prison. When tried, he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprison-

ment in the penitentiary. His shop has gone to ruin, his poor heart-broken wife and little daughter are in great distress. There seems little prospect that she will ever see her husband again. As I stood by this poor man's cell, and tried to comfort him. I told him I would rather be a prisoner for what he had done than for anything else, and assured him that I thought he had done quite right, and that in a coming world he would receive his reward. I reminded him of a higher tribunal, at which he would stand, and where, instead of being *condemned* for giving food and shelter to a wanderer and outcast, he might hear the welcome assurance, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.' What I said to him seemed to comfort him much, and especially when I promised to go and visit his wife and daughter and try to comfort them. As I was speaking to him, I saw great uneasiness depicted upon the countenances of the three Friends who were with me. Just as I remarked 'I would rather be a prisoner for *that* than for anything else,' the dear Friend, my elder, touched my arm, and said 'Hush! there are many eyes upon us, and ears open; and thou may'st get a chance of trying how thou wilt like it, if thou speaks so loud.' Upon leaving the prison, he explained to me the importance of my being very careful what I said, and I am inclined to believe that his counsel was needed, and that his kind care may have saved me from being lodged as a prisoner there. It was as much as I could do to restrain my indignation, and to forbear lifting up my voice in the prison before

the authorities, to testify against their iniquitous laws. 'What good would it do?' said he, 'the result might be for thee to be their fellow-prisoner, but I believe thou canst do far more good at large than shut up there!' He furthermore represented that by speaking out plainly, I should block up my own way and that of many others, who were now able to administer a little consolation and help to the poor prisoners, against whom the doors would be closed if they were not '*moderate.*' Perhaps he may be right, but it is a terrible thing to live in a Slave State and be subject to such laws, and to think that the voice of a just and righteous man cannot be raised against such iniquity.

. . . . You are mistaken in supposing that I had been to Congress. I had a meeting, a year ago, with our State Legislature in Michigan, and was very well received. It was a satisfactory and relieving meeting, but I have not yet been to Washington. I expect to go there next week, *not* to see the President or the legislative body, but the poor and suffering in the hospitals, prisons, and asylums, and 'in the streets and lanes of the city.' E. P. Gurney visited the President last month. She had some difficulty in getting access to him, as he is almost overwhelmed with business; but, after a long and patient waiting, she succeeded in obtaining an audience, and had a very satisfactory and relieving opportunity. She addressed him in a most appropriate manner upon his present perplexities and trials, and directed him to seek for wisdom and counsel where alone they can be found. Her sympathy and her counsel seemed very

acceptable, and when she had done, he took her hand and held it long, while deeply moved, he acknowledged how appropriate and acceptable her message had been to him under his peculiar and pressing difficulties. I have heard the above particulars through one of the Friends who was present. Thus one is sent to the high, another to the low, and others to the Churches, and all have the promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' The great and good Shepherd condescends to go before, and prepare the way for his followers. It is very distressing and harrowing to the feelings to see the great sufferings of the poor wounded soldiers. What a terrible thing this war is! I suppose there are now a million men in the field in the Northern army, and near 100,000 sick and wounded—35,000 in and around Washington, George Town, and Alexandria D.C., and 12,000 in Baltimore. About half of the latter I have seen, and endeavoured, as way opened, to direct the poor sufferers to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' They eagerly listen, and very urgent are their requests, 'Pray for me, pray for me!' Poor things! It is touching to hear their cries for their mothers, for the homes of their childhood. The groans, the agonised moans, and almost shrieks of the poor sufferers, seem to enter into my very soul. But I have felt that it is a blessed commission to comfort the afflicted, to soothe the sufferer, to guide the wanderer to the fold. And, my dear brother and sister, I may say, notwithstanding the arduous labour, the weariness of the flesh, the difficulties and disagreeables of my present duties, the reward is great, the peace is sweet, the consolation of

feeling myself an humble instrument to administer comfort to these sufferers, amply repays the sacrifice made of home comforts, and the society of those most dear to me. The cross is sometimes heavy, but the crown is kept in view. I serve a good Master. I have not time now to depict the sufferings of the poor in the streets and lanes of our large cities. The wretched cellars, destitute of outlet for the smoke, or inlet for light and air, except a trap-door on the pavement of the street, where mothers with their wretched little ones dwell in squalid poverty, without suitable food or clothing, and emphatically dwelling in heathen darkness, and in the shadow of death. Oh! that light may spring up amongst them.

“ *Washington, 20-12-62.* This city is in a fearful state of excitement. The Fredericksburg calamity has filled all the North with sorrow, horror, and indignation; great mistrust of those high in authority, suspicion, fear, disloyalty, everywhere prevailing. Our prospects are very dark and gloomy. Our President and governors, who ought to have our earnest sympathy and our fervent prayers in this time of utmost need, are everywhere spoken against. In this city, there is a strong current in favour of secession. There are elements of rebellion and secession thickly interspersed in the North. There are traitors all over the land, and there are those who unhesitatingly affirm that we are on the eve of a revolution. Anarchy and confusion prevail everywhere. The Cabinet have resigned. There is a freedom of speech that is very injurious, and a want of unity. The Contrabands are in a fearful condition.

Smallpox, measles, fever, croup, carrying them off; fourteen dying in a day. In their mortuary, some left unburied two weeks. The greatest want of system and order, the same in the hospitals. Government provides plenty of money for sick and suffering soldiers, and for Contraband also. But there is a fearful amount of peculation, cheating, squandering, etc., etc. The poor soldiers are dying off rapidly for want of proper care and nourishment. Alas! for our poor country! The North are losing everywhere. I hope to leave this city this week. Dorothea L. Dix has kindly placed her ambulance and driver at my disposal, to go round to the hospitals in, when she is not using them. She is doing a great work for her Lord. She is devoting a large income, her time, talents, and strength to the hospitals. Where her influence extends, order and cleanliness prevail; but her sphere is only over one-fourth of the whole. The population of the city is about 60,000 generally. Now there are 180,000 soldiers in and around Washington. All the churches, asylums, and public buildings are converted into hospitals, there being 60,000 wounded and sick soldiers here now. The mortality in the city is great. There are thirty-six hospitals; the surgeon who attends three of them, reports ninety-six deaths in a week in these three. Our farming districts are suffering from want of labourers. Mothers, wives, and sisters are mourning over their poor murdered boys and men. *Murdered* we may call it, when they are made to stand to be shot at by soldiers behind their entrenchments, as at Fredericksburg."

“ *Philadelphia, 9-1-63.*

“ My dear Sisters,

“ A sense that you will rejoice in my being safe out of Maryland, Virginia, and Delaware, leads me to take an early opportunity of informing you of my safe arrival here. I am thankful to feel clear of the Slave States. In Alexandria, Virginia, I went into a slave-pen, which had been converted *pro tem.* into a guard house. It was an abominable place. As we drew near, the most fearful imprecations saluted our ears, obscene jests, scurrilous abuse, profane oaths, mingled with loud, hollow, unearthly laughs. All these noises were restrained for a moment when we entered the gloomy regions. Gloomy indeed, high, naked, dirty walls, no light admitted but from dingy small windows in the roof. No beds, no seats, no fire, no accommodation of any kind. The dirt, filth, stench, were beyond description. Into this place were crowded forty or fifty men, many of them soldiers. These were some of them committed here for drunkenness, some for rioting, some for sedition, some for stealing, some for night vagrancy, some for immorality, for assault, &c. Many of them, being desperadoes, were chained. They were silent a moment as they gazed in astonishment upon us, then, after, some exclamations, as ‘ a lady ! ’ ‘ here’s a nice parlour for a lady ! ’ ‘ can’t you find her a chair ? ’ &c., &c., one ruffian-like looking soldier, who looked as though he had been rolling in the mud, the worse for liquor, came right up in front of us, and, shaking his manacled hand in our faces, said, ‘ This is the way Uncle Sam treats his brave volunteers, he sends us to

stand before a fire as hot as hell, at Fredericksburg, and if we escape death there he brings us here to finish us up.' This speech produced a laugh from some of the other soldiers. I was chilled with horror to look at the hardened, vicious, depraved countenances of the men, and the wretched condition they were in. I spoke to them a very few words, to which they listened with quiet attention, and we withdrew.

“The jail in Washington was almost as bad as this slave-pen, as far as impure air and filth go. The frequent sight of such extreme wretchedness and misery, has a very depressing effect upon my mind. Only to think that these are our brethren, created by the same Father, that our blessed Saviour died for them as well as for us. Oh! why is it thus? Why is there such a vast amount of sin and misery in the world? Our afflicted country at this time is overwhelmed with an ocean of sin, and deluged with blood. The sorrows of the mourning mothers, the widows, orphans, and sisters, the sufferings of 100,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, rise up before a God of mercy. Surely He will hear their cries, surely He will be touched with compassion for their affliction, and come down to help them. Battle after battle is being fought, and we meet with reverses, both in our army and our navy. What is our poor country coming to? We see many mourning, anxious, troubled countenances now.

“Tell F. and M.C. here is a little story for them, that they may prize their privileges, and value the instruction that mamma gives them, in those nice

little Bible stories. I have been lately holding some meetings and visiting families and meetings in the midst of the Alleghany mountains. There in a lovely spot, with high hills visible from every door and window in the house, I found a family of ten, father and mother and eight children. A bright looking little boy in his eighth year, came near to us, and began talking about his father's horses, sheep, and cattle. After a little conversation on these topics, my companion began to speak to him on more serious matters, his bright, animated, intelligent look passed away, and he seemed sorely perplexed. One question my companion J.V. asked him, was 'Johnnie, do thee know who made thee?' It seemed a new idea to the child, and by his look, one was prepared to receive the reply of Topsy 'I specs I growed.' He did not say so, but he seemed ignorant upon the subject. She pressed him a little further thus, 'Do thee know who Jesus Christ is?' The boy looked out of window, up and down the road, and at some of the houses of the neighbours, then replied, 'I don't know him, he don't live near here.' 'Johnnie, do thee know who takes care of thee?' 'Father and mother,' was the prompt reply. 'But at night, when father and mother are gone to bed?' 'Milton' (this was his elder brother who slept with him). 'But when Milton and sisters are all asleep?' The boy gave an arch look as if he hardly knew whether she was in earnest, then said 'I guess no one don't stay awake to take care of me.'

"In another cottage we found a little girl, who in her ninth year, knew nothing about Adam and Eve,

and Cain and Abel. She listened with amazement while I told her the story of the Garden of Eden, and its inmates, and of Cain killing his brother. With eyes and mouth open, she seemed eagerly drinking in every word, and enquired, 'Where did all the rest of the people live, when they were in the garden? Did they have such a beautiful garden too?' When I told her no one else was living then, she was astonished, and turned to some girl near her, and said, 'Only think, there were only two people living in the world, how dreadful lonesome it must be! I'm glad I did not live there then.' The girl to whom she said this looked awe-struck, and looking round and out of the windows at the 'great world for only two people,' brought out an emphatic 'Do tell now!'"

E. L. C. to L. R. and C. H.

" Philadelphia, 9-1-63.

"It was a bright, beautiful morning last summer that our party left New York harbour in one of those splendid floating palaces that glide over sunny seas, placid lakes, and smooth rivers in our western world, for Staten Island, a twelve miles' trip. Our party were my companion and self, William Cromwell and daughter, and Hannah Underhill. The latter is a sister of Elizabeth U. Willis and of Mary Wood. E. U. W. has been for many years Clerk of the Women's Yearly Meeting, New York, and M. W. is the wife of William Wood, the Clerk of the Men's Meeting. We arrived at the wharf on Staten Island about one o'clock. The Governor, a gentleman of the old school, with a

sort of stately grace and dignity, met us on the wharf, and welcomed us to the island.

“Arrangements had previously been made for us to have a meeting with the sailors in the “Snug Harbor,” a comfortable home for superannuated and worn-out sailors, calculated to accommodate 500; when past going to sea, they end their days here in quiet, the sea water of the beautiful bay washing the shore, and they sit in the piazzas, summer-houses, on the green, and under the shade of the beautiful and ornamental trees, or near the water’s edge, smoking their pipes or cigars, and reading their newspapers, &c. They each have a comfortable bedroom and easy chair, and every comfort that an elderly gentleman can desire. The Governor has been fifty years a sailor, and near forty a sea-captain, and is about seventy years of age.

“The same island has three other institutions for sailors, viz., a hospital, a home for their wives and widows, and a school for sailors’ children. After his cordial welcome, the Governor said, ‘Mr. Cromwell, will you please to inform me which of these ladies is going to preach to the sailors?’ W. C. replied by introducing us each by name. The old gent then offered me his arm, W. Cromwell took my companion, the others followed, and we proceeded through the beautiful grounds to the chapel. As we walked along, the Governor entered on a style of conversation altogether new to me. He made a polite apology for the freedom he used, and then proceeded to give me a little information about sailors, their characters, disposi-

tions, tastes, &c., that I might the better know how to speak to them. 'You know, madam, that sailors cannot sit still like landsmen ; they cannot keep their attention so long fixed, we are not used to very long sermons.' He requested me to say nothing to them about the abolition of slavery, and 'nothing about peace or war, unless I spoke in favour of the war, &c.' After this, he looked as though he had a request that he hardly knew how to frame, and brought it out with, 'I beg your pardon, madam, but will you be so good as to let me look at your sermon?' To this new and strange request, I replied by telling him something of Friends' views of the ministry, and that we do not prepare our sermons beforehand, &c. He looked completely puzzled and somewhat alarmed as he replied, 'There are 470 men seated in the chapel waiting for you to preach to them, and you have not got your sermon ready ! You won't disappoint them, will you ?' He then proceeded to inform me that he had had some difficulty in getting the chapel for us, 'For,' said he, 'the chaplains, who usually officiate here, do not believe in women's preaching, but I pleaded hard, and they consented on condition that I should examine your sermon beforehand, and see whether it was suitable, and now you have not got it ready ; will you please to tell me what you are going to say ? Our chaplains cannot understand what a woman can have to say to all these men.' A little more in this new style of eldering I received from him, as to be so kind as to begin promptly and not sit still long, and to conclude in time to be at his house to dine at two o'clock. 'Mrs. Dupuyster wishes the

honour of your company to dine ; she is a very punctual lady and does not like her dinner arrangements disorganized, &c.' By this time we had reached the chapel, and looking in, he whispered, 'There sit the two ministers, one Episcopalian, the other Presbyterian ; I hope you will do the best you can, and let them see that a lady can do something !' With this he led me in, and up to my seat ; in no very enviable state of mind did I feel. Soberly tried I was with all this unusual style of remark and counsel on my mind. No sooner had we gathered into silence, than the old man rose, and said, 'Mr. Cromwell, will you please to introduce the ladies to the audience ?' By the faltering voice and hesitating manner in which W. C. complied, I am inclined to believe he felt almost as ill at ease as I did. He just informed the audience that we had come from Michigan, stated the object of our journey and meetings, with a few remarks on Friends' mode of worship.

"Two or three minutes only had elapsed after he took his seat, when the governor leaned forward, looked earnestly at me, and beckoned with his hand, making signs that it was time to commence. I believe, although I have been in many a close and strait place, I never felt quite so much tried before any audience as upon this occasion, and, perhaps, never looked so earnestly for help in time of need, and to the honour of Him, who is a God, hearing and answering prayer, I may say I never felt strength in weakness and in a season of need to be more signally poured forth on me. Soon I felt raised above the fear of man ; the two ministers and the governor were alike lost sight of, and

a solemn sense of the importance of the salvation of the souls of those men, and my responsibility as I stood there before them, were the prevailing coverings of my spirit. The sailors listened with earnest attention and serious deportment. After a relieving opportunity in testimony, I felt constrained to bow the knee in prayer, commending us all to the God of all grace. With quiet order we dispersed, the governor again leading me out of the meeting, and towards his house. For a little while, the loquacious old gentleman was very quiet, then he broke out with the earnest ejaculation, 'God bless you! what made you leave off so soon?' I looked at him in surprise, for I was sensible that I had exceeded my time, and asked, 'What time is it?' 'A quarter past two.' 'What will thy wife say about her dinner?' 'Oh, bless you, Mrs. Dupuyster was there, and we could have staid till midnight.' After some flattering and complimentary remarks, which I checked by trying to explain the nature of Friends' views of the ministry, he replied, 'Well, I don't understand Quaker doctrine, but I think the Quakers show their policy in appointing their women to preach, instead of their men. It seems to me, women can reach the hearts of these men in a way that the men never do.' After a little more in this strain, the old man turned suddenly to me, and said, 'But, madam, you made one *great* mistake in your sermon!' 'What was that?' 'When you talk to the sailors about a *steamer*, you must never say "she set sail," you must say "*she got under way*." There was not a sailor in the room but would know you were a landsman. If you had only told me, before, what

you were going to say, I would have set you right.' I was somewhat relieved to find that my mistake was no more serious. As we were on our way to Staten Island, we had seen a steamer *under way* for San Francisco, her *sails* up, and her passengers crowding the deck. I had referred to this steamer in illustrating the brightness, yet uncertainty, of the voyage of life.

"After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, and great kindness and courtesy, the Governor had his carriage brought to the door and took us to the school for sailors' children, where he sat and listened intently, as though he had been a child himself, while I spoke to the children for half or three-quarters of an hour. Then he took us for a pleasant drive through the delightful grounds and thence to the wharf. As we went through the grounds a beautiful, picturesque cottage, on rising ground, built in Gothic style, attracted my attention. A lovely flower garden, and many umbrageous and ornamental trees, and the water washing the foot of the shrubbery looked very alluring. I exclaimed in delight, 'What a beautiful spot! What a little paradise!' 'Do you like it?' he said; 'I am glad you do! Well now, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will agree to come and live here, and preach two sermons a week to these men, I will *deed* you that place, and take care that you have enough to live on as long as you live!' 'But she has a husband and children at home,' said H. Underhill. 'Oh, has she?' he said, and then asked about them. 'The children are girls, all married but two.' 'Oh! well, they'll soon marry off.' 'How about Mr. Comstock?'

Can he preach as well as you?' My replies to his enquiries seemed pretty satisfactory, for he replied, 'I wish you would write to the old gentleman and tell him he may as well leave off following the plough and come and take it easy for the rest of his life. I'll pay you well, and let those two chaplains go, they don't know how to get at the men's hearts.'

"If I had written to my husband, and the elders of my meeting, and told them the liberal offer that had been made to me, I fear I should have met with no encouragement from them to accept it, and if I did, probably the two sermons would 'come out missing.' The Governor gave a parting charge to William Cromwell to 'bring all the Quakers that came to the city out there to preach to his men, *especially* the women.' 'Do you know,' he said, 'we were very near refusing to let you have the chapel? If ever you go anywhere and are refused, do you begin to preach right away, and then they'll let you in!'

"Just as we reached the wharf and were about to part, the old man led me aside and made a beautiful request. 'I want an interest in your prayers. Pray that a poor old sailor, who has weathered many a storm, may cast anchor safely in the port of heaven at last.'"

CHAPTER X.

FURTHER INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

1863-1864.

F.T.K. to E.L.C.

“Baltimore, 22-3-63.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, ELIZ. L. COMSTOCK,

I AM writing some English letters to-night, but must send thee a few lines in reply to thy acceptable letter.

“I saw Uncle Lewin this p.m., and he was about as thou left him; thy messages of love and sympathy were very acceptable to him and the family. The beautiful lines for Mary were left with Lewina for her.

“I have very frequently thought of thee and thy work since we were together at Blackwell's Island. I would much like to meet and unite with thee again before thou finally leaves for thy home, but thou art among stronger and better people who can help thee, and I am engrossed as usual with many pressing duties and cares.

“Within the past month our city has felt the pressure of the war with renewed force, on account of certain new business regulations, and we all feel discouraged about matters and things in general. We have, I fear, a two years' war still before us; the armistice, which the bad roads caused to be proclaimed,

is nearly over, and the rebels will move again upon our lines at Harper's Ferry or Winchester. Twenty thousand men are landing to-day from fortress Monroe to be sent forward to Rosencrans, in Tennessee. How my heart sickens at these evidences of the war—oh, that they would cease the world over, and Christ's Kingdom reign from sea to sea.

. “The Dr. occasionally exercises his gift to edification and comfort ; still I feel discouraged about our meeting—we are so weak and poor—such an outside pressure of care and trial from this sad war with some valuable ones ; and excitement and interest absorbing the time and feelings of others—how weak and frail we are—what creatures of sight and sense, instead of faith.

“I hope that the Dr. will be instrumental in building us up. . . . As to myself, I think I have some gift in putting others to work and helping them on—how I should love to serve these dear friends or any others. Oh, that the work may go on among us—I think there is a little more evidence among some of willingness. Continue, my dear sister, to pray for us, often remember us before the throne of grace.

“I am glad thy minute was a comfort to thee—when thy work is over, may thou know the sweet and full flowings of that peace which is promised, even as a river. My love to thee.

“Thy friend,

“F.T.K.”

One of E. L. C.'s sisters, writing from Rollin in December, 1863, gives the following particulars of her

Michigan home, &c. :—"There is still a large district of uncleared land (brother John T. Comstock's farm covers about eighty acres); a very pleasant wood it is for us to ramble about in. I wish you could have seen how beautiful the trees looked before they lost their leaves; the autumn foliage is very varied and brilliant. A week or two since, we took a pleasant drive to see the lakes a few miles from here. When brother John first emigrated here, the beavers built in these waters, and the large bald eagles had their nests in the trees that grew around; the wolves howled in the forest, the bears carried off his hogs, and the wild deer devoured his grain. The Indians, too, were very numerous then, but they are all gone, wild men and animals have been driven further west. I have not seen a single Indian in Michigan, though there are some in the northern part of the State. Most of the Friends here are farmers, they have no tithe troubles, and, as they are their own landlords, rents are not very high. We live chiefly on the products of the farm, but now and then get a little fresh meat elsewhere. Brother John has a great many sheep, but he raises them for their wool, and not for their mutton; we never eat mutton here; beef, pork, and chickens are our chief animal food. We make our own coffee, that is, we roast red wheat in the grain, grind it, and mix a little coffee essence with it; it is by no means a despicable beverage when a good supply of rich cream is added, and of this we have plenty. Tea is very costly now, partly owing to the war-tax, and partly to these infamous privateer vessels. All articles of drapery are very high,

common unbleached calico that would have been 3d. a yard in England before the scarcity of cotton, is now forty cents here, a sum nearly equal to 1/8 of our English money. Silks, ribbons, &c. are enormously high. . . . Labour commands a high price, and it is very difficult to obtain help even at a high price. J. T. C. had extreme difficulty in getting men this autumn, so many of the young men usually employed in agriculture are in the army. Farm labourers are now receiving about a dollar (4/-) a day; in the busiest seasons of the year they can earn a dollar and a half. . . .

“The war still continues, but the Confederates are getting pressed into narrower space, and their resources are becoming exhausted. They have treated, and are treating the Union prisoners very cruelly in not allowing them sufficient food. Forty out of one hundred and eighty returned prisoners died of exhaustion within a week of their release. Some Friends of this meeting, T. B. and wife, are now in great trouble from the death of their son. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Gettysburgh, and was then in robust health and not wounded. One of his fellow-prisoners, who has just been liberated, writes to T. B. that his son ‘was starved to death in the Richmond prison,’ and the lieutenant of the regiment, who was likewise a prisoner, endorses the sad account. They do not mean that the rebel authorities refused him all food, but the quantity supplied was insufficient, and he pined away. In *one* respect I think it a good thing that the war has been thus protracted—it has helped

the cause of the negro. I am afraid the North *might* have compromised the question of slavery if they had been able to subdue the South too easily. Now there is no fear of this ; the longer the war continues the more thorough abolitionists the Federals become. The Government at Washington has shown every disposition to treat the Friends who refuse to fight leniently ; in many instances their penalties have been paid for them by some unknown benefactor. In the State of Michigan most of those who have been drafted have just paid the fine of 300 dollars rather than go, and it is not looked upon as a violation of their peace principles, because the money thus paid goes into the general treasury. I have not heard of a single Friend who has declined to buy tea on account of the war-tax (fifteen cents per lb.) imposed upon it, and there is not much difference as far as principle is concerned in paying war-tax in one form or the other."

In a letter to her sister (Eliza Wright), dated from Rollin, 8-12-63, E. L. C. writes :—" Thy graphic and interesting description of the trip thou and E. enjoyed in Ireland was very gratifying to me, as I had travelled on the very same ground, stood at the foot of Powerscourt Waterfall, and admired its feathery spray, wandered through the Dargle, and spent near a month midst the romantic beauties of Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, and Dublin counties. In one of my Ackworth vacations, my dear brother and I enjoyed this trip together. The Vale of Avoca we spent two days in. Far different have been the scenes that have claimed my attention during the past year. In a

journey of 5,750 miles I have witnessed some beauties and varieties in the scenes of nature, but far more has my attention been directed to scenes of suffering, woe, anguish, degradation, vice, and misery, in the large cities in this land. Most of the State prisons, penitentiaries, and many of the county gaols, and city prisons in our Northern States (except New England) I have seen, and many a tale of woe have I listened to, and endeavoured, as way has opened before me, and as strength has been vouchsafed, to comfort the afflicted and warn the careless. *In Baltimore Penitentiary, I found amongst the convicts a respectable, intelligent looking man under sentence for forty-five years. He has served five years of his time. The charge for which he was committed was a breach of the Fugitive-Slave Law. He had aided a family of fugitives to escape from slavery. They were nine in family, they were recaptured and returned to their cruel master, and he was sentenced to the State Prison, five years for each member of the family, $9 \times 5 = 45$ years of rigorous imprisonment. He is between thirty and forty years of age. Another convict greatly attracted my sympathy. His offence against the laws of his country was on this wise. One evening a sweet looking mulatto girl, weary and footsore, hungry and forlorn, begged for food and shelter. He could not refuse her, though he suspected she was a fugitive, and knew he was breaking the law. He gave her supper, bed, and breakfast, and directed

* The cases which follow are named in a former letter, but some further particulars are here given.

her northwards. Before night *she* was returned to bondage, and *he* lodged in gaol. His sentence was fifteen years. He poured out his tale of woe to me with many tears, and told me that he had not been able ever since his imprisonment to converse with a single sympathising friend. It seemed a great comfort to him to talk to me. It is a blessed mission to visit the poor prisoners, and to know

‘That mercy to the bondman shown,
It is mercy unto *Him*’

who may one day say ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.’ The poor man was in great affliction about his aged mother, his wife, and child. His mother, in her eighty-seventh year, had been entirely dependent upon his exertions; he used to keep a store in Baltimore, but since his imprisonment, the business had run down, his home broken up, his mother had gone to live with a married daughter a few miles from Philadelphia, his wife had to go out washing and charing to get her daily bread, and his little girl was taken to an asylum. He begged me, ‘for the love of God,’ to go and see his poor old mother. When in Philadelphia a few weeks after, I went to visit her, a most touching time we had together, she wept, she wrung her hands, smiled, poured out her gratitude at seeing anyone who had seen her ‘poor boy,’ her ‘dear Daniel.’ She was too old and feeble, either to go and see him, or to write to him, and I was the very first person she had met with who had seen him since his imprisonment. Poor old woman, she complained of rheumatism, the weather

was cold, and she was very thinly clad. I told her she must dress warmer, the tears came into her eyes as she told me that she was entirely dependent upon the son-in-law she lived with, adding he is in poor health, and it is as much as he can do to provide for his wife and large family. When I put five dollars into her hand, (the means for this and other similar offerings being provided by a wealthy Friend in Philadelphia) to get herself a warm winter dress, she seemed as though she could hardly express her gratitude.

“Another prisoner was sentenced fifteen years for having ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ in his house!! He was a coloured man, a preacher amongst his own people. The Baltimore Friends and some others exerted themselves with the Governor of the State, and got him liberated upon the condition that he would leave the State, and never return to it. He had made himself obnoxious by being suspected of aiding slaves to escape. The two former cases of prisoners, I have made known to F. T. King, and he has stated them to those in authority. Francis T. King is a leading and influential Friend in Baltimore, an intimate friend of the Governor of the State of Maryland; and after considerable pains he writes me word that he hopes these two prisoners will shortly be released, without serving their time. I rejoice in this very much. I have met with so many interesting and spirit-stirring cases in prisons, hospitals, and asylums, and a letter will contain so very small a portion of it, that I believe I must give thee some statistics of it, and leave the details. During the past year, I have travelled 5,750 miles, have visited and had

meetings with 52,850 sick and wounded soldiers, 17,100 prisoners, 16,060 inmates of almshouses, 520 blind, 1,125 widows, 3,250 insane, 5,450 orphans, 5,850 children in refuges and asylums, 1,987 poor fallen women, 6,900 coloured people ; I have had twelve meetings with Hicksite Friends, twenty-six with citizens in large cities, two with young men, one with mothers, two with Christian ladies. With children altogether, from the little ones in infant schools to the young aspirants for collegiate honours, I have visited or had meetings with 26,500, many of them in Sabbath schools and mission schools.

“ During this long journey I have been favoured with unbroken health, and strength equal to my day, though travelling through scenes of danger, and visiting hospitals where great sickness raged. My visit to Nashville, Tennessee, was the most exercising and most painful part of my service. Wickedness seemed to abound in that city, immorality to a fearful extent, drunkenness, swearing, rebellion, etc., infidelity, and scepticism. The accommodation in taverns and boarding-houses very inferior and exorbitant in charges. We (my companion and self) took private lodgings. On entering our comfortless apartment, I sat down in a rocking chair, being very weary ; in a moment I found myself on the floor, one rocker and part of one leg being gone, it lost its balance. I rose somewhat shaken and bruised, and repaired to the bed, which was so rickety and dilapidated that I feared I should again descend to the floor, but it did sustain my weight. While lying there resting, I had leisure to take a survey of my room, and

found the result to be very unsatisfactory. Two windows minus the lower sash, which was entirely gone, the upper sash being so thick with fly-specks and dirt as to require no blinds. There was one chair without a seat, one without a back; a looking-glass frame without a particle of glass; chest of drawers minus one leg, and no handles; no washing apparatus at all. I enquired for these, and was told we could go downstairs to wash. However, upon being somewhat urged, they brought us a cracked basin, and ewer without handle, a pitcher of hard water with no spout, and runner without stand, so that when not drinking we had to turn it down. Most unpropitiously for my appetite, I got a peep into the kitchen. The family were waited on by five slaves. Seeing a poor black woman and two or three dirty children standing by the door of a sort of outhouse I mistook for a stable, I went to speak to them; in reply, the woman said, 'Bless you, I'm very well off, this is the kitchen, and I'm the cook here.' She invited me in; a look, and the odour arising from her domains, were sufficient to keep me outside; but the condition of meat, milk, butter, eggs, fish, and onions, took away my appetite effectually during my stay there. I could eat nothing but bread, and drank a little tea, which tasted strongly of peach leaves. We were nearly two weeks in Nashville, and for our board at this boarding-house, we had to pay two dollars per day each!!

"We visited every sick and wounded soldier in the city. Provisions are at an enormous price. The city has changed owners three times since this terrible

war began. The whole had a very warlike appearance. Breastworks cast up in the streets, fortifications and rifle-pits, arsenals, &c., all around the city. As navigation is closed on the Cumberland river during the summer, the only avenue of communication with Rosencrans' army and the Northern States was by a single line of railway from Louisville on the Ohio to Nashville, Tennessee, about 200 miles. There is one track only. The rebels are around it on all sides, and they frequently waylay and pillage a train of horses, provisions, and army stores. This is the cause of the high price of things in Nashville. The trains by which we travelled to and fro were guarded by 100 soldiers in the cars, the martial music sounding as we went along ; a detached engine a few rods in advance of us passed before us all the way, to see that the enemy had done no damage to bridges, tunnels, &c. ; another engine within hail behind, all ready to hook on to the passenger cars and mail, and return to Nashville or Louisville in case of danger ahead. This precaution is taken continually, and is a source of great expense to the Government. On our return from Nashville we came safely half way, and then great alarm was excited, because the down train, which had been due near an hour, had not arrived, and on trying the telegraph wires they would not work ; they had been cut. Earnest consultations were held, and then it was voted *unsafe* to proceed, and decided to remain still until some scouts had scoured the country. One hundred cavaliers were sent off with orders to search diligently for ten miles ahead. After three hours

delay they returned, reporting the coast clear so far. We then moved on very slowly and cautiously ten miles to the next depôt. There we waited while 100 cavaliers again were sent off. In less than an hour they returned, reporting that the rebels had intercepted the down freight train, pillaged it of 300 horses, war store of 'great value,' provisions, clothing, &c., on their way from Murfreesboro' to General Rosencrans' head-quarters. After robbing it of all they could carry off, they compelled the engineer and men to leave it, and setting it on fire, started it *alone* at full speed on our track, designing that it should meet our train and destroy it. This design was frustrated through the watchful care of a kind Providence, and the prudence and patience of the conductor and authorities, who delayed our train four or five hours, during which the flaming train spent itself before we came upon it. It had come up within three miles of this our second stopping place. The rebel raid had come out from the fastnesses of the mountains in Kentucky, 300 in number. They were all dressed in the Northern uniform, which they had pillaged from a former freight train. Our government has had soldiers stationed all along this line of railway, not a mile unguarded. But there are so many secessionists scattered about, residing in Kentucky and Tennessee, that the Union troops are harassed and impeded in many ways. It was with thankful hearts that we arrived in Louisville, Kentucky, at the termination of our perilous journey at midnight. The train was due at 5.30 p.m. There was quite a sensation in

Louisville ; they feared that the rebels had taken our train, and in the newspapers the following morning was a statement to that effect, adding that the two Quaker missionary ladies, who had been so successfully labouring, &c., &c., were expected to be in that train, and a hope expressed that the rebels would not hurt us, and that we might do as much good to them as we had done to the Union soldiers.

“It is very pleasant to be at my dear comfortable home again, with my beloved husband and child. But the sufferings I have witnessed and sympathized with are almost continually present with me. I have truly known what it was to be baptized into suffering, with a suffering people. I have slept in prisons, poorhouses, and hospitals, and all kinds of accommodation I have had by night and by day ; anything that would facilitate my labours with the poor sufferers, I have submitted to. In the prisons I have generally had liberty to visit from cell to cell, as well as having meetings with them, and many an evening, after their day’s hard labour was ended, I have spent in going from cell to cell until ten o’clock ; then occupied a small room provided by the jailer, and at five o’clock the next morning I have commenced again until their work hours, which are from six to six. Oft-times I have been standing or walking about seven, eight, or nine hours per day, in prisons, hospitals, and wretched huts.”

The following are specimens of the many letters she received from those in authority, sanctioning her work.

“ *Head Quarters,*
“ *District of Ohio,*
“ *Cincinnati, Ohio.*
“ *April 24th, 1863.*

“To the Military Commandant at Louisville, and other Hospital posts in the department of Ohio.

“GENTLEMEN,—Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, of the Society of Friends, is engaged in visiting the hospitals of the army, for the purpose of administering religious consolation and instruction to the sick and wounded. Her character and the value of her services to the soldiers, entitle her to every courtesy and aid in her labours, and you are respectfully requested to permit her to visit all hospitals and convalescent camps, and to afford her the facilities for so doing, which may be reasonably within your power. I am authorized by Major-General Burnside, Commanding the Department, to give her authority to pass within our lines, which may be safe for her, and in the proper line of her duties as stated.

“Very respectfully,
“J. D. Cox, Brig.-Gen., Commanding.”

“*U.S. General Hospital,*
“*David’s Island, N.Y.,*
“*Feb. 28th, 1863.*

“MRS. ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK,

“I listened to your address to our sick and wounded soldiers last evening with profound interest, and I cannot forbear giving my testimony in favour of the noble work to which you have devoted your

time and your energies. If I were to speak my real feelings it would be to wish that the door of every United States Hospital may be thrown open to you, that our noble men in every department of the Union may have the opportunity of listening to words so full of consolation and comfort as those which greeted our ears last night.

“With great respect,

“ROBERT LOWRY,

“Chaplain U.S. Army.”

“*Official.*

“*Assessor's Office, First District,*

“*Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio,*

“To

“*April 28th, 1863.*

“EDGAR NEEDHAM, ESQ.,

“Louisville.

“DEAR SIR,—It is quite a relief at times to hear something outside of an Assessor's Office—and to afford you as much pleasure as was my good fortune. I introduce to your acquaintance Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock and Mrs. Sarah Smith, both Ministers of the Society of Friends. They are also accompanied by James Tayler, Esq., a very worthy and influential citizen of this city, and a member of the same Society.

“These ladies are visiting the sick and wounded in the various hospitals throughout the county, and their mission thus far has proved a complete success. Being a member of the Sanitary Commission, I accompanied these good “Angels of Mercy” in one of their visits to the hospitals here, and never witnessed closer attention than that bestowed upon Mrs. Comstock in her address to the soldiers.

“Mr. Tayler will ask for them the privilege of extending their visit to the City Prison of Louisville, and, from your position, I have taken the liberty of asking you to aid them in procuring the necessary pass.

“Very respectfully,

“Your friend,

“CHARLES R. FOSDICK.”

“*U.S. Sanitary Commission,*

“*Louisville, Kentucky,*

“*June 4th, 1863.*

“MISS CASTLEMAN,

“Murfreesboro', Tennessee,

“This is to introduce to your kind attention Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock and Mrs. Sarah Smith, of Michigan, members of the Friends' Society. Their mission is to our poor suffering soldiers in hospital, and to the inmates of such benevolent and reformatory institutions as may lie in their way.

“To the many testimonials which have elsewhere been given, of their zealous and successful efforts in the direction above stated, it affords me great pleasure to add mine, concerning their truly evangelical work here. As they leave for Nashville to-morrow, and will be likely to visit Murfreesboro', I thought I would take the liberty of giving them a letter to you, knowing how deeply you are interested in the same good work.

“With sincere respect,

“Yours truly,

“ROBERT F. THORNE.”

“ *Baltimore, 9-4-1864.*

“ We were yesterday at Washington. I am not very fond of sight-seeing, and returned excessively weary, and felt as though I should have enjoyed the time better in the penitentiaries or hospitals, and should have spent it to more purpose. I went just for the sake of L.’s company and to gratify her. But there is something very trying to my nature in seeing the splendour, extravagance, and waste in these large public buildings, while thousands are suffering from want. One day I spent with the wretched inmates of the alleys and lanes, and the next amid all the grandeur and superfluities that luxury can invent. As I walk through the marble halls and see the statuary and fine paintings, my heart turns to the poor outcasts in near sympathy, and more fellow-feeling than with the ‘silken sons of luxury’ in the palaces of ease and splendour. I have now done with sight-seeing until thou and S. favour us with a visit, and then, if you wish, I will step out of my element with you. I rejoice to tell you that L. is going with me, down to York Town, Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk, to visit the contrabands. I wish you could join us. This will be an event in L.’s life. These coloured people seem likely to be a *great* people. The rapidity with which they *learn*, not only literary acquirements, but farming, mechanism, housekeeping, gardening, &c., seems beyond all parallel in *our* race. There are many thousands of them in these parts to which we go next week ; perhaps we may see 10,000 of them. It seems, as though by magic, a change passes over our ladies and gentlemen when they go to visit

them. Ladies of refinement, delicately brought up, gentlemen, professors of literature, go and visit them, and become so infatuated, or so overpowered, or so wrought upon by Divine influence, they stay to teach them. They seem capable of enduring hardships of all kinds, bearing discomforts, wretched accommodation, hard fare, &c., &c., to instruct these poor ignorants. I am so glad L. is going! O, how I wish it might shortly be said of her, 'Is Saul also among the prophets?' 'Is L. also among the missionaries?' . . . I wish you could come and see us and bring the children, when the war ends. Do not come before that, for we have many hardships to bear, and heavy expense and lack of labour, consequent upon the war. I hope thou wilt have a happy birthday, and that thy happiness may increase with each returning anniversary.

"We had a rich treat yesterday, listening to Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber, but, as L. will, no doubt, tell you of it, and nothing is so tedious as a 'twice-told tale,' I will forbear. We heard a small portion of a speech from the opposite side, Powell, of Kentucky, who thought that if Sumner's measure was carried, it would bring 'eternal infamy' upon those who passed it. For this strong language he was called to account by an earnest, warm, and eloquent, though brief, appeal from Hale, of New Hampshire. Powell immediately made a pretty fair apology, rather withdrawing the two opprobrious words, '*eternal infamy.*'

"The view of the landscape from the Capitol is very fine. The city of Washington looks far better from this elevation than from a level, as the surface of the

ground is of a nature that perpetually inflicts upon the pedestrian the annoyance of wading thro' an 'ocean of mud' or a 'desert of sand.'

"But from the Capitol, on a clear day, the view is very fine. The city with its spires and roofs sparkling in the sun, the avenues and streets straight, and squares green and pleasant this time of the year, the Potomac, 'sparkling with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,' and, beyond the broad river (two miles wide here), the Arlington heights, surmounted with the Union flag, the stars and stripes, present a fair prospect to the beholder. Arlington, the home of General Lee, has been confiscated by the Federal government."

Her sister, who was with E. L. C., in Massachusetts, thus writes to a friend in England :—"We spent a night at Newhaven (Yale College), where I was on classic ground ; it is a beautiful city, with the finest avenues of elms I ever saw. This morning we are going to Boston that I may see Farwell Hall, hear the great organ, and be introduced to the other lions of the place. Yesterday we went to Harvard, Cambridge, and Mount Auburn—the last, as thou probably knows, is the cemetery for Boston, and contains many very interesting memorials—amongst others those of Dr. Channing, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, J. F. Torrey, Spurzheim, and Bowditch. There are stones to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller (Margaret's father and mother), and several other members of the family—above the monument erected to Margaret F. O. is a cross, beneath which is sculptured a portrait of her, with a book and sword—then follows a long inscription to the memory of the

three who were lost in that sad shipwreck, 'United in life by mutual love, labours and trials, the merciful Father took them together, and in death they were not divided.' The chapel is a beautiful granite building—within are four marble statues, one by Story of his father, who was a very eminent lawyer, a judge in the supreme court ; one of Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, by Greenough ; one of John Adams ; and one of Otis—these are all very beautiful pieces of sculpture.

Providence, Sunday, Sept. 18th.—" We came here last evening and are now the guests of Dr. Tobey, did thou see him and his wife when they were in England ? They are very delightful people, they have two nice daughters residing with them, and just now their son from the army is at home on furlough, he might retire from the army if he liked but *he feels it his duty* to continue in it ; he is evidently a serious, thoughtful young man, he was at the battle of Fredericksburg, and it was his company that was so fearfully exposed (for some hours after they had expended all their ammunition) to the fire of three batteries. Did I tell thee of my dear sister's visit to Sybil Jones ? She found her very much depressed as might be expected, but still able to take comfort in the belief that all was well with her son—the evidence, continually increasing, that reaches E. and S. Jones, of their son's usefulness in the army, of his Christian influence there, cannot but be gratifying. Thou would perhaps hear that the poor widow of Major Jones was prematurely confined on hearing the terrible tidings of her husband's death ; the

child lived a few days only. There was another child of nearly three years, the darling of the household. He drooped after his father's death, and, without any apparent cause, gradually sank away; just before he died, the child fixed his eyes earnestly on one part of the room, and exclaimed, 'Papa,' then 'wait a minute for me papa, I'm coming, and there's little sis too,' and so joyously his young spirit passed away to rejoin his father and baby sister in the spirit land.

"Three p.m. The afternoon meeting begins at four o'clock, and my dear sister is resting a little before it—while I sit beside her, I'm glad to have the opportunity of adding to my letter. We had a grand day yesterday in Boston, we went to Farwell Hall, 'the cradle of liberty,' spent an hour in the music hall, listening to the grand organ, the second largest in the world. I enjoyed this very much. Mendelsshon's 'Finale to the forty-second Psalm' was very beautiful, and a 'slumber song' arranged for the organ was most exquisite—the low soft tones might have sent us all into an entranced and ecstatic slumber if they had continued a little longer—and we might have slept until the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' which was *grand indeed*, awoke us—in the afternoon, we went to the Athenæum, and saw the paintings, statuary, and libraries. We walked across Boston Common, the scene so intimately connected with the War of Independence. America has its hallowed spots as well as England. As I was walking under the beautiful elms on Boston Common, it seemed strange to think that if all were well, in four weeks' time, I should be walking about in Darlington.

I am *almost* sorry I arranged to go before the presidential election comes off—still it is very cheering to see how confident the New Englanders are of Lincoln's success. The Yearly Meeting Boarding School is at Providence. My sister has a meeting with the children this evening, but she is not going to visit any more prisons, etc., while I remain. After I leave, Sarah F. Tobey (Dr. Tobey's wife) accompanies Elizabeth to all the penal and pauper establishments. I am glad to think E. will have so efficient a companion and co-labourer. We go to-morrow to spend a few days with Susanna Howland, and then back to Lynn until I embark. C. Coffin took me to Nahant on fifth day to show me the summer residences of Longfellow, Prescott, Agassiz, and Fremont."

E. Y. to E. L. C.

7-5-1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have been wishing very much to answer thy kind and acceptable letter, which was extremely interesting to us all, but each day has been so full that I could not accomplish it. And now we are grieved to hear of thy being sick, and are very desirous to know about thee. Thy work at Washington has proved very arduous, and we fear thou hast overdone thyself; if thou canst not write thyself, I hope we shall hear from thee through others; how well that thou got back among such kind friends.

P. A. W., from New York, has been visiting some of the sick and afflicted, and is still here, I believe. D. B. had large service at our Western Meeting, and would

be a very interesting and impressive minister if he did not *scream* so : he would do for those who like to have the words ‘ driv ’ into them.

“ We shall indeed long feel the loss of dear H. W. B.— to our meeting, the most disastrous which we could have sustained in the death of any *one* individual. Dr. B.— has been so upheld by a sense of the mercy and goodness which surround him, and so taken out of himself by the contemplation of *her* gain, that for some time he seemed sustained above grief ; but latterly he told Charles he felt more cast down, which is very natural. E. P. Gurney feels it very much, and Mary Whitall too mourns—indeed all who knew her feel their loss. I have not seen the memoranda taken during the last day and night, but her readiness and willingness to go were very remarkable—no messages, no arrangements, no anxieties about husband or children, appeared to oppress her—the work was done, and her lamp trimmed, and she ‘ went forth to meet the bridegroom,’ ready to leave all, and enter into the joys of heaven. . . .

“ We are making our preparations to get into the country, and if it continues warm, shall probably go week after next : we are hoping that thou wilt be able to spend a few days at Netherwood as thou passes to New York—do try to do so.

“ It hardly does to think much of the impending events in Virginia : such a momentous struggle, which let the result be as it may, must cause great loss of life, is very solemn. I should like to have seen Burnside’s army, yet could scarcely bear it. We read thy letter to

H. W. Scull, and are truly glad thou hast traced the lost family of coloured people. We had an interesting exhibition of the 'Institute for Coloured Youth,' last fifth day evening, in one of the largest halls in our city—it was crowded."

E. Y. to L. R.

Netherwood, 23-9-1864.

"I was quite troubled, dear L., when I found A. had sealed her letter to thee without sending a particular message of love from me, and feel that I cannot allow thee to leave our country without again saying farewell, and expressing my desire that thy voyage may be both safe and pleasant. We very often think and speak of thee, and are very apt when anything of interest occurs, to wish for *thee*; accordingly we should have liked thee to have been here yesterday when our friend Julia Valentine and her nephew Colonel Fairlamb, recently released from the Libby Prison, were here—he was discharged upon parole, with about twenty others, chiefly it is supposed because they were deemed too seriously wounded ever to take the field again. His story confirms the worst accounts of the treatment our men have received from the rebels; he was four months in prison, three in bed, and during that time had not a kind word spoken to him, so that when he passed from the walls, the *strangest* thing he met with, was a kind voice and words of sympathy—his wounds were skilfully treated, more so than usual, in consequence of his being a doctor and able to direct and choose, and possibly from some esprit de corps still alive even in a rebel heart.

But it is wonderful that he survived the extreme reduction consequent, totally deprived as he was of any stimulant or proper food. They had each about an eighth of a pound of boiled meat (taken out of the soup) once a day, and a small piece of bread—occasionally some wretched soup—and another piece of hard, dirty bread, made of Indian corn and the cob ground with it, very productive of disease, in the evening; hunger was at times almost intolerable, and they sold nearly everything to obtain food, some parting with *all* their clothes to appease the painful longing: Colonel Fairlamb sold his old boots for forty dollars, and came away in *slippers*: but the dirt was almost as great an annoyance as the want of food—his face was not washed for two months! Imagine the discomfort and wretchedness through which so many of our poor men struggle! He met with two or three persons who had been prisoners in the North, who had the gratitude and candour to speak warmly of the kind treatment they had met with—one saying, ‘If we had known what *you unionists* were, we would never have gone to fight you.’ While he lay in the ditch, into which he crept for safety, after being wounded, a rebel officer came up and called out ‘Who are you?’ ‘You can see for yourself who I am’ (meaning his uniform told his rank as a U. S. officer). ‘Where are you from?’ ‘Pennsylvania.’ ‘Oh, I have been in Pennsylvania myself—after Gettysburg, and I was never more kindly treated—you shall not be disturbed’; and he did protect him from the *pillage* which the wounded suffer, except

that a *General* took his old spurs—when the Colonel remarked, ‘He was sorry his wardrobe was so *reduced*.’ I believe the chief cause of his bearing so much trial was his unconquerable hope, self-control, and the strength he had acquired by the exposure in the field ; but I must not tire thee with my details—I longed for thee to hear his recital that thou may tell any Southern sympathisers in England what *humane, generous* people they are upholding. . . . I hope thou hast been enjoying the beautiful environs of Boston during this fine weather—we have had some most charming days—just now it is rather too warm, really *summer-like* and our grass is as green and the flowers blooming again, as if spring were here instead of autumn—still a *red* branch here and there (like a few white hairs) betrays the advance of the season. Our love to Elizabeth—I think the *rest* must be most welcome to her—tell her we shall be glad to see her. We shall hope to receive from her all the particulars of thy embarkation—she must expect many questions—she will please write *in time when* we shall meet her—how pleasant if you were again coming together.”

C. Y. to L. R.

23-9-1864.

“ Since thou left us, I have often felt that it was inhospitable in me to speak so strongly as I sometimes did of what we call the wrong-doing of some of thy countrymen toward us. Most truly do we appreciate the generous spirit in which many Englishmen have written and spoken of our country. Yet, was it quite without reason that we were vexed when we found

those on whom we most relied, those whom your whole (modern) literature had told us were the highest types of man, were seemingly united against us in this death struggle? We know better now, we know that human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, that the highest excellence is the product of Christianity as a power, not a profession; and that the true type of what man was designed to be, is he who loves his neighbour as himself. Many such men glorify your country; some are found here; and whether there or here, they are bound by ties that nothing shall sever. Since thou left us, our political atmosphere has cleared; I am told that there is little doubt that our own noble State will place itself right, before the country, and that the defeat of the Pro-Slavery party, misnamed that of peace, but really that of oppression, interminable war, anarchy, and barbarism, will be decisive.

“Is it not a grand spectacle, the submission of the vast issues involved in this election to *universal* suffrage? Will not the ascendancy of the national party, the party of permanent peace and freedom to all, under the pressure of war, taxation, and intense domestic sorrow, prove that men may be fitted to govern themselves, without a State Church, an aristocracy, or a monarchy?

“I wish that intelligent men from all parties in Europe, men of half the sagacity of De Tocqueville, and with the fourth of the magnanimity and clear-headedness of Arnold (the father, not the son), could study the presidential elections on the spot. There is much that is displeasing; much on the surface from

which thoughtful men turn with disgust ; but when all the deductions are made for the passions which are aroused, for the evil agencies which are called into action, for the vulgarity and the coarse vituperation, which are the natural weapons of sordid and corrupt men, it will be found that there is much in the free discussion (some think it very bad English or even *American*) which informs and cultivates the minds of our people, which even tends to infuse a true patriotism, and to elevate them above their ordinary pursuits.

“A great mistake made by foreigners results from the impression that our large cities are the seats of power—New York is the centre of money operations, Washington, the political capital, but neither in any sense the London, and much less the Paris, of America. Our agricultural interest is really the depository of power, and thou knows that every farmer in America, with very few exceptions, owns the land which he tills. He may be very rude, he may be wholly ignorant of conventionalities, and is too often sordid and prejudiced. But he is sagacious, and, as a rule, honest, and a safer depository of power, as we think, than the aristocracy or the commercial class. I have read Goldwin Smith’s letter with deep interest and admiration of the man, and now I have only to add my earnest wishes for thy comfortable and safe return to thy native land, and the sincere esteem with which I am,

“Thy attached friend,

“C. Y.”

E. Y. to L. R.

14-11-1864.

. . . “Before I say anything else, I must speak of our great delight in the result of our election—so far beyond our hopes—out of the twenty-five States that voted, only three have given a majority for McClellan, is it not a rare triumph for free institutions and universal suffrage! For several weeks before the election, it was apparent that Lincoln would be re-elected, but we did not venture to expect so decided and large a majority, which completely holds the opponents in check, and gives the Administration great additional strength. There is also two-thirds majority in the House, which is necessary to amend the Constitution; so now we have only to hope that our future actions may be wisely and cautiously directed, leaving nothing to regret. I think thou sees *The Tribune*—did thou read the President’s speech the evening he was serenaded, and did thou not admire the noble Christian feeling and sound sense which pervaded it? And did thou contrast it with Jeff. Davis’ ‘Message,’ which in our paper was immediately below it? The criticisms of the latter by ‘the Richmond Whig’ were very good, showing the great inconsistency of offering *freedom* as a *reward*, when *slavery* had always been declared ‘a divinely appointed condition for the highest good of the slave’; as also of his determining to give them ‘arms’ without consulting *the States*: does not the very suggestion of such a thing as arming their slaves show their desperation? A friend of ours lately asked an intelligent coloured man

what he thought the slaves would do if they had arms given them—would they fight for their masters? ‘They will be very quiet *until* they get them.’ ‘Do they generally understand our position?’ ‘As well as anyone. There is a telegraphic communication throughout the South, and all the slaves know very well how matters stand.’ Our city was in a state of great excitement before the election, but no riot or disturbance occurred except on the night of the democratic procession, and now all have settled down as quietly as if all were well pleased. But really I must not fill my sheet with these details, which I daresay thou gathers from the papers, but I could not but express a part of what has so engrossing an interest to us, believing too, that the subject will not be tedious to thee.

“Thou may probably have heard that the English Friends were not allowed to enter the Southern lines, Jeff Davis refusing them permission after their certificates were sent to him. William Norton is now in Baltimore quite unwell, while Joseph James Neave has gone to visit some of the meetings in Baltimore Yearly Meeting. We have not yet seen them, but hear them well spoken of. . . . I am very glad my account of Col. Fairlamb has answered so good a purpose—I only regret thou did not hear it from his own lips, as a knowledge of his character would have enhanced its value—he is so averse to making a hero of himself, or in any way exaggerating his sufferings. What will your Southern sympathizers say now? I shall like to see the *Times* upon Lincoln’s re-election.

. . . Thou knows ere this that thy sister Elizabeth did *not* stop here on her way south—we have not heard *direct* from her lately, but she has been in Washington, and intends going to Norfolk in Virginia, before she comes to us. We forwarded thy letter to F. T. King, who knew her address, and no doubt sent it: we hope to receive a letter from her soon. Has she told thee of her visit to the President? I often wished for thee on our bright, lovely, autumn days, when the woods look so brilliant and dreamy. I was truly pleased thou saw so much of New England society—thy description of M. C. is *admirable*. We have heard nothing of J. G. Whittier since—some of his relations near Providence, wish him to spend the winter with them, but we do not know how he will decide. . . . No, we have not seen the book thou mentions by Conway. Charles says, ‘tell her we now think of slavery so much as a thing that is *past*, that we do not take quite so much interest in testimonies about it, but they may be useful to some *English* folks.’ But, *in earnest*, we should like to see it, supposing it must be good, if the Brights liked it so well. With much dear love, I must say farewell,

“EMMA C. YARNALL.”

Edith Griffith writes from Fayette County, Brownsville,
Pennsylvania, 5-6-64.

“BELOVED FRIEND, E. L. C.,

“It was indeed a sweet little intellectual feast to read those interesting lines penned by thee among my own childhood’s scenes, the first received since our parting at Pittsburg. Thou hast often been a subject of

enquiry, and always one of deep interest. Thy *self-sacrificing mission* claims the cordial co-operation and deep sympathy of all who are the friends of the blessed Jesus, whose peculiar characteristic was 'going about doing good.' I sometimes think and fear that the love and services of such are not duly appreciated, even by the professed followers of the Lamb, that many amongst us, or bearing our name, who seem to wish well to the cause, nevertheless, in every way, shrink from any part of the burden. They cleave to their *lands* and their *oxen*, their gold and their silver, their wives and their children, leaving the Ark of the Testimony to be borne about by the *weaker* sex. Is it any wonder that these should receive most eminently of the heavenly anointing? and it is seen and known that the Lord has made these strong for Himself, to go forth in the might of His power, to fight His battles, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the gathering of the people, yea, even of the outcasts, and the conversion and salvation of their immortal souls. Be of good cheer, my dear sister, and go on in the work of thy day. Be not weary in well-doing, thou cannot serve a better Master, thou cannot dedicate thy heart, time and talents to a better work than winning souls to Christ. Oh, the mourning parents, bereaved widows, and fatherless children, needing the consolations of the Gospel, whose ears are pained, whose souls are sick, with the wrongs and cruelty of war and bloodshed, mourning their loved and lost ones fallen on the battlefield; as well as the wounded, sick and suffering ones, perishing for lack of care, and perchance for 'lack of

knowledge.' There is indeed work enough for us all in the great harvest field, and the day calls loudly for faithful labourers. . . . I think as thou dost, that *we* could work together in this great strife for the promotion of the cause of the great Prince of Peace—but thou art so much my junior in age, and so much my senior in courage and magnanimity of soul, that I very much question my ability to keep way with thee in thy untiring and assiduous labours up and down in the land, &c., &c."

