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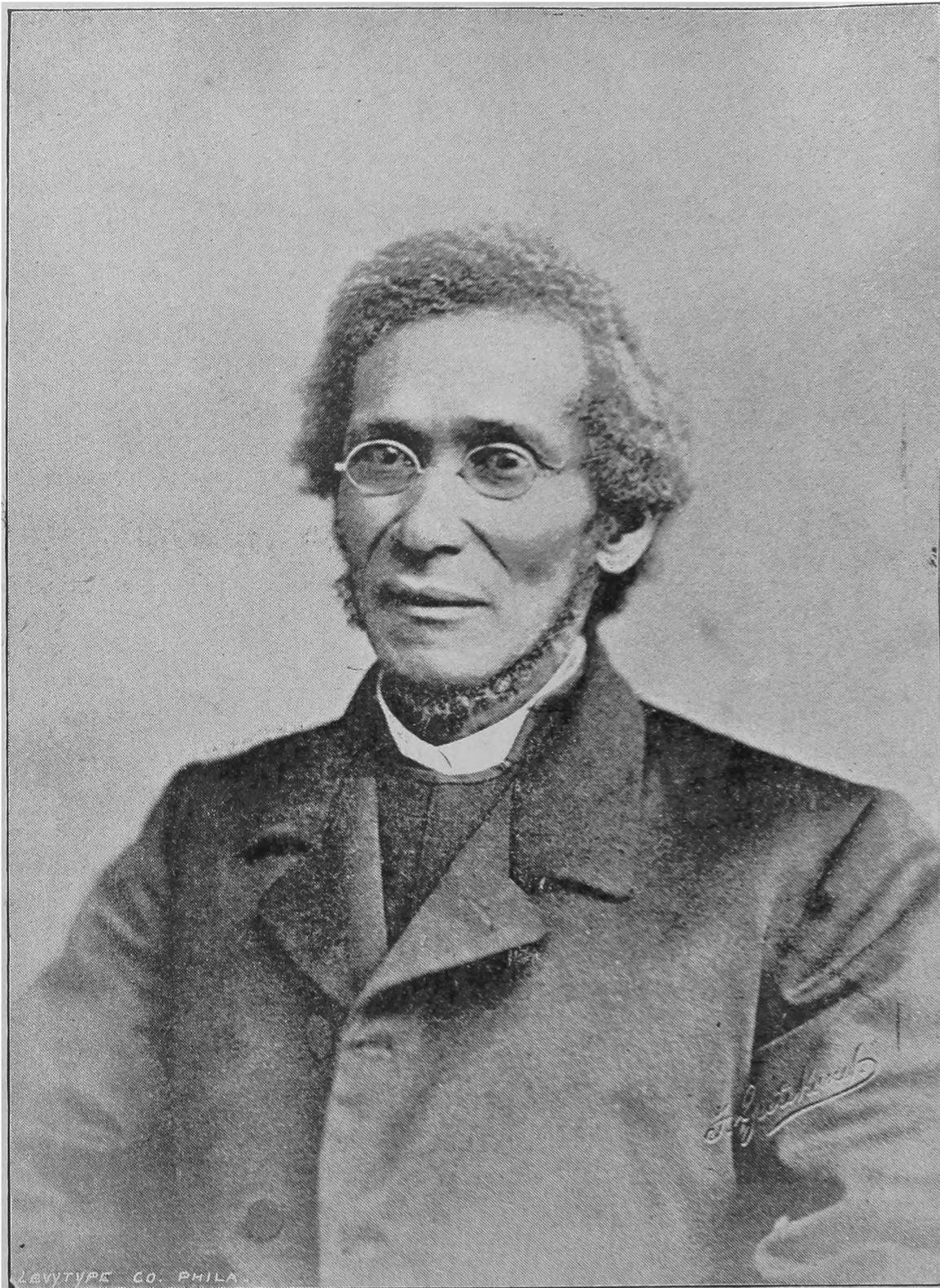


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BISHOP DANIEL A. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

# Recollections of Seventy Years;

BY

Bishop DANIEL ALEXANDER PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.,  
SENIOR BISHOP OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
REV. F. J. GRIMKE, A.M., D.D.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE author of these personal memoirs, having been solicited by Rev. C. S. Smith for a sketch of his life with reminiscences, yielded to the solicitation; but having neither time nor taste for the preparation of such a volume, the compiler was requested by him (Rev. C. S. Smith) to compile and arrange the materials for the work. In so doing a fourfold aim has been kept in view:

1. To give accurately the salient points concerning the life and labors of the author.
2. To weave in as far as possible historical *data* as to men and things generally, and as to the African Methodist Episcopal Church in particular.
3. To choose such material as will best exhibit his character, his piety, his life-long devotion to the cause of education, his orphan childhood after being "thrice consecrated to the Lord's service," his lowly beginning, trials, and struggles, and his subsequent exaltation, victories, and honors—so that such an example may prove an incentive to the children and youth.
4. To preserve intact, as nearly as possible, his own words, keeping the chronological order.

In the preparation the compiler has had access to two written volumes of "Reminiscences of Threescore Years and Ten," as well as journals extending over a half-century. No liberties have been taken except in *omissions*, in order to avoid unnecessary repetition or too minute detail or too personal reference, and in *connecting* the whole into a continuous narrative from the present stand-point of time, even sacrificing smoothness of nar-

rative at times in the endeavor to reproduce the exact wording found in these daily records. Much of interest has also been added as taken from the author's own lips.

The volume in MS. has been submitted to him for review, and takes its place as personal memoirs, with his full approbation and approval of the material contained within and the disposition made of it.

S. C. B. S.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following volume will be welcomed by thousands. No man of our race has had a wider influence, or has contributed more toward the intellectual, moral, and spiritual elevation of our people than the author of these memoirs. For more than forty years he has been before the public, and for more than thirty years has filled the high and responsible position which he at present occupies. During all these years his name has been associated only with that which is highest and purest and best. Ever ready to lend a helping hand in every worthy cause; indefatigable in his efforts in the cause of education, morals, and religion, he has justly earned for himself an exceptionally high place in the respect and esteem of thousands. Lifted above all selfish aims and desires, above all personal ambitions or love of glory, he has thought only of the work to be done—how it could be best effected, and where he could be most useful. And as a result he has made himself felt in many quarters, and has set in operation influences that will continue to be felt for good for generations to come. In the A. M. E. Church especially he has been the great central figure for years. It is not too much to say that to him, more than to any other man, is to be traced its present prosperous condition. No one can read his earnest appeals in behalf of an educated ministry, and remember his indefatigable efforts in behalf of Wilberforce University, without being made to feel how different the history of this great Church might have been without his influence.

The noble life so graphically portrayed in these pages is full of useful and important lessons. It shows what industry and perseverance will accomplish even under the most unfavorable

circumstances. Born in a slave-holding State, with little or no advantages of education—indeed, with almost insuperable obstacles placed in his way—he yet succeeded in making himself proficient in many branches of learning, and so qualified himself as to be able to instruct others. How eloquently does this life, out of the difficulties with which it had to contend, and the grand results which were the outcome of his earnest, self-sacrificing labors, plead with the young men and women of to-day to seize the flying moments, freighted as they are with priceless opportunities for improvement! It shows the value of a high purpose steadily adhered to. In infancy he was consecrated by a godly father and mother to the service of God. With this idea he began life, and along that line he has steadily marched during all these years; and from the summit of this high resolve he will one day step out of this world to be forever with God.

It shows how, with proper care and attention, the smallest gifts may be made to yield a large return. Naturally of a weak constitution, he has, by husbanding his strength, been enabled to do an amount of work which is perfectly astonishing; and to-day, although far advanced in years, he is still actively engaged in the arduous duties of his position. It shows the importance of order if any thing is to be accomplished. His life has been a thoroughly systematic one. A time for every thing and every thing in its time has been with him a ruling principle of action during all his life, and will account for the large amount of work which he has been enabled to accomplish. For many years he has risen at five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; has had the same time for study whether at home or away. And this system or order has been carried into every part of his busy life, and with the happiest effect, both upon his personal character and in the results which have flowed from his labors.

His life has also its lesson of humility, blended with a high sense of official responsibility. One of the most striking chapters in the book is that which describes his election to the bish-

opric. When first approached on the subject he positively refused to allow his name to be used. And when, four years later, he was literally forced into it, the effect of his election upon him reveals to us a spirit as rare as it is beautiful. To quote his own words: "I trembled from head to foot, and wept. I knew that I was unworthy of the office, because I had neither the physical strength, the learning, nor the sanctity which make one fit for such a high, holy, and responsible position." These words ought to be written in letters of gold, and carefully commended to all aspirants after ecclesiastical honors. How great the contrast between the noble spirit which they exhibit and the unworthy greed for power and position which characterizes, alas! too many in the Church to-day!

God grant that the record of this life, so child-like in simplicity, so devout, so full of good works, so lofty in character, so sublime in purpose, may leave a lasting impress upon all into whose hands this book may come!

FRANCIS J. GRIMKE.

Jacksonville, Fla.



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# Recollections of Seventy Years.

## Chapter I.

### PARENTAGE AND ANCESTRY.

I WAS born of free parents in the city of Charleston, S. C., on the 24th of February, 1811, in what was then known as Swinton Lane, now called Princess Street. My parents were London and Martha Payne. I remember that my father was a man of brown complexion, of slender frame, and about five feet eight inches high. He was an earnest Christian and a class-leader, having two classes under him—what used to be called the Seekers' Class and the Members' Class. He was a faithful observer of family worship; and often his morning prayers and hymns aroused me, breaking my infant sleep and slumbers. He taught me the alphabet and my monosyllables, and I remember that once he whipped me for neglecting my lessons. After the war of 1812 the city of Charleston was illuminated, and, in order that I might have a clear view of every object, he carried me through the streets with my feet straddling over his shoulders.

It is said that he was born of free parents in the State of Virginia, but, when a mere lad, was decoyed on board a ship with cakes and amused in the cabin until the vessel was out at sea. He was taken into

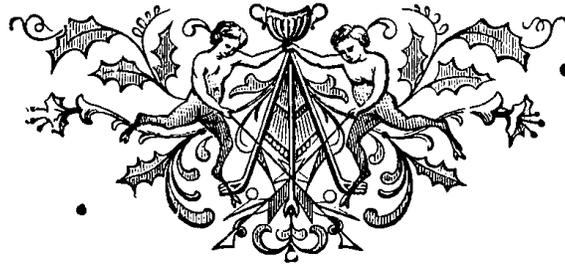
the port of Charleston, and sold as a slave to a house and sign painter. In this condition he lived until he reached manhood, when he purchased his freedom for one thousand dollars.

His father, I am informed, was one of six brothers who served in the Revolution. Their father was an Englishman by the name of Paine. In the early immigration from England to Massachusetts two of the brothers arrived on the shores of New England. One remained in Massachusetts; the other concluded to go and join the colonists at Jamestown, Va. But before parting they agreed to change the letter "i" to "y" in the name of the one who had resolved to identify his fate with that of the Virginia colonists, in order that his descendants might be identified. Thus our family name became Payne.

As far as memory serves me my mother was of light-brown complexion, of middle stature and delicate frame. She told me that her grandmother was of the tribe of Indians known in the early history of the Carolinas as the Catawba Indians. The husband of her grandmother was a black man named Alexander Goings, who was remarkable for great bodily strength and activity. My mother was a woman of amiable disposition, gentle manners, and fervent piety. Her death, which was triumphant, even glorious, was occasioned by consumption. Both parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and worshipped in Cumberland Street Church.

I was about four and a half years old at the time of my father's death, and about nine and a half when my mother died. After the death of my father it was my mother's invariable custom to take her "little

Daniel" by the hand and lead him to the class-meeting, seating him by her side. In this way I became early impressed with strong religious feelings. After her death my grandaunt, Mrs. Sarah Bordeaux, took charge of me. She did much toward stimulating me to attain unto a noble character, and to this day I feel the influence of her godly lessons and holy examples.



## Chapter II.

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

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AS early as 1803 the Minors' Moralist Society was established in the city of Charleston by James Mitchell, Joseph Humphries, William Cooper, Carlos Huger, Thomas S. Bonneau, William Clark, and Richard Holloway—all free colored men. Its object was to educate orphan or indigent colored children, and also to provide for their necessary wants. It consisted of fifty members, who contributed five dollars each at first, and paid thereafter the monthly sum of twenty-five cents each. As many as six children were at one time receiving its care and attention. It continued in existence until 1847, when, from the decease of many useful members and other local causes, it ceased to exist; not, however, without having done much good which continues to manifest itself both in Church and State.

The Hugers (pronounced Hugee) were descendants of the Huguenots. One of the Hugers was Minister to the court of Belgium. During his ministry he heard one of the French missionaries give his experiences in heathen lands. He translated the story and sent it to the Charleston papers. The reading of this aroused in me a great desire to learn the French language—my first ambition to know a foreign tongue.

(14)

I was put into this Society's school for two years, when I was about eight years old; after which I was instructed by Mr. Thomas S. Bonneau, the most popular school-master in the city, for about three years. There I learned to spell, read, and write, and "cipher" as far as the "Rule of Three." The chief books used for reading were monographs of the histories of Greece, Rome, and England; while the "Columbian Orator" was the book used for training in the art of speaking. When about twelve years of age I was hired out to a shoe-merchant, with whom I did not stay long. When nearly thirteen years old I was put to the carpenter's trade with my brother-in-law, James Holloway, the eldest son of Mr. Richard Holloway. I spent four and a half years with him. I then spent nine months at the tailor's trade.

It was during the time that I was in the carpenter's shop that I came into possession of the first number of what was then known as the "Self-interpreting Bible," by Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, Scotland. It was prefaced with a biographical sketch of the great man. The reading of this became the turning-point of my life; for, after reading it, I came to the conclusion to try and be what he was. I said to myself: "If Brown learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew without a living teacher, why can't I?" This question was answered by: "I'll try." Up to that hour I had never seen a book in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew; but I resolved as soon as I could get them to study them. Meanwhile, I read every book within my reach—among which was the "Scottish Chiefs." Wallace and Bruce became my ideal great men. Having heard of Hayti and the Haytiens, I desired to become

a soldier and go to Hayti, which resolution was fixed until changed by a dream in which I was a soldier on the battle-field encountering a tremendous foe. The slaughter was great; the cries of the wounded and dying; the mangled corpses, their hideous looks; the prancing, leaping, and neighing of wounded horses—all conspired to make such a terrible impression upon me of the horrors of war that I foreswore the soldier's life; and again Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, became my ideal man.

I was the child of many prayers. My father dedicated me to the service of God before I was born, declaring that if the Lord would give him a son that son should be consecrated to him, and named after the Prophet Daniel. After my birth I was taken to the house of God, and there again consecrated to his service in the holy ordinance of baptism. From the sanctuary my parents returned home with me, and on bended knees, my pious father holding me in his arms, again dedicated me to the service of the Lord.

Many a time, when the people of God were telling their experience in the divine life, in the class-meeting, I have felt the Spirit of God moving my childish heart. When I was only eight years old such was the effect of a sermon upon my young heart that I went home crying through the streets, and sought the garden and prayed. After my mother's death I was often led by the Spirit to go to the garret to bend the knee and look up into heaven, beseeching the Lord to make me a good boy. Such devotional feelings were always deepened by the contemplation of a moon-lit sky.

In my fifteenth year these impressions were so great that I could no longer cast them off amid my

youthful sports, as in former times. I therefore went to the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was examined. I was taken into the Society on probation, and assigned to the class of Mr. Samuel Weston, who from that time became the chief religious guide of my youth.

My conversion took place in my eighteenth year. Religion among the members of the Cumberland Street Church had waxed very cold, and Brother Holloway called a special meeting of all the classes, and inquired what might be done for the revival of God's work. It was decided to meet every Sunday between the morning and evening service in Mr. Bonneau's school-room to pray for a revival. In this place we met Sunday after Sunday. God heard our songs of praise, our prayers of faith, poured out his awakening and converting power upon his waiting children, and many souls were converted and sanctified by it. Of this number I was one. Here I too gave him my *whole heart*, and instantly felt that peace which passeth all understanding and that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. Several weeks after this event, between twelve and one o'clock one day, I was in my humble chamber, pouring out my prayers into the listening ears of the Saviour, when I felt as if the hands of a man were pressing my two shoulders and a voice speaking within my soul saying: "*I have set thee apart to educate thyself in order that thou mayest be an educator to thy people.*" The impression was irresistible and divine; it gave a new direction to my thoughts and efforts. Then again did the example of the illustrious John Brown, of Haddington, set itself before me.

After this circumstance I resolved to devote every moment of leisure to the study of books, and every cent to the purchase of them. I raised money by making tables, benches, clothes-horses, and "corset-bones," which I sold on Saturday night in the public market. During my apprenticeship I would eat my meals in a few minutes and spend the remainder of the hour allowed me at breakfast and dinner in reading. After the day's work was done I perused my books till nearly twelve o'clock; and then, keeping a tinder-box, flint, steel, and candle at my bedside, I would awake at four, strike a light, and study till six, when my daily labors began. Thus I went on reading book after book, drawing pictures with crayon, and now and then composing verses. In my nineteenth year I forsook the carpenter's trade for the life of an educator.

## Chapter III.

### THE SCHOOL-MASTER IN THE DARK SOUTH.

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MY first school was opened in 1829 in a house on Tradd Street occupied by one Cæsar Wright. It consisted of his three children, for each of whom he paid me fifty cents a month. I also taught three adult slaves at night, at the same price, thus making my monthly income from teaching only three dollars. This was not sufficient to feed me, but a slave-woman, Mrs. Eleanor Parker, supplied many of my wants. I was happy in my humble employment, but at the end of the year I was so discouraged at the financial result, and by the remarks expressed by envious persons, that I decided to seek some other employment which would yield better pay.

At this juncture a wealthy slave-holder arrived in Charleston, *en route* to the West Indies for his health. Knowing that British law emancipated every slave that put his foot on British soil, he desired to obtain the services of a free young man of color sufficiently intelligent to do his out-of-door business. I was commended to him, and called upon him at the Planters' Hotel. Among the inducements he offered he said: "If you will go with me, the knowledge that you will acquire of men and things will be of far more value to you than the wages I will pay you. Do you know

what makes the difference between the master and the slave? *Nothing but superior knowledge.*"

This statement was fatal to his desire to obtain my services, for I instantly said to myself: "If it is true that there is nothing but superior knowledge between the master and the slave, I will not go with you, but will rather go and obtain that knowledge which constitutes the master." As I politely took my leave these words passed through my mind:

He that flies his Saviour's cross  
Shall meet his Maker's frown.

Then these reflections followed. "In abandoning the school-room am I not fleeing from the cross which the Saviour has imposed upon me? Is not the abandonment of the teacher's work in my case a sin?" The answer was easily found, and I resolved to re-open my school and to inform my patrons to that effect.

On the first of the year 1830 I re-opened my school, which continued to increase in numbers until the room became too small, and I was constrained to procure a more commodious place. This in turn became too small, and one was built for me on Anson Street, by Mr. Robert Howard, in the rear of his yard. This house is still standing (1886). Here I continued to teach until April, 1835.

During the three years of my attendance at the school of Mr. Thomas S. Bonneau I learned how to read, write, and spell; also arithmetic as far as the "Rule of Three." Spelling was a delightful exercise of my boyhood. In this I excelled. Seldom did I lose my place at the head of my class, and he who won it did not occupy it long. History was my great

delight. Of geography and map-drawing, English grammar and composition I knew nothing, because they were not taught in any of the schools for colored children. I therefore felt the need of knowledge in these directions; but how was I to obtain it?

I had a geography, but had never seen an atlas, and, what was more, I knew not how or where to get one. Fortunately for me, one day as I was sitting on the piazza endeavoring to learn some lesson, a woman entered the gate and approached me with a book in her hand. Said she: "Don't you want to buy this book?" Taking it, I opened it, and to my great joy I beheld the colored maps of an atlas—the very thing I needed. Said I: "What will you take for it?" The woman had found it on the street, and replied: "Whatever you choose to give." All that I could command at the time was a York shilling (twelve and one-half cents in silver coin), so I gave it to her, and rejoiced over my prize. Immediately I went to work with my geography and atlas, and in about six months was able to construct maps on the Mercator's and globular projection. After I had acquired this ability I introduced geography and map-drawing into my school. At the same time with geography I studied and mastered English grammar. I began with "Murray's Primary Grammar," and committed the entire book to memory, but did not understand it; so I reviewed it. Then light sprung up; still I felt like one in a dungeon who beheld a glimmer of light at a distance, and with steady but cautious footsteps moved toward it, inspired by the hope that I would soon find its source and come out into the full blaze of animated

day. I then made a second review of it, and felt conscious of my power to teach it. I therefore added that to my curriculum.

Having now the groundwork, I began to build the superstructure. I commenced with "Playfair's Euclid," and proceeded as far as the first five books. The next thing which arrested my attention was botany. The author and her specimens enchanted me; my progress was rapid, and the study became to me a source of great happiness and an instrument of great usefulness. Descriptive chemistry, natural philosophy, and descriptive astronomy followed in rapid succession.

"Burret's Geography of the Heavens" was my text-book in the last-named science. Stimulated by this interesting guide, I watched the total eclipse of 1832 from its commencement to its completion with my *naked eye*; but I paid dear for my rash experiment. The immediate result was a partial loss of sight. No book could be read for about three weeks. Whenever I opened a book the pages had the appearance of *black sheets*. From this injury I have never fully recovered. Up to that time my eyes were like those of the eagle; ever since they have been growing weaker and weaker.

Then, on a Thursday morning, I bought a Greek grammar, a lexicon, and a Greek Testament. On the same day I mastered the Greek alphabet; on Friday I learned to write them; on Saturday morning I translated the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel from Greek into English. My very soul rejoiced and exulted in this glorious triumph. Next came the Latin and the French. Meanwhile I was pushing my studies in

drawing and coloring till I was able to produce a respectable flower, fruit, or animal on paper and on velvet.