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—1864.

UNDER date 29-10-64, E. L. C. writes from Washington, "Joseph Grinnell has just been to visit the President (Abraham Lincoln) to make an arrangement for us to see him, the time fixed upon for the interview being two p.m., to-morrow (First day). Edward and Gulie Howland, and Edward and Ann Earle, of Worcester, Massachusetts, came as a delegation from the New England Yearly Meeting, on the Contraband question. They visited Lincoln two or three days ago, and as soon as he heard E. and G. H. were from New Bedford, he enquired after Joseph Grinnell, and said he had sat side by side with him in the House of Representatives, and had visited him in his home in New Bedford, and when Edward H. told him of our desire to call upon him, he said it would give him great pleasure to see us. I must tell you something in connection with Jos. G.'s call upon our chief Magistrate, too amusing to be omitted. There were a great many gentlemen and ladies, alias men and women, waiting for an audience. Jos. G. went to Seward (Secretary for War) first, and told him he would like to speak with Abraham Lincoln a few minutes. Seward at once wrote a note to the President's private secretary, begging, as a particular favour, that he would get an

audience for J. G. as soon as possible. He was then shown into a room, where forty or fifty other *special* cases had been admitted, some of them of a sad, some of an amusing character. After waiting an hour or more, the doors of the audience chamber were thrown open, and the crowd passed in. Joseph Grinnell drew as near as he could with propriety, and as soon as Lincoln saw him, he stretched out his hand over the heads of some others, to shake hands with him. They were both very tall men. While J. G. was waiting, he was a little amused with noticing the objects and matters which had drawn others there. Two ladies had presented themselves simply to procure the President's autograph. Two women, with many tears and moving entreaties, pleaded for pardon for a deserter, who had been three years in the service, and on the expiration of his time had returned home. After awhile, he re-enlisted, received the bounty, and deserted. The President enquired, 'What is his sentence?' 'Imprisonment for some years,' was the reply. Lincoln answered, with firmness but much gentleness, 'That is the mildest form of punishment that can be awarded for such an offence. I should soon have the army disorganised if I pardoned such.' They importuned, but he was firm.

"A great rough man was the next. His business was to tell 'Uncle Abraham' what he thought of him. He did not vote for him, he had been a democrat, but now had changed his politics, was much pleased with what the President had done, and meant to vote for him in future.

“Then followed a great many applicants for office. These pressed around him and teased him until he looked weary and almost worn out. Just imagine the Queen of England so beset! Now for the amusing scene. The previous day (not a reception day) a stout lady had presented herself at the White House, and insisted on seeing the President. She was informed that she ‘could not see him to-day, so she need not wait.’ She replied that she must see him. The response was, he was engaged with his Cabinet. ‘I will wait until he has done with them.’ ‘He may be two hours.’ ‘Very well, if he is four or six hours, I must wait, I cannot return home without seeing him.’ As she was so very persevering and importunate, and would not tell her business, they began to think it possible she had some very important matter to introduce, and an intimation was sent to the President to that effect. He smiled, and said to his Cabinet, ‘Well, gentlemen, I do not see that we can do better than take a recess for five minutes,’ and the lady was admitted.

She marched into the room quite erect, right up to the President, without the least deference or any sense of being in an august presence, and stretching out her hand to him said, ‘Well now, I’ve got what I have so long been desiring, a chance to shake hands with you. I should have been quite ashamed to go home to my nine sons, and tell them that I had been to Washington, and had not seen old Uncle Abe.’ The President, with a hearty laugh, cordially shook hands with her, and sent a kind message to her nine sons, with which she

retired well pleased to return to Ohio, where her home was."

"First-Day, 10th Month 30th.—I have just returned from visiting the President. I was careful not to occupy much of his time, only twenty minutes from the time he entered until we left the room. We were shown into a pleasant parlour, nothing very stylish, no ceremony, but were requested to be seated. A bright coal fire was burning in the grate, the sofas crimson velvet, the chairs embroidered, or imitation of it, Brussels carpet, &c. Over the whole, there was more of an air of comfort than ostentation. It was much such a parlour as any private family among the higher classes might enjoy. After waiting five minutes, the President entered; we rose, he advanced and shook hands with Joseph Grinnell, who introduced us, and he shook hands with us and courteously bade us welcome, telling J. G. he was pleased to see him. 'Us' means Mary Bradford and myself.

"In a few minutes we settled into solemn silence, and, without much delay, I delivered my short message, which was somewhat to this effect, that the language was his, 'Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee; fear thou not for I am with thee,' see Isaiah, forty-first chapter, ninth and tenth verses; alluding to the great work that the Lord was doing by his instrumentality, referring to the proclamation of liberty to the captive, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, the rod of the oppressor broken by his means. I told him of my visits to the Contrabands, their earnest loyalty, and fervent prayers for him, that the blessing

of him that is ready to perish shall not fall unheard, and that not only from this generation, but unborn millions will yet rise up, and call him blessed. I referred to the earnest loyalty and loving sympathy of a people (Society of Friends) in whose hearts he was enshrined, our testimony against war, yet our loyalty, the universality of our devotion to the government, etc. My visits to the military hospitals, the feelings of the soldiers, and the earnest ejaculations, 'God bless our noble President !' that had often fallen upon my ears. A few words of sympathy with him under his heavy load of care, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee'—the superintending care of a kind and tender Father. 'The Lord reigneth'—his supreme rule. 'Him that honoureth me, I will honour ; and he that despiseth me, shall be lightly esteemed.' The one way of salvation by Jesus Christ, &c. A season of prayer followed. The chief magistrate of this vast Republic was on his knees beside us, bowed before 'the King eternal, immortal, invisible.' I felt that very near access unto the mercy-seat was our blessed privilege. When we rose from our knees, and were about to leave, the President shook hands with me very cordially ; he stood some minutes with my hand grasped in both of his, and thanked me for my visit, and spoke something to this effect, that he entirely agreed with me in my sense of the over-ruling power and supremacy of our Heavenly Father. 'Perhaps there is no position like mine, and no man living better able than myself to recognise the necessity of Divine guidance, Divine grace, or to see the hand of the Lord in the great events

that are now transpiring. I appreciate your desires for me and I hope that your prayers may be answered, &c.' As he expressed his satisfaction in our visit, we were about withdrawing when I asked for a flower from a stand on the table, which he readily and cordially gave me liberty to take, and the others the same."

Soon after this visit, E. L. C. wrote :—" I have just received a kind message from President Lincoln and his wife. He was comforted and strengthened by my visit, and she was greatly disappointed that sickness prevented her from being present on the occasion. She was in bed all day.

" From the Executive Mansion, we went to a very different scene—straight to a Contraband meeting, where John de Baptist, a full-blooded negro, quite a character, was holding forth, in the style of their devotional and demonstrative race, to a large, out-door audience, quite an acre of coloured people, from a rude pulpit erected for the occasion. Just as my friends and I approached, and took a seat placed in the suburbs of the congregation 'for de white gentry,' from his elevated pulpit the preacher was introducing himself to his audience as follows, 'Bredren and sisters, you see before you John de Baptist—my mother named me John de Baptist, 'coz she loved her Bible, and was a great admirer of de 'postles. When I was in de land of Egypt, and de house of bondage, I had to take de name my massa gib me, but now, tank God, I am de Lor's free man, I take de name my mudder gib me; bredren and sisters, (with an oratorical flourish) you see before you John de Baptist.'

“ Here he broke off to give me the most extraordinary introduction I have ever had to any audience, ‘ Bredren and sisters, dere is a lady come here who stands in de occupation of a clergyman, and when I have finished my discourse, den she will speak to you, and den, my dear bredren and sisters, I do spec we shall hear something extry.’

“ ‘ Bredren and sisters, we will read a little from de blessed book.’ He had a large handsomely-bound Bible before him, the worse for wear, or rather the worse for being handled by soiled fingers, of which he said, ‘ I borrowed dis ere Bible from my massa, when I left de land of Egypt and de house of bondage, as Moses commanded de Hebrews of old to borrow de gold and de silbur from dere massas and missusses, and not to return dem.’ He then proceeded, without opening the book, to read as he said ‘ Dere was a certain rich man ’ (Luke xvi., 19 to 31), and went through a good part of the chapter, giving the sense of it with very little variation from the original, except changing the beautiful Anglo-Saxon for the negro lingo. He then charged his audience with being great, big, wicked sinners. ‘ Bredren and sisters, you am, ebery one of you, great, big, wicked sinners. You begin wid little bits of sins, like dat (showing the tip end of his finger), and when you hab sinned ten, twenty, or thirty days, your sins will grow as big as your fist. If you no repent den, it will not take twenty or thirty days more for your sins to grow as big as dat,’ showing both fists. ‘ Den, in twenty or thirty days more, if you go on sinning, your sins will grow as big as your heads,’ giving his

head a resounding clap, suiting the action to the word. It gave a hollow sound, but he soon proved he had plenty of brains there. His discourse was accompanied by an immense amount of action and flourishes, which would have delighted Dio Lewis, or any professor of calisthenics, and made us fear that he would suddenly descend upon the heads of his audience. 'And den, bredren and sisters, when your sins hab grown as big as your heads, dey will tumble you down, down, down into hell-fire' (suiting the action to the word, and looking down with a horrified expression of countenance, as he depicted the terrors to be found there), adding, 'Bredren and sisters, dem as lubs de swearing dey'll find plenty of swearing down dere, and dem as lubs de cussing will find plenty of cussing down dere, and dem as lubs de fighting will find plenty of fightin' down dere, and dem as lubs de smokin' will find plenty of smoke down dere.' Here the whole congregation, wrought up into a pitch of excitement, began to shake their heads, and make a deprecatory motion with their hands, crying out, 'Dear Lord, not me, not me! No-o-o-ho-o-o, not me! No-o-o-ho-o-o, not me!' creating a sort of prolonged howl that went through the whole congregation.

"Then suddenly wiping his face with his handkerchief, and making it shine as a negro's face will shine when in health, he looked up with a completely altered expression of countenance. With a radiant face and an expression of ecstasy, he said, 'But tanks be unto de blessed Lord, dere is water; and it is not a little, shallow, winding stream, dat you can only get

into ancle deep, but a great, big, mighty ocean, dat will wash away sins as big as your head. Den de berry nex' day, after your sins am washed away, you begin to go up de ladder dat Moses saw (meaning Jacob's ladder) dat reached from de earth to de heaven. De nex' day, you will step on de first round of de ladder, and you will leave off stealing, nex' day you will get up one round higher, and you will leave off lyin', and de nex' day you will get on de tird round of de ladder, and you will leave off drinkin', and de nex' day you will get on de fourth round, and you will leave off beatin' your wives, den de nex' round, you will leave off scoldin' your chil'en; ' and so he went on describing the gradual work of sanctification, until on the upper round of the ladder, he said, 'And den, bredren and sisters, when de golden gates is opened for some poor sinner to go in, we shall see de glory, and hear de singin' and de music. It is not like dose ole banjos dat we see down South, but it is de golden harps, bredren and sisters; and de singin', it will be better than your'n, it will be like the mighty thunderin's; and den we shan't want any more of dese here filthy rags, (taking hold of his garments) we shall be clothed in de yellow, and de gold, and de orange, and de red, and de blue, and de green—all de colours of de rainbow, bredren and sisters.' Then followed a lengthened and prolonged shout of 'Glory! Halleluia.'

“Then heartily shaking hands all over the congregation, and pointing eagerly upwards, and making signs to those he could not reach ‘You and me,’ ‘You and me,’ he suddenly came down from his elevation,

and his description of the heavenly glories, with the announcement, 'And now, bredren and sisters, de lady who stands in de occupation of a clergyman, she will speak to you.' Which I did for a short time.

"The same evening at half past seven, I had an appointed meeting in one of the large and fashionable churches. The audience was of rather a higher class than I commonly speak to. Some of the President's Cabinet were there. The house is calculated to hold 1,500, but the minister said there were 1,800, or more, there. When I looked on the vast assembly, I had a fear that my voice could not reach them all, but there was such intense silence, and the building is so well constructed for hearing, that the minister told me I was distinctly heard in every part of the house. Three other ministers have since invited me to use their pulpits. So an open door is still before me. I cannot tell you how greatly I have been helped and strengthened by our dear friend, Samuel Bettle. I have had much of his company of late, and he has, both publicly and privately, given me much encouragement in my work and mission. We had together a very pleasant visit to Judge Bates, Attorney-General, one of the President's Cabinet. We spent a most interesting evening with the Judge and his family, by special invitation. We had a religious opportunity, and the Judge and his wife seemed very much comforted thereby. They had been in much anxiety on account of their son in the army, who has of late been exposed to much danger."

"*Third-day, 11th month 1st.*—President Lincoln has been in great danger recently. He was standing

on the fort, four miles from this city, just taking a survey, when suddenly an officer sprang on to the wall, and entreated him to withdraw, as he was in imminent danger from the enemy, a skirmishing party being very near. The President, thanking him for his care, had only time to step aside, and see the brave officer shot dead at his side. This was told us last evening by a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln's, and no account of it was in the papers, it being thought best to keep it private."

A newspaper of the day thus describes the evening meeting on October 30th, mentioned by E.L.C. in her letter :—

“Wesley Chapel was again crowded to its utmost capacity with a brilliant assemblage (amongst whom we noticed Mrs. President Lincoln, Attorney-General Bates and other prominent gentlemen of the department and of the army) to hear a second discourse from the pious and eloquent minister of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock. . . . At the close of the singing, she invited the audience to unite with her in prayer. This address to the Supreme Being consisted in heartfelt adoration and humble confession of our iniquities ; national, as having sinned against the African race, and the Indian tribes, swearing, debauchery, scepticism, and infidelity ; personal, as having neglected God, and followed the devices of our wicked hearts. Then the condition of our country was laid before the throne of heavenly grace, with the earnest petition that the blessings of wisdom and divine favour might be poured upon our beloved President,

the members of his Cabinet, the judges, and all in authority. The sick, wounded, and suffering in hospitals, were committed to the care of Heaven, and their agonized and bereaved relatives in distant places were affectionately remembered. The prayer was one of great eloquence, appropriateness, and power. . . . Every eye was now turned towards the lady preacher, who advanced and announced her subject, the basis of which was the text, 'For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' The exordium consisted of a vivid description of our own metropolitan city, with its grandeur, and the skill and power of its inhabitants, which point she improved, with an exhortation to our citizens especially, that it is not our continuing city. The history of the nations of past ages was then reviewed, and the dealings of the Most High towards them, with comments upon the words of Holy Writ, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

"The preacher then glanced at our national greatness, our churches, our agriculture, our mechanical arts, and almost boundless prosperity. Then she charged upon our land the sin of ingratitude in not acknowledging God in these blessings. The wickedness which abounds in our large cities was also brought to view, and deprecated. The Cross was then referred to as the sovereign remedy for all our ills, national or personal; humiliation and repentance toward Heaven the means of attaining the blessing of that Cross. . . . Throughout the whole discourse (fifty minutes in delivery) the lady enchained the vast audience in

perfect silence, her firm, clear, silvery voice being distinctly heard in every part of the house."

Her labours among the wounded soldiers and the prisoners were fully appreciated by the government authorities from the President downwards. In a letter dated 22-11-1864, Dr. Samuel Boyd Tobey, writing from Providence, says :—"When we visited the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, the use of the chapel was refused by the officer in command, on account of his prejudice against women's preaching, and we visited the soldiers in different wards. When we left, E. Comstock told them she thought she might see them again. A few days since I received from the President a pass written by himself in the following words, 'Allow Friend Dr. Samuel Boyd Tobey and such ministering women as he may take with him, to speak at the chapel at Portsmouth Grove Hospital to such soldiers as may choose to hear. A LINCOLN.'

"November 14th, 1864."

It was during this visit to Washington, that E. L. C. had an interview with Secretary Stanton. Her message was something to this effect :—"I stood in the presence of the Secretary of War, as an ambassador of the Prince of Peace. I referred to the heavy burden he had resting upon him, and the arduous labours and weariness; reminding him of the gracious and tender language of invitation, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; referred to his great exertions for the Government, and unwearied diligence in the service of his country, and my prayerful, earnest desire for him that the same zeal and

perseverance might be exercised in the service of his God ; that as a valiant soldier of the cross of Christ, he might stand. ‘ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ ”

The Secretary gave her passes to visit the rebel prisoners, accompanied by the following letter :—

“ *War Department, Washington,*

“ *November 3rd, 1864.*

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ It affords me great pleasure to give you the passes requested this morning to visit the camps of the rebel prisoners of war now held by the United States, and I trust that by the blessing of Divine Providence your ministrations may be of service to them.

“ Truly your friend,

“ EDWIN M. STANTON.

“ Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock.”

In a letter to Dr. S. B. Tobey, E.L.C. writes :—
“ When I told Secretary Stanton that his pass gave me more liberty than I required, for I did not expect so extensively to visit the rebels and the soldiers, he replied, ‘ I hope the Lord will send you there and bless your labours, for I am sure you will do them good, and they need such ministrations.’ ”

Dr. Tobey, writing to E.L.C. on the 1-11-64, says,
“ In reviewing thy experiences at Baltimore, it appears to us that our hearts should be filled with gratitude, and our spirits raised in thanksgiving. He whose will thou delights to do, whose thou art, and whom thou serves, in a very remarkable manner in the 5th day

meeting for worship made it manifest to all that He was near thee, and that His injunction was 'touch not mine anointed, and do my prophet no harm,' the Lord will continue to shield thee, and to prosper His work in thy hands. Our hearts overflow in a continued stream of love towards thee, and our prayers are poured forth abundantly for thee Let us keep as nearly as possible to all the usages of our dear Society, in all our religious engagements, for under its ægis, I fully believe we can do more in the cause of our adorable Saviour than we can without it. I do not say this supposing there is any difference of views, between thee and me, my precious sister, on this point. My daughters with some other Friends have gone to-day again to Portsmouth Grove. They are very much engaged in relieving the sufferings of those now there, about 600 having been added from recent battles.

"Please to say to our dear M. that much as we value thy letters, we cannot consent that thou shouldst appropriate hours that ought to be devoted to sleep to write them. Thou *must* take care of the poor body. It is thy *positive duty* to do it. A single line from either of you, if it can tell you are well, is all we ought to ask."

A few weeks later, Dr. Tobey writes, under date 27-12-64, "—— is a capital elder, her remarks are instructive to me, and well worth reading. Are they not just and true? I unite with her entirely as to our adhering to Quakerism. It opens a door, especially to women, to labour in the Gospel, not to be found in any other denomination of Christians. Thou knows this to

be true from an abundant and blessed experience, and I have no fear of thy leaving it. It is as precious to thee as to —— or me, for I think William Penn rightly defined it ‘a new nickname for old Christianity.’ I am rejoiced that Dr. M. has taken thee in hand^{*}, and is giving thee sound, wholesome, sanitary lectures. Thou must not offend against thy good Master by offending against the laws of health. It is not for us to expect miraculous interpositions when we disregard what we have already been taught. Don’t disregard what I say. *I am very serious in saying it.* Thou art, I think, constituted very much like Henry Kirk White—‘A soul of fire in a tenement of straw.’ Take care that the tenement be not consumed. I do not for a moment tolerate the thought of thy going back to Annapolis. I presume those prisoners are liberated, and if they are not, thou hast done what thou couldst. Thou hast discharged thy whole duty towards them, so far as personal effort can do anything, and if thou shouldst find that they are not set free, write one of thy touching appeals to Governor Bradford, but don’t go back again to Maryland. . . . And now, dear Mary, where art thou? Thou art very, very precious to us. Lay fast hold of dear E. L. C., and don’t let her go back to Annapolis.”

Under date 30-1-65, Dr. Tobey writes to E. L. C., “I saw E. R. to-day. He wished me to convey his and his wife’s love most affectionately to thee. Thou hast left the sweetest possible impression on the citizens of Woonsocket; E. was moved to tears in telling me about it. Thus the Lord established ‘the work of thy

hands.' Let it be for thy comfort and encouragement. Thou art very close to Him, and Jesus loves thee, and those that love *Him*, love *thee*. Surely this is all thou canst desire. Now let me caution thee not to overwork thy dear self in Boston this week. Remember thou art yet in the body, and for us it is better that thou shouldst long remain so. Let no one lay out exhausting labour for thee. The Lord will tell thee all He wants thee to do. It is true I did propose that thou shouldst hold a meeting at Woonsocket, but I thought the blessed Master directed me to do so, and when thou asked Him, it was told thee to attend to it, and art thou not fully convinced it was in His ordering? I am."

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO JOLIET PRISON.

AMONG the disadvantages of war, may be ranked the evils of a disbanded army, of idle, dissolute soldiers, scattered abroad all over the land. Our Government, foreseeing this, tried to avert the evil in some measure by offering to every soldier when the army was disbanded, 160 acres of wild land in the West, on condition that he should go and live upon it, and work it. Among those who accepted this offer were Harry Wilson and his comrade. After going out to Kansas and pre-empting their land, these two young soldiers were returning to New York, through Southern Illinois, a part of the country then almost in Egyptian darkness, as regards law and order, judge and jury. They put up at a third-rate tavern, and were playing cards and drinking in the bar room, when they were arrested and committed to prison, upon a charge of burglary committed three nights previously, the only witnesses against them being two men who swore to their identity, and said they had seen them running away in the moonlight! The trial came on very soon after their arrest, or they might have proved an alibi if they had had time to do so, or friends near to aid them. They were sentenced for five years at Joliet, the State prison for Illinois. There, six months later,

I found Harry Wilson. After having a meeting with the 1,800 prisoners together one Sabbath morning, I obtained leave of the Warden, General Dornblazer, to go round from cell to cell, to speak a few kind motherly words to the young prisoners, and give them each a tract. As I did so, one young man accosted me with "I think I have seen you before, is it not Mrs. Comstock?" Upon my replying in the affirmative, he said, "I was in the Douglas Hospital, at Washington, when you visited us, and you gave me a tract called 'The Fool's Pence.'" "Then," I said, "I fear thou hast not followed my advice, or thou probably wouldst not be here." He replied by telling me his name was Harry Wilson, and giving me the foregoing particulars of his arrest and imprisonment. Upon my enquiring for his companion, he said he had written to his father, who had made an appeal to the Governor of the State, proved an alibi, and got him released, but, added the poor prisoner with great emotion, "I had no father to plead for me, only a poor widowed mother in New York, in feeble health, and I don't dare to write to her, it would break her heart to know that her boy is in prison." My heart was deeply touched by his narrative, and I assured him that he should not linger in prison for want of someone to plead for him, that I would go myself to Springfield and see Governor Palmer, if General Dornblazer and the Chaplain confirmed his story. Upon conferring with these gentlemen, they assured me that Wilson's story was quite correct and they believed him entirely innocent of the crime he was charged with, and informed me there were three other prisoners in that Penitentiary

equally innocent, and requested me to present their cases also to the Governor. One was a woman over seventy years of age, charged with child murder, whose innocence was fully proved by the confession of the real murderer on her death-bed, a year previously, yet this poor old woman still languished in prison for want of someone to go and plead her cause with the Chief Executive of the State. She was a most pitiable object, her health had completely broken down under the rigorous confinement, hard work, and harder fare. She had fallen down on the smooth stone floor of the prison and broken her right arm, which was bound in splints when I saw her.

Another was a man under middle age, very intelligent, sentenced for life, for murder; he was a Canadian, who, while travelling in Southern Illinois, walking on the railway over a deep chasm, picked up a coat, hanging over one of the sleepers; he carried the coat to a house at some little distance; there was a considerable sum of money in the pocket, and he was arrested for murdering the owner, who was found lying dead at the bottom of the chasm. He had offended the prosecutor, the brother of the deceased, by urging in his own defence on the trial, the dead man might have been intoxicated, and fallen off the railroad at that dangerous pass. He had been five years in prison. Upon hearing of his committal, a great friend of his, his pastor, had undertaken the long journey from Canada to Springfield, Illinois, to plead his cause with the Governor of the State. The minister said he had known him from his boyhood

up, and he had borne an irreproachable character, and that all who knew him felt sure he was innocent of the charge ; his wife and four little children were in the deepest distress. This plea on the part of the minister was unavailing, because of the vindictive spirit evinced by the prosecutor, who opposed his being pardoned. By the laws of Illinois (at that time) the Governor could not pardon if the prosecutor objected. The warden and chaplain both spoke in the highest terms of this prisoner, and were fully convinced of his innocence.

The third was a very honest, simple-looking, home-spun Kentuckian, charged with horse-stealing—sentenced for ten years. He had been travelling in Southern Illinois, when he fell in company with another man on horseback. After riding together two or three days, he said, “the other gentleman, who was well-dressed and very agreeable,” offered “to trade horses” ; he did so, and a few hours after they parted, was arrested for stealing the horse, which doubtless the trader had stolen. No one, on conversing with this poor man, could doubt his innocence of the theft, but being hundreds of miles from home, with no one to plead for him, they concluded he had fallen a victim to the sharp-witted horse-thief, with whom he had traded. Upon hearing these sad details, my spirit was stirred within me, and I telegraphed to Governor Palmer, to query when he would give me an interview, and requested a quarter of an hour of his valuable time.

He replied by ready acquiescence in my proposal, and named a time, two o'clock next Tuesday. I took

the cars, and presented myself at the time appointed ; a mutual friend introduced me to him in the Executive Mansion at Springfield. I briefly stated to him Harry Wilson's case ; he remembered liberating his comrade, and expressed surprise and regret that no one had earlier spoken for Wilson's release, as an alibi had been clearly proved for his companion, and the two young men had been together.

Turning to the Secretary of State, the Governor directed him to write out a pardon for young Wilson, which he would sign and seal, and give to me.

I then related to him the circumstances of the poor old woman, with the same result. Then I proceeded to state the cases of the other two men, and was interrupted by his exclamation, "Why, Mrs. Comstock, you surely don't mean that you want to open the prison doors for all the convicts at Joliet ; I think you may leave those two men to take care of themselves." "That is just what they would like to do," I responded.

Then fearing that he was about to take leave, I urged the point with the words, "Governor Palmer, the prerogative of mercy is vested in thee ; it is a blessed prerogative, and a time is coming when thou and all of us may have to cry for mercy, I hope that in that solemn hour thou wilt be able to think of the words of our Lord, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' with joy, and not with fear," to which he replied, "It is indeed a blessed prerogative, but don't you see, Mrs. Comstock, that if I pardon all for whom an appeal is made, without any opportunity for investigation, there will be an end to all law and order, and anarchy and

confusion will be the result." Then, seeing I was still disposed to plead for these two men, he added, "I have no time to examine into their cases, my time is expired," and he offered his hand to bid me good-bye. In parting, I thanked him cordially for what he had done, and said, "My time is precious, but I will remain in Springfield until thou hast time to investigate these two cases, as I feel very sure that thou wilt not suffer these two innocent men longer to languish in prison upon false charges." Then, leaving with him, for examination, the papers that had been given me by the prison Warden, I took leave. On the following morning, I received from him all four pardons duly signed and sealed, also a note to the conductor of the train, requesting him to show me the same courtesy that he (the Governor) always received, and set me down at the prison gates, instead of taking me to the station, two miles beyond, from which I should have had to walk the same distance back, after dark. The conductor complied with this request, slackening speed as we neared the prison gates, and then set me down, with a hearty "God bless you and prosper you in your work." The stopping of the train there brought some of the officials out in a hurry, to see if the Governor had arrived, as that was usually the only occasion for their pulling up before they reached the station. A cordial welcome, bright fire, and good supper awaited me on entering the Warden's parlour, to the last of which they were about to sit down, and General Dornblazer, with a warm shake of the hand, said, "I need not ask you how you have succeeded, for I see it in your face." "I have obtained a pardon for

all four of the prisoners," was my reply, "and I would like to see Harry Wilson."

The General persuaded me it was best to sit down to supper first, as Harry Wilson could not leave the prison to-night; after supper he was summoned. A look of apprehension passed over his face as he crossed the hall, as the prisoners were rarely sent for by the Warden, except for reprimand or impending punishment, and it was a great comfort to me to see the rapid transition from fear to joy, when his eye rested on my countenance. I shook hands with him and queried, "What boon wouldst thou most desire? if I had the power to grant it." "To go and see my dear mother in New York City," was his prompt reply. "Thou mayst go," I said, "to-morrow." He cast a look of enquiry toward the Warden, who stood beside me, as if he could scarcely realize the good news. "It's all right, Wilson," said the Warden, "Mrs. Comstock has been to see Governor Palmer, and obtained your pardon." The young soldier immediately fell on his knees, and gave thanks to God, in a wonderful outpouring of a grateful heart. As I handed him the papers containing his pardon, he grasped my hand, covered it with tears and kisses, saying, "I shall pray for you every night as long as I live." Ere he left for the night I said to him, "Harry, I am not accustomed to travel without an escort; to-morrow I expect to go to Chicago, and shall be glad of thy company." He assured me how gladly he would be my fellow-traveller; and accordingly on the morrow we started, he having laid aside his convict suit, and was apparelled in the identical soldier's cap

and cloak which had caused his arrest. Seated side by side in the railway-car, I persuaded him to sign the temperance pledge, and gave him some earnest motherly counsel that henceforth he should avoid drinking saloons and gaming houses, and such society as would lead to them, and seek the companionship of Christian people, and regularly attend a place of worship. He promised readily to accede to my wishes, and after expressing his earnest gratitude for all I had done for him, said he had one more favour to ask of me. "I think I have anticipated," I said, handing him a roll of bills, twenty-five dollars, that some wealthy, benevolent people in Springfield, had given me for him, to take him to his mother in New York. For a few minutes, he was too much overwhelmed for expression, and then told me that was not what he was going to ask for. While in prison for six months, he had learned a part of the shoe-making business so thoroughly, that the foreman had told him he would now be able to earn four dollars a day in a shoe factory, in Chicago, and he wanted me to use my influence to get him employment, where he would not be known, and pointed at, as a prison-bird. I stepped into one of the large shoe factories with him, and asked the proprietor, "Do you want a hand?" introducing the young soldier as one I had found ill in a hospital in Washington some time ago, and been greatly interested in, and whom I thought they would find a steady, skilful, and industrious hand. He took him into one of the workrooms, and requested the foreman to test his powers. Wilson soon returned to me with

a smiling face, to tell me he was engaged at four dollars a day, and after a very cordial leave-taking, we parted. I heard from him once, a year later, telling me he had saved money, found his mother living and well, and removed with her to Kansas. One little circumstance, which perhaps told in the young man's favour, when introduced at the shoe factory, was this. The proprietor remarked, "He has a good name," being the same as the very popular Vice-President of the United States, Henry Wilson.

We have been very much interested in visiting the different settlements of the poor freedmen, and in hearing of them. Something in their mode of worship is novel, striking, and ludicrous, though earnest devotion seems to pervade the whole. In one of their Methodist Revival meetings at Alexandria, Virginia, there was a great rough man, known by the cognomen of "Big Pete Jackson," who was addicted to swearing, drinking, and fighting, and would sometimes stray into their meetings and make a disturbance. A negro woman of almost colossal frame, great vehemence, and earnest gesticulation, knelt to give thanks for the many conversions they had had, and expressed herself as follows, "O dear Lord, we tank you for de good work you is doing amongst us. We tank you dat you has converted Tom, Dick, and Harry, and Jeff, and Mose, and Sam, and Andy. We tank you dat you has converted Sall, and Moll, and Bess, and Dinah, and Chloe, and Topsy, and Kate. But dear Lord, why don't you lay hold of and convert some of dem great, big wicked sinners, den you'll bring glory to yourself.

Dere's great, big Pete Jackson, if you'll only reach out your big tongs of Eternal Justice, and grab big Pete Jackson, and hold him ober de bottomless pit of Hell, until he smells de smoke, and tastes de brimstone, and feels de flames how hot dey is, and begins to squirm and squirm (but dear Lord, don't drop him in, but hold him dere till you has converted him), den we will all cry 'glory, glory hallelujah.'” She kept suiting the action to the word all along, with earnest and violent gesticulations, until the audience almost felt as though we could see the big tongs *grab* the man, and as though we witnessed his squirming, and were doing the same ourselves. Poor Pete, who was in the house at the time, was so wrought upon by this extraordinary prayer for him, that he elbowed his way through the crowd, near a thousand being present, and threw himself down in front of the altar, exclaiming in agony “Lord, help me! O God, Save me from the pains of hell”! The whole scene was most striking to bystanders. I could describe many equally strange, did time permit.

The following is a copy of the pass from Secretary Stanton, alluded to on page 189, and the next letter tells of the visit for which leave was thus given.

“*War Department, Washington, D.C.*

“*November 3rd, 1864.*

“Pass Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, of the Society of Friends, and her travelling companions, not exceeding two, to visit the camps of rebel prisoners and contrabands at Norfolk, Point Lookout, Annapolis, Elmira, Camp Chase, Camp Morton, and Camp Douglas.

“EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.”

On the 22nd and 23rd of November, 1864, we visited the rebel camp at Elmira, and found there about 7,810 prisoners in an enclosure of nearly fifty acres, in the valley of the Chemung, surrounded by imposing hills. The buildings are good, and so arranged as to give free circulation around them. We found their rations only two ounces short of full army rations of bread, beef, and pork. They also have beans, onions, cabbage, &c., but mostly as soups. We believe they are better provided than ever any prisoners of war were in the world. Still there is never anything inviting about a prison. The confinement and want of employment is evidently dispiriting; absence from home, want of sympathy, and a harsh climate all combine, with the sameness of fare, to destroy the appetite, hence a large per cent. look pale and somewhat emaciated. A quarter of them are ailing. The surgeon separates about 1,500 under his charge. Some are employed on the roads, and as carpenters, &c., at five to ten cents a day, and have full rations. They are all well clothed and have good shoes. The hospital is in excellent order, and is provided with everything Elmira could command for the sick. Pneumonia and diarrhoea are the prevailing diseases, and some smallpox. They need more buildings—so many are sick that one-half are in the common quarters, and lie two in a bunk. We spent an hour in their schools, where they have had over 500 scholars, but now, on account of the excitement about exchange, there were only about sixty in. In the sick wards many enjoy their Bibles, and love to hear of Jesus.

There are cases of Northern men, and even of slaves nearly white, and men not of the army there, who

should be released. You see there all classes of men, and all shades of mental vigour and debility. On our way we met Dr. Hammond, medical director for Western New York. His experience with the black soldiers was very interesting to hear. He made what seems to be a very valuable suggestion, that the coloured man needs different medical treatment from the white man, and that a scientific commission should be appointed to report upon the proper practice to be had in their diseases, and to study them physiologically.

Of Colonel B. F. Tracy, the Commandant, we received every facility for our service, also from Colonel More at the camp, and from Major Beall, the executive officer in camp, we had all due civility. With the surgeon in charge, Dr. Stocker, and with the steward, Lewis Babbitt, we were much pleased, as being kind and very energetic officers. There seems to be a need of someone whose duty it should be to arrange the patients as they grow worse or better.

Suggested that Government employ a Commission to visit and investigate with regard to the propriety of liberating such prisoners as may with safety be released, many being drafted men—some foreigners, who had never borne arms against Government—some maimed and disabled from ever bearing them again.

Isaac Newton to E.L.C.

“ Department of Agriculture,

“ Washington, D.C., 11mo. 30th, 64.

“ ELIZABETH COMSTOCK,

“ Esteemed Friend,

“ I received thy kind and interesting letter for

which I am very much obliged, and one for Mary Lincoln also. I read that part of thy letter that alludes to the nine Abrahams* to the President—he had a good laugh over it. I am much pleased that thou approves of the proposition that Friends should show their high regard for, and appreciation of his kindness to them, by purchasing a handsome home, as a testimonial of their respect for him.

“A few days since, I got a pass for John and Joseph Tatum to visit Norfolk and Point Lookout—they returned to-day ; when there, they found three Friends that had recently been taken prisoners. They were forced into the Rebel army from North Carolina, and suffered very much ; they were taken by our forces. The President gave an order to John Tatum for their release at once. They will be sent up here ; I shall send them to Philadelphia. How providential it was John Tatum and his brother were there, and saw these Friends with the Rebel prisoners. The President has shown many special kind acts towards Friends. I have shed many tears to see his noble acts of kindness. I send thee the President and his wife’s autographs ; they were much pleased to give them to me for thee.

“When thou comes to Washington again, make my house thy home.

“Thy sincere Friend,

“ISAAC NEWTON.”

* E.L.C. had met with nine negro baby boys, called Abraham, after President Lincoln.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY TO WINCHESTER—DEATH OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN—1864-1865.

—
*“ Department of Agriculture,
 “ Washington, D.C., 12mo 2nd, 1864.*

“ ELIZABETH COMSTOCK,

“ Esteemed Friend,

“ I SEND thee two autographs, one from my friend
 I Bates, the other W. H. Seward’s. I received
 a letter from Francis T. King, stating thou wished
 a pass to go to Winchester. I will obtain one for thee
 to-morrow. Our Friend Bates leaves for his home
 to-morrow morning—I regret very much his leaving
 his position—he was a useful man in the Government
 —he was in the Cabinet Council, a very important
 man.

“ I was speaking to some Friends who were here
 yesterday, on the subject of Friends purchasing
 a comfortable home for our noble President, and they
 are much pleased with the proposal—thou can do
 much to aid in this good work.

“ At any time that thou may require my assistance,
 it will afford me much pleasure to aid thee.

“ Thy sincere friend,

“ ISAAC NEWTON.”

The “pass” above alluded to was obtained by
 Isaac Newton, and was to the following effect :

“ *War Department,*

“ *Washington, D.C., Dec. 3rd, 1864.*

“ Pass Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, Mrs. Mary Bradford, and Mrs. E. Sharpless, to Winchester, Virginia, and return.

“ By order of the Secretary of War :

“ JAS. A. HARDIE,

“ Col. and Insp. Gen. U.S. Army.”

“ Having heard that the hospital at Winchester, Virginia, was very much neglected, and sick and wounded soldiers suffering very much in consequence, I felt an anxiety to go and visit them. General Sheridan had at that time an army of 60,000 men, stationed along the hill-side, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley. Their encampment extended from the extreme right to the extreme left of his army, twenty miles. Friends of Baltimore spoke rather discouragingly, fearing the perils that would threaten us so near the front. But having a very courageous companion, Mary Bradford, wife of William Bradford, the marine artist, I was not discouraged by them, though they were afraid to send any of their young men with us as escorts, lest they should be conscripted into the Northern Army, or taken prisoners down south. Elizabeth Sharpless of Philadelphia, formerly from Winchester, Virginia, being very desirous to accompany us, we three unprotected women set out together. As the train drew near Harper’s Ferry, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, some officers seated near us were talking of the dangers of the way. One of them said ‘When we approach the point of rocks, we shall be

the hottest,' as the children say when they play at Blind Man's Buff. 'If we pass the point without attack, we may get through.' In reply to Mary Bradford's query about the danger, the officer said that he had heard that Col. Mosby and his raiders were on the lookout for the train, hoping to pillage it of the provisions, clothing and ammunition for the army, with which it was heavily laden, and he told us we need not be surprised if bullets came whizzing through the windows. This comforting intelligence made us look out occasionally with some anxiety. We reached Harper's Ferry in safety, and there our course was suddenly arrested by finding a bridge burned down, and a tunnel blocked up. The train could proceed no further, and we were informed that our only possibility of proceeding to Winchester, would be by alighting and going on foot for a mile, part of which we walked on sleepers, over a ravine of eighty feet, and one false step might have precipitated us to the bottom. As I was hesitating and doubting whether I could cross the chasm, a young soldier stepped up to me and said, 'Why Auntie, I am glad to see you,' offering to carry my carpet bag with one hand, while he extended the other to guide me while crossing the dangerous pass.

"He was one whom I had visited and spoken to while lying ill, in a hospital in Baltimore, some time before.

"His help was gladly accepted. After our dangerous walk of one mile, taken with all possible speed, we just reached the train on the other side in time to step on board, and without any further perils,

proceeded to Stephenson's Landing, five miles from Winchester, when the conductor suddenly informed the passengers that he could take them no further as the rails were torn up by the rebels. And now came a time of real danger. We were landed, near sundown, five miles from our place of destination; as far as the eye could reach, not a human habitation was visible except in ruins, or damaged by the cannon, but camp-fires, horses, mules, baggage or army wagons, tents and ambulances, and ammunition of war, &c. A loud shout from the railway officials bade us clear the track quickly, for fear of our dresses being caught by the train about to back, and we had to jump down from the railway embankment, about two feet, there not being room to stand safely there, and alight ankle deep in mud and mire. It was the last month of the year; the snow which had covered the earth a few days previously had all thawed; my courageous companion, Mary B. Bradford, looked appalled for a minute or two, as she saw the fierce, rough countenances of the thousands of soldiers so near the front, who had for months been out of the reach of the civilizing influence of mothers, wives, and sisters. But she was equal to the emergency. She put the question repeatedly to one after another of the soldiers, as to the best way for us to get to Winchester. Some were rough and some were rude, and one catching hold of her carpet bag, said, 'I'll show you the way,' and started at a full run; she saw that his object was to get the bag, and only recovered her property by calling 'Stop thief,' when he immediately dropped it. One of whom she enquired,

told her she must go into the mail tent, that it was their business to take us. She summoned courage, and though the curtain was drawn, raised it and stepped in. The officials there were busily engaged sorting the letters. One of them immediately lifted the curtain, and turned her out, very unceremoniously. She stepped back again at once, saying that we had a free pass from President Lincoln, and documents from the Secretary of War, for General Sherman. One of the officials answered very roughly, 'We know nothing about Lincoln or Stanton here, Sheridan is boss, and he has given orders that no woman should go to the front,' and again turned her out. Mary B. B. scolded and lectured in vain; and then changing her tactics, tried the effect of smooth words. Turning to one of the soldiers, who looked a little more civilized than the rest, she remarked, 'It is pleasant to see one gentleman among so many ruffians.' I have a very lively imagination, but yet found it difficult to transform him into a gentleman; but he seemed both surprised and pleased with the appellation, and at once volunteered his services to help her in any way he could. She stated our dilemma, and our wish to get on as quickly as possible to Winchester, as it was impossible for three ladies to stay there all night. He pointed to the news wagon, which was about to start for Winchester, saying, 'They will take you.' Mary B. B. stepped briskly round in front; the driver had four horses in hand, and raising his whip was about to start them. Raising her hands in front, she said, 'Stay a minute, stay a minute, stay a minute—I have something impor-

tant to say to you.' The man swore at her and ordered her to clear the road, or he would run over her. She replied by a very earnest appeal, telling him that we three ladies had come on purpose to visit the sick and wounded soldiers, adding, 'If your mother and sister were here, you would not suffer them to stay in a place like this all night.' Her appeal seemed to be in vain, until Mary's 'gentleman,' coming up to the side, said he had better be civil to us, as we were personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, and he might lose his position, and persuaded him to take us. 'Bring your women then, quick,' he said, 'and let's be off, I want to get to Winchester before the letters.' There was considerable difficulty in climbing into the wagon—a two-storey army ambulance, piled up with bales of newspapers—the two steps both being broken off. I looked somewhat doubtfully, and queried, 'How am I to get in?' to which Mary's gent replied, as he took my carpet bag, and set it down in the mire, 'You must set one foot on the hind spoke of the wheel, and the other on the carpet bag, and swing round and spring on.' I still looked somewhat doubtfully, when the driver, looking through the tunnel-like top, growled out in a stormy voice, 'Ladies as cannot climb, has got no business here.' Though not much accustomed to swinging round and springing in, I summoned up all my courage and dexterity, and, with the assistance of Mary's gent, scrambled in. While I was doing so, Mary Bradford, in great dismay, discovered that Elizabeth Sharpless was not with us. Elizabeth S. was a lady of great beauty, dignity, and grace, and, in her gentle tones, had

asked one of the soldiers to tell us the best way of getting to Winchester. 'Follow me,' he said, 'and I'll tell you.' He started to a run, got into a waggon that was moving, and she soon found that she could not keep up with him, or spring into a moving vehicle—and we saw her in the distance, surrounded by hundreds of mules and horses and baggage wagons. 'What's her name?' said Mary's gent. 'Elizabeth Sharpless' was the reply. 'Elizabeth Sharpless,' he shouted, 'pass it on.' 'Elizabeth Sharpless, pass it on,' and a hundred voices echoed the call. Mary's 'gent' helped her through the living crowd of quadrupeds and bipeds, and, with something of the gallantry of the Elizabethan age, held out his hand for her to step upon, as he helped thus to raise her into the wagon. Mary Bradford soon made her way in, but when there our difficulties were by no means ended. Seated on the top of the bales of paper, the tilted cover did not allow room for us to sit upright, and the closely packed papers did not give comfortable room for our feet, so that we sat in a cramped and uneasy position, and had to hold on with all our might to prevent our being shot out in front or tipped out behind, by the violent motion of the wagon, as the leaders, first appearing as though going up a mountain, and then down out of sight, drew the wagon with the right-hand wheel down into a deep mud-hole, and the left over a boulder as big as a cannon ball. The parting words of Mary's 'gent' had been, 'Now you'll go like lightning,' and something like lightning it seemed, indeed. Finally, amid pitch darkness, we reached the city of Winchester, where the driver suddenly shouted

‘Halt!’ and we stopped with a violence almost enough to throw us out. At the same instant, the driver called out, ‘Out with you, if you don’t want to be pitched out.’

“Very quickly we alighted, having hard work to secure our things (bags and umbrellas) and now we found ourselves in Egyptian darkness, in a city under martial law—gas works destroyed, telegraph wires cut, and nearly all the houses under the control of the army. We tried to make our way from the middle of the road to a side-walk ; whichever way we turned, we were ankle deep in mire. Every now and then a moving torch or a lantern announced a soldier approaching. In answer to the enquiry, ‘Will you please tell us the way to Aaron Griffith’s?’ soldier No. 1 replied ‘Women here ! you are breaking the law to be on the street after dark.’ No. 2 said, with an oath, ‘You’ll be put in the lock-up if you don’t mind ; you won’t find very good accommodation there.’ No. 3 swore at us and declared that ‘General Sheridan had given positive orders for no women to come in the front.’ No. 4 announced that we should be run over by the rapidly approaching mail, if we didn’t get out of the road, for he heard the hoofs of the horses. No. 5, the first courteous voice, said ‘Aaron Griffith, Mr. Griffith, the Union man do you mean? Yes, I know him, he is one of our best friends.’ General Crook was the speaker, and calling upon a couple of soldiers near by, he ordered them to carry the ladies’ carpet bags, while he carefully held his lantern, piloting us to Aaron Griffith’s door, which was very near. Aaron

Griffith answered the knock at the door by appearing in the hall in person, with a lamp in his hand, which he set down on the table, and raising his hand, with a look of amazement, said, 'Elizabeth Comstock! is it possible thou hast made thy way here? I can't think how you have found your way, except the Lord has brought you here.' To which Mary Bradford replied, 'The Lord *has* brought us, and now we will thank Aaron Griffith to let us in.'

"A most cordial welcome followed, and a delightful visit. With great sympathy we heard our friends tell of the perils they had been in, and their great sufferings through the war. For nine months they had not been able to make their way to Baltimore to attend the meetings there, or to purchase groceries; they had been stripped by the soldiers of all they had, and were living on army rations, which had been supplied by General Sheridan, and without which they must have starved, although an ancient and wealthy family. They had no resident minister of our Society in those parts, and no Friend with certificate had been there since the first month of the war, and then the meeting had been broken up, and the Friends hurriedly dispersed by the rebels, before a word had been spoken. They escaped with great danger, fleeing before General Lee's army. On one occasion we went out six or seven miles from Winchester to visit Aaron Griffith's father, whom we found in great affliction because he had lost his spectacles. The old man, over fourscore years, had borne the loss of crops, horses, cattle, and produce of various kinds bravely, but a

short time before we were there, as he sat in his porch, reading the Bible, having left it a minute, he returned in time to see his gold-framed spectacles carried off by two Confederate soldiers, probably for the sake of the gold. The old man, who had borne the loss of everything so heroically, shed tears over this, because he could no longer have the comfort of reading his Bible.

“On our way to see old John Griffith we were very near falling into the hands of the rebel raider, Colonel Mosby, and his clan. M. B. Bradford, who kept a sharp look out for them, suddenly announced, ‘Here they come,’ and we saw with some alarm, Colonel Mosby mounted at the head of his twenty-eight soldiers, in Southern uniform, descending the hill in rapid pursuit of us, having seen in the distance a carriage and horses, which would have been a great boon to them. Aaron Griffith, who knew the locality well and saw the danger, ordered the coachman to turn round into a hollow, out of the public road, where we could hide among the woods and rocks; and while in this position we heard Colonel Mosby and his men ride past, seeking for us.

“Hatty Griffith, Aaron Griffith’s daughter, was not so fortunate as to escape him. She rode out one afternoon to visit her grandfather, getting a boy, her cousin, in the Quartermaster’s department, to borrow a horse and buggy of one of the officers and drive out with her. The brave girl was somewhat appalled when the youth, trembling with fear, said, ‘Here comes Colonel Mosby with his raiders.’ Hatty instantly took the reins, desiring the youth to sit back, almost hidden by her,

and Colonel Mosby, coming swiftly down the hill upon them, suddenly shouted '*Halt.*' He and his men came to a full stop, and she did the same. The Colonel, coming on in advance of his men, enquired her name and where she had been. Her ready and fearless answer was, 'My name is Hatty Griffith, and I have been to visit my grandfather, John Griffith.' 'Griffith! Griffith!' said Mosby, 'are you the daughter of Griffith, the Union man?' 'My name is Hatty Griffith. I am the daughter of Aaron Griffith, and proud to say that I am a Union girl.' He took the bridle rein of her horse to lead it out of the road. She said, 'I would thank you to let me go home, for my mother will be very anxious about me.' 'I dare say she will, but I have a little private business to transact down here; and I do not wish any Union spectators to report me to General Sheridan.' Leading her horse into a field near by, he told her that if she would remain quietly there, not a hair of her head should be hurt, for he honoured her bravery; but if she attempted to go away, he would not answer for her life.

"Leaving her with four of his men to guard her, he went to transact his private business, which was to rob a Union family near by. He then returned to her, led the horse back again into the road, told her he hoped she would get home safely, and find her mother well, and with a military salute, bade her good night. It was nearly dark when she reached home, and found her mother in great distress about her, who extended an earnest entreaty that she would not go out so much, or stay out so late, and expressed her fear that she

would see her some day brought home dead. She did not tell her mother the peril she had been in, but just answered 'If I am shot, it will be by a stray bullet in the house; you know there have been twelve bullets through the windows, three through that door, and one is lodged in that table drawer.' The next day General Crook called, and Hatty's secret of her encounter with Mosby could no longer be kept from her mother; for in the presence of her parents, the General said to her, 'Well, Miss Hatty, how do you like Colonel Mosby?' 'How do I like Colonel Mosby,' she answered, 'a pretty question for a Union General to ask a Union girl, how she likes a rebel raider!' 'You need not pretend not to understand me,' said the general, 'for I know that you were taken yesterday by Colonel Mosby and his men, and I want to know how they treated you;' and then the whole story came out to her mother's great alarm. Although Aaron Griffith had been a man of comparative wealth, he had lost nearly all his property, one thing after another having been taken by the rebel army.

"It was near the end of the year when we arrived, and very cold; but there was hardly any fuel in the house, all the wood and trees around had been taken. Mary Bradford and I paid a visit to General Sheridan the other day (thou knows he is in command of the army of the Shenandoah valley). We also went to the front—what a sight it was! As far as the eye could reach to our right and left, on the brow of the hill, overlooking the beautiful quiet valley, were tents, camp fires, horses, wagons, soldiers, etc., etc., such

a sight as I never could have imagined. For miles, no trees or fences were visible. I looked and pondered—I thought of Israel in the wilderness. But as the cannons, the guns, the bomb-shells met my eye, I could not say, ‘How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!’—I was rather inclined to mourn over ‘the terror by night, the arrow that flieth by day, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.’ As I surveyed the vast army—50,000—I was inclined to query, ‘where will these find bread in the wilderness.’ For miles the ground looked as hard trodden down as the street of a city.

“General Scott presented General Grant with a beautiful volume, on the fly-leaf of which was written this nice little compliment, ‘From the *oldest* to the *ablest* General in the world.’”

E. Y. to L. R.

“*Philadelphia, 2-1-1865.*”

“I promised dear Elizabeth that, as she had not been able to write to thee, I would try to give thee some account of her movements, though I fear if I am not more clear than in my last note, thou wilt hardly have thy curiosity satisfied: indeed, if I had not supposed that thou wast more fully posted of all their doings up to the time of leaving for Winchester, I should not have written as I did, but I hope thou gathered from my fragments that the exposing and dangerous journey had been safely performed, though not without incurring great fatigue, and a narrow escape from typhoid fever. I told thee how exhausted dear E. was, and how she slept most of the day and night for nearly a week,

during which she had some fever each day, and a cough that troubled her in the evening. We kept her very quiet, she saw very few, and recovered her strength so nicely that she paid several visits the last few days, though she still avoided being out in the evening. It was most happy that she had *no work* on her mind, and really could thoroughly enjoy the rest—not at all too sick to be with us and entertain us, or indulge in reading some agreeable book—so that the two weeks were, I do think, refreshing to her, and the quiet just what she needed. I cannot tell thee how *very* often we wished for thee, nor how frequently thou wast our theme as we sat together. . . . Dear Elizabeth left us last Fourth-day (28th), with Mary Bradford and Samuel Boyce as escort, the latter having been to Washington, and returning just in time to accompany them. I had a letter from E. this morning, telling of their safe arrival at New York without her having increased her cold. Jos. Grinnell had not yet joined them, but was expected that day, and arrangements had been made for them to visit Sing-sing on First-day. She says, ‘Give my dear love to Lydia, and let her know I received her acceptable letter, through Dr. Tobey, on my arrival here, and hope some time to reply to it, but shall not be able just yet. I have rested so long in Philadelphia, and am now about commencing active service, and probably shall be doing all my strength is equal to at present.’ She expected to return to New York, and spend this week there, then go to New Haven for a few days, thence to Providence for two weeks, and then to Boston and Lynn for another fortnight,

then cross the country to Vermont, thence through Albany, Utica, &c., to Union Springs, which she hopes to reach during her C.'s vacation, but I doubt if she knows how long this programme will take. I cannot but think her health is requiring care, and that she is not able to do as much as formerly. Her cough, she says, is improving, but not quite gone, and we are sorry she goes into those cold climates at this season. However the cold there is constant, and the air generally *dry*, so that perhaps the exposure is not so great as in our frequent *thaws*."

A. Y. adds to the foregoing, "I must tell thee how very much I enjoyed thy sister's visit. Thou knows I always did think her very lovely—but I never really knew her until this visit when we had such nice talks. . . . We had such a beautiful sermon from her on Christmas Day, and a nice, pleasant Christmas."

C. Y. writes, "I should have been truly glad to have had thee with us a few evenings since at a public meeting, called to give an expression of the public sentiment against the iniquitous exclusion of coloured people from our street cars. It was called by our prominent men, opened by prayer from Bishop Potter, and addressed by some leading citizens, with great earnestness and effect. Two coloured men were among the most effective speakers, one an Episcopal clergyman, the other from South Carolina, a man of wealth, and highly finished manners. He told us how he had been refused a passage many years ago, in one of the packet lines to Liverpool, a certain Virginian of high family, having objected to his presence in the

cabin, and how, after paying his visit to Europe, he sailed from Liverpool with the same person and his family, with several other Southern gentlemen, was received as a South Carolina gentleman of rank, danced with the daughter of the party who had caused his rejection on the outer voyage, was fêted and toasted, and finally, on his arrival in New York, announced to the astonished company that he was a *black man*, or rather had *negro blood* in his veins, for he is really white—I do wish thou could have heard him—he is such a thorough gentleman. The story has long been current in private circles, but thou may imagine how effective it was, told with tact and vivacity, and not a little evidence of high breeding. The result, I doubt not, will be the speedy removal of the restriction.”

A. Y. to L. R.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6th, 1865.

“Miss Smiley who has been among the freed people at Norfolk this winter, has just been paying us a short visit. She gives us very interesting accounts of the poor things. Norfolk is a receiving depôt, and the runaways are continually coming in. The men are all employed by the government, and most of the women find work, so they are doing pretty well there—now people are beginning to bestir themselves about Savannah. Miss S. has told us some curious stories about the queer ways of the freed men, but some of their sayings are very pretty. One old man of 105, when she asked what he wanted most—he had just been begging for some ‘baccy,’—answered fervently ‘I wants the grace of God most, missus,’

and another poor old invalid who was a great sufferer, said she was very happy, the Lord gave her so much *intrust*. Miss S. says that their native politeness is wonderful, but no doubt it is partly the result of the long servitude. She says she never asked even a little child the way to any place, no matter how distant, without his insisting on going with her to show her ; and she has repeatedly seen coloured men leave their work, unasked, to carry a little child across a crowded street. She has a sewing school for the women, and a mothers' meeting ; they learn astonishingly fast to sew, even the field hands. She told us too the story of a prisoner who escaped from a prison in Columbia S.C., which she heard from his own lips. After he and his companions had got off from the prison, an old negro woman and her daughter dragged a boat across the fields half a mile to the river, gave them sweet potatoes, and rice, and directed them to other plantations. The negroes hid them in the woods in the day-time, and at night they rowed down the river, so at last, through the help of the slaves, they reached our gun-boats at the river's mouth. There's a long rigmarole for thee, most of which thou may very likely hear again from thy sister, whom Miss S. saw in New York a day or two ago, or some of the New England Friends. Miss S. brought us good accounts of thy sister ; she seemed pretty well, and left yesterday for Providence and Boston. After a meeting she had somewhere in New York the other day, where she had spoken of good mothers who gave the Bible to their children, and of their influence, a little boy came

to her and said 'Mother died last week.' When she asked him about his mother, he said in amazement, 'Why you know her, you spoke of her just now—she gave me the Bible.' Poor little fellow! I wonder what will become of him."

A. Y. to L. R.

26-2-1865.

. . . . "And now I must tell thee of thy sister's letter—she wrote from Union Springs, where she had gone with the Howlands, without going to Vermont at all. She expected to go home this last week, so I hope now she is safely established there. She charged me to tell thee of an adventure she had had in Rhode Island. She was speaking at a meeting held in some small town of the Contrabands—Freedmen, I mean—and prisoners, and sick soldiers; and noticed that one gentleman seemed much affected. He came and spoke to her afterwards, and told her she should have prayed for the soldiers in the army, and the success of our arms. The next morning, as she was going to the depôt, the same gentleman appeared, and asked her if she would like his autograph. She laughed, and said 'yes,' so he handed her a cheque for 1,000 dollars for the Freedmen! She tried to persuade him to give it to the Committee of Friends in New England, but he refused, so she handed it to Edward Howland, and they concluded to found a 'Harris Home'—his name is Edward Harris—in Washington, for poor coloured women, and afterwards this same man sent 510 dollars more— isn't it remarkable? The whole letter was so sweet and kind—was it not good of her to write to me?"

The deplorable assassination of President Lincoln, which followed a few months after E.L.C.'s visit, and filled all loyal Americans with consternation and grief, is referred to in the following letters.

E.L.C. to L.R.

Rollin, Lenawee Co., Michigan, 17-4-1865.

“In seasons when oppressive sorrow and grief overwhelm us, we feel a longing for the society of those we love. Our hearts seem to turn instinctively to those we love, and to those who love us.

“Thus my spirit turned to thee on Seventh-day afternoon, when the appalling news of the death of our noble President reached us. It was our Monthly Meeting day. Richard Harkness and wife, and several other Friends had dined with us. John had business and went to Hudson in the afternoon; I was entertaining our visitors with a detailed account of my travels and visits, to sick and wounded soldiers, contrabands, prisoners, and finally to the President, Secretary of War, and others in Washington.

“While thus engaged Wilber Ross called. ‘What is the matter?’ I enquired, as I saw his countenance, expressive of horror. ‘Have you heard the dreadful news?’ he asked, ‘The most terrible that we have heard since the war commenced. The President is shot by an assassin and Secretary Seward and his two sons stabbed.’

“I was dumb with silence! A solemnity pervaded our little circle, stillness prevailed, until another, and then a third messenger called, each one confirming the tragic story. I could not join in the conversation (of

which there was but little) until, in a season of solemn prayer and supplication, I found some relief. Is it not dreadful! Our beloved President, honoured and revered as he was, slain by an assassin while surrounded by his friends and his loyal subjects! Anger, grief, indignation, everywhere prevail in this part of the country. In Hudson, every house is draped in mourning. One man, on hearing the dreadful news, replied, 'I fear that's too good to be true!' He was instantly knocked down, received several severe blows, and narrowly escaped with his life.

"26-4. Since writing the foregoing, I have been holding meetings in Addison, Hudson, Adrian, and our meeting house here, endeavouring 'to improve the sad event' of the death of our noble President. This did not take me more than one night from home, which I am much enjoying after all my wanderings. John is well and happy. C. still at home."

E. C. Y. to L. R.

Philadelphia, 18-4-65.

"I am sure, my dear friend, that thou wilt feel with me that words are entirely insufficient to give an adequate idea of the effects of the shock we have received, of the thrill of anguish and horror which penetrated our hearts, when the awful news reached us:—of the almost overwhelming grief which the loss of our honoured and beloved President has caused. . . . The sudden revulsion of feeling gave a deeper shade to the gloom; since the fall of Richmond, so quickly followed by the surrender of Lee, our city, and indeed the whole country, had been in a state of joyful

excitement, the streets crowded with all classes, showing their exhilaration in a variety of ways—music, bells, whistles, day and night, hundreds of flags flying proudly in the breeze, and every one of us rejoicing that our terrible war seemed nearly ended ; when, just at the moment of our highest triumph, the dreadful blow fell upon us, and sorrow seized every heart, the tokens of mourning have replaced those of joy, and the countenances of all show their participation in this great calamity, which we almost thought would be irreparable to our country. Indeed, we feel we have each lost a dear friend, a father, one in whom we relied most confidently, whom we trusted with the certainty he would never betray our confidence, on whose uprightness, purity, and conscientiousness we might safely depend. His character grows on us wonderfully, his entire simplicity in some sort hid his greatness, but now his excellencies stand out boldly—his utter unselfishness, his true kindness of heart, the total absence of all malice, revenge, evil thoughts, of all party feeling, of one-sided motives—the great sagacity which enabled him to see the right moment to act, the caution which held him back from too hasty a step, the firmness which resisted every attack or persuasion, and the evident deep religious feeling which influenced him, the settled conviction that he was but an instrument in the Divine hand to work out purposes which he hardly saw or understood—all now impress forcibly, and, while they enhance the value of our loss, make us feel that for him death has but brought the peace and rest and perfect happiness of Heaven.

“It is an inexpressible comfort that he did not suffer—that no consciousness of pain disturbed his last hours. There are, too, other causes for consolation—such awful fiendish crime brings its own punishment—if there were any influences which might induce a difference of sentiment in the North they are now forgotten, and all are more than ever *united* in one common effort to sustain our country—our rulers—to for ever crush the sin which has been the sole cause of all our suffering, the only fear being lest indignation should carry us too far in visiting upon the whole South the crime of a few. They have lost their *best friend*. Our estimation of our new President is constantly increasing, though as yet but little has transpired to require much exposition of his views: yet, as there is no change of Cabinet, and our late beloved President had, in a very important meeting the day of his death, given his plans for future action, we trust they will be regarded, and on the whole, not varied. There is the strongest feeling to uphold Johnson, and not the least depression about our entire triumph and final reconstruction, as a Union, not again to be easily broken. It is impossible to think of anything else—the horror has not passed away from our minds—the deep feeling of sorrow is yet too strong. I cannot speak of our Y.M. which is now in session, nor dwell on other topics, which at another time would occur to me. . . . I wish I could spend an hour or two with thee—there are so many things I want to tell thee, so many details I could give of the great event which still fills our minds and hearts.

“To-morrow evening the remains are to arrive here, and lie in Independence Hall on First-day—the public having the privilege of passing in to see them. I should not wish to view them in such a crowd; but if it had been possible to have the privilege, as my friend S. F. Smiley had, of looking at him in the quiet of his home, greatly should I have valued it. I had a letter from her describing her visit in Washington, and thinking thou wouldst like to see it, I have copied all relating to our dear President. I wish thou could see our city with the signs of mourning—there is such *universal*, true, *heartfelt* sorrow. On fourth day, all stores were shut, all houses barred—even Friends, who so seldom give public demonstrations of either joy or sorrow, were participants in this, so far as closed shutters, though we of course showed no draped flags. The churches were open and the streets, during the noon hours, almost deserted—in the afternoon the great thoroughfares were crowded with the lower classes looking at the various mourning draperies, &c., but all moving in a quiet subdued manner—no boisterous talking, no confusion—it was very impressive—such a different scene from the joyous one we had anticipated in the great illumination we were to have had for Lee’s surrender. A friend of mine had a most touching account from Bishop Simpson (Methodist), of the last day of our lamented President’s life, which he had from Mrs. Lincoln herself, when he visited her in her sick room, where she has been ever since the sad tragedy. It was a remarkably happy day, beautifully clear, bright and lovely externally, and wonderfully

full of *events*. His son, the captain, breakfasted with them, and gave many narrations of recent affairs in Richmond, which greatly pleased his father—then a most satisfactory interview with Grant, and afterwards with the whole Cabinet except Seward—a most important meeting, in which he spoke of his future policy.

“After dinner he took a drive with his wife, who said he was *so happy*—he spoke of his delight at the near approach of peace—his great satisfaction in the unanimity of his Cabinet, and on the whole prospect before him as regarded the country—she scarcely thought she had seen him so buoyant with pleasure since he came to Washington. Was not his work done, and has he not passed away at the moment of his greatest triumph, when his fame was at its zenith, and can never now be dimmed! . . .

“Three hours after the death of President Lincoln, his successor was inaugurated without commotion—without any unnecessary ceremony—no confusion anywhere; and all the people in the length and breadth of our land, move quietly on with an increased confidence in their strength, and a firmer determination to uphold their chief. I think every one, even the rebels themselves, feel that the awful tragedy strengthens *our* cause. *They* regret it sincerely, knowing the injury it must do them. *His* voice, who always pleaded for mercy and pardon, being silenced, they can but dread that justice and judgment will take their places—we trust, *not* with any feelings of *revenge*, though some fears are felt that our new Head may prove in some cases too severe. But public confidence

in him has increased, and we hope for good out of all this terrible evil. *23rd.* The body of our beloved President is lying in Independence Hall, and from a *very* early hour this morning, Chestnut Street has been crowded with people passing in to see him—no confusion—no loud words—but with hushed, yet impatient feeling, each awaits his turn. Canst thou not picture the scene in that old room where thou lingered one morning? His head rests at the foot of the great bell whose motto is so appropriate ‘Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.’ F. Y. tells me that the carrying in of the bier through the long avenue by night, was most solemn and imposing: while the wide walk was lighted with intense brilliancy, all the rest was in darkness, and the hushed tread of the bearers, amid a voiceless multitude, while he whom they so loved was borne past, was something never to be forgotten. We can neither think nor speak of much else. S. Bettle’s sermon was upon the same subject, and touched us much. Oh! my dear friend, how much we have lost! Yet we do try not to lose sight of the mercy which has been mingled with this awful stroke, and prevented the consummation of the horrible crime at an earlier period: for certainly there was no time since he first was chosen President, when his death would not have been *far more* disastrous—and many crises when it might have been *fatal* to our cause. We tremble when we think of the consequences which would probably have ensued if it had happened before his *last* election! And we strive to still trust the protecting hand of our

Almighty Father, who has so marvellously helped us so far. Though I have written so much, I have only showed the truth of my first sentence that words are utterly inadequate to give a *just* idea of all we feel—but thou wilt supply what the poor words do not give, for I know thou wilt feel with us.”

S. F. S. to E. C. Y. (extract referred to above).

“On 2nd day, the 17th of 4th month, the third day after the death of our beloved President, I remembered hearing of Isaac Newton, and I gradually recalled the fact that he was in the Agricultural Department, and *that I supposed*, was in the Patent Office—so I groped on, expecting to find that closed, but no one questioned me at the door, and I walked in and found him at last. Taking little notice of us at first, he went on to despatch some important business, and then, taking his hat, said he would go now—that he was about taking his wife and daughters and Sybil Jones to the White House, and would take us also. It seemed like a dream, that a favour so unthought of, and so unsought, should be given. Isaac Newton was so well known to all, that the mounted guards lowered their swords to let the Friends pass, where only a chosen few could pass that day, and the physicians took not a little trouble to arrange for our going up. We waited half an hour in the East room, where the preparations were going on rapidly for his lying in state. But the subdued and noiseless manner of the workmen betokened a real feeling far beyond a mere sense of propriety. Then we were ushered up to the room known as the Guest Chamber.

“The memory of that scene I count one of the most precious possessions of my life. I think none of us *saw* him for some time. When I was able to lift my own eyes it was to see the whole group in tears. There were in the room three Generals (I think these were not his guard of honour) and a few other officers of high rank, besides two physicians. I knew that those noble faces had *so lately* borne unmoved the dreadful shock of battle, but they were not ashamed now to weep as children for one they had loved as a father; and when the fresh gush of feeling was subdued, the settled sadness that remained gave an indescribable dignity to those noble countenances, helping me to realize the greatness of him around whom we stood. The face was very life-like, and I could trace easily the expression of those qualities that made him what he was. The lips wore a placid and benignant smile, yet mingled with the lines that showed the firm purpose and power of self-restraint. The forehead was higher than I had thought from his likeness, and when I passed to his head and glanced down upon it its receding was less noticed, and there was a loftiness about it which the rigidity of death touched with a something almost sublime. But the associations, the thoughts called up in such a place, I cannot describe. There we stood on the sad spot where the sorrowing hearts of a whole nation were turning—no jostling crowd, no need of any sword to protect him *now*—and there he lay, in his own house, as any of the people might lie, with only the simple surroundings of daily life; no token at all of rank or

grandeur about him—only the orange blossoms upon his pillow, betokening *love*; no token at all of that awful tragedy visible; and then, that small strange group—half of them the noblest and most valiant in the land, the rest, only simple, quiet Quakers—and all in tears. But as I stood there, with thought after thought of all he had been and all he had done, so simple, yet so great, I could almost adopt the simple faith of that people whose deliverer he had been, that here was a man whom God had raised up as truly as he raised up Moses. Surely there must have been some great and solemn purpose in the counsels of the Almighty, when he suffered such a man to fall in such a way and at such a time; whether that purpose be one of mercy or wrath, who can now tell? Reason is perplexed, judgment is blinded, and hope paralyzed, unquestioning faith alone looks to God, and is not *greatly* moved.

“We went to the Capitol afterwards, so bright in the early beauty of Spring—so sad with those dark folds of mourning. It was a strange day to see it for the first time, and I felt no curiosity, no disappointment in not entering. But it was a day above all others to feel the greatness of our country; the rich blessing God had given us in so wise and good a government that staggered for a moment at the suddenness of this great blow, and then moved calmly and stately on.”

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS—TRAVELS TO INDIAN TERRITORY—
GENERAL MEETING CONFERENCE—1865-1868.

E. L. C. to L. R. and C. H.

Rollin, 4th Mo., 1865.

“WE are delighted, dear C., to find, by thy letter, that you are doing so much in Darlington for the ‘Contrabands,’ or coloured refugees as some prefer calling them. I have no conscientious objection to the shorter and more common epithet. Tell F. some little coloured boys in their school in Norfolk, Virginia, came to the long word ‘irrational’ in their lesson. Their teacher enquired if any of them knew the meaning of the word. To her surprise, many hands were raised. One little, bright-eyed fellow raised both hands, standing on tip-toe, so sure he was that he knew. ‘Well, Charlie,’ enquired the teacher, ‘what does “irrational” mean?’ ‘When you gets your rations, that’s “rational,” when you doesn’t get them, that’s “irrational,”’ replied the little fellow promptly. . . .

“My last evening, on my late visit to Boston, was very pleasantly spent. Ellen Johnson had previously informed me that Governor Andrew, Judge Russell, William L. Garrison, and a few more, including Longfellow, had expressed an urgent desire to meet with me, or to have more of my company. To this end she

invited me to her house, and, upon my consenting to go, she notified the above-named and many more, and invited them to meet me. The company gathered about 7 p.m. A lively, interesting conversation was carried on, standing mostly in groups. There were about seventy in company. R. Collins, from New York, came, and her daughter Anna. She and her daughters are going to England soon. M. and R. Howland, R. and S., who were visiting at New Bedford, and were about to return home, Dr. and Sarah Tobey were invited, and came from Providence on purpose. Harriet Beecher Stowe came from her home, but was too poorly to join the evening party; she spent two hours with me in the morning, instead. A very delightful time we had. Longfellow was detained at home by indisposition. .

“At nine p.m., we were all invited upstairs to partake of an elegant repast. Mine host handed me to the supper table, and then gave me over to Dr. Tobey’s care. On returning to the parlour, William L. Garrison, came and took a seat opposite me—there were a few seats. He had been to visit the President, and was greatly pleased with him, and told me all about his visit. On his way, he had gone to the Baltimore Penitentiary, and wanted to visit his old cell, where he was confined for nine months for aiding slaves in escaping from slavery. He was refused admittance, and on stating this to Abraham Lincoln, the President replied, ‘Well sir, it seems to me that the difference between 1846 and 1864 was just this—in 46 you were in and could not get out, and in 64 you were out and could not get in.’

“The chaplain at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, was absent when we went; the other officials, upon seeing President Lincoln’s pass, were all civility, and seemed to vie with each other in shewing us every possible attention and kindness, and we had a good meeting in the chapel. After our return home, Dr. Tobey received a most polite note from the Chaplain, expressive of great concern that he had been absent at the time of our visit. . . . and his prayer that the Divine blessing might rest upon the good meeting he heard we had had, and upon the words of truth there spoken.

“Yes, dear L., I did feel parting with Dr. and Sarah Tobey, and their lovely and loving family, very much. I hope we may meet again some day. They were very kind to me, we had a delightful time together. Many pleasant seasons, in the evenings we sometimes read, conversed, repeated poetry, and closed with Bible reading and prayer.

“If we never meet with our beloved friends with whom we have mingled, and from whom we have parted, here on earth, how sweet to look forward to meeting and mingling with them in heaven. Sometimes when I think of my dear sisters and relatives in England, Canada, and Australia, and the thought comes over me of the great distance that separates us, and that we may never meet again upon the shores of time, I remember

‘ In the Christian’s home of glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour’s gone before me
To fulfil my soul’s request.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
We shall meet again !”

JOHN G. WHITTIER TO E. L. C.

Amesbury, 27-5-65.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Our excellent mutual friend, Rebecca C. Kingsman, who has been my guest during her attendance of the Quarterly Meeting, mentioned a request of thine for the lines on the tombstone of Charles S. Torrey. I am sorry that I have not a copy of them, and that my memory does not fully recall them.

“We had a very satisfactory Quarterly Meeting, the attendance large, and the weather uncommonly fine. I wish thou could have been with us. It was a disappointment to me that thou wast unable to visit us when in New England, but I suppose thy time and labour of love were better occupied elsewhere.

“Is not thy heart full of thankfulness at the return of peace—*peace with freedom*? I stand, for my part, awe-struck before the wonderful revelations of the Divine Providence; and a sense of the infinite goodness which brings good out of evil, and makes the wrath of man to praise Him, deeply impresses me.

“I hope and believe that Friends will, in view of their merciful protection during this terrible war, do all in their power to aid in the good work of educating and caring for the freed people. It is a blessed privilege, not a task; and we should do it joyfully,

thanking God for the precious opportunity. With much love and sympathy,

“Thy friend,

“JOHN G. WHITTIER.”

C. S. Torrey, an intimate friend of Whittier's died in prison, having been condemned for aiding fugitive slaves to escape.

A few years after this, E. L. C. was attending New England Yearly Meeting, and met Whittier in a large party of Friends one evening. She was seated next to him, and was giving a thrilling account of some of the fugitive slaves, and of others whom she found imprisoned for helping them to escape their cruel bondage, when Whittier suddenly rose and left the room.

He came to her next morning and apologised for doing so, saying that he had felt so completely overpowered and unmanned in the remembrance of his loved friend Charles S. Torrey, that he had gone alone to weep.

Dr. Tobey to E. L. C.

“*Providence, 3rd Mo. 25th, 1866.*”

“My dear and honoured friend,

“ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK,

“Thy capital and most interesting and instructive letter of the 16th instant, addressed to Sarah and myself, is received. It is most gratifying to us to be thus remembered by thee. Our hearts leap with gladness when a letter comes to hand with thy well-known superscription upon it (I don't know that I am using a proper word, so I will say ‘handwriting’). I like thy

‘sermon’ exceedingly, and think thy inferences and comments on the seventh of Revelations just and appropriate—I should like to preach just such a sermon from our gallery. We were greatly delighted with thy vision of the family circle in our library. Oh! how we wish it could be realized, with the addition of one—thy own honoured husband. I think as he loves thee, and thou loves us, that he would love us too. Thou mayst be assured that we love him in advance of knowing him. Thou judgest rightly that many and great have been our afflictions during the past few months. The removal by death of many dear friends (some of whom thou knew), with whom I have been wont for many years to take sweet counsel, is severely felt. I greatly miss them; they have gone to heaven, I long to meet them there, but desire to toil on here until my day’s work is finished. Oh! for more diligence in the discharge of duty, more unreserved faithfulness in the service of the Lord. Thou art steadily engaged in turning and winning souls to Jesus, thou tells them of a loving Saviour, how sweet it is to serve Him, thou cites them to the joys of heaven, and tells them how they may witness those joys their own by serving Jesus, by loving Him who first loved them, who died and who lives to save them. Blessed employment, glorious engagement, may the work of thy hands continue to be established, and the peace which passeth all understanding be thine now and for ever. Amen. . . . I sincerely hope thy dear husband will go to Yearly Meeting with thee, I love to hear of your labouring together, I wish I could encourage him to go. I did

not take my pen with any view of adequately acknowledging thy letter. My dear wife will write soon. Every member of my household unites with me in dear love to thee and *thine*.

“Most affectionately farewell,

“SAMUEL BOYD TOBEY.”

S. B. to E. L. C.

“*Providence, 6th Mo. 26th, 1866.*”

“My dearly beloved E.L.C.

“I cannot tell thee how glad we were to get thy most kind letter last evening, and now I must send thee a line this *very warm* morning to tell thee that we are all pretty well. My dear Doctor has rested a little, and seems rather better, and I have faith to believe that if we can get to Saratoga in a fortnight; he will be greatly improved by taking the waters, and by the enjoyment of that perfect rest he gets there, and there only. I think he will write thee a line with his own hand to-day. We are so very glad to hear of thy good meetings in Boston and vicinity. Surely the Lord loves thee, of this thou can never doubt. He who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and who ate with publicans and sinners, will bless thee in thy work, and give thee souls for thy wages. I have often said in my heart as I have seen thee performing the service, *His* will appoints, and in a spirit of self-renouncing love, doing those things which were so revolting to others, how Jesus must love her, and it is this love, with *His* approving smile, that helps thee on in thy work of mercy and of love.

“I am glad to hear that Mary Bradford is with

thee, and that thou art going to New Bedford for a little rest. Thou wilt find dear J. Grinnell's such a nice place to stop a little and 'take in ballast,' as dear David Hunt once said. Do give *very, very* much love to the dear good man, Joseph Grinnell, and his beloved Rebecca, and accept a large portion for thy dear self from all our household. We think thou had some *flights of fancy*, on thy way to Boston the day thou left us.

Give my dear love please to Mary Bradford, and tell her I am glad to hear that she is trying to be a good girl, and I feel sure she will succeed!! I might have said in the right place, that C. and L. were greatly amused with one portion of thy letter, but concluded thou had a clearer sense of *spiritual* than *temporal* matters. Farewell, my *dear, sweet, precious* friend. .

“Ever thine lovingly,

“SARAH L. TOBEY.”

“Department of the Interior,

“Washington, D. C., June 28th, 1866.

“To MORGAN L. MARTIN,

“Agent of the Oneida Indians,

“Green Bay, Wisconsin ;

“And all other Indian Agents to whom this may come.

“Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, a minister of the Society of Friends—a lady who devoted her time and labour, during the late war, to ameliorate the condition of our sick and wounded soldiers—desires to visit the Oneida Indians in Wisconsin, and it may be other Indian tribes, for the purpose of ministering to their spiritual wants.

“Mrs. Comstock is hereby specially recommended to the care and protection of the agent of the Oneida Indians, and other agents in charge of tribes she may visit, and they are requested to furnish her every facility in their power to enable her to communicate with the Indians, and carry out her views.

“JAS. HARLAR,
“Secretary.”

E. L. C. to C. H.

*Mackinaw Straits, Evergreen City Steamer,
First-day, 29-7-1866.*

“A few lines from dear R. that met me in Detroit yesterday, told me of the serious loss thou and dear S. had met with . . . I am very sorry for you . . . and my fervent prayer for you under this trial is that the Comforter may be very near at hand, keeping and sustaining you, that through Him, this affliction may be sanctified, this sorrow blessed. Perhaps through this your eyes may be directed the more surely, in earnest living faith to those enduring riches that shall never fade away, laid up for you, for ever, where moth and rust do not corrupt, where thieves do not break through nor steal! ‘Peace be with you’ in your trouble, under your privation and loss.

“You will wonder at the date of this. Here are John and I, on missionary work, going to visit the islands in Green Bay. I have a minute from my Monthly Meeting ‘to visit in Gospel love the inhabitants of the islands of Green Bay, consisting chiefly of poor fishermen and their families, also the fishermen, Indians, and others on the shores of the lake in the

vicinity of Green Bay,' to proclaim unto them the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour, and to distribute among them Bibles, testaments, tracts, primers, detached portions of the Scriptures, and other reading matter. My dear husband is my welcome and most suitable companion in this service. Equipped with a good supply of the above-named books, with some large, warm shawls and an air pillow, we took a steamer in Detroit for Washington Harbour, Green Bay, *via* Lakes St. Clair, Huron, Mackinaw, and Lake Michigan. Thus far we have proceeded with a clear sky and a calm sea, or rather lake. We have been out of sight of land many times. This morning at four-forty we put in at Mackinac Village, Mackinaw Straits, and tarried there four hours, lading and unlading, while the passengers visited the romantic scenery on the island. Among our fellow-passengers are B. F., of Cincinnati, his wife and baby, his sister A. F., a missionary and his wife, who have been here before (R. H. L.), from Cleveland, Ohio. We were very glad of their company on this expedition. They are earnest Christians, very pleasant people, and being acquainted here, are very useful to us, who are on new and untried ground. B. F. comes partly as a missionary, partly to spend his summer vacation; his wife and sister for the benefit of their health, which is poor.

“The scenery of Mackinaw Island is very wild and new to us. While the steamer, which is a *freight propeller*, not designed for many passengers, was detained at the wharf, J. and I and six or seven more set out on an exploring expedition; we walked three

miles to the Natural Bridge, a beautiful arch, near 200 feet high. We came suddenly upon it, about 100 feet from its base, and 100 from its summit, and had a very fine view. Looking through it the landscape was most beautiful, the rich green, luxuriant foliage on the left hand, the bright, clear, sparkling waters of the bay and lake, seen through the arch, and also stretching far away, as far as the eye could reach on the right, the precipitous crags and rough ragged rocks, the wonderful arch itself, solid stone, just broad enough for a person to walk across; the span, as near as we can judge, 80 or 90 feet. We are forcibly reminded, as we stand and look at it, of Elihu Burritt's graphic description of the Natural Bridge in Virginia—the addition of the water here adds to its wonderful beauty. The arch is as well-formed, as complete, as though chiselled out or planned by a mason or architect; a perfect arch in shape, but of course there are asperities, projections and rough points.

“*Second-day.* We have reached Washington Island. The last two hours on board it was very rough, and a qualmishness, the precursor of seasickness, seized me, so that I was very glad to leave the boat and come ashore here.”

“*Rollin, 11th Mo. 4-66.*

“If ever I should be honoured with a mission to my native land, it would be very delightful to have thee for my companion, but I have no such prospect. . . . Here, in this land, is ample scope for my energies and faculties, and here I *feel* in my very heart, while labouring in the Lord's great harvest field, the sweet

and gracious benediction, 'I will bless thee and make thee a blessing.' Far more than silver and gold do I value this, it is to me more precious than life. David Hunt, of Iowa, John Henry Douglas, of Indiana, are about to embark for your land. I am well acquainted with them both, and often we have laboured together in the same meetings. We have felt very near and precious unity with each other. We all *rejoice* in our work, we do endeavour, not by constraint but willingly, to exercise our gifts. I wish I could just see them for an hour or two before they embark, and send something by them to you, but that is out of the question, they are 800 miles from us. They embark at New York, I believe. J. H. D.'s companion, Murray Shipley, is a very interesting, pleasant man, an earnest worker. J. and I were kindly entertained several days in his house, when in Cincinnati." . . .

After attending New York and New England Yearly Meetings, having spent a few days at Joseph Grinnell's, and visited at Dr. Tobey's home in Providence, Rhode Island, E. L. C. went with her daughter to visit the State Prison at Clinton. The latter writes, "We went down Lake Champlain, between the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Adirondacks of New York, to get to the prison, where mamma was introduced to the inmates by the manager, as the 'Elizabeth Fry of America.' We stayed over First-day, and mamma visited the prisoners from cell to cell. On my awaking in the morning, she said to me, 'C., Dr. Tobey has just been here.' 'Oh, no,' I replied, 'that cannot be, thou must have been dreaming, for we are in Clinton, not

in Providence.' 'I feel sure I was awake, I saw him plainly, and he so earnestly encouraged me to go on with my work, and ended with, "Be faithful, be diligent, the time is short."' I have often heard her relate the circumstances since. She wrote that day to Dr. Tobey's wife, telling her the vision, and in reply was told that, allowing for the difference in time and distance, it must have been just the hour that Dr. T. died, and that he must have visited her on his way to his home above."

From the account of a General Meeting of Friends, held in Grant County, Indiana, 14-8-1867, the following extracts are taken :—

"Invocations went up for light—light from the Eternal Spirit, and this was the key-note to the religious exercise of the morning. The opening prayer was followed by E. L. Comstock in ministry, commencing with Barton's beautiful hymn :

'Let there be light ! So spake thy Sovereign power,
Forth burst the beams of new created day,
Applauding angels hailed the eventful hour,
Enraptured seraphs blessed the cheering ray.'

. . . The ritual worship of the Jews under the old dispensation was sublimely grand, but the Christian's adoration, in spirit and in truth, is still more surpassingly grand. Solomon's temple crumbled to dust long centuries ago, but the temple of the human heart, where this true worship is offered, shall endure to endless ages ! . . . Eighteen hundred years ago, when Christ was taking leave of his little band of followers, he gave the command 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' As

by the Evangelist, he declared to the ancient churches that he beheld their works, or knew their works, so he still knows what work the church is performing. It is not necessary to be rich, or great, or learned, in order to labour successfully for Christ. He has not in any age worked by these chiefly. No need for anyone to say, 'If I had the eloquence of such an one, or the wealth of another,' I would work. . . It is a blessed thing to work for Jesus. It has been given to us to labour for Him. If He should ask the angels to come to our world to instruct the ignorant, and to reclaim wanderers, methinks multitudes would be ready. But this is not required of angels; it is my work, and your work, the work of all God's obedient children.

"It is woman's peculiar business to labour for the reclamation of other wandering sisters. The number of these is appalling. Twenty thousand in the city of New York, twelve or thirteen thousand in Chicago, as many more in Cincinnati; in Boston, ten thousand, and St. Louis contains still a larger number in proportion to its population. Yet Christians and Christian ministers hardly ever speak of this turbid stream of vice and shame. It is producing disease and death all over the land. I have had intelligent Christian physicians intreat me to help to reclaim these, in order to arrest the stream of physical disease. How many of these poor creatures are 'more sinned against than sinning?' I have known instances of daughters of ministers of the Gospel falling through destitution, &c." The young were earnestly appealed to, to become workers in the cause. "Some you can

relieve—some you can take to your houses, and assist them to redeem themselves, &c. You can tell them they have a Friend, who can save them to the uttermost. I wish I had a voice that could reach to the ends of the lands, so that I might be instrumental in rescuing these erring ones. . . .

“Emily, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy family, was taken ill. Her fond parents were filled with alarm, fearing that they might lose their darling. A skilful physician was summoned. Days and nights of anxious suspense and careful watching followed ; then the skill of the doctor and the careful nursing of the family were repaid by Emily’s restoration to health. A liberal fee paid to the physician testified the gratitude of the parents. They felt that their precious child had been snatched from the very jaws of death. A few weeks passed away, and this petted child of luxury disappeared from the home of her childhood. Weeping and wailing, sorrow and grief were there. They sought her but she could not be found, and a greater alarm than they had ever known before—a denser darkness overshadowed the once bright home, and settled upon the hearts of the stricken, bereaved parents, as they mourned with un-availing anguish their lost child. And where was Emily ? The story is soon told. The young physician also had disappeared. The young, impressible, unsuspecting heart of the girl of fifteen had been won, and with promises of marriage, of a life of happiness, of pleasure and of indulgence, she had been enticed from the loving, trusting parents, from the bright,

joyous home, from the innocent companions of her girlhood, and led into sorrow, shame, and woe. Bitter disappointment was her portion, as day after day the prospect of marriage was delayed, and seemed more and more remote. The seducer tried to cheer his poor victim by taking her to the theatre, the opera, the concert, by the wine-cup, by change of scene, travelling, witnessing the beautiful variety of landscape, resting in large hotels luxuriantly fitted up, and elegantly furnished apartments. For a season, intoxicated by what the world calls pleasure, reflection was drowned out, conscience was deadened, and the better feelings seemed to sleep. After a few months of this indulgence there came a bitter awakening—conscience would be heard—remorse was gnawing at her heart. Her beauty was fading, her vivacity and sprightliness gone, her attractiveness passing away, and finding her no longer able to minister to his enjoyments, the cruel seducer deserted his heart-broken victim. Weak and ill, she took refuge for awhile in a hospital. After months of suffering, strong enough, physically, to walk about, she was dismissed from this refuge, yet not strong enough to battle with the world or to earn her own living. Comfortless, lonely, she wandered homeless, seeking for occupation, for the means of sustenance. Timidly she ventured to call on a ‘Christian lady,’ and enquired for work. She was coldly repulsed—‘I do not want one like you in my house, to associate with my daughters!’ A second effort was made; the poor young heart was longing for sympathy, yearning for a home, ‘What can you

do ?' was the query. She could not teach, and if she could, they did not want one like her to teach their children. 'Could she sew ?' 'make dresses ?' 'understand millinery ?' 'the sewing machine ?' No ! Alas ! poor child, there was no place for her there.

“ ‘ So she turned again to sin,
What had she to lose or win.’

“ After a few more months passed in the paths her soul loathed, she was again deserted, and ill, suffering, destitute, took refuge in a hospital. Months of physical prostration and acute pain succeeded ; then, thrown once more upon the world, she strove to find some means of earning her living in an honest reputable way. Again she failed—wandering about, cold, hungry, faint, helpless, comfortless ;

“ ‘ So she turned *again* to sin,
What had she to lose or win.’

“ Step by step, falling lower and lower, just five years after leaving the pleasant, happy home of her childhood, she was picked up on the street, the very off-scouring of one of our large cities, and conveyed to a hospital to die. Some Christian ladies visited her there, in the love of Him who came ‘to seek and to save the lost.’ Plucked as a brand from the burning, the poor penitent was brought at last to the Saviour’s feet.

“ And where, during these five years of disappointed hopes, of blighted affections, of weariness, of dreary loneliness, of deep contrition, of keen remorse, of degradation and shame, where was the heartless seducer—the deceiver ? Rising high in his profession. In

the houses of the wealthy and influential, practising as a physician, received into the best families in the land as medical adviser, and as an honoured guest; seated at their tables, riding in their carriages, mingling freely with the chaste, the pure, the high-minded. Two other victims attest his power to deceive, to entice, to ruin—dying in agony, in ignominy—heart broken. Three homes have been made desolate, from which he has enticed unsuspecting girls. Visiting the hospital professionally, where Emily was dying, he drew near the repulsive looking object, not imagining that his eyes looked upon the once lovely, accomplished girl. As he bent over her, she recognised him. Those dying eyes rested a moment upon his countenance, and the feeble voice articulated, ‘Harold, do you not know Emily?’ Well might his cheek blanch with horror. Well might his knees smite together as he looked upon the wreck he had wrought. Christian women, this is no fancy sketch, but a true unvarnished fact. Emily is gone to her last resting-place. Other Emilys still live, still suffer. Will you not extend to them your sympathy, your pity, your love? Reach out your hands to snatch them as a brand from the burning. Harold still lives. There are many Harolds abroad in our land—admired, honoured, entertained, trusted. Do you recognise one such in your circle of acquaintance? Does he visit in your house, sit at your table, ride in your carriage, converse with your daughters? contaminate your sons? *Beware!*”

After many wanderings, and visits to meetings and Friends, E. L. C. writes on the 27th of 7th Mo., 68,

“I have been at home about two weeks, and never enjoyed my sweet, quiet, rural home more than I do now. The evergreens, mountain ash, acacias, and sumachs have grown a great deal since dear L. and L. A. have visited here. The house white-painted, with green Venetian blinds outside each window, seems fairly embosomed in trees. The song of the birds and the beautiful foliage are delightful to the eye and harmonious to the ear. The graceful, feathery blossoms of the acacias, very fragrant, loading the air with perfumes, and attracting the bees in large quantities. The blue jay, a handsome bird, has built her nest and reared her young in the Norway spruce, near our bedroom window. The Baltimore oriole refreshes us with her melody. I have been sitting sewing, dear C. beside me, at our chamber window, and am thankful and happy. I often stayed my needle to look, to drink in a draught of the beauty and luxuriance that God’s bountiful hand hath showered around us in rich profusion. The sumachs to the west of the house, a horse chestnut, the tall poplars and some young weeping willows, add to the varied beauty of the landscape, which is as pleasant a picture as we can look upon in this level country. I am enjoying the rest and quiet of home exceedingly. . . . Thank thee, dear C., for thy addition to dear L.’s very interesting letter. We are rather amused at your account of that *large* meeting at Jordans,* 200. John thinks thou omitted a cipher, and meant to say 2,000. We think our Quarterly

*Small meeting house at Jordans, Buckinghamshire, in the graveyard of which William Penn was buried.

Meeting *small*, when there are less than 700 or 800 present. Indiana Yearly Meeting House will seat 3,000, and on First-day, during the Y. M., is generally crowded, and two or three large meetings out of doors also. Do you read the '*Herald of Peace*?' I will send you one or two copies; if you desire more, say so, and I will send them. You will detect 'E. L. C.'s' and 'Aunt Elizabeth's' contributions, of course, as mine. I wish you would each send a paper for the '*Herald*.'

The following is an extract from one of the papers referred to, and is headed, "Go work in My vineyard." She writes, "For years I had heard the language," and then describes her going to the Yearly Meeting, when eight and a half years old, and listening to Elizabeth Fry, as narrated on page 2. E.L.C. continues, "Year after year, when amid the vanities of youth, the day-spring from on high visited my soul, the longing of my childhood was renewed, and the prayer of my heart at times was, when I witnessed distress and suffering, 'Here I am, send me.' . . . When the duties and responsibilities of a minister rested upon me, like most others in our Society I devoted my attention to the meetings of Friends, chiefly. The thought was often present of the poor, the outcast, the wanderers, the prisoners, accompanied by a wish that Friends would labour with such. There was a shrinking from walking in a new track, from entering upon a path that I had not heard of any Friends engaging in, this side the Atlantic. It was while attending the General Sabbath School Conference of Friends, in Cincinnati, that the wide field of Mission labour was opened before

me in an unexpected way, accompanied by the commission, 'Go work in My vineyard.'

"The last sitting of that Conference was a memorable season to me. Benjamin Frankland, the able and successful Sabbath School Superintendent of the Bethel mission, was called upon to speak. He made some admirable and very practical remarks upon the subject, and wound up with language something like this, as he turned to the seats where the ministers were sitting, 'Friends, when you go into your nice, comfortable meeting houses, and invite the people to come up there to you, to listen to the preaching of the Gospel, and stop there, you are not following the example of your Saviour. While he was found at times in the temple and the synagogue, he was found far more frequently going from place to place, among, and surrounded by the wandering, the suffering and the outcasts.'

"This earnest, impressive appeal from a young, devoted servant of the Lord, met the witness for truth in my heart. That night sleep departed from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids. I could not rest. I was led into a close, searching self-examination as to the reason *why*, after the early visitations of my childhood, I had not been labouring long ago among the poor and the suffering, the outcasts and the wanderers. Serious reflection led me to the conclusion that I had been too easily discouraged, and had, through this, been negligent and unfaithful. I had let in the reasoner; the enemy had suggested, 'Friends don't do this,' 'Friends don't do that.' 'Thy Monthly Meeting will not give thee a minute for service so unusual,' &c.

Excuses like this had withheld me. After spending some hours in the night season thus reflecting, and in prayer before the Lord, I felt my peace concerned in entering into solemn covenant with my Heavenly Father, henceforth to dedicate myself to Him and to His service in this direction, as he was pleased to open the way before me. Before the dawn of the morning, not only was this resolution taken, but a letter written to the elders of my Meeting and dear home friends, seeking their unity and sanction to my prospect of labour in prisons, hospitals, asylums, in the streets and lanes of some of our large cities, and in the highways and hedges of our rural districts. My letter was cordially responded to by them, and my Monthly Meeting, with full, cordial unity, granted me a minute. Never have they hesitated from that day to this present time, but way has opened for every service, and the words, 'I have set before thee an open door,' have been sounded in my ear. No man can shut it. *Peace* has been the reward of faithfulness. I have found more comfort, more substantial enjoyment in this work, than in my whole life before. I have proved the truth of the words.

‘There is work in the crowded street,
There is work in the silent cell ;
Midst the noisiest hum, and the busiest feet,
In halls where thronging multitudes meet,
In the hovel where outcasts dwell.
Stay not to choose your path,
Shrink not from heat or cold ;
There nourish the seed by prayer and faith,
You will gather *a hundred fold!*”

In another contribution to the "Herald of Peace," she says, "I want to call the attention of your readers to the difference between the labours of the disciples in this day, and those of the primitive labourers in the church of Christ. In those days three thousand were converted and added to the church in *one day*. Now, we may look at some of our Friends' meetings, and see *one* converted in three thousand days! A wide difference, indeed! Christ designed that His followers should be *in the world*, but not *of the world*. The churches were planted in the cities; now we find in many places our meeting houses are built in some quiet, retired, out of the way spot, as far as may be from the wicked world, instead of standing as a light in the world. 'The common people heard Him gladly,' 'the multitudes followed Him,' and 'this man receiveth sinners,' was proverbial about Him. Now, we sometimes hear it said, 'Quakerism is not adapted to the masses.' When the poor outcasts, wanderers and sinners have their hearts touched, and are awakened, and led to cry out 'What shall I do to be saved?' where shall we find a home for these in the church? They need its fostering care, its tender sympathy. . . . These matters claim the earnest, prayerful thought of our members at this crisis, when so many are enquiring after the truth, as we profess it, and many hearts are touched in our tract-reading, our social, religious, and circulating meetings.

"The time is come for us to show that our Society, like the churches in the days of the Apostles, is adapted to the poor. 'To the poor, the Gospel shall be preached.' 'Go work to-day in My vineyard.' 'Go

out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and compel them to come in.'

“Go! to the hungry food impart,
 To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
 And lead the thirsty panting heart,
 Where streams of living water glide !
 O! faint not in the day of toil,
 When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
 Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
 And joyous in his presence stand.
 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
 From Him who sits enthroned on high.
 For they who turn the erring mind,
 Shall shine like stars in yonder sky !'

“Spirit-stirring language like this has led me forth from a pleasant, quiet rural home—nerving me for the warfare against indolence and selfishness. It has led me to surmount all opposition, and to brave all weather, and made me feel that with the poor, the toiling and the outcast, ‘It is sweet to work for Jesus.’

“From cellar to attic in the densely crowded city, or from cottage to cottage, where the lowly, the poor and the suffering are found, there is good soil to work upon, and *there* ‘It is sweet to work for Jesus!’ In the city hospitals, in the poor houses, in the various asylums—how sweet to the ear of the lonely, feeble, or aged inmates, comes the message :

‘There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies ;
 There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies,
 There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
 That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.’

“In the military hospitals, during the last few years, there has been a wide field of labour ; I trust

such another may never open in this beautiful and prosperous land. I have been requested to relate some incidents of the late war that came under my notice in the hospitals.”

(Here follow several thrilling incidents that the speaker witnessed during the war narrated in former pages of this volume).

CHAPTER XV.

Papers written for American "Herald of Peace."

LITTLE PHILIP—A TRUE STORY.

THERE was a poor little ignorant, bare-footed slave boy, living in South Carolina ninety years ago, named Philip. He had never attended a meeting, had never been to school—did not even know his letters, had never heard of Jesus or of heaven, he had never heard the name of God but in profane swearing, so that he did not know that God is good, and great, and kind, and loving.

One day, a preacher passing along the road, saw the poor ragged boy, and spoke kindly to him. He laid his hand upon his head and said, "Poor little boy: what is your name?" "Philip," was his reply. "Then," said the minister very solemnly, "little Philip must be a good boy, then he will some day be an angel in heaven. Here little Philip goes about bare-headed; there he will wear a golden crown. Here he has only his one coarse, ragged garment; there he will wear a beautiful white robe. Here little Philip is bare-foot; there he may wear silver slippers and walk on golden streets." The poor little boy looked and listened with astonishment, and thought how wonderful a man that was that knew so-much about God and heaven. Philip thought a great deal about what the minister said to

him. For many days he wandered about and looked up at the sky and the clouds, and at the tree-tops, and longed to see God. He wanted to know more about Him, and in his ignorant simplicity, thought he should see Him. Day after day, he wandered and watched for Him. Night after night he looked up at the tranquil moon and peaceful looking stars, thinking perhaps God was there. When he heard the sweet song of the birds, or listened to the wind swaying the tree-tops, he looked up with awe, saying, "Is God there?" One day, as he thus looked and listened, he thought he could hear a voice saying, "Child, pray! Child, pray!" He went and told Aunt Rhoda, the old coloured woman, who said, "Philip, that was God talking to you. You must mind what God says; you must pray!" Poor little Philip did not know what this meant, but she explained to him that he must kneel down and say, "O God, make Philip a good boy!" He went alone and prayed. In the woods, in the solitary places, by day and by night, he called upon God, who heard his prayer; and "all at once," he said, he felt as though God was with him, over him, all round about him, he felt Him in his heart, and seemed as though he could see Him in everything around him. Now he was happy. The next thing Philip did was to talk to little July, one of his companions, and tell him how happy he was. He led him to one of his places of prayer, and the two little boys prayed together, and were very happy and rejoiced together. When their master heard of their prayer, he scolded them, threatened to whip them, and ordered them

to leave off praying. Then they rose at three o'clock in the morning that they might go out alone in the woods before day and pray. Their cruel master, hearing of it, swore at them, and threatened to "stop their praying or stop their breath." A few days after, the slave-driver caught them praying, and their master had them stripped, tied up, and severely whipped, twenty lashes with the bull-whip and ten strokes with the paddle. Then with angry words he enquired, would they leave off praying now. The helpless little sufferers meekly answered, "O please, massa, do let us pray to God." "Give them another round," was the harsh command. Twenty more lashes and ten more strokes they received, and then they were asked if they would leave off praying. "O please, massa, do let us pray to God," was all the answer of the poor little boys, who were ordered to receive "another round." Then when cut down, they were so weak they could not stand, but dropped down to the ground that was crimsoned with their blood. Much kindness was shewn to Philip and July by the negroes as soon as they had crawled away out of sight of the "great house"; an old "aunty" washed and dressed their wounds tenderly, while many tears were shed by those who could not, and dared not, help them. The children did not give up praying, but cried all the more earnestly to God for help. The master then turned his tactics, and tried another plan to put an end to these prayer-meetings, in which others were beginning to join. He tried the effect of ridicule, called the child the "big preacher," "howling Philip," and other names

in derision. He told him he should build a high pulpit under a tree, and send for all the negroes on the plantations near, and all the white people round, and if he would preach and pray, he should do so before them all the next Sabbath. The child was in an agony of terror, and prayed to God more earnestly than ever, and asked Him to send some minister to preach in his stead, as he did not know a single text of Scripture, or a word to say. But when the time came, the two little boys, hand in hand, mounted to the pulpit, all trembling with fear, as their master stood near, deriding and mocking them. They did not know a letter of the alphabet, and there stood their master, saying he would "hold the Bible open for them to preach from, for of course they could not preach without the Bible." The little boys as they stood trembling, lifted up their hearts in prayer, and then broke forth into singing, and as their little voices rose upon the air with the following lines, many hearts were touched, and many tears were drawn from the eyes of the by-standers :

" My Saviour ! my Almighty Friend !
When shall I begin Thy praise ?
When shall the growing numbers end—
The numbers of Thy grace ? "

By the time they had sung three verses of that sweet hymn, a great many were bathed in tears, and on their knees crying for mercy. " Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner ! " " Lord, help me ! " " Jesus, save me ! " and other earnest prayers were heard. The children gained courage as they sang, but their master was filled

with fear, as he heard all the slaves crying out for mercy, and closing the Bible in haste and throwing it aside, he left them and went to his bedroom, and shut himself up there, alone, for the rest of the day. He never opposed them afterwards, or tried to hinder their prayers. The poor slaves held their prayer-meeting regularly from that time, and many were converted unto God. "Little Philip" is still living, an earnest servant of the Lord, nearly ninety-nine years old. In speaking of these things he says, "God did hear my prayers, and came and helped 'little Philip.' He thrashed a big mountain with this poor little worm that day." He is now quietly waiting, "Only waiting," he says, "till God calls him home."—E. L. C.

This true and interesting story is given more fully in Laura S. Haviland's "Life Work."

THE PRISON A SPHERE FOR WOMAN'S LABOUR.

Written for the *Herald of Peace*.

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ;
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief,
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold ?
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, it blossoms rich and fair,
Breathes freely perfumes through the ambient air."

Go to the cell of the convict. Listen with a sympathizing ear to the story of sorrow, the tale of woe. Speak, in the name of Jesus, such messages of love and

mercy, or of earnest warning as He shall give thee power to utter, asking for His blessing thereupon. Often have I seen the head of the strong man bowed, and the tears trickling down the bronzed cheek, at the sound of a woman's voice. "Oh ! how you remind me of my mother," said one. "I had a good mother ; if I had taken her advice, I should never have been here." "I have never heard a kind sympathizing word since my mother died," said another, "and you speak just as she did."

Do you say that you have not the power to go and speak to the prisoners ? Remember Who it is that hath said that He would account a deed of kindness or of self-renouncing love to any of His suffering children as done unto Himself. He was once a prisoner, and enjoins visiting the prisoners, as a mark of love for, and allegiance to Himself. Art thou lacking in power and wisdom, and skill for the work ? Go, ask Him for power. Ask Him for wisdom, "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Ask Him what He would have thee to do. Perhaps He may give thee skill to reach the heart by speaking to them collectively, or He may be pleased to commission thee to go from cell to cell, with words of loving sympathy, with a few tracts or a few flowers, and He will bless the seed thus sown.

Two dear young ladies of my acquaintance, after our meeting with 1,350 prisoners at Sing Sing, spent a little time in going to visit the women in their cells, and gave them each a little bouquet of flowers, and a sweet hymn or tract.

These little presents gave great pleasure to those poor convicts, who have so few comforts, and so few friends to care for them. The prison hospital is often good ground, well prepared for the seed to fall upon. When the prisoners are ill, their hearts are often tender, and peculiarly susceptible of good impressions. Among all the interesting cases that have come under my notice, was one that I shall never forget while memory remains.

In the hospital in Sing Sing prison, I found an intelligent, youthful-looking convict, far gone in pulmonary consumption. Beside his bed was a stand, and on the stand a Bible. "Would you like to see my mother's Bible?" he enquired, after I had conversed with him a few minutes. As I took it from his feeble, trembling hand. I observed that it bore the marks of being well used, I noticed pencillings in the margin, and twenty little slips of paper scattered through the book, between the leaves, each one containing a text from the Bible, and numbered one, two, three, to twenty. It was a sad story that I heard, partly from himself, and partly from the chaplain at his bedside. When brought to the prison, six months previously, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," a pious woman, but too indulgent to her fatherless boy. She loved him dearly, but could not bear to thwart him. The result was that he grew up headstrong and self-willed, resisting all restraint, choosing evil associates, he was led into mischief and sin, and finally, when only eighteen or nineteen years of age, the mother's heart was almost broken by the heavy tidings that her boy

had been arrested, tried, and sent to the State prison for three years, in company with some others, old offenders, who had led him into sin.

This painful intelligence seemed to be the one drop too much for his mother's cup of bitterness. Always delicate, her strength seemed to give way, and she felt that she was not long for this world. Her heart's desire was to see her boy once more before her death. Summoning all her energy, gathering her little remaining strength, she undertook the journey by easy stages, and, within the precincts of the prison, her only child was brought before her in his convict's suit. What tongue can portray the feelings of that stricken mother, in that last sad interview with her wandering boy? Who shall describe that loving mother's last counsels, her tender embrace, her parting words, her looks of love, her earnest, prayerful benediction? Her Bible, his father's wedding present upon the bridal morn, that she had read daily for twenty-one years, she placed in the hand of her boy, with the few words, "Read it every day, my child, for my sake. May it be your consolation in sorrow and loneliness, as it has been mine. May God have mercy upon you, and grant that we may meet in heaven, for Christ's sake, for we shall never, never meet again on earth."

The fainting mother was borne back to the carriage which was to convey her to her desolate home, there to pine, to droop, to die. Her son was remanded to his cell, to ponder upon the desolation that his sin had wrought, with his mother's Bible for his only companion. Never very strong, inheriting his mother's

constitutional weakness, the prison discipline, hard work, hard fare, reduced his physical strength, and when, three weeks after this trying scene, the announcement was suddenly made to him, "Your mother is dead," he could bear no more. He was taken to the hospital, in which I found him, and where he had been six weeks. Opening his Bible, I found on the slip of paper No. 1 the words, "Oh, wretched man that I am : who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?" Upon these words he had pondered for many days, in an agony of distress, exclaiming at intervals, "Oh, my mother, my dear mother ! I have killed the best of mothers." His remorse was fearful as he upbraided himself with being his mother's murderer. His anguish of mind produced fever, and, at times, mental aberration. When reason had deserted her throne, he would cry out for his mother to come and smooth his pillow, to lave his burning brow, to moisten his parched lips, and alleviate his sufferings, and minister to him as she used to do in former times, when he was a little boy, sick and suffering. Then, as the fever subsided, a terrible season of exhaustion and helplessness would ensue, accompanied by a sense of utter desolation, and his now thoroughly awakened conscience would upbraid him with destroying his mother. "Now I shall never, never hear her sweet voice again," he said, "her arms will never be lovingly thrown around me. She will never more watch over me in sickness, or soothe me in sorrow, or shield me from shame. Oh, my mother, my dear, dear mother !"

While thus mourning in unavailing anguish, his

attention was attracted by some of his mother's marginal pencillings, by the text No. 2, upon a slip of paper, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The mother's feeble hand had traced the words, "God loves you, my child." Here was comfort for the comfortless boy.

No. 3 contained the words "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Here were words of consolation, long pondered upon.

No. 4, "Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

No. 5, "Now the fruits of the flesh are . . ."

No. 6, "Now the fruits of the spirit are love and peace."

Thus, step by step, it seemed, the poor penitent, alone and desolate, had the way of life and salvation unfolded before him. The Spirit of the Lord, as a convictor of sin, a comforter, a counsellor, an instructor, was with him, teaching him, leading him along. As so many stepping-stones, these beautiful passages followed each other, depicting the Christian's course upward and onward, until on reaching Nos. 18, 19 and 20, I found the joys of the redeemed portrayed, as in the seventh, fourteenth and twenty-first chapters of Revelations.

No. 18 told of the "great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands."

No. 19, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

No. 20, "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.'"

These striking passages had been arranged as a string of precious pearls by the prisoner, who was now feeling the sweet peace resulting from the language "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and trusting in his Saviour, he was patiently waiting until he should receive the summons to stand before his God. After a sweet season of prayer and thanksgiving, we parted. A few months later, upon visiting Sing Sing, I went into the hospital. I found the bed; it was empty. The stand was there—the Bible gone. Inquiring for the young prisoner, I was prepared to hear the news, "He is dead." "He died happily," said one of the attendants. My spirit rejoiced with, and for, the ransomed prisoner. I gave thanks that another redeemed one was added to the countless multitude above—another gem in the Saviour's crown—another blood-bought soul to celebrate the wonders of creative power, the riches of redeeming love.

E. L. C. to C. H.

Sheboygan Falls, 23-6-68,

*Wisconsin, on the Western shore of Lake Michigan,
200 miles North of Chicago.*

"Thy very welcome letter of the 24th ult. reached me last week in Chicago. I commenced a reply, and

have left it there, so begin another here. . . . I feel that we do not keep up so brisk a correspondence as would be pleasant. My own very pressing engagements in a ministerial and missionary line, almost absorb my thoughts and feelings, and I do not get much time for writing social or family correspondence. Thou and I are well assured of each other's tender and sisterly love, and this will be a comfort to us both oft-times when it is not expressed. For two years, I had looked forward toward spending a winter in the South. The prisons in the Southern States, I had heard, were in a sad condition, quite as bad as Newgate, when Elizabeth Fry visited it in 1816, and as the prisons on the European Continent when John Howard visited them. Two years ago it was on my mind to go there, when dear Sybil Jones went, and she and I had some correspondence about it. I named it to my dear husband, and he said, 'Wait until next winter, and I will let out my farm and go with thee.' I waited. The next winter came—he could not go, but earnestly pleaded 'wait another year, and then I think I can go.' Again I delayed, and the prospect weakened with each delay, and other servants of the Lord were sent to work in that vineyard, and have accomplished a great deal there. There is no longer the urgent call for me to go, and as that prospect closed, another opened in Chicago, and J.'s mind has been gradually preparing for it. He is now arranging to let his farm in the fall, and he and I expect to spend next winter in Chicago. We are not likely to move our household furniture away from Rollin, but simply

to board there for a few months. It is a great comfort to me to have my dear husband with me in my work. We have been so much separated during our short married life, and now that we have the last three years been more together, we feel more closely united, less willing to be separated, more absolutely necessary to each other; and if we can work together in the vineyard of the Lord, we rejoice. Dear C. is now in the Howland Institute; we expect her home next month. She will spend the winter with us in Chicago. It will be very delightful to me to have her again with me, and to her also. She and her father keep up a regular correspondence, and seem to appreciate each other.