My researches in botany gave me a relish for zoology; but as I could never get hold of any work on this science I had to *make books* for myself. This I did by killing such insects, toads, snakes, young alligators, fishes, and young sharks as I could catch. I then cleaned and stuffed those that I could, and hung them upon the walls of my school-room. The following fact will give the index of my methods. I bought a live alligator, made one of my pupils provoke him to bite, and whenever he opened his mouth I discharged a load of shot from a small pistol down his throat. As soon as he was stunned I threw him on his back, cut his throat, ripped open his chest, hung him up and studied his viscera till they ceased to move. The flesh of all that I killed I cooked and tasted. I expected nothing but the toad and snake. My detestation for these was too intense to allow me to put their flesh into my mouth.

My enthusiasm was the inspiration of my pupils. I used to take my first class of boys into the woods every Saturday in search of insects, reptiles, and plants, and at the end of five years I had accumulated some fine specimens of each of these. I had also taken a fatherless boy to educate gratuitously. This lad's sister one day found a large caterpillar on an elderberry-tree. This worm she sent to me. It was the length and thickness of a large laboring-man's middle finger. Its color was that of gold blended with azure. It had four rows of horns running the whole length of its body; these horns were made up of

golden and ebony-like points; its head was also encircled with a crown of these horns.

Not being able to determine the species or genus of this worm, I took it to Mrs. Ferguson, the sister of Judge Colcox, who was unable to give me any information in regard to it; but she advised me to take it to Dr. Bachman, who was then the most distinguished naturalist in South Carolina. I little knew what that visit was to bring about ultimately.

The Doctor received me kindly, and gave its classification. He also instructed me in its nature and habits, and how to carry it through its different stages of existence. This, however, I preferred him to do, allowing me at the same time to visit his studio and observe the transformations. This request was kindly complied with by the learned divine and naturalist. On my second visit he took me into his garden and showed me his fine collections of flowers. He also exhibited to me his herbarium and his valuable collection of insects from different parts of the world. On my last visit he took me into his parlor and introduced me to his wife and daughters as "the young philosopher." There I sat and conversed with his family as freely as though all were of the same color and equal rank; and by my request his daughter skillfully performed several pieces upon the piano. A remark of his at that visit has occurred to me many times through life. There was upon the center-table, protected by a large glass globe, an artificial tree bearing a collection of beautifully-mounted birds. My attention was drawn to them, and I expressed myself to the effect that he had about him every thing to make his home pleasant. His reply was substantially

this: "Yes; I feel it my duty to throw around my home every possible attraction for my daughters, so that they may never have occasion to seek elsewhere for forbidden pleasures."

My school increased in popularity, and became the most popular of five which then existed. It numbered about sixty children from most of the leading families of Charleston. But I was not without enemies who endeavored to arrest the progress of my school and destroy my usefulness by such remarks as these: "He is an impostor." "Who ever heard of any one learning such things—such things as he teaches—but men trained in a college." "He must deal with the devil."

Such imputations and slanders availed nothing. They seemed to render me more popular, and at last two of the other school-masters came to me to be taught such sciences as they knew not. It was a happiness for me to assist them, which I did, directing them to the authors and the methods which I had employed. It was also one of my methods in order to interest my pupils to erect several gymnastic instruments, that they might develop their muscular systems and find amusement to break the monotony of the school-room; but in all their sports I led them in person. The children and youths were developing rapidly in their studies, but the hour of the Prince of Darkness came upon the school in the following way:

In the prosecution of my studies in zoology I desired to obtain a highland moccasin, which was then considered a species of rattlesnake, and whose bite was deadly. Therefore I engaged the services of a slave of lawyer Lionel Kennedy, who was at that time

an alderman of the city of Charleston. The plantation of this gentleman was about one mile distant from the city. On the appointed Saturday I dispatched three of my advanced class (John Lee, Robert Wishan, and Michael Eggart) with a large glass bottle, in order that they might bring me the viper alive. On their arrival at the plantation they found Lawyer Kennedy and his son, Dr. Kennedy, overlooking the work of the slaves. They knew me and knew the boys' parents. Calling the lads to them, they demanded the reason of their appearance on the plantation. A direct answer was given. They then inquired after my motives for buying this serpent from their slaves; to which a direct answer was also given. Then they asked the lads to tell them what were the different things taught them, and they also examined them in their studies. The boys answered every question put to them except one. Then said the young doctor: "Why, pa, Payne is playing hell in Charleston." This occurred about the middle of the summer of 1834.

## Chapter IV.

### EXERCISE OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING POWER.

SOON after the opening of the General Assembly of South Carolina in December, 1834, a bill was drawn up by *two lawyers from Charleston*, it was said, who were members of the Legislature. It was fully discussed, passed both houses, and became a law to be enforced April 1, 1835. The following is the bill:

No. 2639. AN ACT TO AMEND THE LAW RELATING TO SLAVES AND FREE PERSONS OF COLOR.

Be it enacted by the honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same: If any person shall hereafter teach any slave to read or write, or cause, or procure any slave to read or write, such person, if a free white person, upon conviction thereof shall for each and every offense against this Act be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars and imprisoned not more than six months; or, if a free person of color, shall be whipped not exceeding fifty lashes and fined not exceeding fifty dollars, at the discretion of the court of magistrates and freeholders before which such person of color is tried; and if a slave, to be whipped at the discretion of the court, not exceeding fifty lashes: the informer to be entitled to one-half of the fine, and to be a competent witness. And if any free person of color or slave shall keep any school or other place of instruction for teaching any slave or free person of color to read or write, such free person of color or slave shall be liable to the same fine, imprisonment, and corporal punishment as are by this Act imposed and inflicted

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upon free persons of color and slaves for teaching slaves to read or write.

There were five other sections attached to this law, but this alone affected the teacher and the school-house.

The immediate effects of this Act on my mind were terrible. Sleep fled from my eyes, and therefore I dreaded the night. When it came I prayed for sleep, but no answer from nature was given. It was then I felt the force of those lines of Young:

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,  
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Sometimes it seemed as though some wild beast had plunged his fangs into my heart, and was squeezing out its life-blood. Then I began to question the existence of God, and to say: "If he does exist, is he just? If so, why does he suffer one race to oppress and enslave another, to rob them by unrighteous enactments of rights, which they hold most dear and sacred?" Sometimes I wished for the law-makers what Nero wished—"that the Romans had but one neck." I would be the man to sever the head from its shoulders. Again said I: "Is there no God?" But then there came into my mind those solemn words: "With God one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Trust in him, and he will bring slavery and all its outrages to an end." These words from the spirit world acted on my troubled soul like water on a burning fire, and my aching heart was soothed and relieved from its burden of woes. Then

I seized my pen and began to write the following poem, which I called

THE MOURNFUL LUTE, OR THE PRECEPTOR'S FAREWELL.

Father and mother, authors of my birth,  
Ye dwell in bliss; your son on sinful earth.  
Hail, happy pair, who praise the Lamb above!  
I strive to share your cup of perfect love.  
Father, ere yet I knew thy manly form,  
The ills of life were o'er, and hushed the storm;  
Thy God called thee from earth to dwell on high;  
In peace thou art, beyond the swelling sky.

O sainted parents, who my life has kept,  
Preserved my sinful soul each night I slept;  
Since God transported ye to realms of light,  
And bade my youth in virtue take delight!  
'Twas God. 'Tis he who still preserves my soul,  
When foes unite, or waves of trouble roll,  
Cared for my childhood, blessed my striving youth;  
Me snatched from vice and led in paths of truth.

Delusive vice has spread her fictitious charms,  
Threw out her purse, and wooed me to her arms.  
I gazed, I trembled, grasped the motley toys;  
But keen remorse sprung from her guilty joys!  
My joyful sire, I blush to own my sin,  
But can I hide when God surveys within?  
Within my soul the Great Jehovah spies,  
Nor word nor thought escapes his piercing eyes.

O sainted mother, high in glory thou,  
If God permits, behold thy Daniel now!  
Good Lord, give strength; my feeble mind sustain,  
Nor let my sighs ascend to thee in vain.  
Servants of God, extol the King of kings;  
Let higher notes flow from your trembling strings.  
He saves your son, puts all his foes to flight—  
His human foes, or fiends of deepest night.

When ignorance my mind in fetters bound,  
He smote the fiend; then beams of light surround.

Broad beams of light described the way of truth,  
 And bade me lead therein benighted youth.  
 O here's my bliss, that I the way have shown  
 To lovely youths which was before unknown;  
 From scientific shrines plucked golden fire,  
 And thrilled with notes divine the sacred lyre.

Did I conceive five rolling years ago,  
 The luscious fruits which science can bestow?  
 O bend in praise devout before his throne!  
 'Twas God that gave the boon, and God alone.  
 My sire, when on the bed of death you lay,  
 Did thy blest soul in fervent accents pray  
 That I should be what now I feel I am—  
 Favored of God, preserved from every harm?

Thou didst, my sire; thrice blessèd be thy name;  
 Come, wisdom, clothe me in thy sacred flame;  
 Ye scientific truths, my mind control;  
 And thou, fair virtue, guide my erring soul.  
 What's my ambition? what my great desire?  
 The youthful mind with knowledge to inspire.  
 Not worlds on worlds for this would I exchange,  
 Though cruel laws my noble scheme derange.

Soon from the land where first I drew my breath  
 I go a wanderer on the flying earth!  
 Where shall I go? O Thou my fortune guide,  
 Who led good Abram with his modest bride.  
 Him didst thou lead across the eastern wild,  
 Direct his steps and on his fortune smiled;  
 In foreign climes spread wide his fruitful boughs,  
 Made strong his bands and scattered all his foes.

Dost thou not roll the thunder 'cross the sky?  
 Arouse the storm, and bid the lightnings fly?  
 Bid teeming earth produce her pulpy grains,  
 By genial sunbeams or the fruitful rains?  
 Stop, falling tears; God lights the cheerful day,  
 Gives gloomy night, and leads the darksome way.  
 Frown, fortune, frown; my struggling breast shall bear  
 Thy worthless blows, and pointless arrows dare.

O I had thought the moral plants would grow,  
From all the care my talents can bestow,  
Like trees of virtue lift their blooming heads  
Where snowy clouds suspend their liquid beds!  
Ye lads, whom I have taught with sacred zeal,  
For your hard fate I pangs of sorrow feel.  
O who shall now your rising talents guide,  
Where virtues reign and sacred truths preside?

Ye modest virgins, I have taught your minds  
To fly from earth where sinful pleasure blinds,  
The rugged hill of science to ascend,  
Where sacred flames with human fires blend.  
Who now shall call your willing, joyful feet  
In "wisdom's institute" to learn and meet  
Sweet piety and science, gods of light  
Whose precepts lead your erring minds aright?

Who shall for you Minerva's field explore,  
Spread open wide fair nature's roseate door?  
O who shall help your op'ning wings to fly  
Where virtue sits resplendent in the sky?  
O God of mercy! whither shall I go?  
Where turn my steps—to weal, or else to woe?  
Speak. I the sacred mandate wait to hear,  
Nor shall I ocean dread nor tempest fear.