“I was very much interested in thy graphic description of the pleasant home and surroundings of our uncle and aunt at Maidenhead, and at Maidstone likewise. No wonder Aunt A. begins to look like an aged woman. She is sixteen years older than I am. My hair is getting grey, and my memory is failing, except upon a few points that it has been much exercised upon, as Scripture passages, beautiful poetry that I learned when a child, and scenes of suffering that I have witnessed in prisons, hospitals, and lunatic asylums. People will sometimes accost me with ‘Mrs. Comstock, what a wonderful memory you have,’ ‘I wish I had your memory,’ &c. It is a great mistake, my memory runs in *ruts* and *grooves*, and does not run at all *out of these*. I am now in the house of friends likely to revive past associations, to call before memory’s page the scenes of my childhood and youth. H.H.

and wife, very pleasant Friends in a very comfortable home. He and his sister, M.A.H., were Croydon scholars. They, with their parents, live here in a beautiful village near the lake. A Friend from Chicago, R.P., is my companion. There are seven or eight families of Friends scattered over a space of sixteen or eighteen miles, west of Lake Michigan. They have no meeting. We are encouraging them to start one. I expect to hold a public meeting each evening for a week, and visit the Friends and families and the schools during the day, in two or three villages or towns. . . . Thy sketch of the Yearly Meeting interested me. There is one thing in your Y.M. I do not like. Why should you call the Men's Meeting '*The Yearly Meeting*?' For our Society, of all others, to allow the self-styled 'Lords of the Creation' to arrogate so much to themselves, is *outrageous*. We profess to be the only pure democracy in the world—men and women being *one*—on an absolute equality in the Lord Jesus, is one of our fundamental doctrines. Such a thing as calling themselves *the Yearly Meeting*, would not be suffered in our men. We have one Y.M. in New York, with two branches, equal in every respect. The same in Ohio, Indiana, &c. We expect another General Meeting in Indiana, to be held in or near Wabash, next Eighth month, that will be very interesting probably. It will partake of the nature of a Y.M. minus the *tedious, uninteresting* queries. When we were girls we disliked the queries. Then it was a sort of instinct; now mature reason comes in with a powerful force, confirming the childish judgment.

I do not think the queries do any good. They do not at all represent the state of the Society. I hope to live to see the day when they will be materially altered or abolished.

“I am sorry the Y.M. of London refused liberty for that foreigner to sit the meeting.”

GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

Written for the American *Herald of Peace*.

‘Blessed is the man that hath found his work ; he need desire, no greater blessedness.’—*Carlyle*.

I cannot go forth and preach the gospel as John H. Douglas does. I have neither eloquence of tongue nor fluency of speech. I cannot go, like those faithful missionaries, Louis and Sarah Street, to Madagascar, to instruct the heathen. I cannot go, like Elizabeth Fry, to the prisons, and speak comforting words to the convicts, or to the houses of ill-fame, to snatch the poor wanderers as “brands from the burning.” I cannot visit the drinking saloons to persuade the victims of intemperance to turn away from the intoxicating cup ; neither can I allure the young sons of our land to leave the gaming table and the insinuating enticements of the billiard room. I am poor and cannot even go round to minister to the wants of the destitute and suffering, by giving them food and clothing. Yet I love my Saviour, and desire to work for Jesus. What can I do ? Such language is sometimes spoken to me, and in reply I say :—

“ If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command ;
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand ;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do ;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you ;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere ! ”

“ Go out into the streets and lanes of the city.”
Turn into the narrow alley—descend into the damp
cellar, or climb the rickety stairs into the sultry attic—
sit beside the bed of the sufferer—tell the lonely, tried
spirit of an ever present friend and comforter. Read a
psalm, repeat a hymn, or kneel in prayer, as your best
feelings may dictate, or circumstances prompt. Visit
the wife of the drunkard, soothe and cheer her, aid her
by your sympathy and counsels. Her heart is oppressed,
her spirit crushed by a weary weight of woe, she
receives but little human sympathy. To the voice of
kindness she is almost a stranger. Harsh words, unkind
reproaches, and oft-times heavy blows, poverty, and
severe privations are her lot. Comfort her in her tribu-
lation, soothe her in her sorrow. Do not forget to take
tracts, leaflets for the children, and distribute as you go.
Visit the county poor-house and the city infirmary.

Such a company as the compassionate Saviour beheld at Bethesda's pool we find in the poor-houses and almshouses—"a multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered, &c." Tell these of his tender care for such. Read the first few verses of the fifth chapter of John, and point out to them the similarity, and at the same time the diversity, between the account here narrated and their own case—that whereas

"At times and at seasons the angel had power,
At the pool of Bethesda to heal,
Whenever his people are willing, that hour
Christ heareth the sinner's appeal.
Tho' their sins be as scarlet, or crimson their dye,
He will make them as snow, unto mercy's meek eye."

In one of my visits to a city almshouse my attention was arrested by a countenance of uncommon intelligence. A meek, patient sufferer, in lingering consumption, was quietly awaiting the summons to quit the clay tenement and enter into the joy of her Lord. She was in her thirty-fifth year, "had known better days," having been in early life the beloved and only child of a minister of the Gospel. Her mother was removed by death when she was a child, and her tender and beloved father when she was twenty-five years of age, leaving her a comfortable cottage home and a property of about ten thousand dollars. The failure of a bank deprived her of the greater part of her little patrimony—ill-health and other adverse and unlooked for circumstances swept away the rest, so that in three or four years after her father's death she found herself without a home and without funds, no near relatives, and in poor health. In speaking of her

past trials and losses, and her present privations, she said, "And yet I have enjoyed more real peace of mind during the six or seven years I have been in this house than in my whole life before. When I found myself homeless, ill, and friendless, I looked to my Saviour as I had never looked before. I clung to Him as my only friend!" She spoke of her joy and peace in believing in Him, of her entire trust in Him, of the happiness awaiting her in the unseen eternal world. During three or four successive visits that I paid her she seemed to have no cloud to mar the bright future, no doubt, no fear. Her trust was confiding and simple as that of a little child, and almost the last words I heard from her feeble, faltering voice were snatches from that sweet hymn of Alexander Pope's :

"Vital spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying ;
 Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

 Hark ! they whisper—angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 The world recedes !—it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring ;
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?"

The following are specimens of the Bible lessons with which E.L.C. often amused and interested the children around her :—

I.—THE BIBLE LESSON : OR WHAT AUNT ELIZABETH
SAW.

“Auntie, do tell us about the State prison near Chicago,” said my niece M.

“Oh, yes, auntie, do please tell us all about the prisoners, and how they acted, and what they said,” responded L.

“Auntie, did they have chains on, and were all the doors locked and bolted ?” inquired W.

“Some of them were chained, and most of them were shut up in small cells, and there were chains, and bars, and bolts, but I will tell you about another prison now, and let you know about Joliet State prison another time.”

“Oh yes, auntie, shut your eyes, and look with your mind, and tell us what you see.”

“I see a prison, and a prisoner sitting in it. He is a very good man. A wicked king shut him up there because he loved Jesus, and used to preach to the people about Him. The prisoner has a chain fastened by an iron ring round each wrist, and a soldier is chained to each of his hands, for fear he should try to get away. He has been tried, and sentence has been passed upon him, and he is to be executed on the morrow. His friends had a prayer meeting, and prayed all night to God to save him. God heard their prayer, and sent an angel down from heaven to the prison, in the middle of the night. The angel found the prisoner fast asleep, he awoke him, told him to get up quickly, and follow him. The chains fell off the prisoner’s

wrists when the angel touched him, but did not wake the guards, who were chained to him. The prisoner rose up, put on his girdle, his sandals and cloak, at the command of the angel, and followed him. There was a bright light shining in the dark and gloomy prison while the angel was there, but when he had gone away, it was dark as before. The prisoner was so much astonished that he thought he must be dreaming, as he followed his guide out of the prison, and right to the iron gate of the city. Fortified cities, in those days, had large, strong, heavy gates at every entrance. When they reached the gate, it opened to them of its own accord, and they went safely through, and down one street. Then the angel left him, and the prisoner was free. The first thing he did was to go to the house where his friends were praying for him. When he knocked at the gate, a girl went to open it, and when she heard his voice she was so glad that she ran into the house to tell them. They were so astonished that they could not believe her, but thought she was mad. Some said, 'It is his angel,' but when they had opened the door, and found that it was really he, they were astonished. Then he told them how the Lord had sent His angel to deliver him from the prison and from death; and they rejoiced together. In the morning there was a great stir in the prison when the guards awoke, and found that their prisoner had escaped. They made a great search for him, but could not find him. He lived for many years, and was an able minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“Who was the prisoner?”

“What wicked king imprisoned him ?

“Where was the prison ?

“Whose house was the prayer meeting held in ?

“Who was the girl that went to the gate ?

“What dear friend of the prisoner did the same wicked king kill ?

“Where do we read this story in the Bible ?”

II.—THE BIBLE LESSON : OR WHAT AUNT ELIZABETH SAW.

“I see a beautiful country, diversified with mountain and valley, hill and dale, wood and water. I see a beautiful city also, one of the oldest cities on the face of the earth. It was a flourishing city 4,000 years ago, and it is so still. It is situated at the confluence of two beautiful rivers, and a range of lofty mountains near at hand, from the summit of which there is a fine sea view. I see a king, a powerful monarch. He is not a good one. He was a proud, wicked man.

“I see a great, victorious general, who has been in many battles, and gained great renown. He has a splendid palace home, and plenty of horses and chariots. He has a beautiful garden with flowers and fruits.

“‘There the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies.’

There are orange groves and vineyards, abundance of apricots, chestnuts, olives and pomegranates. He has a great many servants to wait upon him, and friends to flatter him, and a purse full of money. Yet he is not happy. What ails him ? He looks very ill. His skin is very white, covered with purple spots.

He has a terrible disease, which no doctor in the whole land can cure.

“ I see a young girl. She is in trouble also. She looks lonely and sad, and she has been weeping. Poor child, she has been stolen away from her parents, and taken to a foreign land, and she thinks she will never see her father and mother again. The rich man brought her home a captive when he returned from battle, and now she is a slave in his house and waits upon his wife. She sees her master suffering, and (returning good for evil) she tells her mistress that in her native land there is a holy man, a prophet of the Lord, who can cure him.

“ The sick man, with much pomp and many servants, went to the land the girl had spoken of, and presenting himself at the house of the prophet, expected that he would be handsomely received, and great respect shown to him. But when the holy man of God sent him a message to ‘ Go, and wash seven times,’ in a small river, he was offended, and went away in a rage, and would have gone home again as ill as he came. It was well for the proud man that he had good servants.

“ One of his retinue expostulated with him, saying, ‘ If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it ? ’ and represented to him how much easier it was to do this simple thing, to ‘ wash and be clean.’ The general listened to the advice of his faithful servant, and went and dipped himself seven times in the river, though it was not so beautiful as those of his native city. He was immediately healed, and felt himself quite strong and well.

“With a heart filled with gratitude, he returned to the prophet, and confessed that he now felt that there was only one true God ruling the earth, and that henceforth he should worship Him alone. In the gratitude of his heart, he presented the prophet with some handsome and valuable presents, which he refused to take; but his servant coveting the good things, followed after the rich man when he was on his way home, and by inventing a tissue of falsehood, procured from him two talents of silver and two changes of raiment, and hid them away, supposing the prophet would not know anything about them. But he was mistaken, for the next time he entered his presence, he accosted him with the words ‘Whence comest thou?’ The lying lips made answer, ‘Thy servant went no whither.’ He could not deceive the prophet, who replied, ‘Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?’ Then he pronounced sentence upon him, that for his deception and fraud, the very disease of which the general had been cured, should cleave unto him as long as he lived.

“What country do I see? What city?”

“Name the two beautiful rivers.

“What mountains?”

“Who was the king?”

“What was the general’s name?”

“What was his disease?”

“Who was the young girl?”

“What did she say to her mistress?”

“What prophet did she refer to?”

“What river did he wash in ?

“Who was the king of Israel at that time ?

“Who was the prophet’s servant ?

“What is the last we read of this wicked and covetous servant ?”

III.—THE BIBLE LESSON : OR WHAT AUNT
ELIZABETH SAW.

L.—“Now Auntie, do please come and sit here with us, and tell us a good Bible story.”

W.—“Auntie, I never knew before that there were such beautiful stories in the Bible.”

L.—“Are there a great many more, or have you told us nearly all of them ?”

Auntie.—“There are a great many more ; I might tell you one every evening for a year, and not get to the end of them.”

A.—“O ! I am so glad ! one every evening for a year !—that will be more than 300. Now, we are all ready, listening.”

Auntie.—“I see a lady sitting under a palm tree.”

L.—“Was she a beautiful lady, auntie ?”

Auntie.—“The Bible does not speak of her beauty, but she was a *good* lady. Her name begins with D., the wife of L. Her people had been suffering cruel oppression for twenty years, from a cruel king, J., of C. One day, seated beneath the shade of her palm tree on the side of Mount T., beautiful valleys, and pleasant, fertile gardens and vineyards before her, a little rippling stream gushing from the hillside, splashing down and widening as it wound along the distant valley, until it was wide and deep enough to

deserve the name of the *river K*. As she sat she pondered upon the wrongs of her oppressed people. Those fields of waving grain ripening for the sickle, would soon be reaped by the oppressor. The fruit of those olive-yards and vineyards, her people could not enjoy. The wheat must be threshed in some secret spot, behind the winepress, that their rulers might not see it, and rob them of the fruit of their toil. The highways looked desolate and unoccupied, and the people passed in secret through the bye-ways; the inhabitants of the villages dwindled down, trade was impeded, commerce stopped, and the people were greatly cast down. As the lady thought of all these wrongs, she sent for the General of the army, B., the son of A. to come to her. He came, she consulted with him, and requested him to resist the enemy and the oppressor, and to drive them back to their own land, H. of the G. The general listened to her plans, and promised to go if she would accompany the army. She consented, and the next day they were ready with 10,000 soldiers to withstand their tyrannical oppressor. Then was the strange sight seen of a lady riding with an army of soldiers, leading them on to battle."

"Oh, now I know all about it," said Fred, "it was Joan of Arc. I read about her in my history the other day."

Auntie—"Wait, my boy, until I have finished my story, and then guess. Now we turn to another scene. There are some ladies sitting at a window. One of them is the mother of S., the General of the invading army. He had gained so many victories and brought home so much spoil every time he had been out, that

they quite expected he would be successful again. As they watched and waited they said, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?' They wondered what detained him, and hoped he was gaining victories, and going to bring home some beautiful captives, and some costly dresses and jewellery.

"And now another sight I see. Soldiers fleeing away in haste—the invading army is completely routed—the proud General is running fast and alone in the heat of the day. He is weary, hot, and hungry, sees a tent by the way-side, enters it, and asks for water to drink of a woman named J., the wife of H. the K. He asked for water and she gave him milk. She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. After taking a meal he lay down to rest, and when asleep the woman sees the enemy of her people, the oppressor, the tyrant, in her power. She resolves to destroy him, and to deliver her oppressed people. With a long nail in one hand and a hammer in the other she approaches him and drives the nail through his temples, rejoicing that her nation is avenged, that her people are free.

"This happened thousands of years ago. What reason we have to be thankful that since that day the Prince of Peace has come into the world, and *now* we may love our enemies and 'overcome evil with good.'

"Down the dark future, thro' long generations
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace,'
Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

“ Now can you tell me the names of all the persons whose initials I have given ? ”

Addressing some children in a Sabbath school, E.L.C. endeavoured to impress upon them the need for their own sakes of parental care and restriction, and the desirableness of strict submission to the requirements of those set over them. She related the case of a boy in America, whose parents did not succeed in controlling his will, and who so completely got the law into his own hands that all attempts to govern him were given up. This had not gone on long before the boy was taken up for some misdemeanour, and placed in the State penitentiary. Here he attempted to continue his determination not to be over-ruled, and underwent one punishment after another, without result, when he was condemned to be placed in the pump-room. This was a room built of stone in a bason-like shape, perfectly water-tight, and lighted from the roof. The prisoner was placed alone in the apartment, and locked in, when water was allowed gradually to enter, and soon covered the floor. In the centre was placed a pump, by working which the inmate could get rid of the water, but in no other way. The youth declared he would never work that pump, he was not going to do what they told him. The water rose to his knees, then to his waist, but he was still resolute and defiant. The process gradually went on, and at last the poor fellow, now completely broken down, seeing that his life was in danger, commenced pumping in real earnest. From that time he became amenable to the rules of the penitentiary, and under kind but firm discipline,

during the remainder of his term of imprisonment he improved so much that, on his release, he entered on a course of patient industry, which in time resulted in his establishment in business, and his eventually occupying a very respectable social position.

On tract distribution, E. L. C. writes :—“Wisely and carefully selected tracts may be a great element of good ; but carelessly and indiscriminately scattered, they may not only be useless, but absolutely pernicious reading. On one occasion, while passing through the military hospitals in Washington, I was accosted by a plainly dressed Friend, who kindly offered to supply me with all the tracts I wanted, if I would confine myself to those which were issued by the Tract Association of Friends in Philadelphia. I could not accede to his request, as those tracts, though very excellent, were not adapted to the class of people I was visiting. Leaving him, I entered the hospital ward he had just passed through. A young soldier was sitting up in bed, reading a tract against dancing. At the end of the first paragraph he exclaimed, ‘Comrades, I have taken my last step in the giddy dance.’ This was followed by a merry peal of laughter through the ward. Another sentence he read, and made merry over with his companions, advising them not to be so wicked as to dance again, but to follow his example ! When the laughter subsided, I enquired of the nurse what was amusing them so much, as I could see nothing in what he had read to call forth such merriment. She replied, ‘A Quaker gentleman has just been here distributing tracts, and he has given

that poor fellow, who has lost both his feet, one against dancing.'

"In the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, where were many hundred prisoners, I found one with a tract on 'Plainness of Dress,' and the owner of it handed it to me saying, 'I like what that gentleman says first-rate, and I wish the authorities here were all Quakers. I should like a broad-cloth suit a great deal better than these stripes,' referring to his convict's costume.* In another cell, a prisoner was poring over a tract, 'On the Superstitious Observance of the First Day of the Week.' He had been arrested for an offence committed while drunk on the Sabbath, and I could not but think how much better it would have been for him if he had observed the day, however superstitiously. In a third cell was a convict with a soiled and well-thumbed tract in his hand. I enquired 'Hast thou an interesting tract there?' to which he replied by reading the title, 'A Warning against Seducing Spirits,' adding, 'I can't make head nor tail of it—I don't know what kind of spirit them ere war, but I reckon they warn't gin, nor rum, nor whiskey.' . . . I exchanged his tract for 'The Fool's Pence,' an excellent temperance story."

* In many of the American prisons the convicts wear a striped costume, and E. L. C. who had visited several of them, once stopped her sister on one of her visits to England, as they were out walking, and came in sight of a lively game at football, with the question, "What are all those convicts doing in that field?"

CHAPTER XVI.

GOSPEL LABOURS—VISIT TO ENGLAND—
1868-1873.

E.L.C. to C.H.

“Bloomington, Illinois, 30-10-68.

“ I WAS awoke this morning by L.A. kissing me, and wishing me ‘many happy returns of my birthday.’ Very varied have been the scenes amid which these anniversaries have come round to me during the past twelve or fourteen years. One as a stranger in a strange land, L.A. and C. with me to give their loving greetings, and a letter from thee, hailing me lovingly across the Atlantic. One amid prosperity and joy in Canada, when I felt that I could erect an altar, and inscribe thereon, ‘Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped me!’ Again in Canada, dear L. with me, with loving greetings, and dear F. and R. and the little ones, so that I could almost adopt the language again, ‘I dwell among mine own people,’ though still remembering some loved relatives in a distant land.

“ Another anniversary found me a wanderer, travelling among strangers, but rejoicing in this benediction, ‘Blessed is the man that hath found his work, he need desire no greater blessedness.’ In comforting the afflicted and soothing the sorrowing I found a joy I had never known before.

“Another anniversary came round and found me in a humble home of my own, yet one of His providing. I felt a peaceful contentment with such things as I had. After awhile, other scenes than my quiet rural home marked my anniversaries. One was passed in a State Prison, comforting, soothing, and counselling the poor convicts, another was characterized by a visit to the President, in the Executive Mansion at Washington, and, while the Union flag of our country floated aloft, I felt the language of my grateful heart to be the inscription of Moses upon his altar, ‘Jehovah Nissi, the Lord my banner.’

“Another anniversary found me in the hospitals, surrounded by sick and wounded and suffering soldiers. Amid the shrieks of the suffering and the groans of the dying my altar was erected—my inscription and prayer alike that of Gideon formerly, ‘Jehovah Shalom, the Lord send peace!’ Now, the fifty-third anniversary finds me here. I was at Adrian, attending our Quarterly Meeting, when a despatch reached me, summoning me here; a dear friend was dying, and very much desired my presence, and that I should attend her funeral. The telegram invited me to hasten immediately to Bloomington, 340 miles. I obeyed the summons, and brought L.A. with me. Our friends received us lovingly, and are entertaining us most kindly. The dear sufferer breathed her last, and the redeemed spirit took its flight just as our train steamed into the town, so that I did not have the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with her, but her death-bed has been so peaceful and happy that we have the assurance that all was well. Her dear

Saviour was with her, 'the lamp of His love was her guide through the gloom' of the otherwise dark valley, His love and His mercy were her constant themes during the three weeks she was ill, and now her themes for ever and for evermore will be the wonders of creative power, the riches of redeeming love. . . In a few days, we go to Chicago. Dear love to all your circle."

J.T.C. to L.R.

*Backwoods of America, Rollin, Lenawee Co., Michigan,
5-3-1869.*

"The thought of writing to thee has gleamed across my mind frequently since thy departure from our shores. Feeling little of consequence at the same time to communicate, that might interest thee, and thinking also that life with thy dear self, as with many others is full of cares, and imposes much every way, the idea, like a flickering rushlight, passes away.

"We are all quite well. Elizabeth is at Chicago, where she has been three-fourths of her time, perhaps, for the past five months. Sister L.A. is here taking a short rest; soon returns to that city again. Chicago is growing. Thirty thousand inhabitants are said to be added to its population annually, with some eight thousand buildings. . . .

"Friends are doing something in this country. They have now some eighteen Schools in Virginia, among the people of colour. Our new President has the confidence and sympathies of the people generally, here. His home is at Galena, Illinois, on the Mississippi. On the night following the election he sat up until two o'clock, when it was fully

ascertained at the Telegraph Office of that place that Grant had received that day, in the different States, more than two-thirds the votes cast for elections. He then retired for the night and slept well ; though everyone around him seemed much excited, yet he was perfectly cool and calm.

“ We understand he has recently appointed a Friend in Philadelphia as Commissioner of Indian affairs. Grant, like every honest man in this country, fully believes our debts will and must be paid promptly in coin. The right of suffrage, as a question for the people of colour, is coming round right. They will be no longer considered as being ineligible for office. Such has passed one Congress, by way of amendment to the Constitution, and will be ratified by two-thirds of the members of the different legislative bodies. People at the South are awaking to their interests, and wish to have the best men chosen to fill the most important places ; and in many cases, those men will prove to be men of colour, made of nature’s best stuff. The Pacific Railway will undoubtedly be finished within the present year.

“ We hear many good things of John Bright, his name rings in America just now more than ever. Sometimes we hear it connected with Victor Hugo, sometimes with that of Gladstone and many others, and always to his credit, be it spoken. It seems by the papers, he was sent for, abroad even, and long importuned before he would consent to become one of the Queen’s Cabinet. So it is in every country, as a general thing, the very man who is least anxious for

office, is the most fit for office. Is he also President of the Board of Trade? So we understand it. This uphill business I hope is to be done away with measurably in both countries; your Tories, and our ex-President Johnson and his party, are to be driven up 'Salt River' I trust.

"We have had a series of meetings in our meeting-house every evening for three weeks. Elizabeth was not with us, or scarcely at all. All of our Christian neighbours came in for quite a distance round, of different denominations. Every arrow was put into its quiver, none were seen flying, a happy state of things. None will deny but that there was a heavenly feeling prevalent, and much good done I think. Once in a while a little singing, no one hurt or wounded, were we not fortunate?"

The allusion in the following letter is to the death by an accident, of a dear little adopted daughter, aged four years and seven months.

E.L.C. to C.H.

Rollin, Michigan, 18-4-69.

"C. brought me, just now, two photographs, which we have looked upon with a long, earnest, loving look. They contained your little family group. Sweet little N. we looked at the longest. Then came the thought, 'More lovely, more beautiful still, now.' The angelic form, how far surpassing the little one laid beneath the sod. Think of her, my precious sister, as she is now. Let thy thoughts dwell upon her *present* as often as they ponder upon her past, and then look to the future. Think of the time when standing before

the eternal throne, a little one will lovingly greet thee, and say, 'I was motherless and she cared for me, and was a mother to me, I was hungry and she fed me, I was naked and she clothed me.' It is a joy to have one loved and cherished one gone before thee there, one to bear such testimony. What thou hast done for that dear, motherless child will be an eternal joy to thee! A bright star in thy crown immortal! For thee and dear S. and F., this is a very bitter cup, but for the precious child an easy death, a sudden transition, a great joy! For her, how much better than a lingering sickness—days and nights of suffering and restless agony. Sometimes in our sorrows and trials we are apt to think it was not a Father's hand that gave us the bitter cup, but we can trace the affliction to the sins, or weaknesses, or carelessness of our fellow-beings, and therefore it was or is the harder to bear.

"In this case there is no room for any such conclusion. A loving Father's own hand has given you the cup to drink of, and the mourning spirit, I doubt not, will meekly say, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' Yes! drink it, dear mourning ones, and the power of Jehovah will change it into a sweeter draught, will transmute it into gold—will transform it into a rich blessing.

"A dear friend of mine had a terrible grief some little time ago. As her daughter lay dying she gave her sweet babe, a week old, to her, and requested her to 'take it home with her and be a mother to it.' The precious treasure was taken right to the heart of its grandmother, and reared with the most tender care. It

was a bright sunbeam in the house, the joy and delight of the whole family. When about three years old, a fearful accident cut short its life. The eldest son, a boy of eighteen had put the oil-can in the oven, to take the frost out of it, and carelessly left it there until boiling hot, then recollecting it, hurriedly went to remove it. His little niece, his pet and plaything, came running up to him and clinging to his knees, when her busy prattle was exchanged for a piercing shriek as the bottom fell out of the over-heated can, and the boiling oil descended upon the little upturned face and head. Twenty-four hours of indescribable agony followed, before the spirit was released from the suffering body.

“When my friend, R.C., related these particulars to me, a year after they transpired, she added, that if the darling child had died by any other means than through her son’s carelessness, she could have borne it better. I comforted her a little by relating the story of the ‘Hermit,’ in the ‘Sequel,’ particularly dwelling upon the lines, ‘To all but thee in fits he seemed to go, And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow.’ I believe it is often really thus, and things look so different to us with our contracted, finite vision, to what they really are in the Divine sight. I have scarcely experienced a trial in my life that I cannot look back upon and recognise as a blessing.

“My dear brother and sister, it is an unspeakable consolation to know that a dear Father is watching over us all the time, and that ‘He doeth all things well.’ The painful tidings of your great loss were handed to me just the evening before I left Chicago. I reached

home safely and well. You were upon my mind all yesterday as I journeyed home, and I take the first quiet hour to express my sisterly love and tender sympathy. — has had a great affliction. His young and lovely wife was suddenly removed, leaving an infant a week old, a boy, and a sweet little girl of two years.

. . . I send by this mail a sweet little tract called 'The Awakening,' I think it will comfort thee in thy trouble Dearest love to S., thyself, and the dear children."

Hannah Hobbs, writing of attending Indiana Yearly Meeting, and of W.L. meeting herself and friends at the station, goes on to state, "We had not gone many steps when I perceived a woman Friend coming towards us. I said to W.F., 'She looks like an English Friend.' Just as I uttered it she quickened her steps, and instantly and heartily saluted me; my salutation was no less cordial. It was dear Elizabeth Comstock; she could not see much alteration in me, she said; I could see more in her. She looks well and hearty, and in some way changed, still there is the same expression of countenance. She, with her companion, Rachel Beale, her husband's sister, were likewise staying at W. Lefevre's. E.C. was furnished with a certificate from her meeting in Michigan, to attend, in her ministerial capacity, our Indiana Yearly Meeting, and some meetings in the way and on her return home; and her companion, an elder, was also liberated to accompany her. We were quite a company of English Friends, others coming to mingle with us during portions of the Y.M. Thou wilt guess we had a nice time of enjoyment

in various ways. When suitable time admitted, E.C. enquired much about thyself and very many others; in return, she gave me all the intelligence she could. She is a remarkable woman. She attended all the sittings of the Y.M., besides Committee meetings, Educational, Tract, and Bible meetings; rose very early in the morning to make caps and walk before breakfast, mostly sat up to twelve o'clock writing to various friends. She is a most indefatigable individual, doing so much daily, yet not appearing wearied. Her ministry is excellent, so perfect in quoting Scripture, and her illustrations are beautiful; the manner of her delivery is so good, clear and distinct; whatever meeting she attended, she had something appropriate to say. At the Educational Meeting she was well qualified to speak, so well grounded; at the Tract and Bible meetings she was ready to impart interesting facts of a pleasing and edifying character. Whenever she spoke she riveted the attention of the company. Again in the family circle, dear Elizabeth was so bright, I may say for one and all, her company was enjoyable; she was several times engaged in addressing us, in a religious capacity, something for every one. Sometimes later on in the evenings, we had repeating poetry, reminding us of our English cap-verse, which is not a custom here. . . . On the evening of First-day, a large company of young people were at meeting, in accordance with the request of E. C. Her testimony was sound, comprehensive and striking. She described the Creation in a most beautiful manner, and repeated a few lines composed by an English

author on the subject—her manner was truly sublime, and the greatest attention was observed by the large company. I have heard many remark, both Friends and others, how wonderful are her descriptive powers, and what a great knowledge she possesses of Scripture Truth. . . . The time for separation had arrived—we bade farewell to one another, dear E. C. commending us to the continued care of our Heavenly Father, who she believed would be our Comforter and Caretaker during our pilgrimage here.”

From Farmington, N.Y., 22-9-1871, E.L.C. writes:—
“Ohio Yearly Meeting has been very interesting. We have adopted the ‘Western’ proposition for a General Conference of all the Yearly Meetings, and appointed a Committee of one of each sex from each Quarterly Meeting, and six from the body of the Yearly Meeting, to attend the first Conference to be held in New York in the sixth month next year. I am sorry London will not unite with us. I think all the Yearly Meetings on this Continent will, except Philadelphia. I mailed you a report of our General Meeting here. Iowa, Indiana, Western, Ohio, New York, and North Carolina hold these General Meetings, and seasons of wonderful out-pouring of the Holy Spirit they are thought to be. Great accessions to our numbers follow them everywhere. Indiana’s report last year showed an increase of 1,760 to their number during the year.”

Writing from New York, 29-11-1871, E.L.C. says:—
“Two nights, one day and a half, spent in travelling unfit me for doing much to-day. This evening we go to a prayer meeting to pray for an especial blessing

upon the coming General Meeting, which is to commence to-morrow. I wish *you* could attend one of these meetings. They are very enjoyable, and to you they would seem very extraordinary. Imagine a thousand people gathered together (as they were in Poughkeepsie) in a Presbyterian Church, to hold something like a Yearly Meeting, without any queries, minutes, or business of any kind. A presiding officer, called a chairman or president, sits at the head of the meeting. His business is to control or guide matters a little in a quiet way. If any unsuitable offerings are presented, to check them. If several rise at a time he prevents disorder by remarking aloud, 'John Brown has the floor, wait a minute Joseph!' Then he will call upon Joseph next that he may also have a chance. Sometimes seven or eight will be on their feet together, and the chairman takes care that they each one shall have an opportunity to speak in turn. Sometimes five or six prayers will be offered in rapid succession. We do not rise in prayer, but avoid the confusion this would produce by bowing the head reverentially, and closing the eyes. We expect J.H.D., S.F.S., W.W., C.E.T., and many others of our ablest ministers will be present at this General Meeting, at Brooklyn, which will probably last near a week. Brooklyn is a city of near 400,000, almost like a continuation of this city; only the East River between them, which is crossed by steam ferries. There are eight ferries from different wharves. Some of these start one every minute, some every two, and some every five minutes, some ten, so they keep on all day,

and half the night, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four at least.

At the commencement of every sitting of these General Meetings, after two or three opening prayers, one of our ablest ministers usually preaches a good sermon of varying length, from thirty to forty or fifty minutes, then the voices of the multitude are heard, and thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty follow in brief experiences, or prayers, or ejaculatory confessions of the Saviour's name before men. There was no previous arrangement, no rule laid down, but I observed that it resolved itself into this sometimes ; at others three or four rather brief, pointed sermons would be delivered, and then a shorter time for confession. Occasionally, the Pastor of the Church would give us a brief acceptable address entirely in unison with the burden of the meeting at the time. Now and then, if a tedious, prosy speaker got the floor, and could not 'hold his audience,' a gentle hint to be brief would be given. In the event of that failing to produce effect, he would be informed by the '*chair!*' that many others were waiting, desiring an opportunity, &c.

"I have attended five of these General Meetings, and five of the biennial Sabbath School Conferences, and it has been beautiful to see the good order, the complete harmony, and the delightful variety *in* unity of the whole. Indiana led off in the General Meeting movement, Iowa followed, then other Yearly Meetings, until all are now holding them, except Philadelphia, Canada, and New England. The latter will adopt them next year, no doubt. These meetings are usually

followed by large accessions to our meetings, *our Society*, I mean."

Rollin, Leuawee Co., Michigan, 8-4-1872.

. . . . "I stayed in Rochester two weeks, and upon leaving that city, spent two days at Clifton Springs Water Cure, forty miles east of Rochester, with Sarah F. Smiley. We two received a very cordial invitation to go and stay a few weeks there and rest, and hold a few meetings with the patients, of whom there are 200. S. stayed there two weeks, and enjoyed the quiet rest very much. The result of the General Meeting in Rochester has been to stir up the few Friends there, and the citizens, to try to get subscriptions for building a large Friends' meeting house in a central locality, and they have written urgently to us (John and me) to go and reside there, and help to build up a large meeting. . . . J. has replied that we could not leave our home entirely, but may go and labour among them a few months in the year. I have added to his letter that 'my minute for service in New York and New England is not yet completed, and may occupy me for some months longer. When that service is accomplished, should way open clearly, it would be a pleasure to sojourn among them for awhile.' I attend our Monthly Meeting held here on 7th day, a Missionary Meeting in the evening, our regular gathering this morning, and a meeting for seekers after holiness this afternoon."

E. L. C. to C. H.

Lake Mohonk House, nr. Po'keepsie, N.Y., 12-8-72.

"Thy deeply interesting and touching letter of

the 24th ult. came to hand two hours ago, and has awakened my tender sympathy for thee and dear S., and indeed for your whole family. While reading it I have been again reminded of my favourite lines,

“I cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is Love !”

I trust, my dear sister, that in all thy trials, severe though they have been, thou hast been able in confiding, child-like trust, to adopt this language. There is great consolation to me in the hour of trial, in a sense that nothing *can happen* to any of us, but in the permissive wisdom of Him, ‘who doeth all things well.’ Grief and sorrow dispensed or permitted by Him, cannot hurt us, but sanctified and blessed by Him, must prove mentally a blessing. Already when thou wast writing to me, thou wast able, my dear sister, to begin to count the blessings resulting from the sorrows. The development in your dear children of the sympathies and affections, dear M.’s motherly care for her little brother removed from thy tender guardianship, when so greatly needing it. The ‘life of self-renouncing love’ thus early practised, must all be ranked among the silver linings to these dark clouds. The change of air benefiting all of them, was also a blessing. And now, my dear C., feeling that in the past a Father’s love ‘hath stayed the rough wind, in the day of His East wind,’ can we not trust Him with all the future, and leave our all in His hands, and at His all-wise disposal ? . . . J. and I have

been toiling in the heat, visiting prisoners, sick, poor and afflicted people for some weeks ; and receiving a kind and pressing invitation to come here and rest a week or two in this cool, calm, romantic spot, we felt free to accept it. Albert K. Smiley is Sarah's brother. Two or three years ago he purchased 180 acres here, wild, mountainous land. He has beautified and adorned it, built a large boarding-house, and made it a very pleasant place of summer resort. I enclose a picture or two, showing something of the picturesque scenery by which we are surrounded. . . . I hope I may hear from thee again very soon, for I shall be anxious to hear how S. gets up his strength, and how thou art after thy long time of nursing thy dear husband and child."

"Rollin, Lenawee Co., Michigan, 16-12-1872.

"I have just been attending a very interesting General Meeting, and will try to give a little outline of this one as a specimen. Meeting commenced in a large Friends' Meeting House in Salem, Ohio, seventy miles south of Cleveland, at 2 p.m., Sixth-day. The Committees of Ohio Yearly Meeting and Salem Quarterly Meeting met for consultation and preliminary arrangements earlier in the day. I am upon the Yearly Meeting's Committee. About twenty-five Friends on Committees present. It was decided to hold three meetings per day, at ten, two, and seven o'clock. In addition to these, at the request of — and others, an extra meeting for enquirers and seekers, and for conference, &c., was arranged for 8.30 a.m.

"Considerable anxiety was manifested by the Com-

mittee on account of the approaching General Meeting, because in the town of Salem were three meetings of those who pass by the name of Friends—Hicksite, Wilburite, and Gurneyite ; or Unitarian, Old School, and New School Quakers, as some call them, Hicksite there being the larger body and ours the smallest of the three. I was rather uneasy when the meeting gathered to find no other co-labourers from a distance except —. However, he proved equal to the emergency and preached an able sermon for three-quarters of an hour, after I had offered a prayer. I then spoke upon the same subject, the Divinity of Christ, and the power of our blessed faith to uphold and sustain in the most afflictive dispensations of life and in the solemn hour of death. Eight or nine short prayers were offered, and two others spoke briefly. Our meeting in the evening was much larger, the stores being closed, the shop-keepers, teachers, students, &c., were at liberty to attend. Salvation through faith was dwelt upon, and many voices spoke a few words out of the abundance of the heart, after — and I had each preached over half-an-hour. These two meetings each held over two hours. At 8.30 a.m. on Seventh-day a small gathering met—some prayers, some confessions, some questions asked and answered, some thanksgiving and praise. At ten o'clock a larger number gathered than on the previous day. —, with added power, preached near an hour. I followed for half-an-hour ; several prayers offered, four in succession, by others. In the afternoon —, one of our greatest ministers from Indiana, was added to our staff of labourers. We rejoiced to

welcome him. He occupied half-an-hour or more, and I think we were all sorry when he sat down. On First-day morning two or three other labourers joined us. The beautiful variety we have in the ministry is very striking.”

E. L. C. to C. H.

Waterville, Maine, 27-2-1873.

. . . . “For four days we have been ‘snow-bound’ in the village of Unity. No cars could run. They had no telegraph wires, and we seemed shut out from the world. We had very good meetings there; just the people in the village attended. Friends two or three miles out could not get there. Some had travelled fifty or sixty miles to attend the General Meeting, some 150. They put up with Friends two or three miles from Unity for the night. Before morning eighteen inches of snow fell. The country was hilly, and the wind roared, almost a hurricane; the snow drifted so much that in places it was sixteen or seventeen feet deep, and many Friends for several days could not move either homeward or meeting-ward. It was very trying for them. Yesterday morning the sky and clouds looked ominous of more snow. E.H., M.B., E.J., and other leading men took counsel together, and came to the conclusion that it was best to ‘cut through,’ or they might be kept there another week. So preparations were made; oxen, men with shovels, horses and sleighs, we moved slowly and solemnly out of Unity, like a funeral procession, except for the merriment amongst us. There were seven sleighs in our caravan, nine went a few hours

earlier over a few miles of the same road. Sixteen teams altogether. The men went ahead, the women in the rear. Thus we went nine miles in six or seven hours. Had it not been for the cavalcade that went on ahead, it would have taken much longer. We are now at a hotel where we have been staying for the night en route for Winthrop, where we hope to arrive in season for their Monthly Meeting, and the series of meetings to commence on Seventh-day next. My present companion is a pleasant young Friend, A.C., from Sing-Sing, N.Y. I hope my dear J. will join me again in the Spring, about the time of New York Yearly Meeting, which is to be held in Rochester this year."

Writing from Philadelphia, in Fourth month, 1873, E.L.C. says, "I am very much interested in the 'Higher Christian Life.' To me there is sweet *rest* in the thought that all responsibility, all care, all dependence are given up to Him who careth for us. I can trust Him with my present, for my past and future, knowing that no *ill* from Him can come to me, and that all must work together for good to them that love Him, and to me personally.

"With regard to present trials, and all yet to come, I can now say,

'I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than walk alone in the light ;
I would rather walk by faith with Him,
Than walk alone by sight.'

"My dear C. is living this life of trust and rest, and she is tranquilly and peacefully happy. Do you hear much about this higher life in England now? Here

God is working wonderfully, stirring up all the churches, and there is a general awakening in every branch of the church almost, to a sense that we are living far below our privileges, and meetings are being everywhere held especially for those who seek 'a closer walk with God.'

"In some places, meetings for seekers after holiness are held three times a week among Friends, besides our regular meetings."

Writing from New Bedford, on the 8-4-73, after referring to the trials of some very dear to her, E.L.C. continues, "However, I cast this, with all other burdens, upon Him who careth for us, and for all, trusting that He will overrule all our mistakes for good. It is an exceedingly precious promise to me that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord.' So I wait and watch for the good.

"So our dear friend Joseph Theobald is gone! His dear wife was one of the kind friends of our childhood. He was the same. Our dear father loved him much. I do not grieve over his death, nor over Cousin William's, I have a sort of sense that they are nearer to us now than when living on earth so far from us. Didst thou read 'The Awakening?' I think I sent it to thee some time ago. I believe in it, and also in 'Gates Ajar.' . . . Truly 'length of days' is not now a blessing as in the days of Moses, when 'the first commandment with promise was given forth.' . . . Our Manchester (Maine) Meeting was a very good and a very interesting one. C. and her cousin attended, and enjoyed it very much. J.H.D. and S.F.S. had previous engagements which prevented their attendance. From

Manchester we went to North Berwick, and had a good General Meeting there, thence to North Weare, N.H., and had the crowning meeting there. W.W. was Mercurius (Acts xiv., 12) in both the last-named. He is now a powerful Gospel preacher and a great revivalist . . . I was somewhat startled in Manchester Meeting when I saw my dear C. rise and sing a sweet hymn. Immediately afterwards a Friend knelt, asking the Lord's blessing upon the various exercises, alluding especially to the 'sweet singing.' This was done again and again. The ministers would occasionally refer to it. W.W. said 'Amen' frequently, and once immediately followed C. with 'That's what I call true Quaker singing.' He then quoted Barclay upon 'singing, praying, and preaching,' placing them all on the same footing, when done 'with the spirit and understanding.' Some Friends came to her after meeting and spoke very encouragingly to her. One minister pressed through the crowd, saying, 'I want to speak to this sweet little singer in Israel.' Most were kind and approving—one contrariwise said, 'My dear, if thou feels like doing something for thy Saviour, would it not be better to *speak* like thy mother, instead of singing?' C. replied, 'It will be many years before I can speak like my mother.' . . . There is a young minister risen up amongst us, who is a great man, and doing good work for his Lord, Rufus King. He is twenty-nine years of age. When a poor boy of thirteen, he was 'bound out' to a very cruel, hard master in North Carolina, who promised to clothe, feed, and educate

him, but, instead of this, he made him work very hard, and often cruelly beat him. He was driven to his work daily with the negroes, and received short allowance of food like them, three pounds of coarse beef a week, and some Indian meal, and never went to school a day. He endured this for five years, then ran away. Soon after he was pressed into the rebel army, refused to fight, and suffered cruel persecution for a year-and-a-half, then deserted, and after perils and hardships almost incredible, and protracted, he made his way into Indiana, and there first mingled with Friends. There is an innocent simplicity about him, perfectly charming. He rose in a meeting of 1,000, and commenced, 'Friends, I don't know much, and I come from a part of the country where they don't know much, and what little I do know I sometimes find it hard to tell. Five years ago, I did not know how to read or write my name. Five years ago, I did not know that the earth was round, but Friends, before I could read and write my name, and before I knew that the earth was round, I knew that the Lord Jesus Christ had washed away my sins.' This commenced a sermon, which enchained his audience for near an hour. . . . I have been at our dear friend Joseph Grinnell's a week. In a few days I go to Providence, and after a week there to Philadelphia, where my address will be for three weeks at the pleasant home of Elizabeth H. Farnum, 713, Arch Street. After getting through in Philadelphia I hope to attend the New York Yearly Meeting, to be held this year at Rochester. I pick up C. and her baby en route near Albany, and go home with

them. After a few weeks' rest my husband will probably return with me to Rochester, N.Y., for awhile. How terrible the loss of the Atlantic steamer! The hearts of our people have been wonderfully stirred with sympathy for the poor sufferers. The whole trouble, and agony, and anguish in this case, and the terrible loss of life seem to have originated in reckless carelessness. . . . Indignation against the Captain runs high just now."

E.L.C. to C.H.

Rollin, 29-6-73.

"By a young woman living near Philadelphia, who was expecting shortly to visit Darlington, and who said she was acquainted with thee, I sent two books. One for thy dear F., 'The Record of a Happy Life,' a beautiful biography of a youth of eighteen, written by his mother, Hannah Whitall Smith. This volume has been blessed to the conversion of many boys and young men, both in this land and in England. The other book, 'The Sunset Land,' you will read with interest, I think, and dear L. also. My husband likes it very much, so do I.

"7-7-73.—Perhaps you have heard from L.A. of my fall down stairs, eighteen steps! It was well that they were well carpeted, and that no bones were broken in the rapid descent into the hall below. I was much bruised, but I am thankful to say that otherwise I am uninjured, and the bruises are nearly well now. This accident occurred in our kind friends' Robert and Susanna Howland's house at Union Springs. I had a complete rest, chiefly in bed, for near

a week afterwards. This rest did me a great deal of good, my former malady being benefited thereby. The bruises acted as a counter irritant, and have also been beneficial. I hope our dear aunt E.S. has entirely recovered from her fall downstairs. R. is nearly well again. Very singular that we three should all be suffering near the same time from the same cause, in such remote parts of the earth! I hope all the rest of our friends will take warning by us, and 'walk circumspectly!' Farewell, my dear brother and sister. Write soon. My dearest love to you both, and to L. I hope she is taking care of her health, and not overdoing."

Sybil Jones to E.L.C.

"MY VERY DEAR E.L.C., " *Winthrop, 16-9-73.*

"I am just recovering from severe illness; was attacked at the beginning of the General Meeting in this place.

"It has been a wonderful display of the mighty power of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, and hundreds have been turned unto the Lord. I can pen but little—details when we meet. I have been near the crossing, and folded in Jesus' arms, was in perfect peace, which still fills my soul. I am being led back gradually to earthly fields of toil, and *long* to point dying men to Jesus.

"I write at this time to sound forcibly the 'Macedonian cry.' Will thy Lord send thee to us? Ask Him, and *then follow*. Thou can come on half fare, only buy a 'minister's ticket,' and thy expenses will be paid after thy arrival here.

“A General Meeting will be held at the North Parish, near the City of Augusta, beginning the 27th instant, at ten o'clock, being Seventh-day, a.m. Please come directly to Oak Grove Seminary. God speed thee and bring thee to my side, if it may be His blessed will. Dear love in Christ to thy husband.

“Always thine in Christ, my dearest E. Farewell.

“SYBIL JONES.”

E.L.C. to C.H.

“*Clifton Springs, N. Y., 31-10-73.*”

“C. and I are seriously thinking of visiting our native land if our lives are spared until next year. As to the *time* of our visit, we should wish to be guided by your convenience. What season of the year would suit you best to receive us? Have you any choice? C. says she ‘should so like to be in England when the Spring flowers are in bloom.’ Then we both think it would be so nice to be with you in the summer, and escape the excessive heat, the flies and mosquitoes. I turn longingly to the cosy winter evenings, when we can sit and sew or knit around the *open* fire that we can *see*, while S. reads to us. So we leave the choice of time with you as to seasons. To me it seems the American *Autumn* carries the palm, in its abundance of fruit and profusion of rich, varied foliage. The other three seasons I prefer in England. Baby lies sleeping on the bed while I write. When C. was telegraphed to come to me she left her little boy with his father’s parents. She could not suitably leave her C.L., and brought her with her. We get along very well with her, only we have some fears that the great atten-

tion and petting she receives from so many ladies may spoil her. Some of them invite her to ride out with them—she has been out twice to-day driving in the carriages with the ladies. She is a sweet, winsome little maid, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair, and a perfect blonde in complexion, but she begins to manifest a pretty strong will of her own, and to show that she is not *all* angel. . . . I long to introduce her to her cousins at Darlington. I think F. will be delighted with her, and she will be much pleased to have a little boy the age of her brother to play with. How pleasant it will be for dear C. also to be introduced to her cousins, whom she has never seen. M.C. and C. will be very good friends. Now that I have really concluded to go to England if my life be spared and health permit, it seems long to wait until spring or summer. My friend H. W. S. goes on the 15th of this month by the 'Philadelphia,' steamer from that city. Have you seen her husband, R. P. S.? He has been in England for some time for the benefit of his health. He is a higher-life preacher. The physicians order him to stop preaching or he will die of softening of the brain. He replies that he must preach as long as he lives and can do so. I have repeatedly been advised to stop preaching for awhile, for I am wearing myself out. I think of resting in England a few months with my dear relatives, and doing but little preaching comparatively, during that time. H. W. S. takes her children with her I think. Little R. is a lovely little darling. When about three years old, one morning in family worship, they had read the chapter about

turning water into wine. The next day, there was a drunken man making a great noise in the street, near their door. The child looked in astonishment and horror. In answer to her questions, some one told her he was a naughty man who had drunk too much wine. She looked very serious and thoughtful, and in her little prayer before going to bed that night, she said, 'Dear Jesus, don't make any more wine, *please don't*, if the naughty mans does tell Thee to.'

"*3rd 11th mo.* I have just been having a talk with Dr. F., who strongly advises me to sail for England without delay. He says this month is a good one for the voyage. He tells me that if I do not take a change and rest, and that very soon, I shall break quite down, and never rally again. With said voyage and a *year's rest*, he thinks I may live to a good old age, and enjoy good health. I must write to J. at once, and try to arrange to sail with H. W. S., if there is room, and I can find the means. So you may see us much sooner than you expected. I will write again in a few days, D.V. Dearest love to S. and the dear children."

Our dear sister with her daughter and little granddaughter, sailed from Philadelphia, in the "Indiana" on the 27th of November, and landed safely in Liverpool on the 9th of December. They were met by her brother, S. H., and travelled to Darlington same day, where a happy reunion took place.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE—ADDRESS ON
TEMPERANCE.

1874.

AFTER a quiet rest in the North of England, occasionally broken by large meetings in Friends' Meeting-houses and other places of worship to which she was often invited, E.L.C. visited relatives and Friends in the South—and towards the end of April crossed to Ireland to attend Dublin Yearly Meeting, accompanied by her sister. Just a week after leaving England, the latter was summoned home by telegram, on account of the illness and subsequent death of a beloved daughter. There are references to this sad event in the following letters.

E.L.C. to C.H.

“ Dublin, 8-5-1874.

“ I mailed thee a postal card to-day, not being able to do better then, but now, having half-an-hour to spare, I resume the pen. The Yearly Meeting proper closed with its eighth session about 2 p.m. yesterday. They had rather aimed at concluding the previous evening, but adjourned to have a short session to-

morrow morning. I took the opportunity of this short session to pay a visit of one hour to the Men's Meeting. I wish thou hadst been with me; L.G. accompanied me. I had felt some little drawing towards this service for two or three days, but it did not mature in my mind until Fourth-day night. The proposal was received with overwhelming approval by the Women's Meeting, and (I have since been told) by the Men's also, and that it was at the very right time, for just then they were discussing the liquor question, and I blew a blast against the three great sins that have been such curses to Christian lands in this our day, viz., Intemperance, Licentiousness, and War. I spoke thirty-five or forty minutes, and offered a short prayer. Then followed a true, warm-hearted Irish welcome, so much approval with my visit and message as almost overwhelmed me. This occupied fifteen minutes at least. Last evening a meeting was held for young Friends at their own request, and they were the chief speakers. I did not attend this, as the closing session of the Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, held after the close of the Yearly Meeting, and I felt weary. I was expecting to go out to Moyallen with J.M.R., when, at the close of an excellent meeting, J.G.R. announced that he had *not* had the opportunity of consulting me, but that it was the urgent request of some of the earnest *young* Friends that I would meet them in the Committee Room at the close of this sitting, also that I would meet them this evening at seven o'clock for a continuation of the same kind of meeting as we had the other evening, a sort of

fellowship or conference meeting. Also that a very urgent and particular request had been made for an appointed meeting for the public in this house on First-day evening. Then all eyes turned to me for a reply. R.W.D. had previously handed me a pencilled note, querying 'Ought we not to have another meeting this evening'? Though I felt empty, and poor, and weak, I did not feel at liberty to say 'no!' and to close a door that I felt the Lord had opened, and after a brief silent prayer, I gave my assent to said meetings being appointed, if the Friends thought it best, and the other ministers felt like uniting in them. I also felt it right to appoint a meeting for to-morrow at twelve o'clock for mothers and Christian women. So you see I have my hands full. A letter from dear H.W.S. to-day urges me to go to London on Fifth-day next, and appointments are given out for several meetings for her and me jointly in Stoke Newington Friends' Meeting House. Notices are issued in both our names. I have given up Bessbrook and Moyallen for the present. They expect to have a General Meeting in that vicinity soon, and I have promised to attend it (D.V.) if it is not in the Seventh month, which I hope to spend with dear L. . . . Now, my dear sister, do not think that because left till last it is the least thought of, thou and thy trial and thy precious child. I have thought of thee very often, and with much tender sympathy. The report in thy letter we all thought quite as encouraging as we could look for. I trust the doctor's hopes are being realized, and that the worst is past."

E.L.C. to S.H.

“ *Parkfield, Upper Clapton, 14-5-1874.*

“ I arrived here safely after a tolerably comfortable voyage and journey. B.P., her mother, and sister accompanied me on board the boat. M.E. and daughters also came to see me off. With so good an escort, of course we all and our baggage were well looked after, and J.E. placed us and our things safely in J.B.B.’s and S.A.’s son’s hands before he left us. These kind friends were waiting on the platform on our arrival at Euston Square Station. . . . Thy kind letter awaited me here on my arrival. . . . I am glad you have another doctor as well as an experienced nurse. I most sincerely hope and pray that his efforts and skill may be blessed, and that your precious child may be restored to you. . . . I think very much of you in your sorrow, and pray that you may be sustained under it, and blessed in it. . . . R.W.D. was to be at Grange Monthly Meeting to-day (near Belfast, I think). He expected to spend next First-day at Leominster, with J.G.R. and party, en route for London Yearly Meeting. His health has been a little benefited by his quiet rest at Willow Park. . . . He expects to sail for America immediately after the Yearly Meeting. — seems full of anxiety about the coming solemnity, very *fearful* of it not going off just right. He expressed this to me during the few minutes we were together, and spoke of the necessity of dwelling deep and being frequent and earnest in prayer. I have faith to believe that we shall have a good Yearly Meeting, if we pray for the spirit of the Lord and do not quench it, but let it have

free course and abound. I am very thankful that the responsibility rests with the Lord and not with me. . . . A very interesting young man is putting up here, Theophilus Waldemeier, one of whom I have often heard Eli and Sybil Jones speak as a missionary to Syria from Switzerland, or some European country. He adopted Friends' views without any knowledge of our Society. He has made known to some Friends his great desire to attend the Yearly Meeting. Some are fearful of opening their doors, &c., and timid about precedent. My fears run in a different channel. I should *fear* worse results from *one* refusal than from one hundred permissions given."

In consequence of her dear niece's death, E.L.C. gave up her appointments in London and the Yearly Meeting, and joined the bereaved family at Saltburn.

E.L.C. to M.P.

Saltburn-by-the-Sea, 27-5-74.

"We arrived safely here. . . . We have greatly enjoyed W.'s Yearly Meeting letters. We were most especially interested in John Bright's speech about ——'s testimony and the cheering. I am glad they let him know that he was appreciated. ('Tell it not in Gath.') It was all right *also* not to let that sort of thing go too far, and for Henry Pease to remind Friends that they were not in the House of Commons, &c., and to maintain the dignity and solemnity of the Yearly Meeting. I hope the censors of —— will go to heaven, and meet him cordially there. If they were the judges of the human family, I fear that not only the

Church militant, but the Church triumphant would be *very small!*

“I hear from Stafford Allen of a goodly company of Friends gathered in their hospitable home. R. W. Douglas, Louis and Sarah Street, Rebecca Thursfield, Theophilus Waldemeier and others. It makes me long to be with them at times, and yet I would not be absent from my dear sister at this crisis. We are having a pleasant, quiet time here. L. came on Seventh-day and tarried until Third; we three sisters much enjoyed each others' company. The Ayton group joined us yesterday so we are all together now. The weather is delightful. We all went down to the beach this morning about nine o'clock, and stayed three or four hours, the children greatly enjoying working in the sand with spades and little pails, &c., and doing their part towards fulfilling the ancient prophecy, 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low.' Piling up mountains of sand, then levelling them, digging trenches, canals, rivers, &c. Making fortresses and flooding them, then filling up all their valleys, wells, and moats. W. was master-builder and architect, F. and C. junior workers, and C. a go-between, taking care that the rising tide did not come in upon them and overwhelm them, as it ruthlessly destroyed their work. Dear C. and I walked and talked meanwhile, casting a frequent, loving look upon the band of toilers.” . . .

Writing to her sister of the Sabbath School Conference in Darlington, under date 6-8-74, E.L.C. says, “The Conference seems to have given general satisfac-

tion. I did not attend yesterday p.m. at the closing session, nor at the nine a.m. one, feeling that the other three in one day were enough for me, viz., meeting for worship at ten, conference from twelve to two (during which I was summoned to the desk to give an object lesson with magnets), and the evening meeting in Bondgate Chapel.

“In the latter I spoke twelve minutes. H.W.S. offered prayer at the commencement, M.S. near the close. The other speakers were A.P. president, J.S.F., W.W., W.S.L., M.S., E.B., James H.B., and two or three more Friends, followed by two of the pastors of the Darlington churches. Two others were invited to speak, but declined, and gave as their reason a wish to ‘give their time to the American speakers.’ —— made a little mistake (to my mind) in dwelling entirely upon woman’s sphere and woman’s duties in the kitchen, at the wash-tub and ironing board, cooking, mending, staying at home to make the home comfortable for her lord and master. M.L., who sat near me and near the speaker, looked infinitely disgusted. She did not reply to him, but I did. My indignation was aroused, and I could not keep silence. I told the audience that a woman had a mind to cultivate and a soul to be saved as well as a man, and that if they wished the next generation of men to be better than the present, the women must be educated and elevated. . . . There is to be a meeting for ladies only, S.S. teachers mainly, at nine a.m. to-morrow, by the request of J.C., from Birmingham, and two or three other earnest teachers. They wrote a note to me, before giving out the notice,

to ask me to meet with them. I consented, and the notice was read from the President's chair. At 11.30, J.G. and I have a public meeting for such as are remaining and wish to attend ; also, a meeting in the evening for servants, waiters, and cab-drivers, &c., who have waited upon Friends during the Conference. These have received very respectful letters of invitation to a tea party at six p.m., and meeting after."

Extracts from two short addresses of E.L.C.'s, given at the Conference, are subjoined :—

" Looking at Christ as a Teacher, our example and model, I think we find His object lessons exceedingly simple in illustration. In teaching the multitudes and common people, He usually spoke to them by illustration and by incident, such as, ' A sower went forth to sow,' when it might be they could see the sower scattering the seed ; the woman kneeling down, and hiding her leaven in the meal ; the builders erecting the foundation of a house—one having chosen a good foundation, and the other a poor one, and the result of building on a rock or on sand. I think in these object lessons the teachers would have great power over their scholars, especially over the poor and ignorant.

" On one occasion, while I was out on a mission, and visiting the military hospitals, I came upon a General as I walked from one hospital to another. I went within the reach of his voice, and found the General haranguing his troops the evening before an engagement. He gave them the following instructions :—' Fire low ; don't fire over the heads of your enemies.' Sabbath school teachers, fire low !"

At another sitting of the Conference she said, "My husband is a shepherd, and has a large flock to tend; where there is good pasture the sheep never wander away, but if bad, no matter how high or strong the fence, the lambs will escape, and the sheep will either break through or jump over the fences. On the other hand, if the pasture be good, they will all find their way into the enclosure. I think this will apply spiritually. And I am bound to express my conviction that many of your meetings would be far more profitable and useful, but for the way in which the Holy Spirit's influences are often restrained and kept down. I have heard great preaching ability in some of your schools. But, on entering the Friends' meetings, we come into a different atmosphere. Silence is the order of the day, and Friends, I fear, only prove themselves as so many dead weights, instead of living stones. When I have called attention to this circumstance, the reply has mostly been—that it requires a different gift to speak in the meeting-house from the qualification necessary in the school. I don't believe it. Much of the ability which is felt to be an acquisition in school, would not be unsuitable in the Friends' meetings. I find that our English women are too much given to keeping silence; and how few have we heard during this Conference! The women defer too much to the men, and shirk their responsibilities; and the men, it is interesting to observe, are quite willing to let them. Where the men have so much to say and the women so little, I am not astonished that but little is accomplished. Why do not our dear sisters

take their proper places, and use the gifts that God has given them ?”

E.L.C. had been an earnest teetotaller from early life. The following is part of an address she delivered in Devonshire House Friends' Meeting House, during this visit to her native land :—

“I remember when I was a very little girl in England, I used to learn some lines from one of Cowper's poems, which I admired very greatly indeed. They began, ‘Slaves cannot breathe in England,’ and went on to show that the very moment they set foot on English soil, that moment they were free. Now after being away from England twenty years, I return, and one of the first things I hear is, ‘There are 600,000 slaves in England.’ I say that it is a remarkable thing ; but what has become of the truth of Cowper's lines, that we used so very much to like to learn, and that used to make us rejoice so much—that there were no slaves in England, but that all men here were free ? And then I am told that the 600,000 are slaves of drink, to the bondage of custom, of fashion, and of liquor. Another thing I have been told, on very high authority, is that the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland spent in the year 1873, £133,500,000 sterling for intoxicating drinks. I could not have credited it, if I had not had it on good authority, and if it had not been put in black and white before me—so much for the excise, so much for the customs, so much for the malt, and so forth. The revenue to the country being £30,000,000 out of the £133,500,000 that you drink up. In 1834, the British people paid £20,000,000

sterling to free their slaves. In 1873, they paid £30,000,000 to the Government revenue for the liberty to make slaves. When I was talking to a gentleman a few days ago, and saying what a fearful thing it was, and how I wished that every drop of liquor could be sunk into the bottom of the Atlantic, he said, 'The British Government must inevitably collapse in a case like that.' But, oh! what do we get in return for that revenue?—Criminals, paupers and prisoners. It is the same in your country as it is in mine, probably worse. I have visited 115,000 prisoners in the United States during the last eighteen years, and out of that number 105,000 seemed to have been brought there, either directly or indirectly, through liquor. I have visited the inmates of poor-houses to the number of 75,000, and out of that number it is supposed that 65,000 and more, could trace their poverty and distress, and coming to the poor-house, to the same cause. And now a word with regard to this slavery. If my dear friend, Anna R. Whiting, had been here I am sure she could have described to you scenes that she has witnessed in England, and that her sister in Liverpool has witnessed. She could tell you of scenes something like this: A little boy found dying, his mother away, intoxicated in a public-house, and her only child, with none but dogs for his companions, in his dying hour. Oh! what terrible slavery must that be! I have heard A.R.W. tell some of the thrilling scenes that she has witnessed in England, and though I have not seen so much here as she has, yet I can give you a picture of slavery as it was

in America some few years ago ; I would like to introduce you to a young woman, a Quadroon, with her baby, two years old, in her arms. She is about to be put up to the auction-block to be sold. There are crowds of people around who are bidding for the young woman. She takes her child up in her arms and clasps it with an agonising sense that it is about to be separated from her. In a few minutes she is ordered to put down the little girl. She resists. She will not part with her. It is torn from her arms, and set aside by some hard-hearted people who have no love for it, and the little pleading voice of the child is heard above the tumult crying, ‘Mammy, mammy ! take me !’ And then the overseer, with his heavy whip, threatens the child, and uses rough and brutal language to it. Presently, as the child still cries every now and then, ‘Mammy ! mammy ! mammy !’ down comes the heavy whip on the neck, the shoulders, the head, and even the face of the little tender child of two years ; but in spite of all, the mother’s feeling is there—the mother’s strong, loving, tender feeling. *That* slavery did not and could not destroy the mother’s feeling for her child, but the slavery that both your country and mine are groaning under, the slavery of the intoxicating cup, takes away all better feelings, destroys the fatherly instincts and the mother’s love, and all the noble and generous feelings in the hearts of its victims.

“ A dear friend of mine was walking through one of our large towns in the United States, and, as she proceeded, she passed by a group of boys, and heard

one of them make use of profane language. She turned quickly, and laid her hand on the head of a little boy about eight years old, half-starved, bare-footed and ragged, and said, 'Is this the little boy I heard swear?' One of his companions answered jeeringly, 'No, he don't swear; he prays.' And then the mother's heart was drawn out towards the little boy with great sympathy. She found out that the child was all covered with bruises inflicted by his own father's hand, that father being a slave to the intoxicating cup. This slavery had destroyed his manhood and his pity, for his cruelty had been the cause of the death of a good and pious wife, and the little boy said, 'It's so hard to be good, now that mother's dead. Mother died three weeks ago, and now I have no one to pray with me, and to teach me to pray, and to teach me to be good.' Then the question was put by my friend, 'Has thou no father, then?' The little boy said, 'Oh yes, I have a father, but father isn't like mother. Father don't pray. Father drinks and swears and strikes me.' And so the little fellow, having found a sympathetic ear, poured into it the tale of his sorrow. He had not had half enough to eat his appearance showed; the condition of his clothes was wretched, and his body bore the marks of the ill-usage he had received; and yet that little boy could remember the time when his father was a kind man, when he used to come home sober in the evening; but all that was before he began to drink. The child could also tell how his father had been good to mother before he began to drink, but now mother was dead, and it was

‘so hard to be good now!’ And then the little boy acknowledged, in answer to my friend’s questions, that ‘father came home drunk last night and beat me cruelly, and this morning sent me away without my breakfast, and I am so hungry.’ My friend led him to a baker’s shop to give him something to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and when he had made a good meal she said, ‘I want thee to take me to the house where thy father spends his time and money in drinking.’ The little boy looked frightened. ‘I dare not go,’ he said, ‘he will whip me if he knows I told you.’ She promised not to tell, and then prevailed on the child to walk with her to the place. When he had led her to the house he drew back, afraid of being seen by that father who had once been a kind and good man. The little slave baby was not afraid of her mother, she loved her mother, and the mother loved her. This father, the slave to the drink, had lost his love to his child; he had caused by his brutality the death of the best of wives, and the little boy was afraid of his father seeing him. He just designated his father to my friend, who said to the boy: ‘Now I want thee to go home, and kneel down and pray to the Lord Jesus, that he will help me to bring thy father home, and soon we will go to your home together.’ The little boy said, ‘No, he won’t come.’ ‘Oh, yes,’ said this praying woman—the trusting child of the Lord—‘he will surely come, for the Lord Jesus has promised that if two of us should ask Him for anything, He will grant it; do thou go home and ask Him, and I will ask Him also.’ And the little boy went home, and

that servant of the Lord lifted up her heart to her Saviour, asking Him to go with her, and He gave her words to speak to reach the hearts of those who were in the public-house. She went right into it, and saw eight or ten men drinking—it being only eleven o'clock in the morning. She looked steadily at the father of the boy, and said 'Is this the man who has a little hungry, neglected, motherless boy at home'? The man looked at her fiercely, and said—'Who told you about my boy'? She didn't answer that question, but just replied by a very earnest appeal to the whole company, and preached to them of 'righteousness' temperance, and judgment to come.' Some of them trembled, and were filled with fear, and some listened to what she had to say, and many of them, when she had done, went out of that place with her. She then walked along the street with the father of the child, and said 'I want thee to take me to thy home.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'it's not a fit place for you; there has been no woman in it since the day my dead wife was carried away.' She said, 'I will go with thee.' She prevailed upon him, and they went to his home together, and there, kneeling down in one corner, was the little boy with his hands clasped in prayer. My friend took the profane drinking man by the hand, and said to him, 'Thy little boy is kneeling down praying to his Saviour; come, let us kneel down and pray with him.' The father resisted a little while, and said 'I can't remember a prayer—I have never prayed once in my life since I was a child'; but she persuaded him, and presently

he knelt down beside her, and there the three were together, the holy praying woman, with the little boy on one side and the father on the other, lifting up her voice to God in prayer. And it seemed as though the very heavens were opened, and the prayer went right up to the Mercy Seat, and brought instant blessing down, for in a few minutes that rough man was broken down, and every now and then responded to her prayer by a sincere and earnest ‘Amen.’ When she had finished she said, ‘Now I want thee to pray for thyself.’ ‘Oh ! I cannot,’ he said. The tears were flowing, and every now and then a deep sigh escaped him. ‘Oh, tell me,’ he exclaimed, ‘what to say ; I do not know what to say’ ; and then she said to the poor contrite sinner, ‘Say, “God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus’ sake,”’ and he repeated the words after her. The prayer of the poor man rose up to heaven that day, and I doubt not the song was heard that had been heard 1,800 years previously, only it was of a sinner of a different stamp—‘Behold he prayeth,’ and there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented. When he rose from his knees my friend told him that now it was the will of the Lord that this very hour should be the turning point in his life, that he should leave off drinking and gambling, that he should leave off going to the public-houses, and that he should commence praying earnestly, attending the prayer-meeting and the place of worship ; and before she left the city, she heard that he had been six times to the prayer-meeting or place of worship, and that he had asked for the prayers of the congregation in the Methodist meet-

ing ; and we heard later still that he was continuing to hold out steadily, and being a skilful mechanic was earning sixteen shillings a day—a little more perhaps in the middle of summer and a little less in the middle of winter. What a pity that such a one should have been spending his time and money in the alehouse and ginshop ! His little boy was now well fed, clothed, and going to school ; the man had joined the Methodist Church, and was rejoicing in his Saviour, in the sense that his sins were forgiven ; and he was a happy man, looking forward in the hope of meeting the beloved wife, whom he had treated with such great cruelty, in that better land beyond the grave. Which slavery is the worst—that which separates families but still leaves the loving feeling in the heart of the mother and child, or that which brutalises the father, and takes away all the love of his heart and all his interest in his wife and child ? I think we may say, without using strong language, the curse of these two nations, America and Great Britain, is strong drink. The two greatest nations upon the face of the earth, the two in which are to be found the most schools, the most Bibles, the most places of worship, and probably the most worshippers—to think that in these two great nations there should be this terrible and deadly iniquity, and such a vast amount of liquor consumed ; 60,000 in this land, and nearly as many in my own, every year going down to a drunkard's grave—I say to think of all this should stir the heart of every one to help to remove so great a mass of evil. It should raise the question, 'What can we do to help it ?' I am endeavouring to do

what I can by speaking to you this evening. But some may say, 'We cannot do that, and therefore we can do nothing.' We have, every one of us, influence which we might throw in to aid the efforts of those who are labouring for the suppression of intemperance. If there is ever to be a change in this land or in the United States, in the drinking usages of the people, it will have to commence amongst the religious people and amongst those, who, perhaps, may be called the upper classes. It is of no use to invite the poor drunkard to sign the pledge, if others will not sign it with him. Your names are wanted to give sanction and respectability to the pledge, and to help on the great temperance reformation. The American ladies are doing a great deal in the work. In Michigan much effort has been put forth since I left home, and is highly spoken of by some of our ablest writers and thinkers. The ladies have made a movement of this kind in this and other States. They have met and endeavoured, by their prayers and little meetings, to effect a change for the better in the drinking habits of the people. Some of these ladies are of the highest rank and social position, and I can only bid them God-speed, and hope that they will prosper in their work. It may be that this method of work would not do for the English people. There they have adopted eight pledges which have been found very useful. One of them is simply 'We will abstain from the intoxicating draught.' The next is 'We will not offer it to others ;' another, 'We will not have it in our homes ;' the fourth is a declaration which we hand to grocers in the

city, requesting them to sign the pledge, and not sell any intoxicating liquors. If they will sign such a pledge, the ladies on their part will sign a pledge that they will deal with them in preference to those who do sell the intoxicating draught. Thus we may help each other very much. Then there is another pledge that is presented to the physician, and a great number have signed it—that they will not prescribe intoxicating liquor if anything else can be found to answer—and the ladies have signed a pledge that they will prefer such physicians, and such chemists and druggists to any others. There were some Good Templars in Indiana, who were very vigilant and doing a good work amongst the intemperate. A man there was selling liquor against the law, and the Templars prosecuted him, and he was fined for it. When he paid his fine, he went on again, and a second and a third time this was done. The ladies of the place had a prayer meeting, and they thought that something must be done by them. If the men could not prevail by law, they would try and prevail by the Gospel, with love, charity, kindness, gentleness, and the prayer of faith. Four of them used to go every evening and take their seats in that prayer meeting in the place where the liquor was being drunk. They had a little piece of knitting or something that didn't require much thought, and there they sat for hours. They behaved with great courtesy and kindness to the proprietor, and they tried all they could to persuade him to give up his avocation. Whether he would have done so or not is uncertain, but, finding that his craft was in danger and that he

could not sell liquor, he was at length prevailed upon to give it up, and commenced business as a butcher, when they did all they could to support him. I think something can be done in that way by the churches. The question was put to Mr. Moody. He has been a friend of mine for eight years, and in Chicago I have used his pulpit several times. The question put to him was with reference to intemperance, and he said, 'There have been more questions in my question drawer on the subject of intemperance than any other.' He came into a meeting in Dublin with a large bundle of papers, all of them about intoxicating drinks. He was asked whether a converted man, who had given his heart to the Lord, could continue to be a distiller, or engage in the selling of intoxicating liquors, and he said, 'I want it to be understood that I stand upon the teetotal platform fair and square. If any man is in doubt whether he is right in selling that which is poison to others, just let him kneel down by a cask of whisky and see whether he can ask God's blessing on his trade, and if he cannot, why that will be his clear and distinct answer. It is not right and lawful to do anything upon which God's blessing cannot be asked.' Then comes the question—'How are those to get out of the traffic who are engaged in it?' I have heard of some who are very uneasy because they are in the trade, and they do not know how to get out of it. It seems to me that it is a question the church should take up, so that the burden should not be borne simply by the few. Let each separate branch of the church take it up. I will allude to the Friends especially,

because it is the body to which I belong, and because this is their place of worship. Suppose they say, 'We do not approve of our members selling or making intoxicating liquors.' Oh, try to encourage them to give it up, and if some of those members say, 'Well, it is a hard thing for us; it will be sacrificing our whole living and property;' let the church take the burden upon itself, and enable them to enter upon something that will give them a blessing; there would be a great gain to the body if this were done.

"Certainly, it is trying for persons engaged in the liquor traffic to feel that they cannot ask God's blessing upon it, and when the time of death comes, what a fearful time for them! How terrible to look forward into the future world for some one who will say, 'He tempted me to drink!' 'He made the liquor I drank!' Our dear friend, Caroline Talbot, saw a man unloading a cask of whisky, and, in doing so, he hurt his finger. He swore very much at the accident, and C.T. spoke to him. The proprietor of the distillery stepped out as she was about commencing to read to the men a little tract she held in her hand, entitled, 'The Swearer's Prayer.' The employer said, 'These men are in my employ, and I will thank you not to hinder them; their time is precious.' She answered, with a pleasant smile, 'I dare say they are, and that their time is very precious, but I have a tract here, and it will not take long to read, perhaps it will suit thy case as well as theirs.' The gentleman looked on in utter amazement, but remained there until she had finished reading her tract. By that time she had a congregation of some twenty-five

or thirty people. She told them she was to speak in the Methodist church in the evening, and invited them all to be present. The man with the hurt finger said 'I will be there,' his employer said the same, and so said the others. In the evening she saw them coming into the meeting. It was one to unfold the truths of the Gospel, and she felt, as many ministers do, that it was right to preach of 'righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come.' Consequently, amongst other things, she preached against intemperance, and the still greater iniquity of making money out of that which spread desolation and ruin around, and she used this rather remarkable expression, 'I would rather walk through the streets, and beg my bread from door to door, or sit like Lazarus waiting for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, than I would ride through the streets of your city in chariots of gold, drawn by elegant horses purchased with the price of the precious souls of men.' She made a most earnest and thrilling appeal to them, founded on the text, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' The result of her faithful pleading was this—many hearts were stirred there, and the distiller shortly after gave up his business, and spent some thousands of dollars of his ill-gotten gold in helping the inebriate asylums, and caring for the widows, wives, and children of drunkards. There is a very simple text in the Bible that might apply to some one present, 'Go, and do thou likewise.' Through the earnest pleading of

that one feeble Christian woman, this change was brought about; through the earnest pleading of the same individual, the little boy's father of whom I have been speaking, was converted under the blessing of God. I must tell you of an incident in connection with our war. It shows the deadly nature of the two great evils of war and intemperance. (Here E.L.C. related the pathetic story of 'Poor Harry,' already given in a former page of this volume.) She continued—I saw two mothers weeping in excessive grief, and one said to me, 'I could have borne it if he had only been killed while doing duty to his country, but,' she said, 'my boy was butchered,' and so said the other mother. I asked what they meant, and amidst their sobs and tears, they told me that the regiment their sons belonged to had been surrounded on three sides by the enemy, who had been pouring into them a hot fire for nearly an hour, and that all the ammunition of the regiment had been spent. What was the reason of that? Why, the general in command had ordered them into that position, and the General was drunk. This required some investigation before I could make any complaint. I therefore made considerable inquiry, and think it was putting the thing too strongly to say he was drunk; but certainly he had drunk sufficient wine, by his own confession, to have somewhat dimmed his judgment, and that at a time when, humanly speaking, thousands of lives were in his hand. I went to the Secretary of War, and presented this case and two or three others. I stated them as things that ought not to be allowed to go on. Secretary Stanton was

a very kind-hearted man, whose mother had been a member of the Society of Friends. His eyes filled with tears as I spoke about the poor widowed mother in Minnesota, and he said, 'My dear madam, I am very sorry that such things should occur, but they are among the terrible exigencies of war. Such things will sometimes happen in the best regulated armies.' I thought what a terrible thing war must be, and if in the best regulated armies such things will inevitably happen, what must happen in the worst! and my prayer rose up then, and many a time since to this effect :—

“ Oh ! hasten, great Father, the blest consummation,
When nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
When war shall no more be the *Christian's* vocation,
When the spear shall be shivered, and broken the bow.' ”

“ It was a very interesting circumstance to me when in Ireland, on a visit which lasted some four months; to hear one day of an order, which had come down from headquarters, that every one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church should preach a temperance sermon, and should read a manifesto on the same subject. If all the ministers of the gospel would preach of temperance, as well as of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and practise it, and then if all the Christian people in the position of those gathered here this evening, would throw in their influence on the right side, there would be very soon a great difference made in the drinking usages of the country. I have visited many wealthy families in Ireland, where I find they are laying aside wine. I do

not very often advocate the following of fashion, but should a fashion be started by the wealthy families not to introduce wine on their tables, I think it would be a very good one, and one I would recommend you all to follow. Some say that legislation will do so much, but I am rather of John Bright's opinion, that legislation can do nothing until the minds of the people are more changed, because they will not otherwise carry it out. . . . There must be, on the part of Christian people, a fire of love that is willing to renounce personal interests, tastes and pleasures, and, with the blessing of God on our efforts, the drinking usages of the land will be changed. Supposing the mothers of these 60,000 drunkards who exist in this present year had persuaded their children to sign the pledge when they were young, and they had kept it, what a difference there would be in those 60,000 persons. To those who wish to do the temperance cause a service by circulating literature, I cannot do better than recommend 'The Little Captain,' and 'The Fool's Pence.' I have already heard of eight or ten cases in which the former has been very much blessed. In one large city, I heard of some who had given up the traffic in liquor from reading that book. There is a little incident connected with the tract called 'The Fool's Pence,' which I should like to relate. About twelve or fourteen years ago I was in Indiana, when the agent of the Tract Society was there, who had given me a very liberal supply of publications for gratuitous circulation. He said, 'I want thee to read this tract, and to

see whether it is suitable for us to bring out a reprint of it.' As I was travelling in one of the railway cars, I took out the tract and read it, putting my name in pencil in the corner. A man very much the worse for liquor staggered in, and asked a gentleman near me where they sold liquor. Wishing to get rid of him, he said, 'You will get some at the next shop,' and so the man passed on. As he passed me, I pushed this tract—'The Fool's Pence'—into his pocket. A lady saw me and said, 'That is what I call casting pearls before swine. What is the use of giving a tract to a drunken man?' I told her I had put the tract into the man's pocket with a prayer for a blessing. Eight months passed away, and I was travelling again not fifty miles from that line, and missed connection with the train I wished to take. That gave me three or four hours to wait in the town where I was put down. I walked about for a long time, and as I was returning to the station, I saw a man sitting at a cottage door. He had two little boys beside him, and he was reading a tract. I went to the children to give them a picture-tract, and as I drew near, I observed the man was reading the tract entitled 'The Fool's Pence.' It is rather a striking looking tract, with a picture on the face of it. I said to him, 'That is an interesting tract.' 'Yes, very,' he said, and he put it into my hand, and there I saw, in faint pencil marks in the corner, my own name. Then immediately I remembered all about the tract I put into the man's pocket in the car, and I asked 'Where did you get that tract?' He looked a little embarrassed, and I felt at liberty to indulge my

curiosity still further. I said to him, 'I do not ask from idle curiosity, but I have seen that tract before.' He said, 'I have never been an habitual drunkard, but three times have been the worse for liquor, and the last time was when I was out on a journey and came home intoxicated; the next day, when I was feeling miserable, I found that tract in my pocket.' He then went on to say that he was not able to go to work that day, and he read and re-read that tract, and after reading it twice he had gone to a neighbour who had before invited him to sign the pledge, and he signed it. It is a very good idea to keep a pledge book in our houses, so as to be useful to our moderate-drinking neighbours. I think if it is introduced kindly they would not take offence, and, more than that, I think that at a time when their hearts are impressed they would come in and sign it. The man also told me that he was bringing up his two boys to be temperance boys. I then said to him, 'I put that tract into your pocket, and that is my name in the corner.' He dropped his tract and got hold of my hand, giving it a squeeze that I felt for some time after. He then said I must come and see his wife, for he said, 'she has prayed for you every night since I read that tract and signed the pledge.' Without knowing who it was, she had prayed for the person who had put that tract into her husband's pocket. . . . I do not mention any of these things to show you what I have done for the Lord, for I have done but very little, but what He has done for me, and also because I believe that in speaking thus of what I have done,

and seen, and heard, it is more likely to impress you than telling what other people have witnessed and done. I believe every one in this room may do some good in this cause. The first thing to do is, as regards those who have not done it yet, to sign the pledge, and ask the Lord to bless the act, and then endeavour to induce the members of your families to do the same. Some can write a tract that may be a blessing to thousands—such as ‘The Little Captain’ and ‘The Fool’s Pence’ have been. Some may say ‘I can’t write’; no, but you can distribute, I believe everyone can do something. A friend of mine sat at the table of a lady on which the wine cup stood. The lady’s son was there, and my friend imagined that he sipped it as though he liked it very much, and put the question to her if she was not afraid of her boy becoming intemperate—he seemed to like it so much. The mother was quite offended, though my friend had spoken to her in a Christian spirit. She said, ‘My A. become a drunkard? Impossible! He knows how to control himself, and when to stop!’ When my friend wanted to persuade her to let her boy sign the pledge, the mother would not encourage it, but rather laughed at the idea. It was only eighteen months afterwards that that mother was in an agony of grief beside the coffin of her son, who had died in a fit of delirium tremens. He had been of a very genial disposition, and unhappily, those are the people who fall victims most easily to this vice. My friend went to her to try to comfort her; but oh! dear, it is a hard case in which to give comfort. She was at a loss what to say; the mother almost frantic at one moment, and

at another in the most abject grief, amidst floods of tears, said, 'Don't talk to me about comfort when you know that there lies my only son, who has died in delirium tremens. Don't talk to me of comfort when you know that his mother's hand gave him the first glass of wine, and his mother's voice encouraged him to drink when you would have had him abstain.' Then came a fresh burst of grief, 'Don't talk to me of comfort when you know it is written that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God!' and my friend had to leave her in her anguish and sorrow. God forbid that any dear mother here should have to feel that her hand has given the first glass of wine to her child! There are three young men in the State of Maine who left this country as drunkards, and went there that they might be saved from the constant temptation to drink that assailed them here. They have all of them become reclaimed, and all of them converted. One of them is a very able minister of the Gospel; the second speaks frequently in meetings, and with great approval; and the third is an earnest Christian and sober man. What a blessed thing it would be for this land if all the liquor shops were closed here as they are there! I believe there is something stirring the hearts of the people now, and they only want that we should look to God for direction. From a somewhat enlarged experience, having visited 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers, and seen a great amount of human suffering, I can say that I believe there is nothing so great, so elevating, and so conducive to personal happiness, as endeavouring to cheer and to

soothe the afflicted by whom we are surrounded ; and indeed there is great truth in the words of one of our American poets :—

“ Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
 Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above
 The work begun by thee shall onward flow,
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
 The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
 Thy hands unwearied and unsparing sow,
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
 And yield thee fruit divine in Heaven's immortal bowers.”

After the Conference, E.L.C. spent several weeks in Ireland. Writing from Moyallen House, where she was most kindly entertained, on the 22-9-74, she says : “ I have urgent invitations from Anner Mills, Belfast, Lurgan, Lissue, Lisburn, Mountmellick, Carlow, Waterford, Clara, Dublin, Cork or Bessboro', Bessbrook, and several other places, with earnest representations of the ‘ amount of good we might do ’ in these various localities. One thing is evident to me, if I undertake to do half the work in Ireland that the Friends seem to be laying out for me, I shall close my pilgrimage here, and have my body deposited in one of their green cemeteries, in this Emerald Isle. . . .

“ I was much shocked last evening, when seated in an appointed meeting beside John Grubb Richardson. After a few prefatory remarks upon the uncertainty of life, he read a letter from Francis T. King, of Baltimore, announcing the death of my long-loved and valued friend, Robert L. Murray, who was killed by being thrown out of his carriage. Then J.G.R. turned to me

and whispered to me to follow it up by some of my striking incidents on the uncertainty of life. I felt too much overcome by the sad tidings to do so for a while, as I thought of the bereaved wife, one of my dearest friends, and of her young family, and the great loss to New York Yearly Meeting of one of its brightest stars. I think he was, beyond a doubt, the most useful member of New York Yearly Meeting.

“We are about to start for Lurgan ; return here for another meeting this afternoon ; go (D.V.) to M.E.’s on Sixth-day afternoon, and accompany her to Carlow next day. We have not been to Bessbrook yet, but hope for a few days there after Carlow. I expect to be a week in Dublin.”

From Crumlin Terrace, Belfast, 15-10-74, E. L. C. writes :—“My proposed ‘two or three weeks’ are spun out, and when they will end I do not know. I can see no way out of Ireland yet. Meetings with the public every evening this week thus far, and meetings in the large churches in the afternoons with the ladies, keep me fully occupied. The door seems to widen every day. Yesterday two Presbyterian ministers came to request me to use their pulpits, and speak to the *ladies* of their congregations. To-day a similar request comes from a Baptist minister in this city. We have thronged, overflowing meetings every time. It is a great comfort to me to have C. with me, and I daily and almost hourly, while I see and enjoy her, think of thee and thy great loss, and feel more sympathy than words can express for thee in thy loneliness. I am glad you have had dear D. C. T. and

M. R. H., and have been a little cheered by their visit.”

Writing to a sister from Foxrock, Dublin, 9th of 12th Mo., E. L. C. says :—“This time last year—noon—C. and I were anxiously looking toward the small boat approaching our ship, to see whether anyone we knew was there, with a longing, but scarcely a hope, that we might see a familiar face—then the sight of my dear brother waving his hand and hat, then the loving greeting, the landing, the railway journey, the meeting dear L. and M. looking so bright and well at York, our little visit there, the cheerful Christmas at Darlington. How much has one short year produced !

“The joy has been great. The clouds and darkness also great. Perhaps before another year has rolled away, we may be able to see the reason, or the ‘need-be’ for some of these trials. Meantime, let us rest in the words ‘All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord !’ You will have a sad and lonely Christmas, I should like to spend it with you, but I cannot leave Ireland just yet. There seems a very open field for labour, and an eagerness to hear the Gospel. Our meetings are large, some to overflowing. . . . I am longing for home. Can S. get me any shipping intelligence ? When we have decided upon the vessel, and secured our passage, we shall seem nearer home. I have good accounts from them all, except that my ‘own meeting is dwindling,’ and ‘we miss thee very much.’ . . . Moody’s meetings were very much owned and blessed here—sixty young men in the employ of one firm were converted, and they meet every morning at seven o’clock for a prayer meeting, before opening shop.

Nearly all the Dublin Friends attended their meetings, and some came from Waterford, Cork, Clonmel, Wexford, and many other parts of the Island to attend. . . . Dear C.E.T. is daily gaining strength—she expects to attend the General Meeting, to be held at Cork after their Quarterly Meeting next week. I remain here (D.V.) until Seventh-day, when M.E. purposes going with me to Wexford Co. We shall probably continue there a few days or near a week. I do not know at all where I shall spend Christmas, but shall probably be at home in spirit. There will be a family meeting, a large gathering, and I shall long to be there! May you and I, and C., and dear F. and R., and L., and all of us, who feel stripped and lonely during the coming Christmas week, find the Comforter very near at hand, and in Him enjoy sweet rest and peace.”

E.L.C. writes from Plymouth, 20-2-1875:—“We are having good large meetings. There is a wonderful eagerness on the part of the people here to hear the Gospel message. All classes throng to our meetings. Yesterday morning we visited two schools, 800 boys and 400 girls. They were very attentive. A mothers’ meeting in the evening of nearly 400, including some ladies. I did not count them, but give the numbers as they were given to me. . . . At noon to-day we have a meeting with ladies. This evening a social religious meeting (with tea at the ‘British Workman’) with Friends. To-morrow (First-day) the public are invited to Friends’ Meeting in the morning. Soldiers are especially invited to an appointed meeting in the evening. Second-day, a.m., Children’s Meeting; p.m.,

Temperance Meeting. Third-day, go to Torquay. A.R.W.'s love ; she is a most excellent caretaker, and great help to me."

From Torquay, 25-2-75 :—"The weather is so cold and foggy that I can see nothing of the scenery of this beautiful spot. I am afraid to stir out of doors, except to ride in a close carriage to the meetings, which are appointed and must be attended. I wish thou wast here. Thy eloquent and stirring description of this spot when thou spent six months here some years ago made me long to visit it. And now that I am here, the weather, and the still susceptible condition of my bronchial tubes, prevent my seeing and enjoying much of it. From what I do see I can form an idea of its exquisite variety and beauty.

"Falmouth, 26-2-75. I cannot bear to think of delaying my voyage until the 5th Mo. I am homesick, and longing to see my dear husband and family again. I have not told J. of the proposed delay, and am hoping 'something may turn up' to prevent. Our meetings in this south land are crowded, and seem satisfactory. We are just going to the 'Ganges,' a training ship for boys, then to the poor-house, and this evening to a large Temperance Meeting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SECOND VOYAGE TO AMERICA.—HOME LIFE.

1875—1879.

E. L. C., with her daughter and little grand-daughter, started on their return voyage in the "City of Paris," towards the end of April. On the twelfth day at sea, she writes under date 3-5-75 :—
"My dear sisters, uncle and aunt, and dear friends, I meant to have written an interesting letter or a graphic journal, but alas! 'When I would do good evil is present with me.' When I take the pen it does not follow my will. The table shakes, the steamer rocks, my head swims, and I feel that my letter or journal will be a miserable failure. My dear A. R. Whiting will find that she was greatly mistaken in her estimation of my powers as 'a racy letter-writer.' I have had some hope that C. would be able to make up for my deficiency, but she is as bad or worse than I. Sea-sickness has completely unmanned or *unwomanned* us both. I fear that my description of the horrors of sea-sickness will not encourage the dear young people to accept my invitation to visit our land for a wedding trip. Perhaps the Bessemer Saloon may be in use for crossing the Atlantic by that time,

or they may be better sailors than I. Certainly my distress has been such as I would not wish the worst convict in the land to suffer as the penalty for his offence. Query, how would it answer to exchange the prison cell for an ocean voyage? In cases of extreme stubbornness or insubordination it might prove effectual. My poor prisoner at the pumps could never have held out through a voyage like this. I never felt so *meek* in my life, or so utterly unable to resist or oppose. O! those long, weary nights, those days of languor and exhaustion! After changing my cabin, my head was brought into nearer contact with the engine or the machinery, and the thud, thud, thump, thump, of the engine incessantly, so near me, was distressing beyond measure. Hour after hour, day after day, night after night, the same dull, heavy, monotonous sound. As I lay there, all sorts of scenes passed through my brain. The slavers and slave-trade. The horrors of the poor negroes as they crossed the ocean, not with the comforts offered to us, but chained, and lying as close together as they could be placed. The cry seemed to me to ring in my ears for *hours*.

“By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain,
By the misery that we tasted,
Crossing, in your barks, the main.

‘Thud, thud, went the engine, saying, Crossing in your barks the main, in your barks the main, in your barks the main, in your barks the main’; so it seemed to keep on for hours, and I could not get rid of it. Then it would change to

“ ‘It seemed that on ocean afloat,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seemed as I lay.’

And the last line seemed mockingly echoed by the heavy thud of the engine. Meantime we were tossing and pitching in a style that made it difficult to remain in our berths. My phantoms, and visions, and fancies were put to flight by C. rushing into my room in the middle of the night to tell me in alarm that the sea was beating so violently against the window, under which baby was lying, that the water had found an entrance somewhere and the floor was sopping wet. So the night watchman was called. He soon took up the carpet, dried the floor, fixed the leakage, and again we returned to the monotony of the night. To maintain the perpendicular when out of bed, and the horizontal when in bed, were alike impossible. When in our berths, sometimes the head, sometimes the feet, were in the ascendant, more frequently the latter. This steamer, ‘The City of Paris,’ is 418 feet long, 40 broad, 69 deep, 3,000 tons burden. Captain Tibbetts has crossed the Atlantic 347 times, and ‘knows the road well, and understands all the mile-stones,’ he says. He is a pleasant man. We hope to reach New York on Fourth-day, and to post this immediately on landing. Dear little C. L. sits beside me reading with the book wrong way up, the most extraordinary miscellany. I quote from her ‘Mary had a little lamb,’ ‘What made the lamb love Mary so? Why Mary loved the lamb you know.’ Then raising her sweet little baby voice, she sung

‘There were ninety and nine that safely lay,’ &c. Then, ‘Jesus loves me, this I know.’ The book out of which she pretends to be reading is, ‘Across the Ferry,’ by James Macaulay, editor of ‘The Leisure Hour,’ a volume we are reading with great interest, ‘Across the Ferry’ meaning across the Atlantic. Poor child, she has been very ill—I almost feared we should lose her. There seemed nothing she could eat, and the milk did not suit her. She was the first to be ill, the morning after we left Queenstown; and such a quiet, patient, little sufferer. Yesterday, our eleventh day at sea, we were told we were still 700 or 800 miles from New York. The Liverpool Agent told me we should probably arrive on the 1st of May, and it is now the 3rd. It is a wearisome voyage, and has been one of much suffering to us all thus far. ‘Up to the heights, down again to the depths, our souls melted because of trouble. Then we cried unto the Lord in our trouble, and he delivered us out of our distresses. He made the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet. So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.’ A few hours of this quiet we enjoyed yesterday, and went up on deck, and sat under an awning, and one of the stewards brought our little invalid well wrapped up, and carried her about on deck, in the sunshine. It has refreshed her, and done her so much good, and she is smiling again, and her appetite returning. We are so thankful. We are all feeling better, and trust the worst is past, and that our drooping little Lily will revive, and pick up as fast as she lost flesh and strength.

“ We have 999 steerage passengers on board, reckoning the children, of whom there are a great many. Hundreds came on board at Queenstown—such a set! In poverty, wretchedness, and dirt. The Purser tells me that they average more than 1,000 per trip during the summer months by this line.

“ I have suffered more from thirst than on any previous voyage. The tea is poor, coffee poorer, water poorest. I tried lemonade for awhile, but soon tired of it. They offered me wine, brandy, lager beer, porter, Allsopp’s pale ale, Guinness’ porter, and the whole round of what Moody denominates ‘infernal drinks.’ At length, on the ninth day, we tried gingerade, which the steward assured me I could not get drunk on, if I took a gallon. We were satisfied with a sixpenny bottle per day between us; they called it a pint bottle, but I believe an imperial quart would hold three or four of them. How I wished we had not refused dear C.’s kind offer of raspberry vinegar. I wished for some oranges also. Through ‘some unaccountable neglect, the supply ordered and expected were not put on board.’ Dear little Calla longed for one often in vain, when she could take nothing else. As I look upon her now, I think of her as she sat at table at Dr. T.’s at Liverpool, the last dinner we took in England. I had asked a blessing closing with ‘Jesus Christ, our Saviour.’ She looked up at me so brightly, and said, ‘Dan-ma, I fought you were *doing* to say ‘Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,’ alluding to the sweet little hymn that her aunt C. and little cousin F. taught her.

“ ‘Thou who once on mother’s knee
Wert a little one like me,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Let me feel thee very near.’

Little darling, I am so thankful that she is getting better, and to believe that *my* last ocean voyage will be over in a few days. *The last*, the very last, I hope and believe. I must leave sea voyages to younger persons and better sailors.

“ *First-day.* Captain Tibbetts read the Church services in the saloon this morning. We each had a prayer-book. There were forty or fifty steerage passengers present, some of the officers of the ship, and about half of our saloon company. Baby thought she must do her part in the responses, etc. She could not understand what the rest said, and put in a few original touches and irrelevant quotations. As she spoke in a low voice, an occasional sentence reached my ears as under, ‘Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I vonder vot you are. Amen!’ ‘Dere vos a little budder, just five years old, and I’ve dot four nuts ve captain dave me to take to him. Amen!’ ‘Little Jack Horner, he sat in a torner. Amen!’ Then followed something about ‘little tuzin Feddie, and aunt Tarline, and ve bath, and play-room, and rocking-horse, and swing, etc. Amen!’ She brought in the ‘Amen’ whenever she heard others say it.

“ 9 p.m., Thirteenth day on the sea.—Rainy and foggy, but calm. We took the pilot on board this p.m. Captain T. says they often meet with pilot boats 200

miles from New York. They are sometimes out two or three days watching for the ships. They pay them 250 dollars—£50—each trip. He thinks he could do very well without one, but in case of an accident, the underwriters might make a stir.

“C. was reading out of the pretty little testament cousin B. gave her. Baby wanted mamma to give her the tiny, pretty little book, and take the large Bible herself. B. would have been amused at the extraordinary theology the child ‘*read*’ in her sweet baby way out of the said testament. She ‘read’ in a low tone, and seemed too much absorbed by her subjects to notice whether anyone was listening. ‘Jesus’ and ‘heaven,’ ‘papa’ and ‘little buzzer, kittens, mittens, and Christmas pie’ (bringing out of the treasury ‘things new and old’ truly).

A few lines from her youngest sister, dated New York, May 5th, 1875, told of their arrival. She wrote, “A few hasty lines just to let you all know that our darling trio are safe here, all looking well. They had a long, tedious, sea-sick, cold passage, but a *safe* one. A telegram was handed to me between five and six o’clock a.m. saying the ‘City of Paris’ would be ‘in’ at ‘6.15.’ I was about four miles from the wharf, but was soon very wide awake, and at twenty minutes before eight stood on the quay, to which the boat was then slowly approaching, near enough to see our wee dear Calla, who was on deck in one of the officer’s arms, looking so bright and pretty. They are all going on to Canada about six p.m., so, as I have just told dearest E., I have only three or four hours in which to do

eighteen months' talking, I will stop writing till after my return to Philadelphia to-morrow."

E.L.C. to S. and C.H.

"Rollin, 22-7-75.

"The intelligence conveyed by dear L.'s letter of the removal of our dear Aunt was not unlooked for, though it seemed rather sudden at the last. Dear patient sufferer ! it would not be to her too sudden a summons. It must have been a delightful change. My spirit has seemed at times to rise and participate in her joy. 'First and foremost' in that most blessed moment when she saw Jesus, her Saviour and Redeemer, then the meeting and greeting with loved relatives and friends. Our dear mother and father, Uncle D., dear M.C., would doubtless be among the first to meet and welcome her, and to enquire what news she had brought of her dear parents and loved ones. Aunt would tell that her dear mother was with her but a few days ago, and how she looked, and what she said, and how she was bearing up under her trial and bereavement, and whether she is preparing to join and live with her in her new and delightful home. Although I doubt not that your dear M. has often seen you, yet such I imagine would be a part of their converse, and the loving daughter would delight to talk with one who had so recently seen her dear mother. Did C. send any message to M. by Aunt ? How they will enjoy visiting each other now, walking in the woods, admiring the flowers and gardens, sitting down in those bowers of beauty, watching the birds of Paradise, listening to the

rippling cascades or the cataracts, in comparison with which Niagara would sink into insignificance, enjoying together the summer fruits, the grapes more luscious and finer than the grapes of Eshcol. How these re-united portions of families will have family gatherings, and converse together over the love and the mercy that have led and gathered them safely home. The trials they have passed through will now seem to them indeed as comparatively 'light affliction and but for a moment,' in comparison with the 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"We expect to start early to-morrow morning with a horse and buggy for a small meeting 210 miles west."

"7-8-75. Though I do not find time to write as often as I wish to, my mind is often with you, and memory busy recalling the pleasant hours we have spent together in the past, and imagination picturing the future. I find myself constantly querying, how is it with you in the *present*? I hope you are sustained in *peace*, even though you may feel at times that the joy and brightness have fled from your home. I have often in seasons of sorrow taken comfort from the remembrance that it was in a season of heavy affliction, and not in the time of prosperity that our loving, compassionate Saviour left the sweetest legacy of 'Peace' to his sorrowing little band of followers. May peace be your portion, and consolation from the Lord, until the rapidly revolving wheel of time brings you to the joyful and triumphant reunion, which shall never again know a painful parting. Grace, mercy, and peace

be with you ! Very mysterious and unaccountable to us are some of the dealings of our Heavenly Father. ——'s sudden bereavement, the large family of motherless children. ——'s great suffering and helplessness, his dear wife's sorrow. Your dear M.'s removal. ——'s being cut off in the very midst of his days, taken from a career of usefulness, leaving a feeble mourning widow and a large family. These things seem to us inscrutable, and truly 'past finding out.' Yet, as we look back upon the past, we find it has been so in past ages, and the Lord has *permitted*, if he has not ordered these things ; and he has brought blessings out of heart-breaking griefs to his own trusting children. Jacob mourning over his son, Joseph's hard lot and undeserved imprisonment. Daniel being carried away from the home of his childhood, from his beloved fatherland, and the persecution, even to the lion's den. These and many more records of the past show clearly that the Lord can and will bring good out of evil, to those who suffer, trusting in Him, and to give us confidence for the future in the precious promise, 'All things shall work together for good to those that love the Lord.'

"I hope thou art taking some rest and recreation this delightful weather. The intense heat has passed away, and now it is genial and pleasant, the thermometer ranging from sixty-eight to seventy-five degrees in this room, where J. and I spend a good deal of our time when at home. The room has four windows, which we keep open day and night in fine weather. The prospect is pleasant. Our '*door yard*' (I wish

thou could suggest another name) looks beautiful just now. The trees, every one planted by my dear husband's own hand, all looking well. Towards the north we see Norway spruce, lilachs, mountain ash, and in the distance, along the front line by the road, six tall poplars. The birds of many-coloured plumage, *bright* yellow, green, red, blue, &c., add to the liveliness and variety of beauty. Looking towards the east, we have the early morning sun, fine evergreens, and beyond, the orchard and gardens for small fruits; on the west, Scotch pines, interspersed with sumachs, and in the background some handsome maples. Three weeping willows at the gates look graceful and pretty. We enjoy this room very much. . . . I wish you could come and see us, and thus be able to *picture* us in our own home and surroundings. We are destitute of mountain scenery, or sea, or lake views, and have a level and very fertile country. . . . Ohio Yearly Meeting commences 26th 8th Mo., and will probably hold seven or eight days. It will take us two days to get there, being held in Jefferson Co., S.E. of the State, eight miles from the Virginia Line. J. and I go together, which will be very pleasant. We have been out on a trip of twelve or thirteen days together recently. . . . Since writing the above I have had a visit from a gentleman and lady, with a pressing invitation to go and hold Temperance Meetings in Adrian, Hillsdale, and two other towns in this State, and have received two letters also with invitations to two Camp Meetings in Martha's Vineyard and Maine, with the offer of free passes over the railway; one of

the localities is 1,000 miles distant, the other 1,200. I decline both. There are ten Temperance Camp Meetings being held this season, ranging from ten days to two or three weeks each. Several similar gatherings for Holiness. The pressure is very great upon me, but I think of——and take warning, and hope not to get overdone. My health still keeps good.”

The following extract from a letter, dated Rollin, 30-8 to 8th of 9, 1875, tells a little of her busy life, at home and abroad. “I have been preparing a certificate from our Select Yearly Meeting to London and Dublin, for Eli and Abarilla Cowgill, who feel drawn to visit the small meetings in England and Ireland, more especially. J.B. and E.T. were on the committee with me to prepare said certificate. They had their credentials from their Quarterly and Monthly Meetings, including the Continent of Europe as usual, but withdrew the latter part at my suggestion, and with the cordial unity of the Select Meeting. I had not met with them previously, though a member of the same Yearly Meeting. I think they may be very acceptable in some of your small meetings, and in labouring in some of your missions. . . . 7-9-75. My letter progresses slowly, I cannot tell thee how difficult it is to me to sit down quietly and write a letter. I have so many interruptions. It is quite amusing how people take me to be a person of leisure, and so come and lay their burdens upon me, and make prolonged calls, and ask for my help in various ways. ‘I wanted some one to write a letter for me,’ said one neighbour, ‘and I thought I would come

to you, because you can write so easy, and so much better than I can, and I knew you didn't have any baking, or cooking, or washing to do.' 'My wife is a person of leisure,' said my good husband to another. 'She has no household cares, and she likes to make herself useful.' Letters come pouring in about Temperance, Mission Work, Sabbath School Conventions, Centennial arrangements, &c., many that I cannot pretend to answer. During the Yearly Meeting they put me upon appointments to organize Mission Boards and start Temperance Societies, to write epistles, to visit small meetings, to go as a delegate to the biennial Sabbath School Convention of Friends to be held in Philadelphia in 11th month next, and above all, and worse than all, they have appointed me 'Solicitor,' to beg funds for rebuilding the Yearly Meeting School, which has been burned down. . . . I am also on an appointment to go a journey of 300 miles to meet a Committee to revise our discipline. Add to all these the home calls, to visit the sick and suffering, to soothe the irritated and cross, to comfort the afflicted, to attend all our meetings for worship and discipline, extra meetings for prayer and fellowship, General and Social-religious meetings."

E.L.C. to L.R. and C.H.

Indianapolis, 26-11-1875.

Indiana Reformatory Institution for Women and Girls.

"Thus far on my way to St. Louis, Missouri. R.M.C. my companion. We shall have a long wear-

some journey, but I trust, with the Lord's presence and his blessing, we shall find our strength equal to our day. We expect to be in that desperately wicked city two weeks. We propose to hold two meetings daily, one of which will be in the churches of the city each evening, the other with the various workers in the Mission and Temperance work, or public prisons and institutions. In addition to this, we hope to gather together into a compact body, the scattered Friends in and around the city, and to organize them into a good Friends' meeting. . . . I am here now at the celebrated Women's Prison for this State of Indiana, the best institution of the kind in the land, and under the care of our dear friend, Sarah J. Smith, formerly of Sheffield, a valued minister of our Society. It was considered quite an experiment to place a woman at the head of such an establishment, but S.J.S. has been here two years, and it has proved a complete success. The voice of love and gentleness, of sympathy and womanly kindness has proved far more effectual in controlling, winning, and reforming women and girls than all the harshness, strength, and power of the sterner sex. Indiana is proud of her women's prison and girls' reformatory, both under one roof and one manager, 206 inmates in all. . . . We have had an exceedingly interesting Convention in Cincinnati. The Committee of Arrangement met on the 17th instant. The Convention proper had three sessions, besides a prayer meeting of one hour each day, and a children's meeting. Seventeen ladies preached in pulpits in the city on First-day, some of us three or four

times—so that this city of 300,000 has been pretty thoroughly moved during the past week. One evening was given up for *young* ladies to speak to young ladies, who were to invite their young gentlemen acquaintance and friends to come with them. A thousand or more of these had the front seats, about a thousand older behind them. The platform was occupied by young ladies only, who, with the greatest *propriety* and grace, addressed the audience. There was enough of girlish diffidence to add to the charms of youth and beauty, wit and genius. I had no idea of the amount of talent, culture, intellectual power, and deep religious feeling employed in this crusade until now. I felt myself as a *grasshopper* in their midst. The most wonderful feature in the Convention was the religious element. We can call it nothing less than the *Holy Spirit's power*. M. C. J., a dear Christian woman, heretofore averse to woman's appearance in public, is one of the leaders, and one of the ablest speakers. She is at the head of the work in Brooklyn, New York, where the ladies have visited 2,000 or 3,000 of the saloons, and 1,000 of them have been closed through their efforts in one year. She works in a very lady-like way, a way that would suit the English workers, not as the Crusade in the Western States commenced. . . . I am appointed on a committee to visit the large representative religious and medical bodies in our land, and present the claims of Temperance to them.

“We have appointed a Lecture Bureau, whose business it will be to arrange for lectures to be

delivered by suitable and able persons at moderate charges, and the whole is systematized and well arranged for working all over the land. I am on a committee for securing one day in connection with the coming Centennial for an International Temperance Convention, to which I here officially invite my dear friend, A. R. W., to come and take part; please inform her of the same, and that she must not fail to appear.

“ One lady spoke thus at the Convention, ‘ I have spent twenty-five years of my life rocking the cradle, and caring for the babies, &c., so you must not expect much from me as a public speaker.’ Then she went on to tell us that she had nine sons and two daughters, that she sometimes learned much from them, and from a little two-and-a-half year old baby boy she had learned a sweet lesson. He had been playing for hours in the sand with another little one, and when she had brought him in, and taken off the little shoes, and shaken out the sand, and taken off the little socks, and done the same with them, and given him his bath, and put on his clean white night-dress, she heard him repeat his little prayer, ‘ Now I lay me down to sleep.’ Then she sung to him, ‘ I want to be an angel,’ talked awhile about the angels and the beautiful home in heaven, and asked if he would not like to go up to heaven and be a beautiful angel there. ‘ No,’ he said, ‘ he wants to be a booful angel down here in de sand and dirt.’ The mother pondered the baby’s words, and felt that she must be as an angel in the dirt, in the rough and dark places, and work for Him among those whom He died to save.

“ There were about twenty or twenty-five *very*

able speakers at this Convention, all ladies, and perhaps fifteen or twenty more a grade lower. One lovely, brilliant woman, Mrs. F., an attorney-at-law, from Iowa, an earnest Christian also, pleads the cause of the poor and suffering.

“Two able ladies, licensed preachers of the M. E. Church, and some Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and Baptists, &c.”

Writing to one of her sisters from Rollin, 19-7-76, E. L. C. gives some idea of the domestic difficulties sometimes experienced in the homes of the far West at that time.

“I do not wonder that thou wast surprised at Lina’s coming here, seeing thou hast not been with us during the past few weeks, and dost not know the time we have had in getting a ‘help,’ or trying to get one. R. had the measles two months ago, and C. sent her home to be nursed; L. had them at the same time, and C. could not nurse them both, and could not get help. Servants are very scarce here. I was in *Adrian lame* at the time. . . . To give thee an idea of how they were perplexed, I will describe some of John Harkness’s efforts, and the result thereof. He left his corn-planting, and rode three miles to get girl No. 1. She ‘was not strong, and feared the work would be too hard for her.’ He returned home, and set out for No. 2, in an opposite direction. Being *very much urged*, No. 2 consented as a great favour, to oblige him for two or three days. At the end of the three days he had to take No. 2 home again, and go in quest of No. 3, who never hired out except ‘just once

in awhile to earn money to buy herself a new dress or pair of shoes,' and upon great urging consented to come for a week. Then she must be taken home. No. 4 came for two weeks, and could not possibly stay longer. No. 5 came for one week. Her mother was sick, and she had to go and take care of her. A ride of eight miles in a very busy time (on the farm) to fetch her, and another to take her home. Finally, we heard of D. H., a girl of some pretensions, whom we were given to understand it would be a great favour if we could get. After some enquiry, hearing from her mother that she would be glad to come and stay some months, J. went at the time appointed, eight miles for her, over desperate roads—in vain; she was not ready, but if he would come again in a few days, she would return with him. Back again over the eight miles of bad road he came, and returned bringing D. H. and her trunk. Almost the first thing she said after entering the house was, 'I shall have to get J. to take me home again on Saturday afternoon, as we expect company Sunday.' Poor J., he could not help himself, he must have this sixteen miles' travel again after she had given us four days of her valuable services! He took her home; on her return on First-day evening, she informed C. that she must go home next Saturday and stay a week. This girl, No. 6, went home for the week, charged two-and-a-half dollars per week for her services, spoiled two batches of bread, and proved herself very incompetent in many ways. . . . And thus it came about that we asked Lina to 'come over and help us,' which she did."

E. L. C. to C. H.

New York, 9-6-78.

“I have thought many times during the past week of thee and S., and wished you had been able to take a peep at us. S. would have enjoyed more than a peep!

“The New York Yearly Meeting gathered in unusually large numbers, and the new Meeting-house at Glens Falls would not at all accommodate the devotional meetings, so there was a tent borrowed or hired of the Methodists at Round Lake. It was a beautiful sight to see the tent filled with 2,000 worshippers, and to hear their voices singing ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name!’ &c. The first meeting in the morning usually commenced at 8 or 8.30. Frequently we were in the Meeting-house or tent nine or ten hours a day. This would have been too much for thee, but S. would have enjoyed it, I think. Among the earnest, eloquent, and able speakers were J. H. D., D. B. U., A. K., E. B. and wife. Seventeen ministers with minutes, and twenty-seven belonging to their own Yearly Meeting.

“18-6. I find Yearly Meetings and letter-writing do not blend well—four meetings daily, and the effort to do the amiable out of meeting in the houses of our kind entertainers, is as much as I am equal to. We are now at Newport, Rhode Island. This Yearly Meeting lies between Philadelphia and New York in the scale of progress. In New York the Select Meetings were thrown open to companions of ministers, to overseers, and all ‘concerned Friends.’ Not so here.

To-day we had a discussion two hours long on singing, introduced by a very conservative Friend, who wished that this Yearly Meeting should legislate that there be no singing allowed in West-town School. They could not carry their point. A. K. S. has so successfully 'run the school' for several years; it is full, prosperous, and self-sustaining under his administration, and the desire of the masses was, manifestly, that he should not be interfered with. The conservatives had to give up the point, with as good a grace as they could.