Eternal Goodness, from thy shining seat,  
Let mercy fly to guide my wandering feet.  
On distant lands I will thy servant be,  
To turn from vice the youthful mind to thee.  
Just two revolving moons shall light the shores  
When Carolina's laws shall shut the doors  
Of this fine room, where science holds his reign,  
The humble tutor, hated Daniel Payne.

O that my arms could reach yon burning sun,  
And stop his motion till my work be done!  
With these small fingers catch the flying moon—  
Night should not triumph o'er the dazzling noon.  
April should ne'er appear; but I would teach  
Each yielding pupil till their minds could reach

The climax of proud science, and their plumes  
 Could soar where good John Locke or Newton blooms.

Ye blooming plants of moral culture fine,  
 The dews that wet ye be those dews divine.  
 The faithful gard'ner! Ah who shall he be?  
 The Father, Spirit, Son—the sacred three!  
 Before you nature spreads her blooming fields;  
 On verdant breast her fragrant produce yields.  
 Go seek her lilies, tulips, roseate sweets  
 When morning light her swelling bosom greets.

Each minute insect and each flying bird,  
 Each walking beast, whose tuneless notes are heard,  
 The scaly fish that lives not on the shore,  
 And man himself, the mighty being explore.  
 Aspiring mounts and hills, descending dales,  
 The floating air, when peace or storm prevails;  
 Oceans and seas, streams and expanding lakes,  
 When night leaps in, or sweet aurora wakes.

The flying rays of light, the spangled sky,  
 On contemplation's wing mount ye on high.  
 Bright cherubim and flaming seraphim,  
 All things upon wide earth, th' eternal Him,  
 Children, all, all are yours! Search, find them out.  
 Knowledge, where are thy bounds? In depths without.  
 The heavens, within the heavens, nor time,  
 Nor vast eternity, the gods sublime,

Can in their sweeping compass e'er embrace!  
 He reigns o'er angels, guides the human race.  
 Seek not the joys which sinful earth can give;  
 They sparkle, perish, for a moment live,  
 Sweet innocents, behold each moving lip!  
 From cups of wisdom sacred sweets they sip.  
 What demon snatches from your hands those books,  
 And blasts your talents with his withering looks?

I weep. Flow, then, ye sympathetic tears!  
 Each bitter stream the stamp of sorrow bears.  
 O who those smiling infant cheeks can see  
 Destined to night, and not lament with me?

Could tears of blood revoke the fierce decree,  
The statesmen touch and make my pupils free,  
I at their feet the crimson tide would pour  
Till potent justice swayed the senate floor.

As when a deer does in the pasture graze,  
The lion roars—she's filled with wild amaze,  
Knows strength unequal for the dreadful fight,  
And seeks sweet safety in her rapid flight—  
So Payne prepares to leave his native home,  
With pigmy purse on distant shores to roam.  
Lo! in the skies my boundless store-house is!  
I go reclining on God's promises.

Pupils, attend my last departing sounds;  
Ye are my hopes, and ye my mental crowns,  
My monuments of intellectual might,  
My robes of honor and my armor bright.  
Like Solomon, entreat the throne of God;  
Light shall descend in lucid columns broad,  
And all that man has learned or man can know  
In streams prolific shall your minds o'erflow.

Hate sin; love God; religion be your prize;  
Her laws obeyed will surely make you wise,  
Secure you from the ruin of the vain,  
And save your souls from everlasting pain.  
O fare you well for whom my bosom glows  
With ardent love, which Christ my Saviour knows!  
'Twas for your good I labored night and day;  
For you I wept, and now for you I pray.

Farewell! farewell! ye children of my love;  
May joys abundant flow ye from above!  
May peace celestial crown your useful days,  
To bliss transported, sing eternal lays;  
For sacred wisdom give a golden world,  
And when foul vice his charming folds unfurl,  
O spurn the monster, though his crystal eyes  
Be like bright sunbeams streaming from the skies!  
And I! O whither shall your tutor fly?  
Guide thou my feet, great Sovereign of the sky.

*A useful life by sacred wisdom crowned,  
Is all I ask, let weal or woe abound!*

Charleston, S. C., February 2, 1835.

The writing of this poem was the safety-valve which let out the superabundant grief that would otherwise have broken my heart and sent me headlong to an untimely grave. About this time I had a dream which to me at that time seemed prophetic. It was this: I dreamed that I was lifted up from the earth, and without wings fled toward the North. I was clad in my pink robe, which I always wore in the school-room. Upon reaching the North I was all the time flying south of the chain of lakes which separate the United States from Canada. To and fro along this line I was still flying in my teaching robes, till I awoke and found myself still in Charleston, but greatly comforted in the midst of my troubles.

The effect of this dream was to settle my mind on the determination to seek a field of usefulness as a teacher in the free North, where I believed I could teach without let or hinderance. So I called upon Dr. William Capers, Dr. Benj. W. Palmer, Dr. John Bachman, Bishop Gadsen, and Rev. Kennedy, my pastor, all of whom I consulted. But chief of all, I sought the advice and counsel of my beloved class-leader, Mr. Samuel Weston, who is still living in Charleston, a venerable, intelligent, holy man—intelligent then beyond most men of his age and opportunities; venerable now on account of his great age, sanctity, and usefulness; then only a class-leader because *slavery decreed him to the condition of half man and half brute*; now an elder in the itinerant ministry of the M. E. Church because freedom has recognized his genuine manhood and restored him to the normal



DR. BACHMAN.  
(See page 24.)

position of a child of God (1881). I say him above all others I consulted, and he, with the others, approved my determination to seek a field of usefulness in the free regions of the North.

From all but him I received letters of introduction to their Northern friends. From Dr. Capers\* I received a general letter of introduction to Northern Christians; from my pastor I received one to the managers of the Book Concern in New York; from Dr. Palmer, one to a clergyman of the Congregational Church; from Dr. Bachman, letters to Lutheran clergymen in New York and Philadelphia; from Bishop Gadsen to clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I also received letters to Presbyterian clergymen.

The last week of my school arrived. Examinations were held in order that the parents of the children might have an opportunity of witnessing their attainments in the sciences and arts then taught—which were the construction of maps and theorem painting on velvet. The only white persons who visited my school to witness the exercises were Dr. Benj. M. Palmer, his wife and two daughters; B. B. Thatcher, Esq., of Massachusetts; and a son of Bishop Dehon. These white friends were in deep sympathy with me, and greatly consoled me in the midst of my tribulation. The examinations were in orthography, orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, and history; also in botany, descriptive astronomy, natural philosophy, and composition. The latter exercise was original.

The school had been doing its work for a little more than five years. It was opened somewhere about the

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\*Subsequently Bishop Capers, of the M. E. Church, South.

middle of 1829. It had grown from *three children* at fifty cents apiece, to *sixty children* at from three dollars to six dollars per quarter; from a contemptible, little thing, kept in an obscure part of the city—obscure as far as the colored population was concerned—it had become the most popular school of color, because more of the higher English branches were taught in it than in any other school. In addition to this I had been giving private instruction to three ladies, the daughters of my venerable teacher, Mr. Thomas S. Bonneau. But the last month, the last week, the last day, and the last hour of this interesting school had come, and it closed as it had begun—with singing and prayer—on the last day of March, 1835.

Among the friends who were pleased to testify to the usefulness of my school and to their sympathy I have selected three, whose testimonials are taken from my album in which they were written at that time, and which I present here. The first is from Dr. John Bachman, the naturalist and theologian of the Lutheran Church in South Carolina:

*Daniel A. Payne:* A mysterious providence has so ordered it that your usefulness in the profession you have chosen is at an end in your native city.

Yield submissively to the laws of the land; do your duty and trust in God, and all will most assuredly be overruled for your future good.

Carry with you this parting advice from one who entertains a favorable opinion of your acquirements and worth: Pursue knowledge wherever it is to be found. Like the air you breathe, it may be inhaled everywhere; like gold, it passes current among all classes. Perform all your duties faithfully. *God is on the side of virtue.* Walk humbly. The proud man would conquer others; the Christian's ambition

is to conquer himself, and he unbuckles his armor only for his shroud.

JOHN BACHMAN.

Charleston S. C., April 12, 1835.

The second is from the pen of Dr. Benj. Palmer.

*Daniel A. Payne:* My best wishes attend you. My confidence is strong that your door of interesting usefulness in your native State is closed by a providence that orders all things well, only that a wider field elsewhere may afford scope for the exercise of your talents and the influences of your piety.

Bear on your heart wherever you go your colored brethren on whom the light of hope begins auspiciously to dawn. As further light shines on your own bewildered path, let its reflection illumine theirs. Among the variety of plans which may present themselves to your own mind, or be presented by others, remember, like the tender-hearted Paul, your "brethren, your kinsmen according to the flesh." Let your future purposes and pursuits all bear favorably and strongly toward the accomplishment of the interesting, the divine assurance, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God." May he who gave this promise be ever with you!

BENJ. M. PALMER.

May 4, 1835.

The third is from his daughter, Miss Mary S. Palmer, the poetess.

*To Mr. D. A. Payne:* It is with melancholy pleasure that I comply with the request of my friend by inserting a few lines in his album. The tenderest sympathies of my heart have been awakened in your behalf, while contemplating the mysterious providence which separates you from your affectionate and beloved pupils, who were profiting by your faithful instructions. In seasons like this, when clouds and darkness rest upon us, and we cannot understand the dealings of God, we *fully realize* the blessedness of those who can with a child-like confidence repose in God's promises, and pour all our sorrows into the compassionate bosom of the *sinner's friend*, "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," who remembers our frame, and who stands ready to administer consolation as soon as the purposes of his love are answered.

May your *covenant God* support, guide, and protect you, and make all your way plain before you! When you leave the land of your nativity you will carry with you the respect and esteem of the *wise* and the *good*. Many will follow you with their prayers and best wishes. May Jehovah Jesus be with you to bless you, lift upon you the light of his countenance, and give you favor among strangers! May he comfort you with the richest consolations of his Spirit, and raise up influential, *pious friends* to do you good! May he open before you an extensive field of usefulness, so that you may have reason to bless his holy name for causing light to spring out of present darkness; that you may have occasion to say with Jacob of old, when you review all the way through which his providence has called you to pass, "With my staff I passed the Jordan, and now I am become two bands," and when it is *well with you*, O remember *your brethren* whom you leave behind, and *do them good*. Farewell!

Charleston, May 6, 1835.

MARY S. PALMER.

Thank God! Thank God the earnest prayers of this noble lady have been almost literally fulfilled! I now look back over the distance of more than fifty years, and find myself in the midst of a people emancipated by the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. The five self-supporting schools which were crushed by the cruel Act of 1834, enforced in April, 1835, have multiplied into hundreds of public schools supported by State funds and public schools supported by private benevolence all over these lands

Thirty years from the day I left Charleston, at almost the same day and hour, I returned with a band of traveling preachers to commence missionary operations in Charleston and elsewhere. With these preachers from the North, and some from my native State, I organized the first South Carolina Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

That one has multiplied into eleven, scattered over

the States of South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Virginia.

Would to God I could meet Miss Mary S. Palmer to-day, and her sainted father and her sainted mother and her sainted sister, Miss Jane Keith Palmer! I know they would rejoice with me over the marvelous things which God's omnipotent hand has accomplished at the end of half a century. Listen to the consolatory lines penned by the last named:

The sun never ariseth so glorious as when he divideth the thick clouds of the morning and looketh forth from his pavilion of waters around him; nor does man ever bespeak so much his spiritual strength, or show so like unto God, as when he rejoiceth with a serene joy over darkness and trouble, and gathers sweet refreshment to his glory from the clouds which overcast him.

JANE KEITH PALMER.

May 5, 1835.

At a time when my heart seemed ready to burst with grief and my lips ready to deny the existence of God, or to blaspheme his holy name for permitting one race to grind another to powder, such white friends were exceedingly dear and precious to me. I looked on them then, and regard them now, as God's angels sent to strengthen me when the powers of darkness seemed to be let loose against me and against the race which I was so earnestly serving. I can never cease to remember them without emotions of gratitude and love. Forget them? No; never.

Many of my colored brethren did all in their power to console and strengthen my heart and hands, chief of whom—outside the M. E. Church—was Mr. John Mishaw. Immediately after the close of my school he sent his servant to convey me and my trunks to his hospitable home, where he entertained me at his own

expense up to the day of my departure from Charleston. He and his family all made me comfortable and as happy as possible under the circumstances. The remembrance of his kindness is a sweet thing in my heart.

Mr. Thomas Engles loaned me one hundred dollars to make my outfit. Years later I refunded it to his son Thomas with compound interest. The chief of my benefactors of the Cumberland Street M. E. Church was my class-leader, Mr. Samuel Weston, who made my traveling suit, but would not receive any reward. Thirty years afterward, finding that he had sustained losses by fire, and that his business had been damaged by the Civil War, I demanded his bill, but he positively refused to take any reward. May God's blessings rest upon his children and his children's children!

I must not omit the mention of my grandaunt, Mrs. Sarah Bordeaux, who was then a nurse in the family of Bishop Theodore Dehon. She furnished me with a box filled with the best of cakes. A month was thus consumed in preparation for my departure.

## Chapter V.

### FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE NORTH.

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I SAILED from Charleston the 9th of May, 1835, about four o'clock Saturday, in search of a field of usefulness as a teacher of children and youth, for such was the work to which I was conscious God had been training and was still training me. Numerous were the dear friends who followed me to the steamer, who bade me adieu with many a hearty shake of the hand and sincere wish for prosperity, while they stood weeping. As for me, almost blind with tears, I stood at the steamer's side, also weeping, and gazed till distance placed them out of my sight and till, like a flying bird, the tall spire of St. Michael's Church faded amidst the glories of the setting sun. Darkness soon threw her curtain over the face of the ocean, and I sought a place to sleep away my sorrows. What were my peculiar feelings, emotions, and thoughts, what of sea-life I witnessed and experienced, I cannot now tell, as I kept no journal of those days, and half a century has effaced them. But on Wednesday morning I awoke to find all as still as death save the voices and footsteps on the deck, and I became conscious that we were lashed to a dock in New York.

I arose and prepared to go ashore, and I was soon

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at a boarding-house. After breakfast I selected from my letters of introduction one of two given me by Bishop Gadsen, which was to Rev. Peter Williams, a colored Protestant Episcopal clergyman. I soon found my way to his residence on Crosby Street, where he received me very kindly and tendered me a hearty welcome. I had not been long engaged in conversation with him before a lad of dark complexion entered the parlor. His step was quick and elastic, his eyes beaming with the light of a superior intellect, his entire aspect that of one possessed of more than ordinary endowments. Said he: "Mr. Williams, I am here, sir, to request you to aid me in obtaining an education. I desire to go to school to Miss Crandal,\* and shall be glad to get whatever you can give me." Promptly taking out his pocket-book, the Rev. Mr. Williams handed to this interesting lad a ten-dollar bank-note, expressing regret at his inability at that time to give more, and promising more assistance at a future day. The depths of my soul were moved toward the lad. I said to myself: "Can I also aid him?" I had then but forty dollars in my pocket—all the money I had in the world. I was eight hundred miles from my native city, among strangers, seeking employment, and not knowing when I would find it, but I was not long in making up my mind. I took out my purse, and gave him two Spanish silver dollars.

Years after, when I was in Philadelphia—a school-master and local elder at Old Bethel—a finely-devel-

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\* Miss Prudence Crandal, whose school was the only one accessible to colored youth at that time. This lad was a member of it when it was burned.

oped young man, in the habit of a clergyman, called at my boarding-place. We were introduced, and I took him to Bishop Morris Brown, who invited him to preach in Old Bethel. At the hour he appeared as a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church and in the capacity of a missionary to plant and train a Church among the needy colored people of that city. As he preached I listened to him with delight, and thanked God with joy unspeakable that he had enabled me to contribute my small mite to the development of such a mind, because he was the same person I had met in 1835 at the house of Rev. Peter Williams. He subsequently passed through one of the first universities of Europe; has written and published his thoughts in such a form as to win admiration on both sides of the Atlantic; has lived on three continents; and now, returned to his native land, is performing perhaps the grandest work of his life.\* God grant that his last days may be his best!

How much silver and gold is wasted, sinfully wasted, upon human pleasures, which degrade their votaries, but which might be successfully employed in the diffusion of knowledge, the drilling of the gifted intellect for leadership under the command of God's anointed Commander to the people!

The same evening of my call upon Mr. Williams he proposed a visit to an anti-slavery meeting. It was the anniversary of the American Anti-slavery Society. There I heard George Thompson, the celebrated English orator, pouring out streams of matchless eloquence against the demon of slavery. Among

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\*Reference is made to Rev. Alexander Crummel, D.D., rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C.

the things said at this meeting which I remember was the pleading of Lewis Tappan for the publication of a small monthly, to be called the *Child's Anti-slavery Magazine*. The object of this was to educate the rising generation in anti-slavery ideas, for, said he, "All children are naturally anti-slavery, and it is only by a training as false as it is wicked that they become pro-slavery." These and similar utterances led me to see that what Dr. Palmer had said to me in whispers in the city of Charleston were echoing thunders in the Northern sky.\*

The next day I began to deliver my letters of introduction. I called at the Book Concern of the M. E. Church, where I was received very kindly, but recommended to "go to Africa." I met with a fraternal welcome at my next two calls upon Congregational and Protestant Episcopal clergymen, who also advised me to go to Africa. To all these I said that I felt it my duty to labor for the salvation of my race in the United States. Lastly I went to Rev. Daniel Strobel, of the Lutheran Church, and presented my letter to him from Dr. Bachman. He read it, and said: "Mr. Payne, I believe you are providentially here, for Dr. Martin has just informed me that the Society of Inquiry on Missions, at Gettysburg, has resolved to educate a talented, pious young man of color for the intellectual, moral, and social elevation of the free colored people in this country,

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\* The Garrisonian movement commenced in 1832, and every thing connected with it was sedulously kept from the ears and the eyes of the colored people of the South. It was only by whispers that we learned that there was a glimmer of a day of freedom to come to the enslaved.

and from what these letters say of you I think you are the very man whom they want. Now, if you will go to Gettysburg, and study theology there, you will be better fitted than you now are for usefulness among your people." I told him that my highest aim was to be an educator; that the sanctities and responsibilities of the ministry were too great and awful for me. But he overcame my objections by showing the enlarged usefulness resulting from such a course, and stating that I would not be obliged to enter the ministry. "And if you should not enter the ministry, your training in theology will make you more useful in the school-room."

I spent a few days carefully examining the doctrines of the Lutheran Church, as presented in the "Unabridged Popular Theology" of Dr. Schmucker; and then I consented, being convinced that the students of divinity at Gettysburg were not screwed down to the Procrustean bedstead—that, in short, I would there be in the hands of a teacher who would be as liberal as he was Christian and learned.

Three days after this interview I returned to Dr. Strobel to ask two questions—whether I should be required by the Society to embrace the doctrines and usages of the Lutheran Church as conditional to my education at Gettysburg, and whether the ultimate end of my training there would be African colonization.\* To both questions he replied in the negative, and at the end of ten days from my arrival in the city of New York I set my face for the general theo-

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\*At this time African colonization was a stirring question, and greatly excited the colored thinkers. It was the antagonist of the American Anti-slavery Society.

logical seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Gettysburg, Pa.

During my few days' stay in New York I formed some very pleasant acquaintances, many of which ripened into strong friendship. Among these early acquaintances were Rev. Peter Williams, the son of Mr. Peter Williams, the first and oldest sexton of John Street M. E. Church, whose history is outlined in forty pages of a work entitled "Lost Chapters of Methodism." He was well educated for his day—hospitable, generous; not a *windy friend* of education. He loved to see talented young men educating themselves, and substantially aided more than one in his efforts. Above all he valued an educated ministry. He was the friend of my youth.

Mr. Thomas B. Downing, the father of Mr. George T. Downing, was the second colored person whose acquaintance I made. He was the proprietor of a first-class *restaurant* on Wall Street, large-hearted, public-spirited, and a radical abolitionist.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton, one of whose sons was the publisher of an interesting monthly—the *Anglo-African*—was more aged than either of the above. His brain was cast in a philosophical mold, and he was head and shoulders above his fellows in general intelligence, though skeptical. Kind and generous to strangers, he spared neither pains nor expense to enable me to see somewhat of the outer and inner life of the metropolis.

Mr. Charles Reason, now Professor Reason and principal in a graded school in New York, was then perhaps twenty years of age, slightly built, graceful in movement, and with a face remarkably sweet in ex-

pression. He then held the rank of monitor in one of the public schools. He subsequently became a professor in one of the colleges established in central New York for the education of both races. If my memory be accurate, it was styled "Central College." Afterward he became Principal\* of the "Institute for Colored Youths," in Philadelphia. Upon his second marriage he deemed best for him to move back to New York, where he has been up to the present time at the head of one of the best graded schools of the Empire State, commanding for many years the splendid salary of \$3,000 per annum. The Professor is more of a meditative than a public character. Too upright to be a politician, but not lacking in the spirit of a patriot, he has made himself known and felt rather by his pen than by his tongue, because he is no windy rhetorician. Professor Reason is not a member of that flippant class who make eloquent speeches in behalf of the education and consequent elevation of the colored race, and then render no substantial aid. When I was in New York soliciting funds to put a medium-sized museum in Wilberforce University the names of at least half a dozen men of color were given. They were reported to be worth from \$10,000 to \$100,000. He was the only one who was a practical friend of education. He gave me twenty-five dollars, and his noble wife also gave me twenty-five. The others sent me away with empty excuses. From one who died a few years after, leaving (according to newspaper report) a property of half a million of dollars behind, I could not get a single dollar or a single cent. I have

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\* He was its first Principal, and managed it with great skill, to the satisfaction of its trustees, all of whom were teachers.

visited many school-rooms in the United States and in foreign lands, and closely watched the methods of many teachers; but I have seldom met his equal, never his superior.