"The day after New York Yearly Meeting closed at Glens Falls, S.S. and H.T. kindly took my companion and self out in a carriage to Lake George, ten miles. The weather was delightful, the scenery grand, the lake, surrounded by mountains, enchanting—'like Windermere,' they said. While driving, we had our Bibles in the carriage, and a delightful Bible lesson on 'Restoration' or final restitution. I had a list of nearly 100 texts, a complete chain on the subject. As we studied and read we talked of Canon Farrar. Are his views making much stir on your side the water? I think F. would enjoy his 'Eternal Hope.' Has he read it yet? I think it will suit thee also. Do read it, and let me know how you like it."

E.L.C. to C.H.

Rollin, 1-4-1879.

"I am seated at the desk at which F. has often sat, in R.H.'s house, to write to thee. Isaac H. came for me to attend the funeral of L.'s father. He died in his ninety-sixth year. He made a very peaceful

close. His last words were 'It's all right.' But he was not a believer in the Christian faith. 'A sceptic' they called him, 'an infidel,' and sometimes he would not hesitate, in a moment of excitement, to use a 'gentlemanly' oath. Bright and clear in his faculties to the last, and sight and hearing good. The father of eleven children, ten of whom are still living, lawyers, doctors, &c. They speak very highly of their deceased father. I felt in a difficulty how to act. He had for many years had a prejudice against the Methodists, and a long-standing objection to them.

"His request and that of his family was that I would come and preach his funeral sermon. After some prayerful thought, I chose three texts instead of one. First, 'God is love'; second, 'He is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe'; and third, the dying words of the departed, 'It is all right.' While upholding the Christian standard, and the doctrine of the Atonement, as my own faith and creed, I dwelt upon the love of God, the great comfort I take in my Bible and my faith, and how earnestly I could commend the same to all present who do not yet enjoy them.

"I then addressed myself particularly to the high professors present, on the duty of Christian charity and toleration, &c., &c."

CHAPTER XIX.

WORK AMONG THE FREEDMEN IN KANSAS.

1879—1880.

AS the country slowly settled down after the war, it became evident that the fact of even so desirable a result as the abolition of slavery, following from such a cause, was not immediately the great boon which the ardent Abolitionists of the North had ventured to anticipate. Even with all the efforts which the North so generously put forth to soothe the wounded feelings of the conquered South, while they firmly endeavoured to check any tendency to treat with harshness the now liberated slaves, it seemed impossible to control altogether the feelings of the former masters. A sentiment of distrust and apprehension spread among the coloured population in the South, which led to a very extensive emigration towards the North ; and the then new State of Kansas was regarded as the land of promise to which the alarmed Freedmen directed their steps. They arrived in that State in such numbers, and in so destitute a condition, that the somewhat sparse population then resident there were

utterly unable to cope with the situation. Elizabeth Comstock felt impelled at once to proceed to Kansas, and to put forth her earnest efforts to meet the emergency. She found Governor St. John ready to cooperate in the work, and to give all the assistance which his position enabled him to afford. Appeals for aid in money and clothing were widely distributed, and help came from all parts of the Northern States, and also from England, owners of vessels offering to convey the gifts free, and the American government exempting the goods from duty, while the railway companies conveyed them without cost to the new homes of the freedmen. The labour involved was continuous and arduous, and though much discomfort, and even distress, could not be avoided, the coloured people gradually settled down, either finding employment, or supporting themselves on the lands allotted to them. E.L.C. found much satisfaction in being enabled to assist in this good work, and only returned to her home when the difficulties of the position were mostly overcome.

Writing from Topeka, 31-10-79, E.L.C. says, "C. rides out every day, and walks as much as her strength is equal to, going round to see the poor refugees, enquiring into their wants, and seeking to alleviate them as much as she possibly can. It is pitiful to see them going about the streets, shivering and in rags, and it is delightful to be able to see, in many cases, the rags laid off, and warm, clean clothes put on. Through the liberality of our friends in different parts of the land, we have received large supplies of secondhand clothes

and bedding, (some of these are very old, but clean and well mended), old bed quilts re-covered, &c. More than a thousand warm bed covers have been sent, and 4,000 or 5,000 articles of clothing, including those for babies, which are in great demand. A company of a little over 200 emigrants from Missouri have thirty-seven Kansas babies, and their mothers are so proud that they are 'natives of this good State.' I am concerned to see by our papers that so many English farmers are emigrating to Texas. . . . They will be almost beyond the reach of civilization, and the climate will be too hot for them. I think they would do much better in Kansas. The one great trouble that American farmers have to contend with is the high price they and their wives have to pay for wages to farm labourers and domestics. This evil will be remedied in this State by the coloured emigrants. The labourers will be well paid, and well satisfied here with half what they want in Michigan, and the coloured people make the very best of household servants. . . ."

Under date 4-1-1880, E.L.C. writes again from Kansas. "Thy welcome New Year's greeting came duly to hand with the very pretty cards. . . Canst thou get me a few more of the black hand grasping the white one. If not too costly, I should like to have fifty of them. Some of our coloured friends will greatly value one, if I can give them one, and our noble Governor (St. John) admired it so much, I should like to give him one.

" 'And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign !' Oh, those tyrants, the cruelties they are

practising upon these poor people still, it makes one's blood run cold to hear of. Poor, gentle, timid, meek, inoffensive sufferers! It is pitiful, mean, contemptible, of their oppressors, who are great cowards. Our indignation is aroused, and our warmest sympathy awakened daily. Many thanks to S. for his care about the crates of crockery. I had hoped before this to be able to acknowledge their safe arrival, but they have not reached Topeka yet. Some of our packages have been delayed by snow drifts. Freight trains are switched off, and left on side tracks, for express and passenger trains to pass, as we have no double tracks west of New York State. I think I wrote S. that W.D.M., the New York agent of Bristol S.S. Line, has passed them through the Custom House with paying a mere nominal duty, and secured free transportation to this city, and we hope very soon to receive them without any charges, and a wonderful boon they will be! Hundreds of the refugees are utterly destitute of plates, bowls, cups and saucers, pitchers, &c. In case of sending us any more, it may be well to omit tea-pots, sugar basins, and the handles of cups. These poor refugees have neither sugar nor tea. With these exceptions, we shall probably be thankful to have the crockery crates duplicated. We can tell better when we have unpacked them, and seen the condition they are in. . . . There is great suffering among the refugees now. Feet and fingers frozen. Cramped and distorted limbs with rheumatism, coughs, colds, pneumonia and dysentery, and we greatly fear famine fever will follow. They come faster than we can

shelter them. Half starved, half clad, full of fear and distress, they come and ask for help and protection."

J. G. WHITTIER to E. L. C.

"Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass., 8-11-79.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I had just finished reading thy communication in *The Friends' Review*, when thy letter was handed me. I feel deeply for the fugitives from the oppression of the South, and have already given as large a sum as I could well afford, to aid them. Our contributions here were mostly sent to the committee at St. Louis. Our lamented Wm. L. Garrison, before his death, solicited subscriptions, and I think \$1,000 was raised, but where it was sent I am not aware.

"It is to be hoped that the emigration will not continue through the cold weather. If it does, the suffering must be terrible.

"Governor St. John has done nobly, and deserves the thanks of every lover of justice and friend of humanity. I am too weak in health to do much, but what I can, I will do. I am glad that thee have been led among this poor persecuted people. May the Lord's strength and wisdom be with thee, is the prayer of thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

C.O.H. to C.H.

Topeka, Kansas, 19-2-1880.

"Forgive me for so long neglecting to write to you. There has been so much to do that had to be done, or someone must suffer, that I have felt as though my small talents should be made the most of in allevi-

ating the suffering of the poor refugees as far as I was able.

“We are not quite so crowded now, as we have been sending off and finding homes for about 180 a day for a fortnight, and now they are not uncomfortably packed in at the barracks as they have been nearly all winter. We have a hospital built now, and divided into two rooms, one for the men, the other for the women; we have good nurses, and all that are willing to go into the hospital when they are ill get good care and attention, a clean and comfortable place with a cot for each. There are some who have a prejudice, and think if they are taken to the hospital they will be sure to die, but most of them go willingly. One woman died after much suffering, leaving a *very tiny* baby two weeks old, she had the measles and afterwards pneumonia. The poor little babe being left without any father or mother, I found a nice coloured woman who had no children and was anxious to adopt a little one, so I made necessary arrangements, provided it with clothes, and she is very fond of it, and will feel towards it as though it was her own—it will not lack love or care, poor little thing, I never saw such a tiny baby—it is named ‘Caroline De Greene Swanson’ by Mrs. Swanson its adopted mother. One poor man has recently died, also his daughter and grandchild. Their story is very sad, the poor man was worn out with nursing, and anxiety, and disappointment, because his money was all gone and he could not get a home as he had hoped, and his family were all ill. His widow is still ailing—I hope she will not

follow. There is a little girl at the barracks named 'Susan Nebuchadnezzar Love.' There was a boy not long since called 'Bayliss August Sixteenth Peg,' another 'John Richard Atwell Louisville,' several of the black baby girls have been named 'Elizabeth Comstock' (or Cornstalk), and a great many baby boys have been honoured with the name of 'Abraham Lincoln.'"

E.L.C. to C.H.

Topeka, Kansas, 9-2-1880.

"My warmest sympathy is drawn out towards these poor, down-trodden, long-oppressed, and long-suffering people. Day after day we hear their sad, pitiful stories of their wrongs and sufferings. We wrote thee a few weeks ago of a very touching letter written by a company of refugees, sixty-six families, who had fled away from Southern Texas, and when they had travelled hundreds of long weary miles, and arrived within 200 of this city, their supplies all gone, weather intensely cold, they wrote to Governor St. John, entreating him to help them. The letter was enough to move every reader to tears. He could not help them. I could not rest night or day for thinking of them, and said to the Governor, 'I feel as though I must go to them and help them.' 'It would be as much as your life is worth,' was his reply. I entreated him to send them help, or to try to devise some means to aid them. He said he had no funds for the purpose, and that it would take thousands of dollars, for he had had another letter from another company, of ninety-seven families, 300 or 400 miles away, and that if we could keep all that came *here* from starving and

freezing, we should do well. The poor, emaciated, ragged, barefoot remnant of that company has reached our Southern boundary in a most distressed condition, hungry, shivering, many with hands and feet frozen; with sad hearts and weeping eyes, they tell of their sufferings on the roads, and of five of their company who were left in the wilderness, frozen to death! And yet they do not repent leaving the South. Nothing would induce them to go back. I send you a clipping from a 'Boston Transcript.' You will see there an extract from a private letter of C.'s, about a poor man she was much interested in, in 'Utesy,' who had spent his all in coming from the South, and bringing a number of his friends and neighbours with him. Exposure by the way, trouble and sorrow, produced sickness, which was augmented by the want of fresh air and comfort in our crowded barrack, and he died there a few days ago. His poor wife and daughter, forlorn, ill, penniless, and among strangers, are greatly to be pitied. They have known better days, and were pretty well off for *coloured people* in the South. Yet they do not wish to return. They are glad that they are in a free State, where the laws are the same for white and coloured, and where they will be treated as human beings, and be free to speak and act. Three women are here, whose husbands are in Southern Penitentiaries, for what, think you? Because they voted the Republican ticket, they were turned off by their employers, and then before they could get employment were arrested as vagrants. They all three lived near together, and entreated their wives to bring the children and flee for their lives, and

when they reached Kansas to get Governor St. John to help *them* out of prison ! ”

The following letter from Susan T. Perry to E.L.C.'s sister, tells something of her work at this time :

Topeka, Kansas, April 16th, 1880.

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ Your dear sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, wished this morning that she could find time to write to you, and tell you some of the many interesting facts connected with her work among the coloured refugees. But there are so many demands upon her hands and heart, that she cannot possibly get a leisure moment to devote to those so dearly loved by her, and so often in her thoughts. Could you be here one day, and see the many duties that are constantly calling for her immediate presence and counsel, you would not wonder that she does not find time to write her dearest friends.

“ Indeed, we all feel that the Lord has given her a double portion of His Spirit and grace, and endowed her with almost superhuman physical strength ; she accomplishing much more than ten ordinary persons could. Mrs. Comstock went a few weeks ago, at the request of the Governor of this State, to Illinois, and held a meeting in Farwell Hall, in the city of Chicago, to try to induce the people of that State to open the way for large numbers of these coloured emigrants that are literally filling Kansas to overflowing. The result of her meeting there was very satisfactory, as the people in that State resolved to take 50,000 of the coloured emigrants, and assist them in getting places of employment. After her return from Illinois, she went to

Nebraska, at the request of the Governor, and has succeeded in turning some of the tide of emigration into that State. It is now contemplated making another headquarters for relief at a point in Nebraska, called White Cloud, which lies near the line of three States, Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. It is impossible to find homes and employment for the large coloured population that are coming.

“ Although the objective point in all the minds of the coloured race is Kansas, yet, by persuasion and offers of steady work, many are induced to believe that there are other States as good to live in as Kansas. Thousands of coloured refugees have found places of employment in different localities, through the efficient workers in our Relief Office. It is besieged all day long with dusky faces imploring for relief in some form. Some of their tales are pitiful in the extreme. They all tell the same story of cruelty, wrong, and oppression at the South. There are no laws there to protect the black man, no equal rights for him. His labour is poorly compensated, and many cannot get their wages at all.

“ All the coloured refugees who come here are anxious to earn money enough to send back after their friends. I will quote you from a letter a poor man brought to us to read, he cannot read himself. It is from his wife, ‘ I am well in health, but not in mind to think that I cannot see you—there is no chance for me to come to you unless you send me the money—please send me word whether you can borrow any money, or hire me out to someone to work, and I can pay it

when I come—times is hard here, no money to be had an' nine children to feed. If you don't send me no money, I will have to hire myself to some farmer, it seems as if you might hire me and Andrew out to somebody up there, and get the money. The fare is forty-one dollars for each person. Tell me whether you are trying to pray—there isn't an hour past but what I pray for you—times is serious with us. I don't know what minit I may be taken away, and what will the poor little things do without me? Pray, my dear husband, pray, for the Lord is so good to us, for though we are so many miles away, He can permit us to meet again. Kiss this letter for me. I kisses your letter. With much love, good-bye! Your devoted wife.'

“Another letter came to Mrs. Comstock yesterday from a coloured preacher who is very anxious to get his wife here. He says:—

‘Dear Sister in Christ,

‘The object of this letter is one of great importance to me. I was obliged to leave Texas clandestinely last Spring to save my life, leaving my poor wife and daughter behind. Since that time I have tried in vain to get money enough to send to them, to bring them here. I am a minister of the Gospel, and was assigned to do mission work here among the poor freedmen. I cannot do my full duty here, while my heart is so burdened, knowing that my poor wife is suffering. I beg of you to assist me in getting her away from that rebel stronghold. She has been very ill—I must care for her. Shall I return to

the rebels' land to die with my wife ? or will you help me to bring her to the land of liberty ? My wife is a useful mother in the Sabbath School. Unless I can succeed in bringing my family away, I must return to them and share their fate. Help me, and God will bless you.—Yours in distress——.'

“To a heart so sympathetic as your beloved sister's, these distressing appeals weigh upon her, and cause her many tears and sleepless hours. It is impossible to do many things for these poor people, because the money sent is only sufficient to keep them from starving and freezing, and to pay their railway fares to different localities, where employment is offered them. There has been a great deal of sickness among them, our doctors' bills and undertakers' bills have been enormous.

“At the present time we have a coloured preacher, W. O. Lynch, a very bright and capable man, at Cairo, a point where the coloured refugees are transferred on their way to Kansas. He is making a strong effort to turn some of the tide of emigration into other States. Mrs. Comstock is expecting a summons to Washington any day to give her testimony regarding the exodus to the Investigation Committees assembled there. If she goes, her daughter will go with her. Mrs. C. de G. and her little C.L. are here with Mrs. C. . . . Now I must beg your attention to a few commissions about the English goods. They came to us in good order, and at a time when they were greatly needed. I have attempted to write to every name that I found enclosed in the bale, if there were an address attached to it. I

may have omitted some, if so, and you hear anything relative to it, please assure them of our gratitude and thanks. R.H. is one name; I could not write to for want of her address. If you know her will you please notify her that her generous donation was received, and is already doing good service among these unfortunate and destitute people. . . . I cannot begin to tell you how much good the valuable and serviceable goods from the dear English Friends did us, and how gratefully they were received by us all. We did enjoy the bags, pincushions, and needlebooks so much. The bags were a novelty in this country. The women and girls were enthusiastic in their expressions of delight. We would be thankful for a few thousands of these bags, fitted up with articles for sewing. Mrs. C. wishes me to say that J.J.'s bale was very valuable, also the York packages. Mrs. de G.'s visits to the sick, suffering, and dying have been very comforting. Many a 'God bless you' has come to her from dying lips.

Truly yours,

"SUSAN T. PERRY."

E. L. C. to L. R.

Rollin, 29-5-1880.

"When we left Topeka last week the weather was oppressively warm, and here it is cool enough for us to enjoy a fire. I often long for an English climate, where these sudden changes and extremes of heat and cold are not known. I hope thou art enjoying a quiet rest with the comforts of thy new home! . . . I like York Meeting very much, and am glad thou art located in that famous old city. Tell me how thou

spends thy time. . . . One of the greatest treats to me when weary, is to sit down with my knitting, and have L. A. or C. read to me. It used to be L. A., now it is C. They are both very pleasant, easy readers. Dear L. A., shall I ever see her again? I often think of her in my Kansas work, she would so enjoy it, if healthy and strong. Every now and then, in my very busy time, suddenly comes the thought of thee. 'If thy Aunt L. could see us now, what would she say? How would she like this work?' I sometimes say. 'Oh mamma, she would be so disgusted,' was C.'s reply on one occasion, when the multitude had literally been thronging and pressing us, and we were completely hemmed in by the dirty, ragged, wretched, starving crowd. And I felt in my inmost soul the *wisdom* that had dispensed the diversity of talents, as I thought of thee in the midst of the Mount group of bright, intelligent, earnest young people whom thou wast training to become 'lights in the world' of sorrow and darkness. I thought of L. A. in her blessed mission of dispelling clouds from those darkened minds, and scattering sunbeams among them. I thought of dear C. amid her home duties and home treasures, making a happy home for husband and children, entertaining with great hospitality sick, and feeble, and weary sisters, and many guests. I trust that 'her children do rise up and call her blessed,' and we know that 'her husband praiseth her.' C. has found her vocation. I trust F. and W. have found theirs. 'Blessed is the man that hath found his work, he need desire no greater blessedness,' I think Carlyle said. C. says

the last eight months have been the happiest part of her life, and I can say the same of mine. I am thankful to find our family band all in usual health, all pursuing the even tenor of their way. John is busy and happy about his new book and an epistolary correspondence he is carrying on, on the subjects of water baptism, secret societies, and the conservatism of some Friends. On these points he is very strong, and nothing suits him better than to do battle

“ ‘With the keen joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel.’

“ J. W. H. is reading the ‘Fool’s Errand,’ and informs us that he is one of the fools. C. is always happy and busy. She is an excellent housekeeper and always at it.

“ ‘She never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the house she *moves*.’

“ In Topeka I trust things will go on all right. Laura S. Haviland will remain there through the summer. John Watson, and wife also, and most of our staff of workers. I hope you have received our semi-annual report, and had time to look it over. Henceforth reports will be issued monthly. It is anticipated that the work next winter will be much larger than last. The refugees continue to come. Every train brings some, and trains from three different points reach Topeka daily. The city is growing fast. At the last census the population was 9,000—now it must be more than double that number. John has cautioned me ‘not to fill my letter with negroes.’ He

says L. will be more interested about something else. I think I have paid attention to his caution. My dear love to L.A., tell her I want to hear from her very much. Do you often meet? Do you walk together sometimes? How I wish I could meet you sometimes in my walks! The prairies in Kansas are beautiful. Ditto the woods in Michigan. Sister mine, dost thou feel very lonely? I know thou dost often in thinking of thy loved departed friends, whose society thou wouldst so enjoy in thy home. M.E., thy faithful, devoted friend, E.E., thy chosen companion so many years ago. Time flies swiftly on; they cannot visit thee in thy quiet pleasant home, but *soon* thou mayst visit them in theirs!

“ ‘ Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall end thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise ! ’ ”

E.L.C. to L.R.

Lake Mohonk, Mountain House, 21-8-80.

. . . . “I was interrupted in my writing yesterday by a very pleasant call from Judge Tourgee, the author of ‘A Fool’s Errand.’ He wished to see me and get some facts, &c., from me, respecting the exodus, before bringing out his new book, ‘Bricks without Straw,’ which he hopes to have published by the First of next month. I had written to him a few weeks since, requesting him to bring out a cheap edition for the million. Upon the receipt of his reply, I wrote to his publishers, requesting them to send me 100 copies of ‘A Fool’s Errand’ to Lake Mohonk by Express.

C. and I were resting in that cool retreat during the intensely hot weather, through the generous kindness of our friend, E. H. Farnum. While there I had some exodus meetings, and sold forty 'Fools' at seventy-five cents each to the guests. We had a meeting with the waiters, girls from respectable farmhouses round in that vicinity. I thought it desirable to get the book into circulation among the farmers, and told them if any of them desired a copy I would sell them one at fifty cents. I paid fifty-seven dollars for the hundred. Express charges, telegrams, &c., increased the cost to sixty-two cents each. To my surprise, forty of the waiters and servants came for one. I go to every book-store I pass and ask for the book, and enquire for it of every Book-agent in the cars, and recommend it in all my meetings. The Democrats are so busy denying all my statements in the papers, and by the circulation of this book I am confirming the statements we receive from the poor refugees, who are flocking to Kansas in large numbers, since the result of the Chicago Convention disappoints all their hopes of having Grant for President.

"I have requested Albion W. Tourgee to send thee, from his publishers, his new illustrated edition of 'A Fool's Errand.' It has considerable addition beside the illustrations. There is great political excitement in this country at the present time. 'The Fool's Errand' is doing good. 100,000 copies have already been sold in this country. . . I have met with Dr. Benbow recently, in New England and in Philadelphia. We talked about Judge Tourgee's book. He confirms

everything but the love story, *that* is somewhat embellished and clothed with fiction.

“We receive good accounts from home. I have been trying to prevail upon John to go to Kansas with me and spend next winter there, but fear I shall not succeed. I think he would not find it hard to get an absorbing interest in these poor, long-suffering people. There is something about them so grateful and affectionate, so simple and yet so original, so helpless, dependent, trusting and appealing to our sympathy. I asked John for a contribution to the poor starving refugees. He replied that he thought he was giving a contribution larger than anyone else !! and declined to give more. . . . I am very glad to hear so good an account of our dear L.A. . . . She has the power pre-eminently of soothing and cheering the afflicted. You will be pleased to hear that C.’s health continues to improve, though she is not yet strong enough to take charge of her children, day and night. She is very valuable to me, and has her Aunt L.A.’s faculty of soothing the sick and comforting the afflicted. This life with me suits her. Her ministrations among the poor refugees are highly prized by them. While administering to their temporal wants, she soothes and comforts them with ‘Psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.’

“Well, my dear sister, I must leave off writing, for a reporter from the *New York Tribune* will be here in a few minutes, to ‘*interview*’ me in order to write an article for the paper on the exodus. Poor refugees are flocking into Kansas faster than ever, now

that they are disappointed in their hopes of having Grant for President. They thought he would protect their lives and property. Atrocities continue to be perpetrated upon them in the South. Hanging, shooting, whipping, mutilation have not ceased. Governor St. John writes me that the exodus in the coming season is likely to eclipse and far exceed that of last year. I hope our dear friends and others in England will continue to send clothing, bedding, and crockery as they did last year. Thomas Ryan's bill for free release from the Custom House, stands good for a year. The Americans have sent a quarter of a million dollars in money and food for the starving Irish. I hope you will send one-fifth as much to aid our starving, freezing Americans! We look forward with considerable anxiety towards the coming Fall and Winter. The Kansas people are wearying of the great pressure upon them. They received the coloured people with hospitality and kindness at first. I think they treated them better than any other State in the Union would have done. *Now* a reaction is taking place. Kansas is a new and poor State; it had a population at the last census of only 900,000. The farmers are poor, their houses are small. Being a Prairie State, building materials are very costly. Many farmers, who cannot afford to hire, would shelter and feed and partially employ a family, and at least keep them from starving and freezing if they had house-room. Some Friends offered to take a large family as above, and deed them an acre of land, if we would build them a cot or shanty, but as the cost of doing this would be eighty dollars at least, and we have only

had 40,000 dollars to provide for 30,000 people, the state of our treasury will not admit of our doing this. A letter from Governor St. John a few days since, seriously advises a change of our headquarters from Topeka to White Cloud. The last-named place is located close to the Nebraska line, north-east point of Kansas, and on or near the Missouri River. Governor thinks that by locating there we might intercept the tide of emigrants and turn them aside to Nebraska, Iowa, and other parts, before they reach Topeka. That city is so flooded now as to arouse the opposition even of their Republican friends. The Board of Trade are very desirous for us to take this step, and I suppose we ought to do it. But to me to move to a small village with only a few hundred people, and they for the most part poor and without talent or influence, and to erect new barracks and mission-house and store-house, and to gather a new set of workers or helpers around me, is a very formidable matter, and I shrink from it exceedingly. But I suppose I must attempt it, unless someone better qualified should turn up. Some of our present staff of helpers will go with us if we go, but we shall have to find others.

“Give my love to Jemima Spence and E. G. Dimsdale, and thank them cordially for their generous donations of bags, aprons, scissors, and other things. I wish they and their co-workers in York could witness the joy and gratitude with which their kind gifts are received!! A similar message to F. and A. J. Thorp. . . . I have received a present of Ben Hur— hast thou read it? They tell me the writer was a friend

of Robert Ingersol, who requested him to read the New Testament, and write a refutation of it. He read it and became converted, and this is the result."

Writing from Newport, R. I., 31-8-1880, C. de G. says, "Mamma has ordered 'A Fool's Errand,' illustrated, to be mailed to thy address, and hopes you will all read and enjoy it, and *circulate it extensively* among your friends. It is as true an account as you will find. We received a call from the author, Judge Tourgee; it is his own life in the South, with little variation towards the end of the story in the romance of Lily and Mel Gurney, as his daughter is now but nine years old. 'The ride for life' did really take place, but in another character; the illness of the 'fool' also at the end, but in the book he was made to die, to show up another phase in the character of the Southern people. . . . We have been holding exodus meetings successfully in New York, &c. Mamma, gone out to call on citizens of Newport for contributions for the refugees, unites in love."

CHAPTER XX.
FURTHER LABOURS IN KANSAS.

1880.

E.L.C. to L.R.

New Bedford, 27-10-80.

“ I TAKE the pen in haste to tell thee that the money has just come safely to hand. It left Darlington 8-10-80, and has come pretty direct. Many thanks for it. It has come in a time of great need, and will do much good. I will try to write to Jemima Spence in a day or two. We are having a very pleasant and successful visit here. Meetings daily, good audiences, good collections. Our friends here are extremely kind. We are organizing ‘sewing circles’ and ‘aid societies’ wherever we go, and large quantities of clothing and bedding are being prepared, but the supplies will fall far short of the demand. There is great suffering among the refugees now, and before the winter is over it will be fearful. The atrocities and barbarities perpetrated upon these poor people in the South continue, the persecution grows fiercer and hotter, we know not what is before us. Some think that if Hancock should be elected, the Southerners will get the control of the whole nation. They will demand payment for their negroes, and pensions for their maimed and injured soldiers, on the same terms as the

Federal army. Others say, 'If Garfield should be elected he will be assassinated, or there will be another war.' Some of the more intelligent of the coloured men, recently from the South, tell us they are as ready for war now as they were in 1860, and are making great preparations for it. I do not know how it may be, but I rest in the sense that 'the Lord reigneth,' and that 'nothing shall harm us if we be followers of that which is good.'

"We hope to go to New York in a few days, and then home viâ Philadelphia. A free pass from New York viâ Pennsylvania we shall have for Kansas, viâ Toledo and Chicago. After a few weeks at home I must return to Kansas, unless I can find someone to take my place. Governor St. John writes urgently for me to return before the cold winter sets in. If I could find anyone else to undertake the work and do it properly I should be very glad, but I cannot resign it otherwise, I should feel like Jonah, turning away from positive duty. I do believe I have been called to enter upon this work and have received strength for it. Nearly 40,000 dollars have been consigned to my care for these poor people. I have my account book, containing every dollar, from whom received and how expended. I requested J.U.H. to cast up my columns of figures; he found only one dollar mistake. I have shown my book to J.L.B. and two or three other business men, who pronounce it 'quite correct' and a 'remarkable production,' &c., &c. It has entries of three, four, and five cents, and so on up to 500 dollars, and one subscription of 1,000 dollars." . . .

We take from the *New Bedford Mercury* the

following sketch of an address delivered at one of the meetings referred to in the above letter.

THE FREEDMEN.

Interesting address concerning the exodus, by
Elizabeth L. Comstock.

“A large audience assembled at the Friends’ meeting house on Spring Street last evening, to listen to an address by Elizabeth L. Comstock on the exodus of the freedmen from the South into Kansas. Mrs. Comstock is thoroughly familiar with the subject, having been engaged several months in relieving the necessities of the sufferers, helping them to employment, and doing many good works in their behalf.

“In the spring of 1879, she said, the people of Kansas were one morning greatly surprised to find that the night boats up the river had left 1,500 coloured people on the shores of their State. They were kindly and courteously received, made welcome to Kansas, and hospitably treated. In a short time all who were able to work found employment. The sick and the aged, the blind and the lame were provided with shelter and food, and had their various needs supplied. The people of the North contributed generously to relieve the wants of the refugees. New Bedford gave largely, and when the poor fugitives received the grateful donations of warm clothing, many a prayer ascended to heaven for their unknown benefactors. But these 1,500 were only the advance guard. They were followed by thousands, and it became a matter of earnest enquiry to know why they had thus sought new homes. Many of them were asked the reason. One said he came northward to

escape the 'regulators.' He had lodged in the woods, hiding for fear of them. One night, because his wife would not tell them where he was, they dragged her out of the cabin and hung her. With his infant, and twenty or thirty of his neighbours, he came to Kansas. They wanted to hang him on account of political differences. A woman said that her husband, Charles Robinson, was a sober, industrious working man. He had begun to accumulate a little property, and was told repeatedly, 'You are too smart for a nigger.' He also refused to sell his vote. One night, he was taken from his house by the 'regulators,' and the last heard from him he was begging for mercy for the sake of his wife and children. The next morning he was found dead, hanging to a tree near his home. Many had fled from that part of Mississippi on that account. Six coloured men rented the Morgan plantation in Southern Mississippi, and did well. They, too, were told they were 'getting too smart for niggers.' All of them were taken from their cabins in the same night, hung with their own bed cords, tied to a raft, and sent floating down the Mississippi, with a notice attached that the persons who buried them should share the same fate.

"The wives of some of these men, with a large number of their neighbours, fled to Kansas. Another large party from another part of the State told of many outrages, of coloured men being shot in broad daylight, and no redress or protection possible. They were asked to sell their votes, and for refusing, a father and his three sons were hung in the woods. This caused the exodus from that region. There was

abundant testimony to the truth of every one of these statements. Governor St. John wrote to an inquirer that the tales of outrage could not be exaggerated. No outrages were redressed. Hundreds of coloured men were murdered. Coloured men could not collect a debt from white men. If they demanded their pay they were arrested for impudence or shot in cold blood. A young man came to Kansas with the advance guard of the exodus. He was industrious, and in a few months earned and saved enough to buy a little home for his family. He then went South to get them, but he never returned. Some of the coloured people who came from that section, said that the day after he rejoined his family some of the white people cut off his hands, threw them into the lap of his wife, and while he was bleeding to death, said, 'Now go to Kansas, and earn a living for your family.'

"The testimony of these people all agrees. When they tell their stories separately they tell them all alike. Some contemptuously say, 'Oh, it's nothing but nigger testimony.' She would rather have the testimony of the men who fled than that of the men who drove them away.

"Mrs. Comstock said the book entitled 'The Fool's Errand' was a faithful picture of the condition of many parts of the South. She had conversed with a gentleman who knew of his own knowledge that many of the things related in that book are accounts of actual occurrences. Since slavery was abolished, many of the coloured people in some localities have been forced to as much unrequited toil as ever before. Some of

them say they never suffered so much in slavery. It was sometimes said 'Why don't they defend themselves?' The speaker was afraid unless they received better protection, they would defend themselves, and in a fearful manner, bye-and-bye. Senator Widom had told her that now in the South, there is an organization of 95,000 of the most intelligent coloured men, holding weekly meetings; and, said he, 'If a democratic president is elected, there will be such a stampede for the North as was never known before, or something worse.' Mrs. Comstock was no politician; she was merely trying to help suffering humanity of whatever colour or party, but we have reason, she thought, to be anxious about the future. It is time for every man who loves humanity, to show that he is on the side of God, and of the oppressed. The speaker did not mean to imply that these outrages were common all over the South. There are many kind-hearted people of both parties, who utterly denounce them. But the negro fugitives all agree that they cannot by law recover a debt due to them from a white man; that they have been cheated out of their right dues; that they have to work for a small pittance; that they are swindled in their trading; that the sanctity of home is in no way respected. Then there are numberless difficulties in the way of their educating their children. Schoolhouses have been burned, and teachers brutally treated. For indignities are heaped, not only upon the coloured people, but upon those of the white race who are their friends.

"Resuming her remarks, Mrs. Comstock said the

coloured people would far rather remain in the South if they could be protected there. They endure fatiguing journeys and incredible hardships for the sake of reaching other homes. During the middle of last winter, Governor St. John received letters from several large parties who were on their way to Kansas, asking assistance in reaching that State. It was impossible to furnish them any aid, but several weeks after, the remnant reached Southern Kansas in a pitiable condition, famished, half-frozen, and in deep sorrow. Five of their number were frozen to death. Many had their hands and fingers frozen. At that very time, locked up in the New York Custom House, was a large quantity of blankets, clothing, shoes, and other supplies on which the Government wanted a duty of forty or fifty per cent. These were contributions from benevolent friends in England who had sent some 8,000 dollars in money and 20,000 dollars in goods. They were brought freely over the ocean, and the railroads would transport them freely to their destination. But it was hard work to get them through the Custom House. A bill to admit them free of duty was introduced in Congress, and was got through the House with difficulty. The Senate refused to pass it on the very day it passed a bill for sending aid to the sufferers in Ireland. These people demand our care and sympathy. They were forced here by slavery, and would never have come to the land where they have found little but oppression, of their own accord.

“ Nearly 60,000 of them have reached Kansas. Great pains have been taken to find them homes and

employment. They are generally doing well. Some of them have gone into other States, but there are nearly 50,000 now in Kansas. About a third have found permanent employment, or have taken up land. Another third have found work of a temporary character, and the other third need care. Kansas has done much for them and has used them well, but her burden is heavy and she needs help.

“ Mrs. Comstock had come East to do what she could for these people. She thought many might be absorbed into New England as labourers in various capacities, without injuring anybody. Efforts were making to build little houses for some of the larger families on land that is given for that purpose, but the very cheapest shanty costs one hundred dollars. Aid was wanted for this plan. It was hoped to train these people to pay for their houses, and thus the money can be used over and over. One dollar will feed three persons a week, and all the dollars that can be had will be needed. It is desired to make these people self-sustaining, and not to pauperize them. What is desired of the friends of humanity is, first, to help them support themselves by giving them work ; second, gifts of money—for present needs of food and shelter, and for seed for sowing. Clothing of every description is needed, especially overcoats for men. Almost anything that is a garment is useful. Bed ticks are very welcome. Bags with materials for sewing and knitting are especially desired. Garments for 15,000 children are wanted. There is urgent need of all these things before the very cold weather comes.”

At the close of Mrs. Comstock's very interesting address, of which the foregoing is a mere sketch, a collection, amounting to seventy-six dollars, was taken.

E. L. C. to L. R.

Rollin, 7-12-1880.

“How shall I thank thee for all thy labour of love for our poor refugees! Most welcome will these nice warm clothes and blankets be, of which I have just received the inventory. There will be joy and thanksgiving, and shouts of ‘Glory to God,’ from poor, shivering, ragged, crippled people, when your warm blankets, flannels, suits and wraps are distributed. Before these things reach them, alas! there will be great suffering. Letters have reached me here from nine different persons, in different localities in Kansas, telling of ‘many new arrivals’ in ‘destitution and rags,’ ‘snow a foot deep,’ ‘thermometer below zero,’ ‘piercing, cutting winds,’ ‘100 arrived last night, many will perish if we cannot speedily receive supplies,’ ‘ninety-three arrived here yesterday in great destitution’ says one agent. Another writes—‘250 during the past week have arrived in Coffeyville. Not a hut, shed, or hovel to be found to shelter them; send us building materials, warm clothing, and bedding speedily, or they will freeze.’ Such appeals in such weather make our hearts ache. The winter has set in very early, and the weather is intensely and unusually cold. No poor-houses for the aged and helpless, no city hospitals for the sick and dying. A prairie State; you can travel forty, fifty, or even sixty miles, and not see a tree to break the wind, which

comes sweeping and howling over the land in a way I never experienced the other side the Atlantic. Lizzie Officer writes me of her great delight in receiving and distributing some of the English packages to those in exceeding need. . . . We must return to Kansas the latter part of next week. Address us there *North Topeka*. I hope you have received the little monthly report ere this. . . . There are seventeen different parts of the State in which the refugees are locating, and there are several thousands in and around Topeka, not in the Barracks.”

E.L.C. to L.R.

27-11-80.

“Many thanks for thy two kind letters, and for all that thou and our kind friends in your ancient and famous city are doing for our poor refugees. I was in New York City when James Clark’s letters reached Wm. F. Mott about the Custom House. He went immediately to see Morgan and found that the goods had been sent on to Topeka. I expect daily tidings of their arrival in that city. I am in a great strait. I long for the rest and quiet of home, but am urged so strongly to go back to Kansas speedily that I fear I shall have to go soon. When we went there last year the work was very heavy, there were only 10,000 refugees there then, *now* there are 50,000, and more coming daily. Laura S. Haviland is sick, and has had to go home, and the Governor and J. M. Brown and other workers are very desirous for our speedy return. There are many refugees now in Kansas without a shelter over or a bed under them.”

E.L.C. to L.R.

Rollin, 10-12-80.

“ Sarah E. Jenkins was not a schoolmate of thine. She is a daughter of Rebecca Updegraff, sister of David U., and has been many years clerk of Ohio Yearly Meeting (Women’s). She is a talented woman of great executive ability. Thou mayst have heard of her grandparents, Jonathan and Ann Taylor, of great fame long ago. He died while on a religious visit, years ago, at Mary James Lecky’s, and while dying, a little bird flew in at the window, lighted on the bed or bedstead, and sung a sweet song. Thou probably heard of the circumstance when a young girl. Ann Taylor, the widow, lived at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, many years, and was a noted minister, more for depth and power than persuasive eloquence, I imagine—I never saw her. I think she must have been more like Ann Jones, R. Ridgway, and S. Grubb, than Elizabeth Fry or J. J. Gurney. It is told of her, that one time, during the races, she preached a very strong sermon against such amusements : a Friend said to her after the meeting, ‘Thy two young grandsons (David and Jonathan) were at the races.’ The old woman of near 100 years, looked at the Friend a minute, and then said, ‘Well, they beat, didn’t they?’ D. and his brother were famous for riding fast horses in their early life ; now D. is one of our very ablest ministers, and the doctor is an influential man in Congress. A Philadelphia Friend said to me, ‘Old Ann Taylor is not yet dead!’ ‘Oh yes!’ I replied, ‘She died many years ago!’ ‘She yet lives in her grandson, David

Updegraff!’ We have scarcely a minister in our Society that can draw so large an audience, and hold them so long as D.U. ‘There is not one who can produce so great an effect in bringing sinners to Christ,’ my husband says, and many others say the same. ‘He preaches with great *converting* power.’ There has been great discussion and controversy in our Friends’ papers recently—how I wish they would leave off disputing about non-essentials, and unite all our forces, our energy and strength, to aid poor suffering humanity. The time and talent and money would be better spent caring for the refugees.

“Last evening I received a dispatch and two letters to-day, urging me to meet Governor St. John in Chicago, and unite with him in an exodus meeting in Farwell Hall. I cannot go. It would be very *pleasant* to me to listen to him on this subject, also on Temperance, on Second-day evening, but I cannot go. It is by no means a matter of necessity, for he is a host in himself, and can fill that vast Hall and hold the 4,000 people just as well without me as with my help. Next week I must return to Kansas. The poor refugees are suffering greatly this intensely cold weather, and I must go and see to the distribution as speedily as possible of the supplies that will reach Kansas City about that time. Did I tell thee in my last of the urgent invitation I have received from one of the ministers (through his brother, General Armstrong, of Hampton College, Virginia, coloured College,) of the King of the Sandwich Islands, to go to those Islands, and after seeing for myself the desirability of

the climate, the snug homes, the abundant fertility, the suitable occupation and employment offered, to return and persuade 5,000 labouring men, with their wives and children, to go and settle there. An agent from Honolulu has been to Kansas and cannot prevail upon a single refugee to go. The great distance frightened them, the talk of 'planters, contracts, and plantations' did not reassure them. General Armstrong thought I was the only person who could prevail upon the refugees to go. He said: 'They have unbounded confidence in you and will follow you to the ends of the earth.' E. H. Farnum came into the room while he was talking to me; she listened in astonishment, and said to him: 'General Armstrong, do I understand that thou art trying to prevail upon my friend Elizabeth Comstock to go to the Sandwich Islands?' 'That is just what I have come to see her about,' he replied. She thought it 'outrageous and preposterous,' but after listening to him for a quarter of an hour she acknowledged the force of his arguments, and said she 'would like very much to go with me.' I believe I have written all this before to dear C., I am not sure. I did not promise to go, nor did I absolutely refuse. But I told him that I should want a very clear evidence that it was right before I could consent. I should want to confer with Governor St. John and others, and that I had a great dread of a sea voyage, etc., etc. As I look upon the atlas I see that Kansas seems about midway between England and the Sandwich Islands.

"C., C. L., M. and F. go with me to Kansas next week D. V. The ground is covered with snow, thermometer

at zero. But in a Pulman Palace Car we shall be pretty comfortable, I hope."

From a Western paper, *The Inter Ocean*, Dec. 11, 1880, we take the following, headed

"GOVERNOR ST. JOHN.

"The eloquent Kansan's address on the 'Exodusters' in his State. They are now mostly self-supporting, and all good citizens, strong for prohibition.

"Governor St. John, of Kansas, spoke last night at Farwell Hall, on the subject of the negro exodus. The Governor has come into national prominence lately, not only by reason of his connection with the Northern movement of the coloured men of the South, but by his recent re-election to the gubernatorial chair on a platform, which pledges the State government to prohibition, and forbids the manufacture as well as the sale of liquor within the State of Kansas. On the latter movement, he will speak to-night at Farwell Hall. In reference to the exodus, he spoke with the deep feeling born of intimate acquaintance with the people, whom it fell to his lot as Governor to welcome to the State, and for whom the State has generously provided. His manner as a speaker is singularly breezy and enthusiastic, and he held the attention of his audience to the close.

"He expressed a regret, in opening, that so few people were present, because he was to speak of a subject that before many years, possibly before many months, might become of interest and importance to the entire country. Twenty-five years ago, the pro-slavery

men, with guns in their hands, were fighting to force the negroes into Kansas as slaves. Free men met them, fought them back, and won a glorious victory. To-day, the very element that fought to force the negro into Kansas, is opposed to his entering the State, on the ground that the climate is too cold, and the poor coloured man would freeze to death there. When they first began to arrive at Wyandotte, in 1873, penniless, naked, friendless, miserable-looking objects of pity, and the people of Kansas were told that thousands more were on their way from the South, he was appealed to, as Governor of the State, to issue a proclamation forbidding their coming. But he remembered that of the 150,000 white emigrants into Kansas, 100,000 were poor men ; that to the bone and muscle and brain of poor men Kansas owed her glorious position as a State ; that at Ossawatimie the tree of liberty was planted by old John Brown, whose soul was still marching on ; he had seen it actually demonstrated that corn planted and hoed by coloured men grew as rapidly as that planted and hoed by white men, brought as much money ; he remembered that corn was wealth, and a bushel of corn was worth a ton of race prejudice, and he said ‘ Let them come.’

“ Speaking of the causes of the exodus, he cited the case of an old coloured man nearly ninety, without money, food, or friends, who told him he knew he couldn’t work, ‘ but,’ he added, ‘ massa, der’s one thing I kin do—I kin be buried here in free Kansas.’ The investigating committee which he organised, and which enquired into the causes of the exodus among

the refugees themselves, found that they had been outraged, cheated, wronged in every conceivable way, not permitted to vote, their leaders killed, and the masses of them intimidated and frightened till they did not dare even to talk about going to Kansas. As showing how the coloured people were swindled by the dominant race at the South, he exhibited a bill produced by one of the refugees who came from Edward's Landing, Mississippi, and curiously enough one of the white men who came from Mississippi to enquire of Governor St. John as to how the exodus might be stopped, was the man who made out this bill. In this account everything was considerably overcharged.

“The money sent for the relief of the refugees had been spent in erecting barracks for their accommodation, a general headquarters with store houses, &c., and in forwarding them westward.

“Governor St. John took occasion to pay a tribute to Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock and Mrs. Laura Haviland, who, in this work, had been faithful, honest, earnest, and prayerful, stinting themselves in order to do more for these oppressed people. ‘God,’ said Governor St. John, ‘never made two nobler, grander women.’ He estimated that 60,000 coloured people had come into Kansas since 1879, of whom, perhaps, 40,000 remained, while 20,000 had been forwarded to Colorado, Nebraska, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. There had been spent about 50,000 dollars in their behalf. Ninety per cent. of them, perhaps, needed help at the start, but only temporarily, because they quickly became self-

supporting. God's hand was in this work, and whenever they fell short of funds, help invariably arrived from some unexpected quarter. Morally, the refugees were getting along well. They were well behaved, sober, industrious ; and fully eighty per cent. of their votes this fall, were in favour of prohibition. He felt if Abraham Lincoln were living, that greatest and truest of all Americans would prefer to see some of these people acquire homes in his own State of Illinois. He appealed to the country whose captive soldiers, escaping from Southern prison pens, had always found a friend in the log cabin of the coloured man, not to turn away now from the refugees from Southern tyranny.

“Governor St. John predicted that the exodus would continue, and would increase in magnitude until the people of the South gave to the black man protection at the ballot-box, protection for his property, allowed him to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience, and respected the sanctity of his home. These given them, they would prefer to stay in the South, but as matters now stood, their feeling was expressed in the remark of a coloured man to him, that he would rather be shot than sent back. We had had enough temporizing on this question, and he (Governor St. John) favoured assuring the black man in the South all the rights that we now enjoyed in the Northern States.”

CHAPTER XXI.

SETTLEMENTS OF FREEDMEN — INTERVIEW
WITH PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

1881-1883.

E.L.C. to C.H.

Columbus, Kansas, 18-1-1881.

“COULDST thou see us in our present and recent surroundings, I do not know whether thou wouldst be the most shocked or amused.

“Six days ago such a cry of suffering reached us from the southern part of this State, that C. and I felt called upon to leave Topeka for a little while, and go round to visit the poor refugees scattered abroad in different parts of the State, more especially South and East. We have been to Emporia, Parsons, Oswego, and Baxter Springs. We stay here to-night, to unite with M.H.R. in one of her meetings. She is holding a protracted meeting in a Methodist Episcopal Church, in conjunction with the pastor and others. We see very little of Friends in our Topeka work, we have no Friends' meeting there; and it is quite a treat to meet with some, and engage a little in their work. . . . One day last week a danger I had never thought of met me. Walking with C. on a bleak open prairie, the thermometer 18° below zero, a keen, cutting, piercing wind blowing in our faces, I came very near freezing

to death. I had passed the stage of aching and stinging cold, and a drowsy torpor was succeeding. I leaned against an old shed, and felt that I could not go a step farther, and there, I doubt not, I should have found an easy death, had it not been for C. My usually dutiful, gentle, obedient daughter, roused up, assumed the imperative mood, paid no attention to my earnest entreaty to 'let me alone,' and 'go on without me.' She took off her own warm shawl, wrapped it around me, and acting the 'importunate widow,' or the imperative dictator, insisted, nay compelled me to go on. I made a vigorous effort, and reached a place of shelter, but we have both suffered from that cold walk, though it was scarcely half a mile. The lower parts of our faces are sore, as though they had been burned, and the ends of our fingers also. . . .

"Our accommodations in this trip are varied. Poor, hard beds, cold rooms, small, crowded, badly ventilated. We have to think often of Him, who 'had not where to lay His head.' To see the condition of these poor exodites is distressing, to witness sufferings we are able to do so little to alleviate, brings tears to our eyes and makes our hearts ache often; yet there is comfort in helping all that we can and hearing their earnest, fervent 'God bless you.' I think much suffering has been relieved and many lives spared through the liberality of our dear friends on your side the Atlantic. We have received many benedictions for you from grateful hearts, and we remembered that it is written: 'The blessing of him that is ready to perish' shall not fall unheeded. I hope the benevolent donors have

realized that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' . . . We have good accounts from home; my dear J. is well cared for by his daughter C., and is cheerful and well, except increasingly lame from a singular rheumatic affection that produces no pain. He is able to walk about a mile daily, and he is very careful to keep this up. 'Use your limbs and have them,' he often quotes. He was quite willing for us to come here, and is rather proud of the work we are engaged in. He was one of the old Abolitionists, and kept a station on the 'Underground Railway.' . . .

"How long we shall be detained here now we do not know, but we cannot leave for four or five weeks yet, it is very clear. While our friends send such liberal supplies, and the refugees keep coming and requiring so much, we cannot go away unless someone comes to take our place."

J. G. Whittier writes to his friend, H. M. Pitman, in 1st mo., 1881:—

"I am much concerned for the poor coloured people who are crowding into Kansas in this bitter winter. I think they had better stay in their old homes, but it will not do to let them starve and freeze. There is great need of money and clothing. Our Quaker friend, Elizabeth L. Comstock, is working hard at Topeka, and doing a great deal with comparatively small means. How much of sin, and want, and pain there is in the world! I wonder if it is all necessary— if it cannot be helped. The terrible mystery sometimes oppresses me, but I hold fast my faith in God's goodness, and the ultimate triumph of that goodness.

I know in my own experience that some things which seemed evil have proved good, or the means of good."

The distress among the poor refugees was so great, and so constantly increasing, that E. L. C. issued an earnest appeal for help, heading it "Haste to the Rescue," dated 2nd mo. 28th, 1881. We give the following extracts from it. "The unusually severe weather of the last few weeks has produced more suffering and sickness among the coloured refugees in Kansas than has been known since the exodus commenced. We are obliged to make an earnest appeal for aid in our present extremity. Food is wanted to keep them alive until they can get work. Fuel is needed, and it is very high in price here. Medicine for the sick, who are very numerous now. . . . Some of the refugees have been sheltered in wretched out-houses, hovels, and sheds, that Northern farmers would not think suitable for their cattle and pigs. Some have slept in tattered tents and old wagons. A great many have been without beds, and but few have had sufficient bedding and clothing. The result is many are cramped, with limbs twisted and distorted with rheumatism; frozen feet and fingers are not uncommon; coughs, colds, pneumonia, consumption, &c., are carrying them off. Little children cry for bread; aged people lack sufficient food, fuel, warm clothing and bedding. A cry comes to us from eighteen different parts of the State for food, fuel, and shelter from the pitiless storm and piercing winds. A few extracts from letters we have received tell the sad story." After quoting from several of these, which do indeed

reveal a sad, a terrible story, E. L. C. continues, "Kansas has done nobly, but she will soon be overwhelmed. She has shown as much hospitality and kindness to the stranger within her gates, as any other State in the Union would have done, or more. Who will help her now to bear this burden? Who will come up to the help of the Lord, against the mighty? The cruelty and oppression exercised towards these long-suffering people, has driven them from their homes and friends, and on the side of the oppressor there is power. Who will send a few dollars to feed the hungry? Who will give of their abundance to clothe the naked? Who will give a bed to a family that have none? Who will give the price of a pair of shoes or boots, that these bare feet, and frost-bitten feet, may be covered, and the poor men go out to work when able to get employment? Who will give garden tools, farming implements, seed to sow, that a harvest may be reaped in due season?

"What thou doest, do quickly!" Haste to the rescue! Save those who are ready to perish! Many a strong man has already been laid low through want. Many a poor woman has come to an untimely end for want of proper food, fuel, and shelter. Many a little innocent child has pined, and drooped, and gone down to the grave for want of the necessaries of life. Others are pining, others are drooping, others are hungry, shivering, homeless, shelterless. Haste to the rescue!

"A little band of earnest workers are doing the very best we can for them with the means at our disposal. To aid the 60,000 or more who have come to

Kansas, we have only had about 70,000 dollars in money. Twice as much could have been wisely and well used, and would have saved much sickness, suffering, and death. A very small percentage has been paid in salaries. Our devoted little band, seeking to follow closely in the footsteps of our Lord and Master, in lives of self-renouncing love for Him and His poor and lowly children, ask our friends to aid us by their prayers. Pray for us that our faith, patience, and strength fail not, that we may hold out to the end, and receive the welcome plaudit :—

“ ‘ Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.’ ”

This appeal was generously responded to, and the “little band of workers” toiled on from day to day in their Christ-like work.

The following interesting sketch of “A Day among the Kansas Refugees” was written about this time.

“ Having shared in the general interest awakened by the graphic recitals and urgent appeals of our friends Elizabeth L. Comstock and Laura S. Haviland, on behalf of the coloured refugees in Kansas, we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by a visit to that State, in the Tenth month last, to spend a day at Topeka among them. Driving from the railroad station of the Atchison and Santa Fé Road, across the bridge, into North Topeka, where the headquarters of the Kansas Freedmen’s Relief Association are located, we came upon their mission and storehouse—a large frame

building, well adapted to its purpose. One side is occupied with offices and household rooms, the other divided off into apartments for receiving, storing, and distributing the clothing and other supplies, as they come from the cars. Good order and system seem to pervade all these arrangements. As the boxes arrive, they are opened, the contents sorted and registered, some placed upon the shelves for distribution, some repacked for shipment to one of the other relief stations in Kansas, according to the reports of their most pressing needs. The matron told us thankfully of the recent receipt of a cart-load of clothing from Chicago, at a time when their shelves were empty, and when a fresh arrival of destitute refugees made it especially acceptable. This supply, however, would soon be exhausted, they told us, under the continual demands.

“The distribution is not made without careful discrimination ; the applicants presenting themselves at a counter, having been first provided with tickets by the Inspector of the Association, who had examined their claims, and specified the supplies which they were entitled to. The matron told us that the vegetables used in the mission family were mostly furnished at the time we were there by those who had received aid in the way of clothing, and who thus made such return as they were able to do. John Brown, the General Superintendent of the Association, a coloured man of unusual cultivation and executive ability, accompanied us in our inspection of the ‘barracks,’ and in a drive through the quarters of the refugees, in and around the city, which occupied parts

of two days. We were favourably impressed with his earnestness and devotion to the cause of his brethren at the South, and with his efforts to elevate and assist to an independent position those who had come under his care. We learned from him, as well as from the other officers, that this great movement of the coloured people from their Southern homes was not initiated, and has not been encouraged by the Kansas Association, which from the first confined its efforts to the necessary relief and provision for the absolute wants and the after independence of the refugees arriving within their borders. We were confirmed in the judgment which they expressed to us that these poor people believed they followed the leading of the Lord, and without much human advice or assistance, but with a certain divine instinct, 'having no guide, overseer, or ruler,' they had found their way into Kansas, where the hearts of the Governor and the people were gradually prepared to receive them, until now they are welcomed into the State, even by those who looked coldly upon them at first.

“We saw that the aid extended to them in all the departments of the Association was strictly provisional in its character; just a hand of kindness, as it were, reached forth to set them upon their feet—to help each one to help himself. We realized from the daily arrivals even while we were there how necessary this aid has been, and how many must have been rescued from death by starvation and exposure through its timely exercise. Yet we saw that the recipients were not permitted to settle down into a state of chronic

pauperism, but that their condition was one of continual improvement under the watchful care and protection of the Association.

“We were especially impressed with this fact in driving through their various settlements in the suburbs of Topeka—Littleton, Redville, on the north side, Tennessee Town and others on the south side of the river.

“Tracts of land had been carefully selected, divided into house lots, and sold at cost to the refugees. On these they had erected small frame houses within the past year, some, it is true, as yet hardly more than mere shelter, others evincing some skill in their construction, and even the simplest having an air of homelike comfort about them. Tennessee Town, a settlement commenced eighteen months ago, is really a thriving place, now quite self-supporting. Topeka, the capital of Kansas, is a city of rapid growth and Western enterprise, new buildings were going up on every side, and its streets were astir with life. As we rode through them, the coloured people seemed all to be busy, some working on the buildings, some hauling boards, others digging sand; we observed no idlers. Some extraordinary cases of thrift and industry were pointed out to us.

“‘Do you see that coloured man standing there at the corner, superintending the erection of that brick building?’ said our friend, John Brown, to us. ‘Eighteen months ago, he came here a refugee, but gradually worked into the business of supplying his people with groceries and provisions at fair rates. He

was honest and energetic, and secured a large trade among them ; and now he is putting up that corner building himself, to open, with the New Year, a commodious grocery and provision store.' So, on another street, he pointed out a coloured man busily at work in the erection of the third house of a row of small, two-story brick buildings. This man, after eventful experiences at the South, had reached Kansas destitute. He started a little temperance restaurant and lodging house, and has, since that time, built, mostly with his own hands, these three houses which he now owns. John Brown told us that the vote of these refugees would be 'cast solid' for the prohibition amendment at the coming election in Kansas, and that, appreciating the importance of their vote, the liquor men had placed a sum of money in the hands of an agent to buy it, but the whole amount was returned to his principals, with the report that not a coloured vote was in the market to be sold or bought.

"The next morning we walked out to the 'barracks,' a group of fine wooden buildings erected around a kind of square or court-yard, by the Association, as a temporary shelter for the refugees on their first arrival. During the winter of 1879-80, these quarters were crowded, and rations were daily issued to the destitute ; but now those who lodge here, are expected to go out each day and get 'jobs of work,' and to provide their own food and that of their families. As we passed through, we saw farmers negotiating with groups of these lodgers to engage in their service.

"The barracks are divided into compartments,

each containing eight double bunks and a cooking stove, so that on arrival, the refugees have conveniences for sleeping and preparing their food. The buildings are well drained, ventilated, and neatly whitewashed; and the space of ground which they enclose is carefully kept clean. We passed from one compartment to another, and were deeply impressed in our conversations with their inmates, by the cheerfulness with which these poor exiles face their great hardships, and the faith with which they leave the future to the Lord as well as the gentleness with which they would bury the unspeakable sorrows of the past. Only in response to our sympathetic enquiries did any of them allude to the sufferings they had endured, and not a word of complaint did we hear; but their simple recitals and the facts of their condition, were appeals more touching than any importunity could have been.

“‘I can tote as much on my head as others can on their shoulders,’ said Aunt Harriet cheerfully, as she stood before us, her strong frame bent, not from natural deformity, but from a spine broken in her early womanhood by a blow from the heavy heel of an angry mistress. There was no trace of bitterness on the kindly black face as she added, ‘God forgave and God forgot it, and why should not I?’ She then went on to tell how her hands tended that ‘missus’ on her dying bed, and that in response to their united prayers, she died in hope of mercy at the last.

“In one of the first compartments, we found among the group around the stove, a fine-looking blind man and his wife. He did not seem to notice our entrance

nor to rouse from his abstraction while his wife told us the story of their wrongs, a story which is almost too sad to repeat. Having undertaken a suit to redress his own wrongs and those of others in the settlement of wages, the testimony he had given was so clear that he won the verdict in their favour, but on his way home from the court he was waylaid, shot in the face, destroying his sight and touching the brain; so that he who had been a stalwart, vigorous man—‘a No. 1 man,’ as she expressed it—was brought back to her a helpless wreck for life. Then she told us of the long sickness, and how his strength and life slowly returned, but his sight was gone; and how finally, they gathered up their portable effects, and with 1 dollar and 60 cents, started for their lives away from that dark neighbourhood. ‘But how did you get here on a dollar and 60 cents?’ we asked. ‘Oh, we washed our way up. Pretty hard sometimes—but not when we crossed the river, there was heaps of washing then, and we got along fust rate.’ ‘Heaps of washing!’ echoed a bright-eyed, coloured woman on the other side of the stove, who had been listening attentively. They seemed to recall this as a pleasing part of their experience. During all this recital, the husband had maintained his appearance of apathetic indifference, sitting erect and unmoved. But when, before leaving, one of us asked, ‘Does he love the Lord Jesus, is his Saviour with him in his darkness?’ a wondrous transformation passed like a gleam of light over the vacant, bullet-scarred face, and it kindled into glowing animation. Leaning forward, and turning his head from side to side, he

asked eagerly : 'What's dat you's all talkin' about ? What's dat you say, does I love de Lord Jesus—does I know my Saviour ?' Then with sightless eyes uplifted, he continued : 'Oh, my Lord, he is all my joy and glory, and my triumph now !' His whole heart seemed overflowing with praises to His name.

"'You's started him up and he'll go on now,' said his wife, as we left, after telling him of the land not very far off, where his eyes should see 'the King in His beauty,' even as in rapture he seemed to see Him now.

"We found representatives from many different sections of the South as we passed from one barrack to another—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Tennessee. On the sunny side of the building stood some who had just arrived. Among them two little boys, clad literally in rags, sent forward by their poor mother with some old people from Kansas City by the cars, while she was toiling over the same route on foot. We were told that some parties walked the whole distance from the Gulf States, taking a year on the journey, 'working and scuffling' their way through to Kansas and freedom. The tattered garments of these new-comers, hardly holding together, made us renewedly thankful for the decent clothing ready and waiting for them at the mission house. Another group from Mississippi gave us a wonderful account of the Lord's interposition on their behalf. This tale was the same—of robbery and oppression, the long years of toil, the disappointed hope of any return, all swallowed up by charges against them ; their final

resolve to leave everything they could not bring away, and come North for life. They drew a vivid picture of the coloured people collecting together with their boxes and bundles, two horses and a wagon, and a few cows, waiting to embark on the Mississippi river steamer; of a body of horsemen, 'gemmen who we never has seed before,' who gathered in ominous silence around them, and at whose dictation the captain of the regular steamer had swung off without taking them on board. 'But de Lord helped us just as we give up,' they said, and a new Ohio steamer, which had never stopped before, came by and took them all on board, defying the threats of the 'gemmen on horseback,' and they were saved. We had held a meeting with some of the refugees in one of their churches the evening before, but at the close of our visit to the barracks, we invited those who were there to an open-air meeting in the courtyard. A motley company, indeed, gathered in the warm, bright, autumn sunshine; old and young, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, were among them. Every man reverently bared his head as he stood; and as they were reminded of that heavenly home, where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' where there shall be no more hunger, or thirst, or sorrow, the tears stole down their cheeks, and sobs and ejaculations of praise, and hearty nods of assent told of their sympathy and appreciation. And when, at last, we knelt down on bare ground, in a double circle, as they all kneeled around us, we felt, indeed, that the Lord Jesus was in our midst, and that in his dear name, living petitions

ascended acceptably to our Father in heaven for a blessing upon us all. As we rose from our knees, 'Uncle Pete,' a leader among them, gave out, line by line, from memory, a hymn, which the little company of worshippers, assembled from so many different sections of the South, most of them for the first, and probably, the last time together, caught up with wondrous accuracy, and sang with real pathos and sweetness. And what was the theme which these poor refugees selected for their parting melody—exiles from their home and friends, down-trodden, bereft of everything but the direst necessities of this life, and the bright hope of the life to come? Was it an invocation of judgment on their oppressors, like the mighty sonnet of Milton, calling on the Lord to 'avenge his slaughtered saints?' Was it 'a doleful sound from the tombs,' which they mournfully echoed?

“ ‘Come ye that love the Lord
And let your joys be known,’

were the first lines of their cheerful song of praise; and the last words that died away on the soft autumn wind were,

“ ‘Religion sure was never meant
To make our pleasures less,’

chanted, with swaying forms, to one of their old plantation tunes, that seemed to be understood equally by the fugitives from the cane-brakes of Alabama or Mississippi, and from the sugar plantations of Louisiana.

“ ‘Farewell! dear friends and fellow worshippers,’ we thought as we left them, ‘farewell till we meet again in that bright, happy home where all will be made

right that seems so wrong here ; farewell, till once more we shall stand together, singing the praises of our Lord and King before His great, white throne, with that innumerable company out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'—T. and M.S.K.”

E. L. C. to L. R.

North Topeka, Kansas, 2-3-81.

“I paid a visit to our State Legislature the other day to try to get our senators to despatch to Washington an earnest entreaty to re-enact for another year the Bill for the admission, duty free, of English goods donated for the refngees. I spoke to some of our leading senators and representatives, and after some labour, succeeded. I had previously written to Washington and to many leading prominent persons in different parts of the country who I thought had influence there, but Thomas Ryan, our representative in Washington, replied to me that ‘it was impossible to get the Bill through this term.’ I do not believe in impossibilities in a case like this, and went to Governor, judges, magistrates, &c., in this city, and urged them to telegraph to Washington, also to our august Senate, as above named, and to-day I am rejoicing exceedingly over a despatch that the Bill is before Congress, and likely to pass. I could not for a moment think it right or just for our Government to seize upon forty or sixty per cent. of the very valuable donations of our dear English Friends. I am delighted with brother

S.'s very excellent selection of crockery. I suppose it is now on the ocean? Dost thou know, do the kind generous donors know, that 'dry goods merchants' and other store-keepers here estimate the value of the English goods received here during the last four months at 25,000 dollars by the time they reached Kansas? They cost us nothing from the time they left England until they reached this State.

"Tell dear Jemima Spence, Elizabeth Dimsdale, Sarah Grace Harvey, and all the other dear friends who have laboured so hard for us, how gratefully we feel that much suffering has been averted, and many precious lives spared through their kindness, and accept, my dear sister, thyself, for all thy toil and care, our cordial thanks! Your names are as household words now among our little band of workers, and from the grateful, emotional recipients of your bounty, blessings unnumbered and without measure are showered down upon you. Some of my helpers will write to every one whose name and address we find in any package. Farewell, my precious sister, 'the blessing of him that is ready to perish is upon thee.'"

On the 20-6-1881, E. L. C. wrote to a Friend in England, "Thou wilt be interested in hearing that we have had a very pleasant visit with President Garfield. Augustus Taber, clerk of New York Yearly Meeting, and his wife, and Edward Tatum and his wife, accompanied me. The President received us in his library, and devoted half an hour to the discussion of the exodus and refugees. He expressed lively interest in the freedmen, and a determination to do all in his

power for them. There were four points to which I particularly directed his attention.

“1st.—The importance of the negroes being protected in the South.

“2nd.—That a tract of land be set apart for those now in Kansas, and such aid be extended as will give them a fair chance to become speedily American citizens.

“3rd.—The importance of a national organization in some older State, where they can be received, relieved, and from which they can more easily be scattered to other States where they can find employment.

“4th.—The re-enactment of the law for the admission of English donations of supplies, duty free.

“I told him also of our Agricultural and Industrial Institution and Training School, near Columbus, Kansas, where we are seeking to employ as many as come for aid, and to teach, train, and elevate them as fast as possible. He heartily approved this, and hoped we should be supported and sustained in so noble an enterprise. In reply to my first suggestion he said, ‘You are probably aware that the President of the United States has no power to interfere in the internal government of any State, unless the authorities of that State call for aid,’ (or words to that effect). I replied that I am no politician—but from some of the more intelligent of the refugees, I had learned that President Hayes had removed all their friends and protectors from the government offices in the South, and substituted their former slave-owners, oppressors, rebels,

and Ku-Klux-Klan leaders, which these coloured people tell me caused their great suffering, cruelty, and oppression, and helped to bring on the exodus. I added that I did not wish to speak against President Hayes ; that I believed he was a good man, and was actuated by pacific principles and a desire to conciliate the South, but some of us thought he had made a great mistake. ‘Perhaps President Garfield has as much power as his predecessor,’ I said, ‘and may be able in some measure to undo the mischief.’ The New York Friends tell me they saw a merry twinkle in his eye as he heard this, and replied, ‘I can promise one thing. I will not put any of their enemies in power over them.’

“2nd.—He informed me that in his official capacity he could not control an acre of Government land, but he thought it would be eminently right and just, &c., and he would use his influence.

“3rd.—A National Relief Association he quite approved of, &c. Advised New Mexico as the locality.

“4th.—The law, he thought, would be enacted without any difficulty by the next Congress, who meet in December. He advised me to come to Washington then, and present these various points, and promised his influence to carry them. I told him I could not return there, I thought. He said, ‘Write to us, and state your plans and wishes on paper, and I will do all I can.’”

President Garfield was treacherously shot by the bullet of an assassin on the 2nd of July, a fortnight after the above visit—he died on the 19th of September.

Writing from Belleville, on the 12th Seventh month E.L.C. says, "Poor Garfield lies suffering so severely this hot weather. It is very sad to think of it, when so recently I saw him looking strong and well, felt the warm grasp of his hand, and heard his earnest words!

"I think Grant has sunk greatly in the estimation of our people by leaguings with the Vice-President and Conkling in carrying on a fierce warfare with our kind-hearted President."

E. L. C. to L. R.

Indianapolis, 16-9-81.

"Iowa Yearly Meeting was in some respects a very trying one. There is great diversity in three or four of their quarters. . . . The two elements, radical and conservative, seem to be in an irrepressible conflict. . . . The chief bone of contention was sanctification by faith, instantaneous or gradual. Some maintained the latter, 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' Others persistently declared it to be the *former*, and the gift of God consequent upon entire consecration on our part. Another apple of discord was the Inner Light, some declaring it to be in the hearts of *all*. Others say it is only in the hearts of the *converted*. There is so *determined* and *unwavering* an adherence on both sides to their own views, and so little condescension to each other, that I fear the result. On almost every point that came before the meeting a strong party spirit was manifest, and it was often very difficult for the Clerk to decide the voice and judgment of the meeting. One hundred Friends would express themselves in favour of one view, and then a still larger

number would speak on the other side. I tried as much as possible either to keep silence or to act as a peacemaker. I spoke of the urgent need at the present time for us all to unite and work hand in hand and heart to heart against sin and oppression and wrong, and to aid in the various missions and benevolent work, especially with and for the six million freedmen. I wanted Friends to discontinue their controversies on minor shades of doctrine, and labour for the salvation of souls and the doing away with tyranny and oppression, drunkenness, profanity, and other great national sins. This brought upon me criticisms from both sides. One said: 'Is the doctrine of the Inner Light a trifle?' Another, 'Is sanctification by faith to be so lightly esteemed?' These strictures were after meeting. Both parties united heart and hand and purse when I spoke of the refugees. They took up a collection of 200 dollars, and have engaged to provide a teacher for one year for the Agricultural and Industrial Institute, in Cherokee Co., Kansas. Also they are going to start a Normal School at Parsons, Kansas, for the refugees. I am so thankful!

“Western Yearly Meeting begins to-morrow; we have 15 miles to go, starting at 7 a.m. by rail. I wrote to S. and C. about our refugee work, begging them to use every effort to induce Friends and others to aid us this coming winter. Thou wilt probably see that letter, and also one I have written to Jemima Spence. There is likely to be more suffering this winter than either of the preceding ones, because their number is increasing, and their friends diminishing. Kansas has suffered

again severely from drought. White, as well as coloured ; so that the former will not be able to aid the latter, or to hire them to any extent. I hope to be able to prevail upon the Kansas Yearly Meeting, aided by the Western, Indiana and Iowa, to adopt the Institute ; then I can leave it in their hands, and go home and rest, after visiting Washington to see what Government will do. I suppose I shall have to go there in Twelfth month. There is 'no doubt' about our getting the Bill re-enacted for the admission of English donations, free of duty. So Dr. Updegraff (David U.'s brother in Congress) tells me, and he will do all he can to aid me in Washington."

E.L.C. to L.R.

6-11-1881.

"My reply to thy welcome and loving letter must be brief, as Dr. Jackson prescribes, 'No writing or mental effort of any kind. Live in the open air as much as possible, walk, sleep, eat, vegetate!' No medicine is prescribed, an occasional bath, oil-rub, and pack. My symptoms are similar in many respects to what they were eight years ago, but my strength and energy are much less than then. I feel like a prematurely old woman, 'shrivelled and shrunken' as one woman called me. I fear my usefulness is over, and that I shall be a helpless burden the rest of my days. But I am told if anyone can help me, Dr. J. can. These poor refugees ! I do hope I may be well enough to go to Washington next month, and get them some help from Government. I am advised 'not to think, or talk, or write about them !' S.F.S. says when she was a little girl she was advised to 'sit still and think of

nothing in meeting.' This would be about as easy as the advice given to me now.

"Kansas Yearly Meeting endorses our Institute, gives us warm unity and sanction, and express this and much more on their minutes, but decline assuming any financial responsibility, because of the poverty of the Friends and the condition of the Yearly Meeting Treasury. This leaves a heavy responsibility upon Laura S. Haviland and me. 'Mrs. Heavenly' the refugees call her, but they give me a name most essentially earthly, 'Mrs. *Cornstalk*.' L.S.H. is in her seventy-fourth year. I think our next effort will be to prevail upon our own Yearly Meeting to adopt the Agricultural and Industrial Institute at Columbus, and, in the interval between the present date and the time of the next Yearly Meeting, to sustain it financially by sending one collector to England and another to different parts of this country.

"Yes! my memory is failing fast about everything, except about the refugees. John says he is afraid I am getting a prejudice against white people! He thinks I have refugees upon the brain and heart. My sight and hearing are failing. John is younger in both these senses than I am, though eight years my senior, but he is very lame, though he manages to walk about half a mile every day. . . . We much enjoyed Anna Priscilla Mounsey both in Indiana and Kansas. We read with eager interest the newspaper reports of the Irish troubles, and the *wise* policy of Gladstone, Forster & Co., and I know you all read with equal interest of our trials and sorrows. Our grief for

Garfield. It is no lack of interest prevents our writing on these points, but we know that the cable brings the news, and takes it so rapidly, that by the time our comments reach you, the news would be stale. . . . Farewell, my dear sister. My dearest love is with all my three dear sisters. Your letters always give me great pleasure.”

The following is taken from an American paper of January 14th, 1882.

“MRS. COMSTOCK.

“The friends of Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock will regret to learn that her health has failed, and she is at this time in a Sanatorium in New York. It is hoped she may be able to resume her work, but her physicians advise her to leave it to younger and more vigorous philanthropists.

“Few women or men have accomplished what this brave woman has in the past forty years of her eventful life, which has been devoted to mission work in Europe and America.

“Mrs. Comstock is a Quakeress of English birth, and from the earliest opportunity until the present time, has been the friend of the oppressed of all nationalities, more especially of the coloured race.

“When the great exodus movement began, she entered, heart and soul, into the work of relieving the refugees as they landed in Kansas. In less than two years she collected about 60,000 dollars in cash; 30,000 dollars came from England in money and new goods, one consignment in 1881, being valued by

Topeka merchants at 12,000 dollars. The amount of supplies collected from the different States of the Union cannot be estimated. They consisted of every conceivable necessary, from a tin cup to corn-planters and ploughs.

“It is estimated that 60,000 refugees passed through Topeka, every one of whom received more or less aid. At one time 700 were in the barracks prepared for them, unable to procure work, and many being sick were compelled to stay for months in the hospital.

“For all this work and self-sacrifice Mrs. Comstock has never received a salary, even paying board at the aid-house for her only daughter, who spent some time with her.

“The relief work being no longer needed at Topeka, an Industrial and Agricultural Institute was established by her for the coloured people at Columbus, Kansas. On account of the failing health of Mrs. Comstock, in all probability this work will be turned over by the Board of Trustees to other parties.

“Mrs. Comstock has always been a warm friend of Half Acre Mission, in Kansas City, and has done all she could by her substantial sympathy to encourage and support the work here, which is being so successfully carried on at so great a sacrifice with limited means.”

E. L. C. to L. R. and C. H.

“Laura S. Haviland sent one of her books to John G. Whittier. In acknowledging it he sends a very kind message to me. You will be interested in a quotation from his letter :

“I am pained to hear of our dear Elizabeth Comstock’s illness—the result of her noble labours in conjunction with thyself. It would seem that humanity can only be lifted up and saved by renunciation, self-sacrifice and suffering. It is Christ-like to do the work, it is like Him also to suffer in doing it. I know what it is to suffer from over-tasks, and to be compelled to be an onlooker while the need and duty of labour are felt. I sympathize with our dear friend in her disability, and hope, by entire rest, she may be restored.”

E. L. C. to C. H.

Dansville, N. Y., 14-1-82.

“Having permission from my physician to play with the children, so long as they give me no care or anxiety, and to read children’s books! and write a little, *not about Kansas*, I sit down to have a talk with thee about the children; as thou hast had forty years experience as a teacher, thou may give me some ideas, for I may confess I feel my need of them with our little F. This three-and-a-half-year-old young American often puzzles me. I have been trying to teach him the little prayer,

“‘Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night.’

He does not talk very plainly, but is somewhat backward in the use of his vocal organs. He asks many questions, ‘What is tender?’ ‘What is shepherd?’ etc. I explain, ‘A shepherd is one who takes care of the little lambs.’ After trying to make him understand it for two or three evenings, he came with the eager

enquiry 'Is tender shepherd come?' 'Did he bring my little lamb?' 'M. said dat to-morrow,' meaning last night; 'Did she have a little lamb?' Upon close watching his lisping words, I found he substituted '*Fetch my* little lamb to-night' for the petition '*Bless thy* little lamb,' etc. He seems so disappointed that no lamb comes, that I fear his faith may be weakened in prayer, as I do not succeed in rectifying his theology. To-day at dinner, he greatly diverted some of the company by shouting 'that dish run away with the spoon,' when one of the waiters carelessly sent a dish and spoon spinning on the floor. The next exclamation was something about 'the cow that jumped over the moon.' I asked him who told him that—'I saw it,' he said, and persisted in it. 'Where?' I enquired, and to my astonishment, he replied, 'In Sabbath School.' He persisted in his statement, and would not be satisfied until he had coaxed and pulled and dragged me to the room where the children have Sabbath School here every First-day, and pointing triumphantly to the wall-paper, he pointed out the pictures of Mother Goose's Melodies: 'Dare's de cow jumping over the moon, dare's the dish running away with the spoon.' What can be done with a boy so precocious in remembering and believing nonsense and so dull at comprehending Divine truths? This reminds me of his funny baby speeches one moon-light night, or rather early evening, when the crescent moon was near setting, when he wanted to know 'who broke it off?' 'Did the cow kick it?' I cannot pretend to instruct him in astronomy, and as

to theology, at present it seems a hopeless case. The little fellow has a small bed in my room and is a great source of pleasure and amusement to me. His questions are so numerous and original and difficult to answer. When he is asked how old he is, he replies : 'I'm not old, I'm noo.'

"18-1. I have detained my letter a few days, hoping for more valuable contributions to accompany it, and make it better worth sending across the Atlantic, but C. is so busy with her children and writing some letters of importance for me that she has not been able to add much.

"Since commencing this scrawl I have spoken to Mrs. L., the Sabbath School teacher here, about what F. said he had learned in Sabbath School. She laughed heartily, and said she could tell a story to match that, of another little pupil. She had given them the text to learn : 'He shall blot out as a cloud their transgressions, and as a thick cloud their sins,' etc. One little fellow, too young to understand a word of it, not knowing what transgressions are, or what blotting out means, begged that he might say instead, 'Jack and Jill went up the hill.' Did thy little F. ever manifest so great a want of reverence for sacred things, or so depraved a taste for the nonsense in the literary line ? I hope the dear boys and their father are all enjoying good health and happy in their occupations. Tell F. he has left warm friends in Michigan, who often enquire after him and send their love. I think A. would much enjoy a trip to this country, and a visit to this Sanatorium and others of a like kind before he

commences regular practice, may be not only pleasant, but profitable in his profession. I must say farewell, as very moderate use of the pen is as yet allowed me. Dear love to you all."

E. L. C. to C. H.

Rollin 27-8-82.

"As C. and I drove over in our buggy drawn by Barnabas (a favourite horse) to Hudson, to take the cars for the Yearly Meeting, we met the stage which brings the mail, and stopped the driver, to ask him to give us any letters he had for us. He kindly complied with our request, and handed us thy welcome letter, mailed at Grasmere, which we read with great interest and pleasure while driving.

"We did not reach the Yearly Meeting, though we started. The weather was intensely hot, I got scarcely any sleep that night, the mosquitoes were an intolerable nuisance, and I felt so poorly the next day that I dared not proceed, but returned home.

"A few days of complete rest and quiet in my cool chamber, and C.'s cool and pleasant parlour, have helped me considerably, and I feel better, though still suffering from the heat. How I long for the cool breezes and congenial temperature of my native land during this hot summer weather! . . . Before thou reads these lines, the hottest part of the season will probably have passed over.

"We were intensely interested in thy account of the young doctor being capped. I should like to see him in his 'regimentals!'

"While we are *melting* in the heat, how you are

enjoying that trip amid mountains and lakes. I do not envy you, but should have very much liked to be with you."

In a letter dated 20-4-1883, E.L.C. writes, "I am much disappointed that Congress has not refunded what we paid out for customs and duties on the valuable gifts sent from England for the poor Kansas refugees. President Garfield told me he had no doubt they would do it, and said, 'If you will come to Washington next winter, I will help you to get the Bills through.' Alas! before winter he died, and I was ill. So nothing was done. L. S. Haviland went to Washington and stayed there some weeks; she received fair promises from many of the senators and representatives, but there was such a pressure of business that this was crowded out, with several hundred other Bills."

A year later, E.L.C. wrote, "The Bill passed Congress 28th of Second month last, good for one year, for English goods for Kansas refugees, duty free. No mistake!"

CHAPTER XXII.

VISIT TO ENGLAND AND RETURN — DEATH
OF HER HUSBAND.1883-1884.

AS E.L.C.'s health still continued in a critical condition, she was strongly advised once more to visit her native land, this having proved so beneficial eight or nine years before ; and she crossed the Atlantic, accompanied by her granddaughter, and landed at Liverpool on the 18th of July, 1883. She was warmly welcomed by her sister, and proceeded to Darlington. A few weeks later, a stay at Marske-by-the-Sea, in Yorkshire, refreshed her much, and she afterwards visited relatives and friends in the South of England, and spent nearly a month with her dear friend and early pupil at Ackworth School, Louisa Hurnard, of Lexden, Colchester.

The 30th of October was her kind host's fiftieth birthday, and her own sixty-eighth, and they spent it together and made it a season of rejoicing and festivity. Among many gifts, letters, and congratulations, she received Whittier's and Longfellow's poems, with the following rhyme :

“ Sixty-eight summers now have glided by,
Since first thou gladdened a dear mother's eye ;
Sixty-eight winters cold, have o'er thee past,
May many another come before the last !

As summer suns give gladness to the earth,
 So has thy presence cheered full many a hearth.
 Nor in the home alone, thy kindly word,
 To comfort and encourage, has been heard ;
 In Hospital—in Prison—or where'er
 Humanity has woe or pain to bear,
 Hast thou been found, intent to cheer alway,
 And point earth's sufferers to a brighter day.
 To black and white alike thy strength was given,
 And to sow seeds of peace and love thou'st striven.
 Thy life might richly fill a poet's lay,
 Therefore two poets rich, we send to-day—
 Whittier thou knows and loves—in his pure line
 The lessons thou acts out for ever shine—
 In length of days, his lot be also thine !
 Longfellow too, born under western skies,
 At his loved name what pleasant memories rise.
 'A heroine in the strife,' thou hast proved to be,
 On 'the world's broad field of battle,' thou hast set the
 bond-man free !"

Her tarriance in England greatly benefited her health, and on the 26th of January, 1884, she sailed from Liverpool for New York. The following letter describes the voyage.

E. L. C. to C. H.

R.M.S. Gallia, 3-2-1884.

"I believe I gave thee a conditional promise to write a journal of our voyage. It is well it *was* conditional, for it is likely to prove nothing but a few fragmentary scraps gathered up from the eight days of shaking and suffering that have sadly made havoc of physical and mental power. This is the first time I have been able to venture into the saloon, or to sit at table, either for writing or for meals. It is First-day,

a beautiful, clear, cold day. We had Episcopal services here this morning; we attended and were refreshed in so doing, and able to sit through the hour. To begin where we parted. As we saw your loved forms on the deck of the tender, gradually receding from our sight, our hearts sank within us with the thought that we should see your faces no more. . . . My next care was to go to my berth, and carefully put on and adjust my electric belt. (This was given just as she started, as a protection against sea-sickness.) I have had many eager enquiries from ladies how it answered. I could only reply by ghastly looks and broken speech that I never was so sick in my life before. It was not a fair trial for the belt, because we entered into a gale, or a tremendous gale swept over us that afternoon. During said gale, imagine us seated on the floor of the deck saloon, clutching frantically anything within reach, that we could hold on to for safety. Some time during the gale, some gentlemen near by were discussing the storm. I do not pretend to remember all they said, or to give any detailed account of their conversation, but two or three sentences penetrated my confused head, memory and heart, and stayed there. 'Will she stand this?' 'Can she live in such a sea?' 'As she is a Cunarder, I say Yes. If she had been a White Star, I should doubt it. The Cunard *always* slacken speed in a storm. They never rush headlong into a gale like this, at usual speed.' Memory does not serve me with other items of interest of that dreadful day and night, during which the Gallia seemed to be tossed about on the billows, like the large footballs I saw the young

men kicking about on the tennis grounds in York and Darlington.

“How we got to bed that night I do not remember, but at 2 p.m. next day, the stewardess, Mrs. Cameron, a stout, strong, kind, motherly-looking Scotchwoman, came and persuaded me to let her help me ‘to get up, and go into the air a little, as the Gallia is now standing still, and may be for three or four hours.’ I had no strength to resist, and was passive in her hands. I felt weak, exhausted, sore, bruised, and ‘gone’; too ill to write, though I knew how much you would all want to hear from Queenstown. I scribbled a few lines and gave to a gentleman who was mailing some letters of his own there.

“The stewardess told me she had never known such a night as last night, and in the midst of the storm, a little waif had entered this world of woe. ‘She is to be named Gallia,’ she said. From a little paper, printed on board, and called ‘The Gallia Journal,’ I will quote.

“DAILY NEWS.

“‘Left Queenstown, Sunday, 12.45 a. m., 240 miles. Monday, 134 miles. Tuesday, 297. Wednesday, 215. Thursday, 340.’ This is about all I can tell of those days and nights of agony and horror. Farewell for to-day. *5th day.* On returning to my berth on First-day night I found two letters. I seized them eagerly, but could not read them. I was weak, dizzy, faint—the letters seemed all blurred to my dazed sight. I pocketed them carefully, and on Sixth-day I was able to read and enjoy them, and think of the loved hands that traced them—hands never more to be felt in

earnest, loving grasp. Dearest C., thy letter has cheered and comforted me. I do thankfully feel that we have been privileged with many happy hours together, six months of as great enjoyment as often falls to the lot of mortals in this changing world. . . . *2nd day, 2nd mo. 4.* A calm sea below us, a clear sky above, favourable winds, carrying us on fifteen knots an hour, homeward bound. We are able to stand alone, and dress ourselves, the first time since coming on board. This is the tenth day at sea. 'Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.' Dear Calla is having a happy birthday, though she is not at home. I woke her this morning at 7.30 with birthday kisses and good wishes, and placed in her berth beside her the three little packets that had been given me at Liverpool for her. For half an hour she had great enjoyment in exploring and examining her treasures, and wishing she could see her dear aunts, and give them some kisses and thank them. Cousin Bessie, too ; the beautiful 'Bible Forget-me-nots.' She read to me the texts for the day in this, and also in her 'Morning Bells,' and 'Little Pillows.' Fielden Thorp would be pleased to know how she values his kind presents, and how often she has read her daily text, even during the sufferings of the last ten days.

"Among the dim recollections of the past, the confused reminiscences of sayings and doings a week ago come before me now. Hearing someone say in a loud voice, amidst the storm, 'I feel safe in a Cunard, she has never lost a ship, and has been forty years

afloat.' 'Don't boast too soon, wait till this voyage is over! This is terrible weather, this may be the first Cunard lost.' The sound seemed to be repeated in my ears for hours, a solemn dirge, a low requiem, echoed by winds howling, waves dashing, engine working, screw propeller shaking, every sound seemed to say, 'First Cunard lost! first Cunard lost! Cunard lost! 'nard lost, 'nard lost, 'ard lost, lost, lost, lost, lost, 'ost, 'st'!!!!

"One morning, it must have been the fourth or fifth day out, my languor, sickness, faintness, qualmishness, &c., &c., were interrupted and varied by Mrs. Cameron perseveringly urging, exhorting, entreating me to eat something. She tried to arouse me, and argued the utter impossibility of living in this world without eating. 'Eat!' I replied at last in desperation, 'I feel as though I should never want to eat again.' She tells me now 'how obstinate' I was. I have a dim recollection that she and everybody else were very unfeeling. The doctor, for instance, when sent for by a lady, declined to come, saying no one ever died of sea sickness. Cruel man! he would not even send a dose, but said he only knew of two specifics for sea sickness, one to stay on land, the other to bear it patiently. It did seem cruel, the poor lady was very ill. I thought of a certain kind-hearted young doctor I knew, and wished he was here to aid and comfort the poor lady. As for myself, I felt I was past all doctor's skill. I think I must have been in bed two days and nights when the stewardess undertook to get me up. I do not remember clearly how she managed

to get me dressed. I was helpless as a baby, but just remember her on one side, and the stout, strong steward on the other, labouring hard to get me up the stairs. Near the top, a sudden lurch of the vessel nearly precipitated us all three headlong down again. A loud call from my bearers, to lend a hand for God's sake, brought two more speedily to their aid, and towed by four, I was soon placed securely in a reclining chair, which was safely lashed to the deck. The sea-breeze, and the spray, revived me a little. I had no longer any need to hold on. This was a wonderful relief. I was well wrapped up, and soon fell asleep. How long I continued in the arms of Morpheus, I do not know. Awaking, just able to turn my head, I saw I was not a solitary sufferer. A long line of reclining chairs on deck, each one with a mummy-like, ghastly, death-like figure lying on it. Some one said there were sixty of us. I did not count, and felt as though I never should count again. Hour after hour I lay quiescent on the flood. Presently someone spoke to me. 'Would I not like to move?' 'Move! never again,' I said. 'The black smuts from the chimney are coming down on you.' 'Let them come,' was my only reply. I closed my eyes; presently a fearful shaking, a plunge and loud splashing, followed by shrieks and screams, aroused me—we had 'shipped a sea.' A river seemed to be pouring down the decks. Very quickly there was a great commotion. Every mummy between me and the fore end of the deck, was being unrolled, and aided by stewards, and by gents who looked half drowned, were being pulled, pushed,

dragged, into the deck cabin for shelter. Every man had to cling with one hand to a cable fixed the whole length of the ship, while the kindly aid was given with the other to the ladies. Two friendly voices spoke to me, and urged me to let them help me in. They spoke of the storm. 'Never mind,' I said. 'You will be half drowned.' I wished I might be quite. 'Here come the waves.' 'Let them come,' I said, closing my eyes, and feeling quiescent and resigned to everything but moving. Another lurch, a rush, a few shrieks and screams, a furious splashing and drenching, and the great wave had swept over me. Happily I was completely enveloped in my kind friend John Whiting's plaid. One of the gentlemen pulled or tore it from me, and gave it a shake. The water poured off it, like water from a duck's back. It was unhurt, and I was dry and comfortable under it, my head, face, and hands only, being wet, and these were cooled and refreshed by the sea water. My hood, A. R. W.'s kind present, alone suffered. I kept my place until orders came from the captain for all the ladies to be taken below stairs because of the storm. How many days I had been at sea before Captain McMickan's kind, benevolent face beamed down upon me, I don't know. There was something quieting in his very look, as he remarked, 'I fear you have been very ill.' I replied by a fervently expressed wish that the ship would cease its motion, and stand still a little while. Either his voice or some other grated on my ears and aching head with the words, 'Tis to be hoped she won't, until we are in New York Harbour.'

“As soon as I was well enough to think of anything but my own wretched condition, I enquired after little Miss Gallia, ‘Dead, and consigned to the waves ; she only lived three days.’ And the little boy who was only four weeks old when his mother brought him on board, is dead and buried too.

“‘Such is life, ’tis a delicate shell
Thrown up on Eternity’s strand.’

“*Noon, 4-2-84.* C. sits beside me at the table in the large dining-saloon while I write. She is wholly absorbed in her book, ‘Hid in the Cevennes,’ aunt L.’s kind birthday present. There are several children on board, a whole family of G.’s from New York City, the eldest about C.’s age. Before she commenced reading, she amused them for some time exhibiting her treasures ; the little girl in her sled, and the thimble, were very much admired. ‘The Forget-me-nots’ also, the book with its beautiful pictures, its ornamental cover and gilt edges, all duly noted and commented on.

“The letter, cards, poetry all examined, and read to admiring auditors. I am thankful for the dear child to be so well and happy to-day. She has had a sad time since she came on board. For some time I was too ill to give her any attention. I could hear her moaning, and could only answer groan for groan. Once, as I knew by sundry sounds, she was suffering much. I reached down my hand, which was immediately clasped in her cold little fingers. But even this token of sympathy could not long be indulged in, as we often had to hold on with both hands, to prevent falling from

our berths. One lady, Mrs. G., did fall out, and was very much hurt; her face is sadly disfigured with bruises. . . . 3 p.m. We are having a very pleasant time, quite calm, very little motion, verdict of many passengers, 'never knew such a bad beginning of a voyage, nor so smooth an ending.' 'Don't talk of the end yet,' says one. 'Captain M. predicts a storm. It is so unnaturally still for this time of year.'

"5-2-84, 9 a.m. All quiet, no sign of a storm—don't believe Captain M. predicted one, it is not like him. He is a very pleasant, cheery-looking gent, not at all likely to throw a gloom over his passengers by 'prophesying evil.' He read the services from the Episcopal Prayer Book with such solemnity. He is a beautiful reader. Dr. N., pastor of a Protestant Church in Rome, gave us an excellent sermon. He had been one of the 'Germanic' passengers, and came on board at Queenstown. I have been amused with hearing various opinions and discussions upon the different lines of steamships. Some praise up the 'Guion,' some the 'White Star,' but more seem loyal to the 'Cunard.' One argues: 'The beds are hard here, the cabins small, the table not equal to the other lines. White Star, all spring beds, roomy cabins, very superior table supplies.' One says: 'The White Star Co. give directions to their captains—be sure to take the steamer into New York or Liverpool by such a date.' The Cunard say: 'Land all your passengers safely, however long it takes.' They always slacken speed in a gale. Result: They have been afloat forty-three years and never lost a ship, nor even a passenger. No other line can say as much.

“I have crossed the ocean five times, and decidedly prefer the Cunard, especially for a winter passage. The stewards and stewardesses are very attentive, officers all very kind, table very good. Four meals a day for all who desire the 9 p.m. supper. The 6 p.m. dinner is rather too late for me, and I have occasionally felt a longing to be near my dear sister L.’s teapot. This condensed milk spoils my tea. I doubt whether the best spring beds would be comfortable during sea sickness. We have now had three days of real comfort and enjoyment. Many of the passengers and stewards think they never knew a more stormy commencement to a voyage or a more pleasant, quiet time the last few days, especially in winter. The plaid my kind friend J.W. gave me for my husband has been invaluable. Enveloped in its folds, I could remain on deck in stormy weather secure from harm. I have seen others drenched with the sea washing over us all, and I have not been hurt.

“I have been complimented as ‘a very brave old lady to undertake such a voyage in such weather,’ and again one said, ‘By Jove,’ and another, ‘By Jingo, she is a plucky old lady to stay on deck all day, with such a sea washing over us, when nearly all the gentlemen were driven under shelter.’ How undeserved their praises! I was a veritable coward, I dared not move. My chair held me safe, my plaid kept me warm. ‘My strength was to sit still,’ as dear C. said, when on the tender. We had two reclining chairs, which, being lashed to the deck, we could rest in, without having to

hold on for dear life. When sadly bruised and weary with clinging to something to prevent our being tossed about like a shuttlecock with every rock or lurch of the storm-tossed vessel, it was a wonderful comfort to recline in safety and rest. Many hours a day, in stormy weather, we thus rested. The warm salt-water baths were also a great comfort and refreshment.

“*Noon.* We understand that we are expected to make New York sometime to-night, but will not be able to go ashore until nine or ten o’clock to-morrow. Quarantine and Custom House will delay us, but I understand that if we give our letters to the purser this evening, he will hand a mail bag to the outward bound Cunard steamer to-morrow, which will pass out before we land. We will do so. . . . Motion increases—it is difficult to write. Shake, shake, shake, I can’t write more now. Later—more quiet—only a few hours more of this rocking and shaking. I am so thankful we are so near the end of our voyage.

“‘Who is that sweet-looking old lady?’ was the query I overheard, and turned quickly, hoping to make acquaintance with said old lady. ‘She means you,’ said one at my elbow. Just then I caught a view in one of the many mirrors of the saloon, of myself. C. reminded me that I have on that handsome cap aunt L. gave me, and added, ‘You do look well, grandma, and so rosy. I saw her just now looking at that satin hood.’ Truly it must be a contrast to my appearance a week ago, when I entreated the steward to remove that looking-glass, which reflected such a ghastly visage.

“ADVICES TO VOYAGERS.

“1st.—Be sure to take passage in a Cunard steamer.

“2nd.—Do not omit to bring with you an electric belt ; if it should not save you from sea-sickness, it may from sciatica.

“3rd.—Provide yourself with a waterproof plaid.

“4th.—A large, grey, Shetland shawl is a desideratum.

“5th.—An eider-down jacket and a bottle of smelling salts are valuable.

“6th.—A ‘nightingale’ is a great comfort.

“7th.—Hire a reclining chair for five shillings for the voyage, and live in it on deck.

“8th.—Do not voyage in the winter, if possible to avoid.

“9th.—Provide yourself with ‘Rudder Grange,’ or similar literature ; books easy to hold, good type, not too deep.

“10th.—A ‘tablet’ for writing will be a convenience, something stationary, not easily removed. Everything has a tendency to keep moving, to elude your grasp. The last eleven or twelve days, I have known and experienced more of perpetual motion than ever before.

“11th.—A good supply of faith and courage.”

The dear voyagers landed safely at New York on 7th of February. E.L.C. writes from Union Springs, 17-2-84 : “We declined the urgent invitations of our hospitable New York Friends, and went on to Union Springs on Seventh-day, and attended the small meeting there on First-day. I did not feel equal to attending that large meeting in New York city, my

head was dizzy and I was very weary. We had a nice pleasant *rest* with our kind friends, J. J. and M. H. Thomas. On Second-day we went on to Buffalo—were met at the station by E.H., who took us to his house, and we had a pleasant evening with him and his wife, and their son and daughter. The next morning he took us for a sleigh ride in a luxurious sleigh, well wrapped in buffalo and fox robes, to show us the suburbs and environs of that beautiful and rapidly growing city of 200,000 inhabitants. A.H. took us to Niagara, twenty-two miles by rail. He hired a sleigh for a three miles' ride around the Falls. The finest views I ever had of this 'Sovereign of the world of floods.' We had a glimpse from many points of view of this magnificent Niagara, from the Canadian as well as the American shore, in his winter costume. The mountain of ice formed by the spray was stupendous, the fringe of icicles grand, the trees dazzlingly beautiful, shining like diamonds in the sunshine. The day was lovely, the landscape perfect! C. was delighted, she ascended the ice mountain with our friend and a guide. I thought 'prudence the better part of valour,' and stayed below. The climbers were shod with clogs, armed with iron spikes. On the evening of the same day we took the night train for Hudson. In passing Adrian Station, where the train halted five minutes, it cheered me to see the face of our granddaughter, B. F., with her father. I had dropped them a postal, stating the train by which we expected to travel, and they came with a loving welcome and warm congratulations

that we had survived the fearful storms that had caused our relatives much anxiety this side the water, as well as the dear ones left in England. B. brought us from their breakfast table a delicious repast, which we much enjoyed, as we did not reach Hudson till 9 a.m., and had then a sleigh-ride of seven miles to bring us home. Before leaving the train, I saw the beaming, happy face of my dear C., who came to help me out, and to prevent my slipping on the glare of ice under our feet. I need not tell you how happy we were to meet again, or how great our joy to be restored to each other, after our long separation, in health. Carrie looks *well*. W. L. (husband of my eldest step-daughter) had brought his capacious sleigh, and plenty of warm wraps, and a very warm welcome, and we were soon seated and our three trunks, etc., etc., placed on board, and amid the lively sound of the merry sleigh bells ringing, we were soon on our way home. Warm welcomes, loving greetings, glad congratulations met us on all hands. My husband is in good health and spirits, and tells me I 'look much younger and better than when I went away.' C.'s little ones are well and happy. J. and C.'s also. . . . F. tells me confidentially that 'Mamma was so afraid you would be drowned, when it was so stormy, but I knew you wouldn't, for I asked Jesus to take care of you, and bring you back safe, and so He did, didn't He?'"

Six brief months had barely passed after that glad reunion, when a terrible trial darkly shadowed the happy household, in a fearful accident to the honoured head of the family. Our dear niece wrote from Rollin, "This letter must be the bearer of sad

news to you. Poor father has been thrown out of a buggy and seriously injured! We cannot tell how much, but his forehead near the temple is so hurt that mamma said it is a wonder *that* did not kill him without the other injuries he has received. He started this a.m. for Quarterly Meeting, intending to visit his daughter Amy on the way; he was in pretty good health, and in pretty good spirits. He had not gone more than four or five miles before the horse took fright, and he was thrown out, and was picked up insensible. He was brought home in a large chair, while they were at dinner. J. and C., with three or four of the working men on the farm, and the man who brought him home, lifted him right out of the wagon, chair and all, and took him to C.'s room, which was down stairs. After awhile they brought his own bed down, and set it up in the large parlour, the best room in the house. . . . His back and hip are hurt, and cause him great pain. . . . The doctor came and gave him a hypodermic injection, which has caused him to sleep quietly, and is a great relief, both to him and those who were taking care of him. He cannot even lift his feet, and has to be lifted and turned every few minutes, when awake, to get a change of position, the pain is so great. It is distressing to see him suffer so. I told him I was sorry to see him in such pain. He replied, 'It does me good to suffer' (evidently in allusion to the words 'perfect through suffering'). . . . Poor father, I fear he will never walk again, if he should live, though the doctor hopes he may get over it, but I saw him just as he was going away, and he

told me father 'was hurt worse than they thought at first.' He is feverish, temperature very high, and tongue furred. It may be only caused by the shock, or there may be something further developed that we do not at present know of. 'He is such a heavy man, and getting on in years,' the doctor added, 'and it is a serious injury of course, twenty-four or forty-eight hours will show to what extent.'

"This letter has been waiting for mamma to add, but as father requires her constant attention, and does not like her to leave him a moment, she has not been able to write, and gave it back to me to finish.

"Doctor is very doubtful how this sad illness will end; he says father almost broke his back, and that his spine is sadly injured. He was such a careful man, always cautioning others, and that very morning, when he left home, he made such particular enquiry of his young driver whether the horse was perfectly safe and quiet, adding in his facetious manner, 'I hope he is, for my life is not insured!' Darwin replied by assuring him that 'all was safe, the women drive him everywhere!' Three hours later, father was brought home sadly injured."

E. L. C. to F. H. R.

Rollin, Lenawee Co., Michigan, 28-7-1884.

"'Faint, yet pursuing' expresses my present condition. I am extremely weary, yet pursuing my daily duties with all the strength I have left. My poor husband lingers in a very feeble, suffering state. There is very little mental power left, what little there is seems absorbed in the one idea that he will 'die

to-morrow.' This he reiterates continually. It will be three weeks to-morrow since his accident. Two weeks after it occurred, he laboured under a similar impression. On the morning of that day, the 22nd inst., we thought he was dying. He thought so himself, and sent for the absent near relatives, who were in the neighbourhood, and had a solemn season of leave-taking. The twenty-third Psalm was read. He called for Carrie and Cherrie to sing sweet hymns to him. They did so to his comfort and satisfaction. We were around him, fifteen or sixteen of us in tears, listening to his dying words, and endeavouring to minister to his comfort by fanning him, repeating texts of scripture, &c., &c., when the doctor suddenly appeared upon the scene and speedily dispelled the illusion. He is a very practical man, with more skill than religion. He broke up the solemn assembly, felt his patient's pulse, and assured him he was getting better. He cleared the room of part of the crowd, and set others to work, in a way evidently designed rather to add to his patient's life, than to soothe his dying moments. Soon the appearance of the dying chamber was changed to one of living and suffering. The pain which had all disappeared for a short season, came back again. Groans and moans followed hymn singing and bible reading. What shall be on the morrow, we cannot foresee. The past week has been one of exceeding distress and suffering to poor John, and most wearying and exhausting to me. The heat of the weather tries me much. The night watching still more. Witnessing my dear husband's sufferings distresses me greatly. I

an almost worn out. I am generally his principal attendant during the day, and watch with him until twelve or one o'clock at night. Then E. L. or E. G. takes my place, or one of the other near relatives. By having three changes during the night, we divide the labour. The men who have been hard at work in the harvest-field do not sit up with him, but are called when needful. Sometimes we have to call two of them twice in the night, to turn him in bed, or place him in his easy chair. He cannot remain in the same position, and is so heavy to move. When well, he weighed 220 lbs. It takes all the strength of two men and a woman to turn him in bed. . . . A few days later. I take the first scrap of paper that comes to hand, as I sit beside my poor suffering husband, to tell you how he is, and how we all are. He is growing weaker from day to day, more death-like, more helpless. It is very sad to see a vigorous frame like his, gradually wasting away. He is having a desperate struggle for life. For forty years he has enjoyed unbroken health without the least interruption, having never been ill enough to lose a day's food, or a night's sleep. . . . J.'s limbs are frightfully swollen, a bad symptom this. My own health and strength are giving way, I fear. I feel so different from what I did a month ago. Pray for me, that strength equal to my day may be granted."

E. L. C. to C. H.

Rollin, Michigan, 5-8-84.

"At last the hard struggle for life is ended, and my dear husband is at rest. I have witnessed many a dying bed, but for a protracted death agony, this has

been the worst. O! I cannot describe what the past month has been to the poor sufferer, or to us! Four nights we looked on, and thought he was dying. Four times in the day we gathered around his bed, watching for the last breath. At last, from Sixth day evening to First day morning, at seven o'clock, he was dying absolutely. All the symptoms indicated the near approach of the King of Terrors, until, as the clock struck seven, the struggle became feebler, the hard breathing gentler, the pulse sinking, and in ten or fifteen minutes, we could scarcely tell when, the last faint breath was drawn. No groan, or gasp, or struggle at the close. We who had witnessed the long conflict, the death agony, feeling our utter inability to relieve him, could only thank God for him when he was released. Perhaps you remember the accounts in the papers of the death of poor Garfield. The extreme distress and agony he repeatedly complained of in his feet and *heels*. The two doctors who attended my dear husband, say that there was some similarity in the two cases. This acute suffering in the *heels* proceeded from a wound or injury to the spine. Garfield's from a bullet passing through the spine. John was not able to lie on the bed much. He was easier in a large reclining chair. A frequent change of position was a relief to him, but being a large, heavy man, it was very difficult to move him. It required all the strength of J. and L. to change his position ever so little, and also one of us women at the same time to move his feet and legs, even an inch or two, but after such movement he would seem easier and more quiet for two or three

hours. Then again the restlessness and pain would be so great that another change was indispensable. So we went on for near a month. The doctors said they had seldom seen so vigorous a frame in so old a man. 'Lungs sound, digestive organs good,' every part of the physical frame sound enough to ensure many years more of the enjoyment of life and health, had it not been for this accident. . . . Yesterday we committed his body to the grave, 'in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.' The funeral was very largely attended, many came twenty or thirty miles. So large a gathering has never been known at our meeting-house on such an occasion before. The house was crowded uncomfortably, and not half the people could get in. There were more outside than in the building. . . . The coffin was taken into the meeting-house, and after a meeting of an hour and a half, all the company, in solemn procession, walked round in single file to take a last look. All this is distressing to me. I do not like the nearest and dearest relatives to be weeping over an open coffin, and exhibiting their grief to hundreds of spectators. I took my last look in the room in which my dear J. had died, and where he had taken his last look at me, as he pressed my hand with a strong grasp, saying: 'O, my precious wife, my darling wife!' These words he often repeated, sometimes querying in a pitiful appeal of helpless agony: 'Can nothing be done? Can nothing be done?' Alas! we could do little or nothing at times to relieve his distress but give him morphine. Yesterday afternoon, after the funeral, when our friends

were all gone, and a sense of exceeding loneliness was upon us, your two dear sympathizing letters were handed to me. One from each of my dear sisters. They were most opportune and very welcome. . . . You had just heard of the accident, and your letters were filled with loving sympathy for us and for him, and kind messages to him—too late to avail him, but comforting to us. Our poor A. is in very poor health and still blind, quite blind—cannot see any light in the room. She has recently suffered more pain again in her eyes. . . . Now that my care for her dear father is ended, I think as soon as I can suitably leave home I shall go to her and try to comfort her, for she is greatly depressed. Her father's death is a great additional affliction to her. He was on his way to visit her when he met with this accident, and the following morning he requested me to get pen and ink and sit beside him and write, from his dictation, a letter to her. I did so—a touching letter, telling of her father's love and sympathy, etc. I wrote word for word, as he dictated. This letter, commencing 'My dear, dear Amy,' was a great comfort to her. Only for half an hour was his mind clear enough for this, and at no time since has he had sufficient mental power for such an effort, . . . C. is pretty well, she was frequently here during her father's illness, and he would call for her, and ask her to sing to him 'sweet hymns.' She feels his loss keenly. I am thankful indeed that I had not gone to Canada, and that I came home from England when I did, instead of waiting until the Spring. Scarcely six months have

we enjoyed of each other's society since my return home. How little could we foresee what these six months would produce ; so much sickness, and labour and sorrow. I should have sunk under it a year ago, but the health and strength my trip to my native land gave me, have enabled me to work and to suffer, and to bear all of it without my health being materially affected, for which I am truly thankful. The weather here has been unusually cool for this time of the year, and this also has helped me, as the heat is sometimes overpowering."

A few weeks after her dear husband's death, E.L.C. paid a visit to her brother at Belleville, in Canada. Her daughter accompanied her. She was a good deal exhausted with nursing and anxiety, and the quiet rest refreshed her much. She wrote from Belleville, on the 8th of Ninth mo., "Where C. and I will decide to reside we cannot tell yet. We have the 'whole world before us, where to choose our place of rest, and Providence our guide!' . . . It was thirty years on Seventh-day since we first set foot on American shores. How many changes these thirty years have produced. Fraught with joys and sorrows, rich with blessings, chequered with griefs! . . . C. and I think that we cannot be separated again as long as we live." .

Invitations came to them from various places, and after much consideration, Union Springs, in the State of New York, was decided upon as their future home, and they removed there towards the end of the year. Some of their kind friends had selected the house, and generously helped them in its purchase.

Under date 9th mo. 14th, 1884, E. L. C. writes from Belleville :—“I have spent several hours with our dear friend, J. B. Braithwaite. I have seen Thomas Harvey, also, and spent an hour with him. I have not met the other two English Friends.* Poor J. B. B. has had a sad accident, and is still suffering much, though it is two weeks since the injuries were received. You will have heard how he was thrown out of a buggy and stunned, his head and face bruised, and his right arm broken, a compound fracture. . . . Hearing that he was so hurt, and laid by at Picton, so far from home, suffering, and a stranger in a strange place, I requested a friend of ours, who was acquainted with his doctor, to deliver a message for me, and to tell him that I would come and see him if he was likely to remain there a few days longer, and a visit would be acceptable. A very warm message of invitation was the result, from J. B. B., and also from his son-in-law, from Baltimore, who had arrived in consequence of a telegram, telling him of the accident. I was escorted to the house where they were staying. He seemed much moved on seeing me. Dr. Thomas gave me a hearty welcome, and said : ‘Here is a friend that I am sure will do thee good, father ; I will leave thee with her while I go and see Thomas Harvey.’ So I sat down by him, and we had a very pleasant time, talking over the state of the various meetings of Friends the world over, especially this side the Atlantic, of many Friends

*J. B. Braithwaite, Thomas Harvey, Thomas Pumphrey, and Wm. Robinson were at this time visiting Friends in Canada, as a deputation from London Yearly Meeting.

well known to us both, of his visit to the East, of the sad affliction he had had in the untimely death of his dear friend and travelling companion, Charles Reade, who had been dashed to pieces by precipitation from an Alpine crag, of my dear husband's accident (so like his own) and *his* severe suffering and death, etc. We had a sweet season of prayer together, and both of us felt refreshed and comforted by the two hours that we thus spent. When Dr. T. returned, he said, 'Why father, thou looks like another man, I was sure that a visit from Elizabeth Comstock would put new vigour into thee.' Before parting, J. B. B. got me to promise to call again to-morrow morning at half past nine, and stay until the boat was to go at noon. I went accordingly; we had a most delightful Bible reading together. The twenty-third Psalm; he with his Hebrew Bible, I with my English. He made it very interesting, as he took the word shepherd, and traced it through many parts of the sacred volume. He related a most interesting anecdote about his cousin, the Bishop of Lincoln and the Archbishop, and their dispute with the Methodists, on their appropriation of the word Reverend, applied to their ministers. He read some letters to me from leading members of our Society, commenting on the present changes sweeping over our body. . . . Our pleasant chat was interrupted by the call of some Friends: as I was leaving, J. B. B. asked if I could not come again and see him. He said, 'I can't part with thee yet.' I told him the boat would go in an hour, and I must return to Belleville in it. He then requested me to come back next Fifth-day,

and said my visit had cheered him, and done him so much good. I told him I would try to come again on the day he named."

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMOVAL TO UNION SPRINGS.

1885-1890.

E. L.C. wrote from Union Springs, 12-2-85, " If we could have a visit from thee, my dearest C., when dear L. comes, the pleasure would be doubled, and if S. could come too, it would be trebled. One dear one is gone, who had greatly desired to see you, and to 'welcome you,' as he used to say, 'to our large and magnificent country.' What a joy it would have been to him to see and entertain you. Now, alas! that can never be! Perhaps from a higher sphere he may already have taken a bird's-eye view of his English relatives. . . . We are located in a very pleasant spot. The lake, the little, bubbling, dashing, splashing streams, hurrying down to the lake, are beautiful in the season, and harmonious in sound. The hills are more attractive to me than the level prairie lands of Michigan. While I write, the merry sleigh bells are ringing and the sun shining brightly in an almost cloudless sky. The weather has been very cold of late; for a few days, thermometer 15° below zero, but most of the time, ranging from 10° to 20° above, and they tell me this is an unusually cold winter. There is deep snow on the ground, to the delight of

the boys and girls. . . . So thou art reading 'Paradise Lost' again. F.'s experience in that volume seems something like his uncle, John T. C.'s. He told me that he read Milton when he was a boy, until he found his sympathy all going out towards Satan. Then he closed the book, and had ever since considered it a pernicious volume."

"26-3-85. Two loving and very acceptable letters from thee await a reply from me. Do not measure my love by my letters. My time is very limited for indulgence in this luxury of correspondence, even with my dearest relatives and friends."