Rev. Chas. B. Ray was at that time, I believe, a city missionary of the Congregational Church. Well educated, as now, he hid much under the beautiful mantle of modesty. He lived then in comfortable circumstances—a rare thing for a man of color to do in the great city of New York. He has always been connected with the anti-slavery movement, and was one of the founders of the *Colored American*.\* Rev. Samuel E. Cornish was at the time its chief editor. Mr. Philip Bell, editor of the *Elevator*, in California, was associated with Cornish and Ray.† Rev. Samuel

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\*The *Colored American* was in 1835 the only weekly journal edited by colored men, and was the second that came into existence by them.

†Rev. C. B. Ray is the father of three daughters now living, of whom he has great reason to rejoice, because they have been well educated in the homestead as well as in the public schools of New York. Their sound and wholesome education has been manifest to all acquainted with them, both in the school-room and in the social circle. All their lives, since the attainment of mature womanhood, have been spent in the training of children—than which neither man nor woman can be more honorably or more usefully employed. Miss Florence, second in age, has always distinguished herself by her studious habits, and made commendable progress in German literature. I can truly say it was a real and solid enjoyment to spend an evening in the hospitable and refined home of this sainted man. He has left behind him a sweet, noble-hearted widow and three interesting daughters, whom we have reason to believe and to hope will honor his memory as they have adorned his life.

Cornish was the second of three brothers, all of whom were ministers of the gospel. William and John were elders of the A. M. E. Church. Samuel was a Presbyterian, and founder of the Presbyterian Church now known as Shiloh. Up to his marriage with a wealthy young lady of color he was its pastor. He was succeeded by Rev. Theodore T. Wright, a man of blessed memory, who was beloved by everybody who knew him on account of his generous nature and catholic spirit. Educated at Princeton, he was respected by all his white classmates on account of his modesty and usefulness as one of the foremost leaders of the colored people in the city of New York, in which he was one of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-slavery Society. The writer of these recollections and Rev. Theodore S. Wright were so much alike in temper and general views that we never met or parted, in public or private, without kissing each other.

At this time (1835) George S. Downing, Esq., had just attained his manhood, but was animated with the same patriotic and race-loving spirit which distinguished his noble sire. This spirit has not been diminished by age. It is still burning with an intensity that is consuming him. This is manifest by his fearless rebukes—perhaps I had better say utterances—against both of the political parties whenever he believes they are ignoring human rights, when those rights are to be applied to the colored citizens of the Republic.

I was also introduced to Lewis Tappan, Esq., who was blessed with a countenance so radiant with sweetness as to rise into the beautiful; and beneath that

face was a soul that kindled into wrath and indignation at the thoughts of American slavery and oppression. Immediately he began to interrogate me concerning slavery as it had manifested itself in my native city, and concluded his inquiries by asking me what I thought of "immediate and unconditional emancipation." I replied that I was opposed to that, because I believed the slaves ought to be educated before emancipation, that they might know how to enjoy freedom. Instantly he replied: "Don't you know that men can't be educated in a state of slavery?" He then convinced me in a few words that education and slavery were antagonistic and could not exist together—that the one must crush out the other. Then, giving me a picture of a kneeling slave, with hands fettered and eyes upturned to heaven, he said: "When you arrive at Gettysburg organize a prayer-meeting among your fellow-students, and beseech God to bring slavery to an end."\* This request gave me an entirely new view of an abolitionist, whom I had been taught to regard as an *unprincipled agitator*. I said: "If these abolitionists be men of prayer, they cannot be bad men.

Five years subsequent to this interview, stopping in New York City again, I attended an anti-slavery prayer-meeting under the management of Mr. Tappan in the lecture-room of the Broadway Tabernacle. I was called upon to speak and to pray. The scope

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\*This picture, which is still in my album of 1832, was engraved by Mr. Patrick Reason, the brother of Professor Reason, then a resident of New York, but now, if living, dwelling in Cleveland, O. He, being a man of quiet spirit, and devoted to the engraver's science and art, is known only to his relatives and immediate acquaintances.

of my remarks was to show the power of prayer as applied to all great moral evils. I was immediately followed by a gentleman from Georgia, who declared himself a *Christian* and a *slave-holder*. He commended "the spirit of the colored brother who had just spoken," because he "believed in prayer and not in denunciation." As he sat down Mr. Tappan arose, and with great depth of feeling said to him: "You are no Christian; you are a man-stealer." "I *am* a *Christian*," was the emphatic rejoinder. "No," was the reply; "you are not a Christian; you are a man-stealer. No Christian can make a slave of another." The effect was terrible. The audience became highly excited, and finally the Georgian walked hastily out of the meeting.

On my way to Gettysburg I stopped at Philadelphia, where I also met many interesting people. Mr. Joseph Cassey, a colored manufacturer of wigs and other hair-decorations, who had retired on a fortune of about \$75,000, with a lovely wife and five children; the talented Forten family, the head of which was the venerable James Forten; the Purvis family, and others. James Forten was the father of eight children, equally divided as regards sex, and all talented. Of the four sons Robert seemed to be the most gifted. He was a polished orator, a more than ordinary mathematician, and also gifted with a poetical vein. His knowledge of mathematics he reduced to practice by the construction of a fine telescope nine feet long. He ground his own lenses and set them himself. It was approved by the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, and there put on exhibition. His poetical talent may be seen in the following lines, which he wrote

in my album under a picture descriptive of the ruins of ancient Rome, and is entitled

ROME.

Here lies the city once an empire's pride,  
 In moldering ruin and confused heap;  
 Here rests her beauty, and here reside  
 Full many a brave in silent sleep.

Low in the dust her hundred spires  
 Are laid, the remnant of battles' rage,  
 The ashes of the foeman's fires,  
 A scene to light the poet's page.

The dust, which as the winds arise,  
 Moves o'er the graves of soldiers dead;  
 This spot may be where Cæsar lies,  
 This rising mound the hero's bed.

O Rome! once mistress of a world in arms,  
 Thy glory's set and gone forever;  
 Thy lofty towers, thy countless charms  
 Are buried, to resurrection never!

—*Robert B. Forten.*

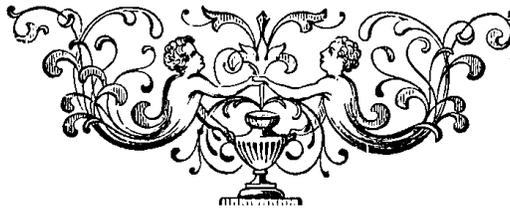
After the death of his father and that of his first wife (the mother of Mrs. Rev. Frank J. Grimke), having married again, he went with his second wife to Canada during the agitation of the fugitive slave law times; and subsequently he went to England, where he remained chiefly in the city of London until the Civil War broke out in the United States, and the organization of colored troops was ordered by the government. As soon as that fact was made known in England the natural love of country and of race seized his spirit, and having made proper arrangements for his family, without notifying any of his relatives in this country, not even his venerable mother, he crossed the ocean and appeared at the old homestead. She, surprised at his presence, asked: "Robert, what

brought you here?" His reply was substantially these words: "When now on the eve of the triumph of freedom how could I, or any other colored man in whose bosom a love of country, race, and liberty dwells, remain in a foreign land? I am come to help break the bonds of the slave and aid in the triumph of liberty." He enlisted under the banners of Gen. Berney, and as a recruiting officer was both diligent and successful in raising troops on the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia until he was seized with typhoid fever, by which, after a short illness, he fell engaged in the service of his country. After his death a magnificent allusion was made to him on the floor of Congress by Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

As an instance well illustrating the foolishness of unfounded prejudice, I recall an incident which occurred about the time I made these acquaintances. Mr. Robert Purvis was about to go to Europe, and had engaged passage when the owner of the vessel informed him that Mr. Bernard Carter, of Virginia, also a passenger, hearing that a colored man was to be one of the number, had declared that he would not go out on the same vessel with a negro. On account of the owner's evident embarrassment, Mr. Purvis gave up his berth and went to New York, crossing the Atlantic from there. From his departure to his return he was not insulted in any manner by any allusion to his color (which was not discernible) or to his race. When ready to return to America, he found this same Virginian ready to sail on the same vessel. The two Americans, before sailing, became quite well acquainted, and Mr. Carter begged Mr. Purvis to get a seat beside him at ship-table. The result was that

the two were on terms of hearty good friendship throughout the voyage, Mr. Purvis being invariably selected by his companion to promenade the deck with him. A South Carolinian and family, Mr. Haynes, were also on board, with others of distinction. With all these he was on most intimate terms, promenading the deck with both ladies and gentlemen. As he felt that he was a *man* as much as any one on board, he felt no call to disclose his connection with the proscribed race unless it were necessary; therefore he kept silent until about to leave the ship. A parting dinner had been given by the captain, at which Mr. Purvis distinguished himself in a speech for which he was called upon, and received my compliments. After the dinner he informed the steward that he was a colored man, and directed him to make public the disclosure. He did so. It was at first disbelieved, and one of the party approached Mr. Purvis and asked if it was true, thinking it a joke. Mr. Purvis confirmed the statement, and he returned to the passengers, where it produced much excitement, gravity, discomfiture, and merriment, as the whole force of the situation was realized. One gentleman, it is said, laughed himself off his feet contemplating the absurdity of the Southerners' positions. How foolish is that prejudice which judges a gentleman by the color of his skin, or by known possession of negro blood! Mr. Purvis was as much the gentleman and their equal at the last as at first. He is a native of Charleston, S. C.; was born August 4, 1810. His father was an Englishman, his mother free-born; his maternal grandmother was born in Morocco, North Africa. For many years he was Vice-

president of the American Anti-slavery Society, and for several years President of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society, and he was also President of the Under-ground Railroad Society. It is now over half a century since I first met him in Philadelphia, and the same high moral sensibilities which marked him then still distinguish him now.



## Chapter VI.

### EXPERIENCE AT GETTYSBURG.

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AFTER a short stay in the "Quaker City" the time for my departure was come, and I left by railroad for Columbia, Pa., and there I took the stage for Gettysburg. Arriving there, I was soon in the hotel, in my bed-chamber, and fast asleep. The next morning I presented myself at the seminary, but as my trunk, in which were my letters of introduction, had been left behind, I was in a dilemma. I bethought myself, however, of my album, in which the same friends had written, and I took it out and presented it to Mr. Stroll, who was in charge. He immediately said, after reading: "Sir, you might travel round the world with this album, without any other testimonial to your character." And he bade me welcome.

It was the month of June, and the reapers were in the field. It was a sight as pleasant as it was new and instructive. There were about twelve men in a single field that stretched out before me. All used cradles, the blades of which gleamed in the light of the sun. Their movements were to me fearful, as well as graceful, for the wheat fell in heaps at every swing of the glittering cradles, and brought to my mind the statement of the Great Teacher when he uttered the parable of the sower, in which he says: "The harvest

is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels." (Matt. xiii. 39; Rev. xiv. 15, 16.)

From that day until the arrival of President Schmucker my time was spent in reading and rambling over the hills, which were in the suburbs of the village, and from their summits viewing the distant range of the Blue Mountains, and the sun setting gloriously over and behind them. These mountainous regions were very instructive and refreshing to me, not only because of their novelty, but rather because they contrasted grandly with the low, prairie-like regions surrounding Charleston, where the sun seemed to rise out of the ocean and to set behind the islands. But after my spirit had drunk down this valley and mountain scenery, then came the sad reflections about my native city, about the loved ones I had left behind me. O the parting scene in that school-room, those interesting children, and my sister, my only sister, whom I would never see again! But what made my thought almost agonizing was the recollection of the fact that this separation was the bitter product of unjust, cruel, and blasphemous laws—cruel and unjust to a defenseless race, blasphemous of that God who of one blood did make all the nations of the earth, all its races, all its families, every individual man. Every night for many years after I left Charleston did I dream about it—wandering over its streets, bathing in its rivers, worshiping in its chapels, or teaching in my school-room, and sometimes I was sailing into it and sometimes flying out of it.

When Dr. Schmucker, the President, arrived, I called upon him and again asked what the Society

had in view—whether it was the intention to send me to Liberia. The reply was: “The members of that Society are not colonizationists, but abolitionists, and they desire you to be trained to labor for the intellectual, moral, religious, and social improvement of the free people of color in the United States.” My doubts were at rest, and I was ready for matriculation.

While casting about whether to unite with the College Church or the M. E. Church, it was intimated to me that the latter was pro-slavery, which was made evident the following year, when the representatives \*

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\* This was Mr. Blanchard, subsequently Dr. Blanchard, who was for many years President of one of the Congregational colleges in North Illinois. At the time of his appearance at Gettysburg he was fresh from Andover Theological Seminary. He and other students had abandoned Andover because Prof. Moses Stewart had given such an exegesis of St. Paul's letter to Philemon concerning Onesimus as to justify slavery. He was one of sixty or seventy lecturers of the American Anti-slavery Society commissioned to go through several of the Northern States to indoctrinate the people in anti-slavery sentiments and principles, and to champion the cause of freedom. At the time of his visit to Gettysburg the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church was from Maryland, and deeply imbued with the spirit of slavery. He met Mr. Blanchard in the court-house, and defended slavery as best he could. He was aided by Senator Cooper, of Pennsylvania, a man of more than ordinary ability; but he and Mr. Bond, the pro-slavery preacher, had more than their match in Prof. Reynolds, of the Lutheran Church, also of Pennsylvania College, and Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, a member of Congress, whose soul burned as intensely with the fires of liberty as Senator Cooper's did with the flames of slavery. As for Mr. Blanchard, he was sunshine as well as storm; uniting in himself the logician, the

of the American Anti-slavery Society entered Gettysburg. There was at that time no A. M. E. Church at Gettysburg. In 1837 I prepared the way for one, but the choice of an intemperate class-leader by the minister sent them, whose name was Jeffrey Goulden, was so unfortunate that African Methodism there received a blow from which it has never recovered. There was one at Carlisle, of which I shall soon speak.

While pursuing my studies at the Seminary I obtained permission to use an old building belonging to the College for Sunday-school instruction. So, gathering in all the colored children in the neighborhood, I opened the school, having for teachers such persons as I could obtain from the village and the Seminary. As occasion did permit I also held religious meetings, and labored to produce revivals, which labors were blessed by the coming of many souls to Christ. I also organized societies among the women for mental and moral improvement. At one of the religious meetings, and under the influence of more zeal than knowledge, I injured myself by speaking three hours before I stopped. For more than three weeks after I could not speak above a whisper.

During the time I was at Gettysburg I studied German, Hebrew, Greek, ecclesiastical history, mental philosophy, archæology, and systematic theology. I found there many kind friends also, and the good Dr. Schmucker was not only a kind instructor, but often exhibited the tenderness of a father by supply-

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philosopher, and the orator. His facts and his arguments against slavery were irresistible. The excitement in Gettysburg and throughout Adams County became intense, but the people were too sober-minded to raise a mob.

ing my bodily needs. To help myself along, in addition to my studies, I cut wood, cleaned boots and shoes, and shaved.

Two years passed swiftly away, and on its wings bore me away without graduation. The cause of this misfortune was, as follows: I was reposing one day, flat on my back on my bed, reading a small work on "The Use of the Eyes." I had just reached the point where the author warns the student against the habit of reading in a recumbent position. At that moment I felt an acute pain in my left eye. It was produced by straining the optic nerve. During the greater part of the twelve months following, which it took to repair the damage, whenever I attempted to read a sensation was produced like the piercing of a needle into the eye-ball. During the first hour of this misfortune my reflections were sad, and when I perceived that I was compelled to quit my books and leave school before my course was completed I threw myself upon my bed and began to lament over my condition, when an inspiration came to me which I could not resist, saying: "Look at the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, sixteenth verse." I rose quickly and opened my Bible upon these words: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." These words were full of comfort to me, because they enabled me to understand that I was not in as bad a condition as some others who could not see or hear, and that a person is not in so bad a condition but that he might be in a worse. And so it is throughout life. When we are plunged into misfortune, if we look up to those who are in a more prosperous state than ours we begin to murmur, but when we look down upon those

who are in a more deplorable condition we are made to rejoice.

The physician prescribed simply rest and wearing of glasses slightly colored. So I consulted Dr. Schmucker about some plan of usefulness in which I might employ my time. His advice may be summed up in the following words: "We should be glad to have you operate as a minister of the gospel in the Lutheran Church, but I think you can find a greater field of usefulness in the A. M. E. Church; therefore I advise you to join that body of professing Christians."

At this point it is proper to tell how I became acquainted with the condition and wants of the A. M. E. Church. Having made the acquaintance of Rev. John Peck, a local deacon of Carlisle, Pa., I was invited there during vacation, and also invited to preach and assist in the Sunday-school. I was also welcomed at all quarterly meetings, where I was frequently consulted upon certain points. But little respect was paid to the requirements of the Discipline. The old elder, John Cornish—a man good-natured in spirit and affable in manners—judged as he pleased, and expelled Tom, Dick, or Harry "from the A. M. E. Church in the United States of America forever." Rev. Henry C. Turner, who died while pastor of Israel Church, in Washington, D. C., was then subordinate pastor in Carlisle, and a very, very different man—sound, powerful, patient, meek, and free from the infernal spirit of envy. The house of worship was an old-fashioned building. In its basement—a miserable cellar—a school was kept for colored children, and taught by a devout Christian white lady, Miss

Sarah Bell.\* The public institutions of Carlisle were Dickerson College and the United States Barracks. The College was in the hands of the Methodists, and the many students from the adjoining slave States gave a strong pro-slavery character to the institution. It had previously belonged to the Presbyterians. Now (1835-7) the only outspoken friend of freedom among its professors was the noble Dr. McClintock, who wrote cogent articles to the *Christian Advocate*, and even imperiled his life in assisting to rescue a fugitive slave. The United States Barracks were under the command of Major Ringgold, who was slain later in the Mexican war, where most, if not all, of the brilliant regiment which he used to drill while I was at Carlisle perished with him.

After my misfortune came upon me I was lying upon my bed, lamenting and pondering over the future, when I felt a pressure from on high that constrained me to say with the Apostle Paul: "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" Though I had often spoken in the pulpit at Carlisle, yet not till then did I freely consent to devote myself to the work of the gospel ministry. Then it was that I consulted Dr. Schmucker, with the result before stated, and his advice being agreeable to my Methodistic predilections I took leave of Gettysburg, the Seminary, and friends, and went to Philadelphia, bearing in my album the following testimonials from valued instructors and friends:

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\*When I was there in 1376 a nobler edifice occupied the same site, evidencing the progress of the colored inhabitants in knowledge, religion, and wealth. Miss Bell was still living, and still at the head of the colored school of Carlisle.

*To Mr. D. A. Payne:* As you are about to leave the institution in which for about two years you have been pursuing a course of study preparatory to the holy ministry, it affords me, unfeigned pleasure to testify that the effect of our daily intercourse during this time has been in unwavering confidence in the integrity of your purposes and the excellence of your character, together with the conviction that the God "who of one blood made all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth" will accompany you through life and crown with his blessing your labors in behalf of your oppressed kinsmen after the flesh. Let the precious promises of that God who hears the cries of the oppressed, and has predicted Ethiopia's enlargement, encourage you to aim at much, and let a humble and habitual reliance on his aid strengthen you for its performance. That the blessing of the Divine Saviour, who has promised to be with us alway, may richly abide with you, is the prayer of your friend and brother in Christ,

S. S. SCHMUCKER.

Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa., May 12, 1837.

*Mr. Daniel A. Payne:* It devolved upon me, in the providence of God, to become your teacher in the languages which the Holy Spirit employed in revealing the will of God to men. I rejoice that my efforts have been successful in preparing you to read the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. Your diligence and abilities have rendered your instruction easy and delightful. I feel confident that perseverance in the course you have commenced will render you a good linguist in the department of sacred philology, and convince many who may have been skeptical of the capacity of the colored man to achieve the intellectual victories which adorn and exalt human nature. The minister of Jesus should be well versed in the Bible, and he has a most desirable acquisition who can take the very words of inspiration and sit in judgment on their import and determine what it is. Study this holy book, then, by day and night. Read it in the original. Enlarge your knowledge of Hebrew and Greek philology. Spend a portion of every day in this employment. In this way you can make it appear what education and study can effect in your brethren, and refute the slanders of

their enemies. You will thus enlarge your power of being useful to men by preaching the everlasting gospel, and become "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." You will place your own mind and heart in contact with the treasures of wisdom and grace, and advance in the knowledge of Jesus and grow in holiness. You are to be set on a hill, and to attract the observation of men. Much depends on fidelity on your part. If you pursue this course I confidently believe that honor, usefulness, and happiness await you in this world; and in that to come, where there is one fold under one Shepherd, a glory measured by your work, and not by your physical structure. Wherever you may go, my best wishes will accompany you. My prayer shall be, "Gracious Master, own him!" and not ashamed now to avow my fullest recognition of you as my brother by descent from the first human pair, and regretting most deeply the wrongs of your colored brethren, I hope to meet you in heaven, where all will be alike enjoying the mercies of the common Redeemer, and cherishing toward each other the purest, tenderest love. Farewell. God bless you!

C. P. KRAUTH.

Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa., May 16, 1837.

With these encouraging words to stimulate me, I departed from Gettysburg, Pa., for Philadelphia, to consult Bishop Morris Brown, intending to unite with the A. M. E. Church, but was deterred later by a friend of my father, who informed me of the opposition of preachers of that Church to educated ministers. In proof of this he said that it was a common thing for the preachers of that Church to introduce their sermons by declaring that they had "not rubbed their heads against college-walls," at which the people would cry, "Amen!" they had "never studied Latin or Greek," at which the people would exclaim, "Glory to God!" they had "never studied Hebrew," at which all would "shout."

Preferring peace rather than strife, which I foresaw, I determined to unite with the Franklin Synod, of the Lutheran Church. Here I was licensed June, 1837, and about two years later I was ordained by the same Synod at Fordsboro, N. Y. That same week I was invited to serve a Presbyterian Church in East Troy, N. Y., and received invitations from the Second Colored Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia and the Second Colored Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City. The two latter I declined, but with the permission of the President of the Synod, as there was no work at the time in the Lutheran Church, I accepted the first named.