"30-3. A call from a Friend interrupted me in writing, and I have had again to delay my letter. Thou has no idea what a busy life I lead. . . . Friends seem determined to get me into religious work again. Gospel Temperance work, funerals, Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, Bible readings, Sabbath School work, etc., etc. I enjoy it, but do not know how to spare the time from home duties; my correspondents are all neglected, and a high pile of unanswered letters in my desk appals me. . . . We have been to our Quarterly Meeting, at Skaneateles, C., C. L., M. and I. We left home at 9 a.m., walked a mile and a quarter to railway station, took the cars for six miles, and after several changes, were kindly met by P. S., with her carriage. She took us to her elegant home, a beautiful mansion, overlooking the Skaneateles Lake, more lovely the view than from our house to Cayuga Lake, because the land rises higher, and on each side hills and waterfalls abound more. We admire this

country much more than the level plains of Michigan, but my dear husband would say it was 'not half so valuable.' He used laughingly to remark that if I had had the selecting of his farm it would have been no more use for agricultural purposes than so many acres of blue sky, because of my great admiration for the mountains, rocks, cascades and woods. . . . I was telling thee about the Quarterly Meeting when I left off. The Friends I like very much ; their cordial welcome to us all, not only to the meeting, but to their pleasant homes, was gratifying. . . . C. and I. expect to go to our Yearly Meeting. It is to be held at Glens Falls, near Saratoga, this year. It is much more accessible to us than Rollin was to Ohio Yearly Meeting. . . . I am reading dear H. S. Allen's Life with exceeding interest. I enclose H. W. S.'s tract on the 'Chariots of God.' I like it very much, and hope thou and S. and L. will like it."

"30-10-85. Thank thee for thy loving birthday greeting ; dear L.'s society helps to make this, as thou says, 'a red-letter day.' We had a very precious season at our evening reading. The dear Lord seemed very near us. C.'s outpouring of grateful thanksgiving for her mother, and allusion to what I had been to her, and pleading for her little flock that they might follow on, etc., etc., were very touching to me. Little F. followed with a chapter of Lamentations, weeping with the tears rolling down his soft, fat little cheeks, because 'grandma is so old, I'm afraid she is going to die.' His mother's kisses and soothing words comforted him as she put him to bed."

“3-11-85. This is the anniversary of our dear mother’s entrance into life. Forty-one years she has enjoyed a citizenship in a country, the inhabitants whereof never say ‘I am sick.’ What a blessed release from all encumbering care, and laborious toil, and from all the infirmities that advancing years would have brought to her. The meeting with her dear brother, Daniel Kekwick, when his time came to follow her, would be a happy one. She felt the separation so keenly, when he and his family left for Australia.”

E. L. C. to C. H.

New York, 26-12-85.

“Yesterday was an anniversary that often brings before my mind our dear father and brother William. (They both died on Christmas Day.) Not so much in sorrow and sadness, as in the anticipation of a reunion, not far distant. This Meeting has just sustained a great loss, in the removal yesterday of one of the pillars of the Church, Benjamin Tatham, who died of pneumonia, in his seventy-first year. There are so very few of the old-fashioned, weighty, solid, substantial Friends remaining in this city, that his removal will be greatly felt.

“The Friends here have been extremely kind to me, in helping me in my work in the prisons, hospitals, asylums, &c. In a charity hospital near here is a poor man very ill. He says he is a Quaker, and upon enquiry whether he belonged to London Yearly Meeting, he replied, ‘O no! indeed! I am a member of William White’s meeting at Birmingham.’ He is very

loyal to W. W., and says it would make him so happy if he could only see him once more before he died. He seems to be a trusting Christian, and ready to depart in peace, though in some anxiety about his wife and family. I hope to get to see them in a few days, and to bring them a little under the notice of Friends in this city, who do not seem to know anything about them.

“I was interested in that scrap of J. H.’s letter, and in all thou tells me of M. and N. I do not at all unite in J. H.’s construction of that beautiful text ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.’ He has not only omitted half, but in doing so perverted its meaning, see I Cor., 2, 9. Request him to read the context, and he will find that the whole chapter has no reference to the *next world*, but to the Apostle’s preaching *here*, that the wisdom of the natural man, does not enable us to understand it, neither can the natural eye see, nor ear hear, &c., &c., but God revealeth them unto us by His Spirit, *here*, to enable us to understand and appreciate said preaching. Tell J. H. that I take a great deal of comfort in reading about Heaven in my Bible, and feel very sorry for those who think ‘we know nothing about it.’ I have found more than 200 passages about it, and expect yet to find many more.

“I came here the last day of last month, and expect to start for home the first Second day in the New Year, so shall, all being well, hope to see my dear home and loved ones on Third day, the 5th prox. I receive very good accounts of them all. I hear two or three times a week from C., and as many from our dear

friends J. J. and M. H. Thomas, who kindly watch over them in my absence.”

Union Springs, 22-2-86.

“I have been much interested in reading the account of a recent Quarterly Meeting, especially in one question which arose for discussion. A dear Friend’s testimony was read, and mentioned that he could not recall any particular time when he experienced conversion, &c. Some Friends wished this passage ‘stricken out,’ in which opinion others did not unite. I *hope* it was not stricken out. In some of our Western meetings there is a fulsomeness, I may almost say a flippancy of expression, in telling the day, hour, and place of conversion, of regeneration, of consecration, of sanctification, and of receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit. To me it seems awful when such experiences are lightly told, as it usually is by those whose daily walk by no means confirms their words. I feel more disposed to make the simple acknowledgment, ‘Whereas I was blind, now I see,’ and gratefully to declare, ‘I know who it is that hath opened my eyes.’ Our dear parents, and other valued Friends of their generation, would have gone no farther than this, and would have been exceedingly shocked to hear others make these high professions. What is your judgment in these matters? . . . I unite most fully in ——’s remarks about the Man of Sorrows, that He bore our sorrows that we might enjoy a peace and a joyful, victorious faith. ‘That your joy may be full,’ ‘a joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ ‘Rejoicing in tribulation.’ ‘Count it joy that ye fall into divers temptations.’ (trials?) ‘All

we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way,' but we may well be glad and rejoice when we can say, 'We were all as sheep going astray, but now are we returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.' I suppose the committee on American correspondence is now in session. I hope some women Friends are on that committee. We await with much interest the decision of that committee. My own private desire is that our dear Friends in England may see it right to address 'An Epistle to all calling themselves Friends or Quakers.' This would embrace in fraternal, Christian love and sympathy those *we* call Hicksites, Wilburites, and Orthodox Friends. The Hicksites in New York and Philadelphia Yearly Meetings and in Baltimore are more numerous, and what outsiders call more respectable and influential, in other words more wealthy than our branch. I have attended many of their meetings, and am personally and very pleasantly acquainted with some of their leading members. I think that fully half of them are as orthodox as we are. They allow great liberty of conscience, and do not require their ministers to sign any creed. As a body, in appearance, costume, manners, and way of holding their meetings, they very closely resemble us, only plainer in dress, address, and the furniture of their houses. We look into their libraries, and see all of our standard works. They bear as faithful a testimony as we do, to the spirituality of the New Dispensation, the freedom of the Gospel ministry, against slavery, war, oaths, conformity to the world, the sacraments,

ordinances, and ceremonies, etc., etc. On the doctrine of the Atonement they have some diversity. Many of them hold it as we do, and trust their soul's salvation to our dear Saviour. Some of them are Unitarian. I have heard many of them express a wish that London Friends would send them a Yearly Epistle, and in two of their meetings they have read a stray Yearly Meeting's Epistle from London that had fallen into their hands. Many of their members are very desirous for a reunion of the two branches of the Society of Friends. The Wilburites are not unitarian, but are more rigid and less approachable. They consider that we are departing from our ancient testimonies and practices. We have given them some reason for such opinions. I wish they had remained with us. They have an excess of some elements we greatly need. Had they not left us, we might have carried more ballast and less sail, and have been less likely to blow over. An Epistle from London Friends would, I believe, produce a softening, tendering influence, and bring them and us nearer together. . . . I have attended every Yearly Meeting on this continent twice, and many of them seven or eight times, some of them twelve or fourteen times. It is near midnight, and I must conclude."

"19-5-56. I am growing old! It is not so easy to me to write letters as it was once. . . . My recent illness has completely broken me down. My energy and strength seem all gone. For eight weeks I have not been to meeting, and feel like a very different person from what I was nine weeks ago. I understand experimentally the meaning of the words: 'The grass-

hopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, and fears be in the way.' ”

She gradually rallied, and partially regained her strength, and in the autumn was again liberated by her Friends for religious and philanthropic service.

Under date 3-10-86., E.L.C. writes from Union Springs, “I have just obtained a minute from my Monthly and Quarterly Meetings for attending the ensuing Yearly Meeting at Baltimore, and some of its subordinate meetings, and for visiting prisons, hospitals, poor-houses, and benevolent and reformatory institutions in Maryland and Philadelphia, and some other service going or returning. I asked for the minute with some diffidence, not feeling so strong or able to work as a few years ago, but the cordial response of both Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, the earnest prayers offered for me, and loving greetings with which they bid me ‘God-speed,’ have renewed my courage and confirmed my faith.”

One of her sisters having remonstrated on her leaving home and travelling as winter approached, she replied, 27-10-86, “I think thou need not be uneasy about my health, in going out in Eleventh month. It is a very pleasant month in Maryland and Virginia. I am going to a warmer, not a colder climate. It will be very pleasant to meet Mary Ann Marriage Allen in Baltimore, and perhaps visit some of the poor coloured people with her. I am very glad she is coming to this country to work for and help them. I shall take the very first opportunity of giving her as warm a welcome as she gave thee and me to the ‘Irish

Cabin.* I fear she will not be able to do those poor creatures so much good, as if she went to Kansas. The prejudice against them is so strong among the whites in Maryland and Virginia, more so than in Kansas.

“I remember our visit to Guisborough well, and also going with thy dear S. to D. B.’s. I am glad that he remembers my sermon better than he does me and my visit to his house to dine. C.’s remark, as we read thy interesting letter together, was

“‘Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.’

“Thou wilt recognise this quotation from Abraham Lincoln’s favourite hymn, ‘Your Mission.’ C. and I have been much interested lately in reading together a book entitled ‘Letters from Hell.’ It was lent to me while staying at the ‘Cayuga Lake Hotel.’ Two ladies who had read it through with great interest said they wished every *fast* young man in Auburn (where they resided) could read it. They thought it would do them a great deal of good. Two other ladies, who had just glanced at it and read a passage here and there, pronounced it a dreadful volume that ought to be suppressed. One elderly gent, a Presbyterian minister, read a few pages of the volume I had, and returning it to me, remarked, ‘Do you know, I think the awful consequences of sin are not sufficiently dwelt upon by modern preachers; the very first thing I shall do when I return to my home in Philadelphia will be to purchase that book.’ If thou hast the opportunity, do read it,

* In ushering us into her beautiful mansion, near Dublin, in May, 1874, M.A.A. had playfully called it “Our Irish Cabin.”

and let me have thy criticisms upon it. I think thy F. would rather enjoy reading it, though he would not unite with the whole of it, neither do I. But there are some passages in it I greatly admire, and, taken as a whole, it does rather meet my ideas of that future condition of the lost, especially where the dim hope is held out of a future escape therefrom, and that the sufferers *may* be purified through suffering. Two or three pages near the end of the volume about the Apostle Peter I like much. The preface is written by George Macdonald. I expect to start on my journey on the 3rd prox., the anniversary of our dear mother's removal to a brighter and better world."

Again in Nov. 1886, E. L. C. wrote from Winchester, Virginia: "I am passing over the very same ground that I visited during the war, twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. Not quite the same scenes meet my eye, though. No signs of the desolations of the sword. Very few tokens of the presence of the cannon ball, or the exploding shell. Northern and Southern soldiers and their children living peaceably side by side. All vestiges of the former hatred and revenge gone."

"6-12-86, *Darlington, Maryland.* The name of this village brings thee and dear S. continually to mind. It was settled more than a century ago by 'Friends from the old country,' it is supposed, who started a Friends' Meeting here, but the Friends I am with cannot give me further information. The town is small, old-fashioned, and straggling. The meeting-house a mile from the town, and called 'Deer Creek,'

after the small river near by. We are holding a series of meetings here, two or three every day. I am staying with very kind Friends at a farmhouse, who do all they can for my comfort. We go to meeting in sleighs."

E. L. C. to L. R.

Darlington, Harvard Co., Maryland, 9-12-1886.

"Let me have a card as soon as possible after thou reaches Philadelphia to tell me of thy safe arrival. It was with much concern that I read thy postal at ten p.m. yesterday, and found by it that thou wast then probably on thy long and wearisome journey. I have thought of thee in the night as travelling alone, feeling thyself solitary, a stranger in a strange land, and possibly snow-bound somewhere. I have been thinking how different it was with me when in England, and what tender care thou and dear C. took of me, accompanying me on all my journeys and visits, and nearly all my walks, and the contrast brings self-reproach, and

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist."

"*Fifth-day, ten a.m.* Joseph Edge has been looking over the daily papers, and we are glad to find no *very recent* snowstorms in the part thou hast had to travel through, so we hope thou hast not been snow-bound anywhere, and that thou art now drawing near to Philadelphia. This is a lovely, bright, beautiful morning, so that if not too weary, thou mayst be able to enjoy the scenery on the Hudson River to New York, and then to Philadelphia. I hope thou wilt have no trouble with baggage, or changing cars. I long

to hear of thy safe arrival, and hope thou wilt take no cold. It is near meeting time—three meetings to-day. We commenced a series of meetings here last Seventh-day. Dr. Jas. C. Thomas and wife were here for two or three days, they are gone now, and Mary Snowden Thomas has come. Dr. Richard T. and wife (Anna Braithwaite) are expected on Seventh-day. The ground is covered with snow, which will not be long probably, as the sun is shining brightly. We have had three or four days of unusually severe weather for this climate. The thermometer has been down to 14° in the night, but the worst seems past, for the nights and the days are lovely. My health is good. I expect to remain here until the 18th inst., then return to Baltimore to the Quarterly Meeting in that city, and do a little more in mission, poor-house and prison visiting, before going to Richmond, Virginia. H. M. has returned home; she could not stay away longer. She told me that if I would liberate her, she would go home and see after my family as well as her own. She will take little F. and nurse him up, and get his cough cured. She lives in a large farmhouse, warm and comfortable, and her ‘little granddaughter, seven years old, will be delighted to have a play-fellow.’ She is very kind. She said she felt that I was ‘engaged in a blessed work that very few could do,’ and that others could help take care of my family, who could not do what I am doing.”

E. L. C. writes from *Jerusalem*, Southampton County, Virginia, 16-2-1887, “Thanks for thy wee letter of 30th ult., with enclosure from M. A. W. Her

son was much comforted with information of the arrangement for his removal, but died before the weather would permit the change to be made. I went through *Jericho*, to go to meeting to-day; to-morrow expect to go to *Corinth*, so thou sees I am moving about. My health is good, weather is lovely most of the time. Friends very kind. Meetings large generally. Write often."

E. L. C. to L. R.

Baltimore, 4-3-1887.

"I arrived here safely last evening somewhat weary, but in good health. In Washington I had a meeting with the few Friends there on Third-day evening, three meetings on Fourth-day, and two on Fifth-day. Six meetings in forty-eight hours. I do not often attempt so much, but the arrangements were made for me before my arrival, and I felt best satisfied to accept the situation, and do the best I could, having faith to believe that strength equal to my day would be vouchsafed. It was so, and these meetings seemed to be entirely satisfactory to the Christian ladies, earnest workers there, who had made the arrangements, and relieving to my own mind.

"In the cars, I sat beside a pleasant lady just from Florida, returning to her Northern home. She amused me with her conversation about the large cities, and their distinctive characteristics. She said in Philadelphia the question is, 'Who was your grandmother?' Pride of pedigree! In New York, 'What are you worth?' Purse proud! In Boston, 'How much do you know?' An aristocracy of intellect. The best, perhaps. She did not seem to know about London,

and I could not tell her. Perhaps we may say the query to a stranger would be, 'Where are your credentials?' 'What about Washington?' I queried. 'Do you dance?' was the answer. M. S. T. says in Baltimore the query is, respecting a stranger, 'Is she pretty?' The lady who travelled with me, thinks the best society in the world, is to be found in Washington, during the season, when there is a galaxy of the bright stars of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, &c., congregated in this, the most beautiful city she had ever seen. She praised up the beautiful buildings, the whiteness of the marble, &c., &c. Alas! I hope it may not prove a whited sepulchre! But I fear there is a vast amount of corruption and sin in it. A 'White Star' League is started, and seems to be the commencement of a good work that is greatly needed.

In Washington and in Virginia we see a great many coloured people. In some places they seem more numerous than the white. Mary S. Thomas tells of a coloured woman who named her baby 'Virgin Mary.' Upon enquiry why she selected that name, she said she had seen a beautiful picture of a lady that name. She was advised to change the name to Virginia Mary, and did so!

"I see some very amusing scenes, and some very sad ones. The southern prisons seem to be crowded with coloured people, most of them sent there for a term of years for petty larceny—while white convicts for great offences are placed over them with the lash as overseers, while they work in the chain-gang. . . . I expect to leave this city on Third-day next, with C. E.

Talbot, for German Town. . . . I do not know how much work is laid out for us, or how many days we may be there. The weather has just set in very cold, the ground is covered with snow four or five inches deep, and still storming at noon. I have not seen any snow previously for many weeks. I hope the weather may not be very cold when I reach Philadelphia, or it may affect my chest and bronchial tubes.”

E.L.C. to C.H.

Clintondale, near Poughkeepsie, N.Y., 16-6-1888.

“Thy welcome and very interesting letter received a few days since, written from London, was forwarded to us by our Union Springs postmaster. Dear L.’s postal two days later. We have been, the last two weeks, in the most charming scenery. The Hudson river, which for 200 miles northward from New York is in many parts two miles wide, and navigable all the way, is a clear, sparkling stream, bearing on its waters a continued flow of steamers, tugs, barges, rafts, sail-boats, row-boats, &c., &c. It looks sometimes as though a whole city must be moving up and down. Two large steamboats lashed together, drawing a number of barges or rafts, three abreast, nearly a quarter of a mile in length. It is an imposing sight! From our seat on the balcony at the house of our kind hostess we look down on this magnificent river. At the same time, we hear the shrill whistle, and see, this side of the river, in apparently close and dangerous proximity to it, a passenger train moving towards the Imperial City, and, at the very same time, on the opposite side of the river’s bank, a long, heavy freight train, drawn by two

immense engines, so long that we cannot see either end of it for a few minutes. The lofty mountains in the distance add to the beauty of the scenery. We are seated 300 or 400 feet above the river, so near that it almost seems to us we could throw a stone into it. How our dear brother would enjoy this landscape if he could sit here beside us. Perhaps he is near, perhaps he can enjoy it with us, though unseen by us. I love to think him sometimes near us.

“ These long, freight trains are laden with grain, lumber, cattle, sheep, butter, cheese, eggs, flour, Indian corn, potatoes, &c., &c., from our vast Western prairies, towards New York, for use in our eastern cities, or for exportation. Several freight trains pass in the course of the twenty-four hours. More on First-day than any other, because the track is more clear of passenger trains on that day. These long freight trains on their return trip are often laden with emigrants going West, with their large families and household goods. . . .

I was greatly interested in thy account of your Yearly Meeting, and especially about the animated discussion on the ‘ Richmond Declaration.’ My dear C., I see a great difference between persons issuing a declaration of their own faith, and their undertaking, under pain of excommunication, to compel or urge, everyone else to subscribe to it. We, of New York Yearly Meeting, have accepted and praised it, and extolled it, but do not adopt it. Dost see the difference between *accepting* and *adopting*? I do. I do not think many Friends unite in the *whole* of that document. Yet they think as a whole, it is a pretty good presentation

of the doctrines held by the Society at large. I fully unite in dear ——'s view that it *may* be needed in some of our Western Yearly Meetings, where they are receiving new members wholesale, without their knowing much about our distinguishing views, but London, New York, and Philadelphia do not need it. Still, I was willing we should 'accept' it, hoping it might be a substitute for the proposed 'creed,' and I think it will!"

Soon after her return home, E. L. C. wrote from Union Springs: "We have read with exceeding interest in 'The Friend' about Walter McLaren, John Bright's nephew, and his able speech on the Indian question and C. D. A. May he fill his uncle's place, when he has passed away! I am glad he has joined Friends. I was very glad the *ladies* cheered him. We are just now very much interested about Ramabai and India. We are busily doing fancy work for a fair for her. I am knitting tiny hoods and shoes, and making a small bed-quilt of silk scraps, log-cabin pattern. C. and the children will assist, also the girls from the school, in making pincushions, needle-books, work-bags, holders, etc., etc. The school-girls enjoy coming on Seventh-day at 2 p.m., and stay till 9 o'clock. Twelve girls and six or eight boys at a time. In 'The Friend' that to-day's mail brought us we have been reading about the cruelty practised on the seals, 'skinning them alive, notwithstanding their cries and tears; they cry like children.' O! how can they be so cruel? It seems to me that I shall never want to wear anything made of sealskin, and I will lift up my voice against this

iniquity, as I do against ladies adorning themselves with the beautiful little birds, that are being rapidly exterminated."

Writing to her sisters from the Park Hotel, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, 14-12-1888, E. L. C. says, "We stayed last night with my niece C. C., at Canandaigua. She and two other ladies are joint proprietors of the Granger Place School in that aristocratic town. . . . They have a beautiful old palatial dwelling, the home of the Granger family, with delightful surroundings of garden, grand old trees, &c., &c. We stay here to-night, and to-morrow go on to Baltimore (D.V.). We find already a decided difference in the temperature, and my cold is better. We are now 200 miles south of Union Springs. . . . R. H. is bright and well, and is now holding a series of meetings in Boston. . . . I have recently been reading (or C. has read to me) 'John Ward, Preacher,' with great interest, yet there is one fault we find in the book. The authoress represents the only character possessing *real* religion to be the Presbyterian, with his high Calvinistic doctrine, and views of eternal punishment. C. has felt so much on this point, that she has written to Margaret Deland, and requested her to write a sequel exhibiting vital Christianity and high principle in some of the other characters, Episcopal Ministers, and the Widow. She has received a very nice answer from the authoress, who is 'writing another book, which she thinks will be more satisfactory on these points,' or words to that effect. We have for our travelling companion 'Robert Elsmere.' I read in a paper yester-

day, that Dr. T. of Chicago says that 100,000 ministers of the Gospel have come out strongly condemning Mrs. Ward, and sharply criticising her book. Of course I resolved at once to read it. If 100,000 ministers attack one woman, a countrywoman of mine, I am on the defensive at once. — told me the other day that he and his wife began to read it with great interest, but had laid it aside half read, because of its strong Unitarianism. Another lady, a Congregationalist, praised it highly, and sat up all night reading it. . . . We are in some concern about our State Prisons, 1,500 convicts in New York State are kept in idleness, to satisfy the ‘knights of labour,’ who got an act passed through our State Legislature, because the labourers outside could not compete with the prison labour. The proportion of population in prison and out being one in 100. So ninety-nine ‘knights of labour’ torment one poor prisoner lest his labour should reduce their wages one cent per annum. Our politicians, wishing to get their votes, passed the law to *please them*. I am going to see General Powderly about it. The law is working very badly. Our convicts are going insane and rebellious, and great excitement prevails. I am told that General Powderly is a reasonable and humane man, and that a word from him will go a great way with his followers. I want to set a ball rolling that may increase until this cruel wrong can be righted.”

Sandy Spring, Maryland, 3-12 of 1st mo., 1889.

“MY DEAR SISTERS,

“Dear L.’s postal of 22-12 came to hand as a New

Year's greeting, and was very welcome. It was forwarded from Baltimore. Our letters are carefully and promptly forwarded to us. We have not seen Henry Stanley Newman yet.

"5th. We have had a meeting at Mount Zion.

"6th. Just passed in sight of Mount Carmel, and expect soon to visit Jericho, Jerusalem, Corinth, and Smyrna. . . . Your welcome letters of 'Dec. 28' have just come to hand, with your kind, loving wishes for the new year, which are heartily reciprocated. Truly I can respond a hearty 'Amen!' to dear L.'s desire, that 'our faith in the love and goodness of God, may be strengthened as the end draws near.' For myself, I can say, 'To one fixed thought, my spirit clings, I know that God is good.' 'To know His love, to do His will, I have no higher aim!'"

Philadelphia, 17-3-89.

"My health seems quite broken down, and I fear I can do no more for the poor prisoners. The last three weeks I have been *resting* and doctoring; one week at Elizabeth H. Farnum's, one week with Anna Yarnall, and this week at Rebecca White's. Day after to-morrow, if I am well enough, we go to J. C. T.'s at Baltimore. There the little ones at Westtown are to join us next week, and we propose to go with them to board for three weeks with some nice Friends, G. and L. T., of Glenelg, Howard Co., Maryland. They have a very large, old-fashioned house, built by a planter in the days of slavery, on a plantation of 800 or 900 acres, in a beautiful part of the country. They take summer

boarders. Doctor says I must not go home until warm weather comes. He orders me not to over exert myself, not to walk fast, not to go up and down stairs much, not to preach in prisons or large rooms, but to devote myself to rest and restoration of health. Such a do-nothing existence will be very trying."

Writing from Union Springs, 20-11-89, E. L. C. mentions a letter that had gone astray, and tells us that another Mrs. Comstock had come to reside in the locality. "A few days after she came," E. L. C. continues, "a letter designed for her came to me. The first words convinced me it was not mine, it commenced with 'My dear wife,' and then followed the information of \$1000 sent by the writer for her. I read no more, but took it to the postmaster and explained. He replied, 'It must be for you, I think, for there is no other Mrs. Comstock residing in this village, etc.' A few days later, the other Mrs. C. applied at the post-office, and received her letter. While in Kansas, I had an amusing experience at a post office. The postmaster was a sturdy democrat, who disapproved of Kansas refugees and their helpers. One day when he was cashing some P. O. orders for me, he was barely civil. After leaving the post-office, I found he had given me ten dollars too much. He was cashing several hundred. When I told him he had made a mistake, he impatiently informed me, 'We never correct mistakes, unless you speak of them before leaving the office.' 'Oh, very well,' I replied quietly, 'it is no loss to us, it is only that you have given me ten dollars too much, but I can give it to the refugees, and they will be very thank-

ful for it! Good morning!’ and I was leaving the office. The change in the man’s countenance was indescribable, as he rushed after me, apologised for his rudeness, and with an amount of bowing and scraping that would have disgusted George Fox, he tried to persuade me to re-enter the office. Of course I was not implacable, but returned, handed him the ten dollars, and we ‘were good friends ever after.’”

Union Springs, New York, 26-8-90.

“MY DEAR SISTERS,

“I have had a very refreshing month at Sheldrake, Seneca Co., N. Y. There were more than one hundred guests there. We gathered in the large parlours at 9 a.m. and had a Bible reading and service, lasting about half an hour. Most of the guests attended after the first day or two, and seemed much interested in my remarks, reading and prayer. I had expected to remain there two weeks longer, but a letter from M., telling me that they had altered their plans, and were coming here two weeks earlier, led me to come home. It was hard to break away. J. J. L. entreated me to remain until the end of this month, the visitors added their persuasions very urgently that I ‘would not break up these meetings that the Lord was owning and blessing so much.’ I found it difficult to resist their loving pleadings, but of course I felt that I must be at home to welcome our dear nieces on this their first visit to me at Union Springs. So I broke away. Such a ‘send off’ as they gave me! It was very embarrassing. Fifty or sixty of them accompanied me to the steamer. The amount of kissing and hugging from the ladies, and

the parting cheer of the gentlemen, and the earnest parting salutations and benedictions, are beyond my powers of description, also the waving of handkerchiefs as long as the boat was in sight. While there I used my knitting needles diligently. I earned seventeen dollars for my Ramabai Mission, in knitting little hoods, etc., such as dear Mary S. Rowntree taught me. These were eagerly bought up as fast as I could make them, and I have orders on hand for more to be sent. While I sat knitting, the ladies would gather round me, and I talked hour after hour to very attentive, appreciative audiences of twelve, fourteen, or twenty. I have tried to sow a little seed for good, and to interest the pleasure-hunting throng in the various kinds of philanthropic work for poor, suffering humanity. The Missions, the prisoners, the afflicted and suffering in the many hospitals and poor-houses in our land. Many of the guests were from Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York and Baltimore. A very interesting circumstance occurred that aroused their sympathy early on in my visit there. A gentleman arrived who looked very earnestly at me for a minute or two, turned aside and whispered an enquiry to some one near him, then, advancing toward me with an apology and a very cordial grasp of the hand, told me he had seen me before, and heard me speak to the wounded soldiers in a hospital at Nashville, Tennessee, twenty-seven years ago. He made some very flattering remarks respecting my address on that occasion. He told me what my text had been, and asked me if I remembered Dr. Harlowe. We had a very interesting talk then, and

many times since. We conversed about Charlie Harris, the drummer-boy, of whom I think dear C. has some record in the memoranda for my autobiography. When I visited the military hospitals in Nashville, Sarah Smith, formerly of Sheffield, was my companion. While I had a meeting with the convalescents, she went round to those who were too ill to leave their beds. After my meetings in several wards, I was about leaving the hospital, when S. S. begged me to go and see a little drummer-boy, who seemed to be dying; he was still conscious, but unable to speak distinctly. I went to him, he looked at me very earnestly, and putting up his lips, tried to say 'Kiss me, mother.' I kissed him, smoothed his hair, wiped his brow, and gave him a clean linen pocket-handkerchief. Then I went to speak to Dr. Harlowe about him; he was much interested in his case, but feared he could not save him. He was in more danger from home-sickness than from his wounds. This I was told about many of the poor sufferers. 'If we could find out his home address, and get his mother to come to him, he might be saved,' said Dr. H. I went back to the poor boy, and by patience and perseverance succeeded in finding out that his name was Charlie Harris, from Cleveland, Ohio. I wrote immediately to his mother, telling her of his condition, etc. I left Nashville the next day, and heard no more of the young soldier, until two or three years later I was travelling through from Indiana to Iowa Yearly Meeting, in company with my husband, Bevan Braithwaite, and several other Friends. I noticed that J. B. B. and

a young man who sat beside him kept whispering together and looking at me, and after awhile J. B. B. came to me and said would I change seats with him, that young man seemed to know me and wanted to speak to me, that he believed I had saved his life when he was badly wounded and lying in a Nashville hospital. I changed seats, and soon found this was 'Charlie, the Drummer Boy.' He told me that as soon as his mother received my letter, she went to him, and nursed him back to life when he was nearly gone. He spoke most gratefully of Dr. Harlowe's kindness and care. Dr. H. was very glad to hear of him again. I wonder whether J.B.B. ever saw him again, and can tell me anything more about him. He seemed much interested in him, and, understanding that he was studying for a lawyer and expecting soon to go to Europe, J.B.B. kindly invited him to call on him at Lincoln's Inn Fields, &c., &c. The young soldier told me he thought he should go and see him. While J.B.B. and I were talking together about Charlie, my husband had met with another soldier, who asked him my name, and said I had spoken to him in a hospital, and given him a tract, 'The Fool's Pence.' Excuse the tediousness of a tale twice told, if you have heard all this before. I left Cayuga Lake House reluctantly, there seemed so wide an opening for doing a little good. Well before I reached home, I received a letter postponing our dear niece's visit for a week, and now comes another postponing it still longer. They are not here yet. I might have continued there ten or twelve days longer, if I had known in time. . . . But

I have nearly left off worrying about trifles like this, that we cannot remedy, hoping that they may prove among the 'All things that shall work together for good!' I have received a letter from one of the associated editors of the 'New York Tribune,' requesting me to send him a sketch of my life work and my photo for their paper. — says, 'By all means send it, it will add to my income. They give ten dollars a column for such.' I do not like to blow my own trumpet, and publish thus my doings. . . . I think I have two welcome and loving letters from thee unanswered, and here I have written this long, egotistical letter all about myself, and can only add to each of my dear sisters, 'Go thou and do likewise!'

"I often think of William and Margaret Parker. Give my dear love to them, and tell her how truly I sympathize with her, in the loss of her dear brother, in the loss of her sight, and in her physical suffering. When I sit hour after hour, knitting, sewing, or reading, and enjoying these so much, I often think of her in her blindness, and pray that she may be comforted in her afflictions. My dear daughter Amy is *almost* blind, she can only just distinguish light from darkness in a room. When she first lost her sight she grieved excessively and wept continually; but now, after six years, she is very happy. She has been brought nearer to her heavenly Father in this affliction than ever before. She feels very sure that He will not inflict one needless pain, and that whatever he arranges for her must be for the best. She feels assured that as a tender parent watches more lovingly,

if possible, over a blind child or a crippled one, so does our loving Father tenderly care for his blind and afflicted children. A. looks forward longingly to the time, that she feels sure is approaching, full of joy to her, when her 'eyes shall see the King in his beauty,' and she will behold the land that she thinks *now* is not far off. Talk to dear M.P. often about that land, cheer her with frequent pictures of it, taken from the Bible. I wish I were near her. I should so enjoy sitting beside her, and talking with her of the prospects before her, and the joys in store for her, also of the present comfort for her in the love of Him, concerning whom it was said, 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them!'"

Nuncio, Indiana, 16-10-90.

"We are now in a locality where for fuel they have neither coal nor wood, but natural gas! They bore down into the ground, 800 feet or more, as they would for artesian wells, and up comes, not a fountain of pure water, but a stream of gas. They have machinery for corking it up and passing it through pipes and tubes. J. and M. G., our kind hosts, tell us they joined a Co-operative Co. One hundred and twenty-five united and opened a well of their own, three years ago. Sometimes they have seven fires burning at one time, generally only four. They burn as much of the gas as they like, and do not pay more for seven fires than one. All they have yet had to pay has been fifty dollars, and they do not expect to have any more to pay for three or four years, unless the supply fails."

CHAPTER XXIV.

VISIT TO FLORIDA—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

1890-1891.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1890, E. L. C.'s health was so much impaired, that she was strongly recommended to winter in Florida. Her daughter accompanied her there. On their way they stopped at Atalanta, Georgia, from which place she wrote,

16-11-90.

“We are staying here a few days (en route for Florida) attending the National Women’s Christian Temperance Union Annual Convention ; 1,400 or 1,500 gather three times a day in the largest M. E. church in this city, a very handsome building. We have a delightful home with a family of Israelites, wealthy, hospitable people, absolutely charming ! Three sisters have married three brothers, and they all reside near together, in three houses so much alike that we can scarcely tell them apart, near the Jewish Temple, a solid, substantial, respectable edifice, better than any I have seen in London.”

“*17-11.* The whole Convention was invited to a reception in the Governor’s mansion this evening. When he shook hands with me, I felt flattered by a

very warm grasp of his hand, and the remark that the reason he had looked at me so often and so steadily at the Convention, was that I looked so like his mother. We met a strange mixture of costume in the 1,000 ladies here gathered; some from Canada, wrapped in fur cloaks, complaining of the heat; some from Florida, Louisiana, and Alabama, with flowers and fruits, exotics, and clothed in summer apparel. We are having a very harmonious Convention. Dear C.'s letter has just arrived. Thanks for the help for C. E. T. I am glad that thy young friends are trying to collect a little more for her. The loss of property through that disastrous fire was \$2,000. The barn was very large, nearly 100 tons of hay in it, beside much wheat and other grain, and farming utensils.

“We expect to leave here for Archer, Florida, in a few days. Address us there. If the climate suits my health, and all seems favourable as represented to us, we shall probably winter there. As soon as we arrive there, we will write again, D.V. My health is improving, though far below the vigour of former years.”

E.L.C. to L.R. and C.H.

Archer, Florida, 8-12-90.

“While so far separated from all our relatives and near friends, our hearts turn lovingly and longingly toward you. We often think and talk of you, and wonder whether we shall ever see your dear faces again on earth. Probably I shall not, but how glad a meeting and a greeting it will be on the other side of the river! What a pleasure it was for us to meet you in Liverpool,

York, Darlington, and to meet dear F. and L. at Union Springs. *There*, it will be better still! How many things we shall have to ask each other, how many past scenes to talk over. . . .

“We have lively talks here at table. One of our company is a very decided Seventh-day Adventist, rigid, conscientious, and steadfast, a good Scripture scholar, very intelligent, and an able reasoner. He tries to convince us all that all our departed loved ones are still sleeping in their graves, and will not awake or have any sense of joy or sorrow until the final resurrection and day of judgment; that then all the dead from Adam downward will arise bodily and be sentenced, and pass to heaven or hell, according to the deeds done in the body, &c. Strange belief! It would be no comfort to me to think that our dear parents, and brothers, and sisters, are still sleeping in the grave, even though they had for their bedfellows and companions Adam and Eve, Abraham, Isaac, David, Job, Moses, Daniel, and the prophets and apostles. To me the doctrine is very clear from the Scripture, that those who love the Lord, and trust and serve Him, go to Him when they leave the body, and meet their loved ones who have gone before; that the simple fact of death makes no difference in disposition and character, but simply the laying aside a heavy, encumbering, diseased garment, that has hindered our rising to our highest aspirations, and obstructed our close communion with God.

“So there are times when I feel a longing to lay it down, to leave the body, and soar aloft. Then comes the thought, C. and the children need me a little longer.

I am not yet fit to associate with the redeemed in glory. There is too much of the earth about me still. Patience has not yet done her perfect work. There is much yet to be done in preparing me for a blessed mansion, as well as preparing C. and the little ones to do without me. Do you, my dear sisters, feel as I do? As we draw nearer to our journey's end, do you feel a longing to go? or a lingering desire to stay?”

“9-12-90. It is very warm and summer-like here. The other day I selected the coolest place I could find, when the thermometer was at 82°. I was sitting out of doors knitting, when a letter from Union Springs came to hand, telling of deep snow and thermometer 4° above zero, and cutting, piercing winds. I felt thankful that I am in a warmer clime, but the happy medium might be better still. On the whole, I like Southern Virginia better than Florida for a winter residence. Everything here is beautiful to the eye, but the table does not suit me at all. Milk is an unattainable luxury, except at rare intervals. Ten cents per quart, and near a mile to go for it, and when we get it, it will not keep twenty-four hours. Butter is very poor, bread ditto.”

“11-12-90. Since writing the other sheet, the weather has changed suddenly. In twenty-four hours the thermometer sunk 40°, from 82° to 42°, and then next night to 36° and 32°.

“To-day it is sunny, warm, bright and pleasant again. Our friends tell us they never have over two or three days so cold during the whole winter as it has been of late. Archer is located about 100 miles S.S.E.

from Jacksonville, perhaps twenty or thirty from Cedar Keys, on the Gulf of Mexico. I will enclose a small map of Georgia and Florida. Our attractions here were first some agreeable Friends from Archer, who attended Indiana Y. M. They gave a very pleasant report of this locality, on *sanitary* grounds, for a winter residence for invalids; told of the Friends' meeting needing help, and extended the Macedonian invitation, 'Come over and help us.' They told us of the utterly degraded condition of the negroes here, and the wide scope for Mission work among them. You will suppose these were inducements to me. My health has decidedly improved during the three weeks I have spent in the Sunny South."

E. L. C. to C. H.

Archer, Alachua Co., Florida, 12-12-1890.

"Every time I take a walk almost, I think of thee, and how we used to enjoy our walks together in England. But alas, walking here is a very different matter! The first time we set out to walk, the woods looked so attractive, the sky with its unclouded, ethereal blue, the November sun looking very warm and bright. We had not gone a hundred yards from the house before we felt strange *pricks* in our ankles, legs, and feet. Another hundred yards, and we seemed drawn into a complete network of thorns, thistles, and brambles. Our skirts were puckered up, scalloped in a most extraordinary fashion. After several hair-breadth escapes from falling flat on the ground, I managed to emerge from the gins and snares, and to retrace my steps to the house. There, after forty minutes of

laborious toil, in which our hostess aided me, I was extricated from the sand-spurs, or 'vegetable porcupines,' and was glad to find myself without broken bones or sprains, and only some skin-deep lacerations, scratches, and pricks that had drawn blood. My dress was more injured than my physical frame. 'People don't walk out here in silk, you had better wear cotton,' said our hostess. So we have donned cotton, and have learned to walk more circumspectly, and keep to the deep sand instead of the grassy edges of the road. We have repeatedly been comforted by remarks like this, 'O, they are nothing, those sand-spurs, you'll soon get used to them, we don't mind them at all.' We are getting used to them, or rather learning how to avoid them. We can do this by wading through ankle-deep sand part of the way, and half that depth the rest. .

. . I feel a longing and yearning at times for the home and the children, yet as my health is so much better, I must be resigned and thankful, though it will be a long time before we can return to our cold Northern climate. They write of snow a foot deep, thermometer near zero, and chilly, blustering winds.

. The table does not quite suit my English taste. Good butter is a rare luxury. Ditto milk and cream. Fresh meat can be procured one day in the week only, and in this climate it will not keep good over two or three days. The well 120 feet deep, water too warm to drink when drawn, has to be set out to cool a few hours before drinking it. Fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap. Fine large oranges, one cent each. Excellent sweet potatoes at a very low price.

Turnips, cabbages, beans, &c., ditto. I wish our dear brother S. could come to this delightful climate. I am sitting near an open window (*December Twelfth*) in our pleasant bedroom, writing. We have three windows with lovely prospects ; we keep one of them open all night. There is a large balcony opening from them ; I delight to walk there, free from sandspikes."

"3-1-91. I am feeling a great longing to be home again. Florida is a poor place to be ill in. Poor doctors ! poor nurses ! poor butter ! poor milk ! poor coffee ! Not a comfortable invalid chair ! Poor fires, or plenty of smoke. My dear C., if thou continues my biography, do not tell, as most such do, of my 'great patience in bearing a lingering illness,' for alas ! my patience by no means indicates that I may be a lineal descendant of the Patriarch Job, unless, indeed, I took after his wife, instead of himself ! I wish I had more patience and more charity. Have you read that wonderful little book about charity ? 'The greatest thing in the world.' It is very good ! Dearest L., after reading thy letter about William Booth's book, a great desire to read it took hold of me, and seeing it advertised for fifty cents, I ordered it, and am now reading it with great interest !! Had I been ten years younger, how I should have enjoyed helping on in his great work ! I do wish to bid him Godspeed ! I do believe he is inspired to do the work, and the money will be raised, I have faith to believe, and the work will be accomplished. . . . I had no trouble about 'unleavened bread,' or anything else, with our Jewish friends,

at Atalanta. As we sat at breakfast table, I told mine hostess, her husband being absent, that our usual practice was either in silence or with words to ask a blessing, and she begged that I would feel as free as though at home, etc. She told me that her husband had to rise at 6 a.m. and go to his business place early. J. H. and brothers and families are of the 'Liberal Jews.' There are three kinds of Jews. 'Black Beauty' is selling fast in this land. A very neat copy, good type, for twenty-five cents. Another, cheaper, at ten cents per copy."

A few days later E. L. C. wrote :—" I have longed very much to see Dr. H. of late. I have just risen up from a sick bed, where I have suffered much, partly from the ignorance of Dr. B. C. was much alarmed at my symptoms, and sent for him. 'A good old man.' 'An honest old man.' 'A pious and poor old man,' he was pronounced by this family, who are shocked at me that I do not appreciate him, and am not willing to try him again, or to take any more of his medicine. Why not? On his first visit, he stood here preparing a dose for me, and when I took it, it seemed to take the skin off my tongue and throat, and *burned* me. I called out for water. He said very coolly, 'Did you take it raw? You should have had water mixed with it.' After he had gone, I gave C. and the others to understand that I wanted no more of him or his medicines, &c. To my vexation, he came again the next day, and mixed another dose. I was very unwilling to take it, but C. coaxed, and there stood the old man who had prepared it, and, as soon as I had, with a great effort,

swallowed the half-teacupful he had prepared, he looked alarmed as he said, 'Why, you ought only to have taken a teaspoonful for one dose!' He called for an emetic to be administered immediately. I called for water, and positively refused to have anything to do with him, or his emetic, or his potions. I drank water freely. I suffered for several days from sickness and indigestion. I resorted to wet compresses, sitz-bath, &c., as remedies. Ask Dr. H. was this right? and what shall I do in case of a return of the malady, what diet, and what medicine?"

E. L. C. to C. H.

Archer, Florida, 5-2-1891.

"Thy welcome letter, with Dr. H.'s enclosed, arrived last evening. I am glad to tell thee that I am well again. But I shall observe all of A.'s directions to avoid a relapse, and take care of his prescription, and use it when needful, should it become so. I have no intention to consult with any more Archer medical men, I have no confidence in them. If I should be very ill, I would rather die in peace without their aid and blunders. If not alarmingly ill, I will use Dr. H.'s directions and prescriptions, and sensible counsels. As long as reason and power of resistance are granted, I will not see another Archer doctor!! A few days ago, the weather was oppressively warm here, thermometer 86° at noon, and we could not sleep at night for the heat. We began to look longingly homeward, and to think perhaps we had better move some degrees northward, lest the Spring heat should weaken and relax our physical frames, and unfit us for the Northern

climate. We are now in the midst of Spring here. Peach trees in full bloom ; radishes, lettuce, and early vegetables on the table ; strawberries will soon be ripe. One of our friends reports having had them for supper last week. . . . We like our present boarding place better than our former one. The Friends we are with are very pleasant. They have no other boarders, and take great pains to make us comfortable. The chief drawback is, our bedroom is inconveniently small, and we are much crowded. I should not like to live in Florida nearly so well as in Union Springs. I prefer our own home to any house I have seen here ! We have *some* thoughts of commencing our homeward journey next month, going by slow degrees, stopping one or two nights at Jacksonville, then moving north-east, toward Southern Virginia. I have dear friends there, who will give us a *heartly* welcome. After two or three weeks there, we might proceed to Washington or Baltimore. A loving welcome awaits us at either place. Then, health and weather permitting, we might go on to Philadelphia. Then C. can go home, and get assistance to have the house warmed and comfortable, and in good order ; have F. and M. home from school for their Spring vacation, of ten days, the latter part of Fourth month. By that time I may be able to complete my journey, and reach home early in the Fifth month, after an absence of seven months. If I can only be permitted to return in health, how thankful I shall be ! Of course the above plans are not as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The state

of my health or the weather may bring about a change, but as things appear at present, these arrangements seem to me suitable and practicable. The journey, taken by instalments, will be comparatively easy. The dear children will be wild with joy and delight at seeing their mother, and being at home again. . . . My dear friend, M.H.T., does not altogether approve of that delightful little book of Drummond's, 'The greatest thing in the world,' because there is no mention of the Atonement. Just the same objection that thy Scotch lady made. Do you (thou and S.) approve of the creeds? Do you not think Satan was the originator of them? It seems to me that there have been more quarrels, disputes, hard feelings, and malice engendered by them than by any other source. The fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Inquisition, the persecutions of the Waldenses and Piedmontese mountaineers, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the early Friends, the Covenanters, &c., &c. ; all were caused by creeds. I wish all Christians could rest satisfied with the Bible and the Apostle's Creed, and not quarrel over minute and unimportant details."

Paradise, Florida, U. S. A., 24-3-91.

"We propose to return to Archer to-day, D. V., and health and weather permitting, start for Baltimore on Fourth-day, the 1st prox. Thence to Philadelphia, in time for the Yearly Meeting, commencing the 20th, from thence homeward bound the 1st of Fifth month. I suppose thou art now again in thy pleasant home, enjoying it more than ever! If I am favoured to reach

mine safely, I feel as though I shall never be willing to go far from it again !”

E. L. C. to C. H.

Richmond, Virginia, 20-4-91.

“Many happy returns of thy birthday. May an increase of peace be thy gain with each passing year. May the infirmities of age press more lightly on thee than they do on me, when thou art my age. I cannot walk half a mile. I scarcely dare venture even a few steps without a walking cane or umbrella, and every time I go up or down steps my dearest C. takes my hand, or gives me her arm. My hearing is failing a little, I lose much of the general conversation, but can hear what is addressed to me, when the speaker looks at me, and I at the speaker. There is a nice little meeting of Friends in this city, fifty members, including children. Not much *appearance* of Friends, in costume, and very little regard for the Scriptural and grammatical thee and thou.”

Baltimore, Maryland, 30-4-91.

“I have just taken leave of J. C. T. and his daughter, who start for England to-morrow, *via* New York, and ‘Umbria,’ and Liverpool. The thought that in eight or ten days they may be in England, and will probably see thee and S. and dear L. sends a thrill through my heart. Oh ! that I could go, too ! What a foolish wish, a vain thought ! I shall never see my dear sisters and brother again, except it be a bird’s-eye view from a higher altitude. If we are permitted to visit our loved ones (in spirit) when no longer encumbered by the

body, be assured that I shall frequently 'give you a call.' A postal from dear L. tells me of your great loss in the removal of our dear friends, W. and M. P., both taken away in one week. I look for thy next eagerly, desiring further information. . . . How was the 'silver cord loosened,' and the 'golden bowl broken?'

"I handed M.T. a tiny packet to take for thee and dear L., just a small token of sisterly love, put up in haste, two pincushions, and some samples of my knitting, such as occupy my leisure in my old age. I always have my knitting at hand, and every few spare minutes, when I am visiting or when visitors call, I catch up my knitting. I have made over six hundred pairs of tiny shoes, like the samples sent you, and over one hundred pincushions, and near two hundred dolls' hoods, and an innumerable quantity of other useful (?) articles of fancy work, for the various missions. I think Ramabai for her Indian mission has received one hundred dollars' worth from me; the Coloured Missions in New York about the same; and the N.C.T.U., for the Temperance Temple in Chicago, seventy dollars' worth. You may have read of the 'Comstock Knitting Band' in the papers. The ladies so named it from me, and my efforts in the knitting line. We are now reading, with great interest, the 'Life of Mary Sewell,' the author of 'Mother's Last Words,' and other sweet and touching ballads. Have you read 'A Quaker Family,' recently published? Is it interesting and worth reading? . . . V. D. L. to all of your family."

E. L. C. to C. H.

Union Springs, 30-5-91.

“It seems very pleasant to be at home again. My health has improved since reaching home. If I should live to another winter, I think I shall not attempt to go so far south. We were just within the tropics. We found people greatly wanting in energy. We lost our energy while there. Now we are regaining it a little; I walked down to meeting this morning, the longest walk I have taken for many months. It is a very warm day, thermometer 86° in the shade.”

“*1st of Sixth month, 91.* Twenty-two years to-day since C.'s marriage! Seventeen last month since thy dear M. went to her heavenly home. How much sorrow she has been spared, and how joyfully she will welcome thee, when thou goes there! I wish L. A. could ‘give me a call.’ By day or by night she would be heartily welcome. If thou goes before I do, come and see me if thou canst. I have no fear, only an intense longing to see my loved ones again. . . . Have you read ‘The Haydock’s Testimony’? A good peace story, about Friends during the War. How do you like ‘Friend Olivia,’ a serial running through *The Century Magazine* last year? It seems the fashion just now for novelists to make *Friends* their subjects. I am glad of it, as long as they speak well of them!”

Her last letter to her sisters was written from Union Springs, on the 22nd and 24th 7th mo., 1891.”

“MY DEAR SISTERS,

“Your letters do me good and comfort me, and they deserve better answers than you receive. You

enquire after my health. It is pretty good for a woman near seventy-six years of age, and especially for one who has been in prison as much as I have! My fall, of which you have heard so much, has left no traces behind, except a torn and soiled cap. The doctor thinks the heat was the cause of it, and he says it is a common thing with old people. Mine was ‘a *slight* heat-stroke. Aged persons are frequently carried off by it, in excessively hot weather.’ My family are so alarmed, they are afraid for me to walk about the house and garden alone, and actually nervous if I go near a *cold* stove.”

After naming the various members of the family, &c., she adds—“I have much more to say and to ask, but more writing, just now, will not do. Do not worry about my health. The doctors have made C. needlessly nervous. If I should slip away suddenly, rejoice with me in my laying aside this encumbering body, and believe that I shall be nearer to you than I am now, and happier too. How glad I shall be to see dear F. again, and R., and L., and our dear parents, and you will soon follow, if I should go first. . . . I am having a nice, quiet, easy time, here in my pleasant room. Truly I may say I have a lovely room; does L. remember it? On the ground floor, opening out of the sitting-room. . . . A glass door to the East opens on to our lawn and garden, two windows on the West command a fine view of the lake, half a mile distant. A large wardrobe on the South side, and a window looking southward on to cherry and apple trees. A dear daughter who exercises a watchful care

over me by night and by day, and two dear grand-daughters ever ready to wait upon me. Am I not blessed ?”

Two days after writing the above she walked to meeting—it was the last time she was there. She rode half the way back. Her daughter writes she was entirely unfit for the walk. She spoke for a short time, urging others to work for the Master, dwelling upon the blessedness of the work, and ending with a few lines of poetry :

“ Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel’s happiness shalt prove.
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above
The work begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seeds that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with Amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven’s immortal
bowers.”

After this she gradually became weaker from day to day, and was obliged to keep her bed—just a week after she was assisted to bed, on Second-day evening, 3rd of Eighth month, she quietly and peacefully breathed her last on earth. That day, seven years previously, her dear husband had passed away. From her daughter’s letter, telling us of the sad event, the following extracts are given : “The last day mamma was conscious was on First-day, August 2nd. She asked two or three times if this was First-day morning, and once she said to me : ‘The parting is drawing near.’”

She only said a few words at a time, and towards the latter part of the day only spoke in a whisper. She said later: 'Don't leave me much to-day,' and I saw she believed it was her last day of consciousness. I told her I was writing to her sisters in England, and asked if she wished to send any message. 'Yes, dear love,' she replied. One time she said: 'Beautiful! Beautiful! It's a marvel to me how we are put together,' meaning the soul and body, I suppose. She often spoke of the Calvinistic creed, and she thought their belief so cruel; she said she wanted 'Gospel love.'

"Three times she said 'Yes,' as though speaking to some one we could not see. I believe she saw the dear ones gone before, and answered them when asked if ready. . . Oh! for one more embrace, one more loving kiss from those dear lips for ever closed. I know she is at rest and happy, free from all pain, but I miss her so much. . . I hope you were prepared for what followed from my last letter, I could not write again, I was so exhausted and worn out with the constant watching with my darling mother. The nurse, our dear friend E.H. sent, arrived the next morning after all was over.

"J. and C., in response to a telegram, came to the funeral; they left a Conference of Ministers, who had met on the Educational question, and a telegram came on Fifth-day evening, addressed to J., with these words, 'During the hour of the funeral services, the Conference had a season of prayer for the relatives of the departed saint, Elizabeth Comstock.'"

C. O. H. to L. R. and C. H.

Earlham College, 14-10-91.

“We have received several kind letters from you both, since the sad parting with my precious mother, and I will try to give you a few further particulars of the funeral. . . . R. B. Howland was in Union Springs at the time, and had not heard before his arrival of our sad loss ; he called in the evening, and told us he had felt all the afternoon, after hearing of my dear mother’s death, ‘One of the princes has fallen.’ He spoke a few words just before the close of the meeting, expressing his appreciation of her love to humanity, mentioned having visited a prison with her at the time of the War, and her kindness to the prisoners of war, the Southerners in a Northern prison.

“Dear mamma had requested that there should be as little expense as possible, when she was called away—she did not wish a preacher sent for from a distance, but wanted a regular Friends’ Meeting, held in the usual way. And so it was ; notices were sent to the Friends, and cards prepared by Mary H. Thomas, who kindly did all she could for us, almost wearing herself out in our service—her husband was not well, and was unable to attend meeting. The Friends of our Monthly Meeting pretty generally attended, and several of them were ministers, and spoke very lovingly of dear mamma, and her life and work, and how she would be missed. Elizabeth Jones offered a beautiful prayer. . . . Friends of the family were allowed

to look at the sweet face at the house, and there was a little service held before starting for the meeting house. Many flowers were kindly sent, and one tuberose, with the request that it should be placed in her hand, which was done." *

Many kind letters of sympathy flowed in after our dear sister's death. One friend wrote : " We are much touched by the tidings of dear E. Comstock having received the call to her Heavenly Home. To you dear sisters, who are in England, it almost seems to me she will be *nearer* now, but even that thought, if you share it with me, cannot, I know, prevent your feeling very tenderly the loss of one so very dear. Can we not a little imagine the welcome she has received from the Master whom she loved and *followed*, and also from *many*, many of those whom she led from darkness to light ? Seldom has anyone seemed to me so likely to receive, in all its fulness, the glorious reward for all labour on earth, in the words : ' Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' yet would she be amongst the first to tell us the work was not *hers*, but *His*, into whose joy she truly entered, even whilst here below. If my thoughts have been wearisome, please forgive them. I took up my pen to express *our* very true sympathy, but as my mind dwelt on the life of this very dear friend, it certainly went

* *The Christian*, in noticing her decease, says, " The death of Elizabeth L. Comstock, ' the Elizabeth Fry of America,' removes a venerable and devoted Friend from the ranks of the Church militant to the Church triumphant."

on more to her joy than to your sorrow. May you be able to do this, also, and find your sadness even sometimes taken all away, whilst you look within the Veil where your precious one has entered."

Another friend wrote—"I was so sorry to hear of Mrs. Comstock's death, but it was not dying for her. Hers was a splendid life, and she was only going to be nearer her Master, and to be able to do His work better." One much esteemed friend says: "I feel the decease of our late dear friend Elizabeth Comstock, announced in the 'Friends' Review.' I knew her well. She was a noble advocate of the rights of the coloured people, and a very *impressive* preacher of the precious Gospel. She will long live in the recollection of those who knew her. I well remember my intercourse with her during my first visit to America, and the impression made by the striking manner in which she was enabled to deliver the message given her by her Lord. The way in which she repeated, on one occasion, the closing lines of Pope's 'Messiah,' was particularly striking. It gave a new and unexpected charm, often as I had heard it before."

The following are the lines referred to :—

"No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Or evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the light himself shall shine
Revealed;—and God's eternal day be thine.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away.
But fixed His word, his saving power remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns."

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