Thus I commenced my career as a pastor at a little more than twenty-six years of age. With no pastoral experience, I deeply felt my own insufficiency and need of more than human counsel, of more than human aid, and found it necessary to spend much time on my knees both in praying and studying out my sermons.

There were about forty or fifty members in the Church in East Troy when I became its pastor *pro tempore*. Among my friends and helpers were two noble women: Aunt Peggy, an aged woman who was beyond fifty years before she knew how to read the Bible, but who was strong in faith, full of prayer, and could almost always tell when a season of revival was approaching. She was of great aid to me. Then there was that godly heroine, Miss Hannah Hubbard, an educated white lady, who shrunk not from the lowest of God's poor because they were of African descent, but freely mingled with them in their social circles, in the Sunday-school, and in the prayer-meeting. It

was there that her communion and power with God was manifest. I think it was in the summer of 1839 that she married Rev. Hiram Wilson, who was then agent for some anti-slavery society to care for the varied interests of the fugitives from American slavery in Canada. She was of great aid to her self-sacrificing husband, and for many years made her personal influence felt as a blessing to our unfortunate brethren in Canada. She died at Dawn, Canada West, in the house of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom."\*

In the autumn of 1851, in company with others, I visited Dawn, Canada, in search of material for the history of the A. M. E. Church, and to see if Canada would be a safe asylum for our people.† As "Uncle Tom" was conducting us down toward the banks of the River Thames, I noticed in a field at the left a grave encompassed by a newly-whitewashed paling. Its neatness aroused my curiosity to know whose grave it was. In answer to my question came the response: "It is the grave of Mrs. Hiram Wilson." In an instant I was there, and found a beautiful rose blooming at the head. This rose I plucked, with some leaves, and on my return to the house of "Uncle Tom" his daughter gave me a lock of the hair of Mrs. Wilson, which is still in my possession as a relic of that godly heroine.

Shortly after I had entered upon my work at East Troy I was sent by the citizens to represent them in the meeting of the National Moral Reform Society held in Philadelphia. Among the distinguished del-

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\* Mr. Josiah Henson.

† In 1851 the fugitive slave bill was then affecting our people, and all felt unsafe in the United States.

egates were the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, editor of the *Colored American*, and Rev. Joshua Leavitt, then of the *New York Evangelist*. On my return I stopped in New York at Mrs. Asenath Nicholson Graham's boarding-house. This lady was a devout Christian, in deep sympathy with every movement leading to the amelioration of the condition of the colored people and to the uplifting of humanity in general. She was also a woman of intellect and culture, and had written a biography of the first pioneer in the efforts to reform the abandoned women of New York. She was, as might be expected, in deep sympathy with the Oberlin movement of that day. At her boarding-house I met that gifted man, Theodore Weld, one of the most eloquent of the anti-slavery lecturers. He invited me to the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, where, at the request of the pastor, I preached. Lewis Tappan and others of the Executive Committee of the Anti-slavery Society were present. Soon after my return to Troy I received a commission from the committee to be one of its public lecturers, with a salary of \$300 per year and traveling expenses. Here was an inducement—an inviting field, yet as laborious and dangerous as it was flattering to the pride and ambition of a young man twenty-seven years old. In those days heroism and consequent fame offered their laurels to any young man of talent and intelligence who might be willing to become the fearless and successful opponent of American slavery, and the eloquent defender of liberty and human rights. But I had consecrated myself to the pulpit and the work of salvation. Could I turn aside from so high a position and so holy a calling? Inclined to refuse, yet mis-

trusting my own judgment, I submitted the question to a friend—Lawyer Yates. His advice was put in these words: “I turned aside from my chosen profession to engage in work which others had marked out for me, and now I repent that I did. I think God has called you to the pulpit, and therefore advise that you stick to theology and the work of the Christian ministry.” This advice determined my choice, and I respectfully declined the position offered me by the Executive Committee of the Anti-slavery Society. I have never regretted the decision.

When God has a work to be executed he also chooses the man to execute it. He also qualifies the workman for the work. Frederick Douglass was fitted for his specialty; Daniel Alexander Payne for his. Frederick Douglass could not do the work which was assigned to Daniel Alexander Payne, nor Daniel Alexander Payne the work assigned to Frederick Douglass. “The hour for the man, and the man for the hour.” He who undertakes, through envy, jealousy, or any other motive or consideration, to reverse this divine law resists the purpose of the Almighty and brings misfortune, sometimes ruin, upon himself.

About this time I forgot that I was made of frail human flesh, and I knew not that in the very service of God it was possible to injure myself—perhaps I did not believe it possible. I was then, like most young preachers, animated by a burning zeal, with but little knowledge of men and things, especially of the stubbornness of the human will; and being anxious to convert every impenitent sinner on the spot, I labored beyond my strength. It was the last night of 1837, and I spoke so long and so loud that I ruptured the

left gland of my throat. After the public service I met those interested in the salvation of their souls and prayed with them till nearly daylight. The double result was that I lost my voice for about one year, and was compelled to travel, slate in hand, to express my wants in writing; in addition to which a severe cold struck through my system, so that I was confined to my bed-room from January till April. During my sickness my religious experience was deep and sweet. Then it was that I felt that "to die was gain, but to live was the Lord's." On one occasion it seemed to me that a band of holy angels had made a descent into my lonely chamber to cheer and comfort me in my affliction.

There was in East Troy a man who kept a house suspected of evil doings. Before I was taken ill I had preached one Sabbath against such establishments. That same evening I was informed that my life was threatened, but I went about fearlessly. Nothing happened to me, but the establishment was broken up. As I began to convalesce my physician prescribed a ride every morning in an easy carriage, and the very man whose pleasure-house I had broken up, and who had threatened my life, brought his easy carriage and drove with his own hands the vehicle every morning until I had gained strength to walk. O how marvellous are the ways of God! How easy it was for him to tame the lions that sported like puppies at Daniel's feet, and to make the flames of the burning, fiery furnace as balmy as the breath of spring to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego!

During my illness the New York State Anti-slavery Convention met in Troy. That great philanthropist,

Gerrit Smith, was in it as one of its animating forces. He heard of my illness, and without invitation called to see and to comfort me with words of fraternal love. It was the first time that I had seen the princely form of this fearless champion of human freedom. Before he left me he urged me to visit him at his home in Peterboro, N. Y. This I did during my convalescence. Peterboro was at that time a flourishing village in the interior of the State. He and his godly wife received me very graciously. I spent four days and five nights in the bosom of his family, where I was made very happy not only by his hospitality, but by his instructive conversations, and still more by his unfeigned piety.\* As to Mrs. Smith, I have yet to see a lady

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\* Like a noble English barrister at the birthplace of Queen Victoria, in whose beautiful home I sojourned for about forty-eight hours, Gerrit Smith believed and knew that he was the heaven-ordained high-priest of his own household, and therefore summoned all members of his family morning and evening to the family altar, at which place he daily invoked the blessings of Almighty God upon them and upon all mankind. I was deeply impressed with the earnest manner in which he performed this holy duty. Like the children of the English barrister, his daughter and niece—the latter a young lady of eighteen—never retired from the parlor to their bed-rooms without kissing Mr. and Mrs. Smith. So also in the morning, when they returned to the parlor, the same tribute of natural affection was paid to the venerable couple. *En route* back to the city of Troy I stopped to see Oneida Institute. Dining with its President, Rev. Benak Greene, the topic of conversation was my visit to Gerrit Smith's, in the midst of which the President remarked that "the dominant trait in the character of Gerrit Smith is kindness of heart. For," said he, "if the devil were to cross the pathway of Gerrit Smith, he would treat him with politeness." After four days' sojourn in the mansion of Hon. Gerrit Smith I left him,



REV. PETER WILLIAMS,  
First Colored Protestant Episcopal Priest in the United  
States. (See page 46.)

surrounded by wealth, riches, and honor so humble a Christian as she seemed to be. Conscious that his guests might be surprised at his allowing his servants to sit at his family table, he said that he "believed in but one aristocracy—the aristocracy of freedom." To my question why he did not live in the city of New York he said: "If I did I would be so overrun by visitors that I would find no time to do good." He was one of the few rich men who largely execute their own wills while living. Would there were more Gerrit Smiths, who, instead of hoarding up millions upon millions, would spend them in conferring blessings upon their fellow-creatures! To make four thousand colored voters in the State of New York he gave to four thousand colored men each forty acres of land, and to the cause of Christian education and the Anti-slavery Society he gave tens of thousands of dollars.

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deeply impressed with the fact that great riches and wealth, great personal beauty and popularity may all be combined in the personal history of one man with a broad heart and an earnest piety.

## Chapter VII.

### PULPIT, PRESS, SCHOOL-ROOM.

BEING obliged by the failure of my voice to resign my pastorate and give up all hopes of preaching for an indefinite time, I spent the following winter in Carlisle, Pa. Following strictly the prescriptions of my excellent physicians, I came once more into possession of the blessed gift of speech, and resolved to devote my time and talents to school-teaching till the great Head of the Church would open the way for my return to the pastorate. Therefore I selected Philadelphia as my field, because that of all the free cities had the largest population of color.

Soon after the holidays of 1839–40 I opened my school on Spruce Street, near Fourth. There were already two select schools in the city taught by white men, besides several primary schools. I began with three pupils (the same number with which I had opened in Charleston in 1830). At the end of twelve months the two select schools emptied themselves into mine. Here I taught till the summer of 1843.

While in Philadelphia I was every day brought in contact with the leading members of the A. M. E. Church—Dr. J. J. G. Bias,\* Rev. Richard Robinson,

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\* Dr. James Joshua Gould Bias was the most remarkable local preacher of his day in Bethel Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Bishop Morris Brown, and others—and I was repeat-**

Born in a state of slavery in Maryland, he was at one time the servant of a physician, whose carriage he drove, and from whom he obtained some knowledge of the medical art and practice. Soon after he obtained his freedom he removed to Philadelphia. He was now a husband, and obtained his living by whitewashing, leeching, bleeding, and extracting decayed teeth, which is always the surest remedy for the toothache. After he had made his skill in such kind of work known to the people of Philadelphia he opened a shop, in which he sold all kinds of medicinal herbs, drugs, and stationery. Finally he entered one of the medical schools of Philadelphia, called "The Eclectic," from which he graduated, and after which he obtained quite an extensive and lucrative practice. Dr. Bias was also a zealous and heroic member of the "Under-ground Railroad Association," and many times periled his life to aid the escape of fugitives from the South. In this humanitarian work he was zealously and actively aided by his noble wife, Eliza, who possessed a splendid *physique* and a generous heart. Gladly did she second all the movements of her husband in hiding and forwarding in her home and from her home troops of flying slaves, conducted to her home by the martyred Torrey. The last time I saw the ill-fated Torrey was at Dr. Bias's home. Candid and fearless almost to rashness, Dr. Bias never hesitated to oppose a manifest wrong within the Church or without; therefore his opponents and enemies were perhaps as numerous as his admirers and friends: The Doctor was married twice, and his last wife, who outlived him, put me in possession of his journals, one of which dates from October, 1844, to March 2, 1847. The other begins with March 4, 1847, and ends with March 9, 1849. On the last page of his last journal I find a record which is too curious to withhold from my readers. It is made in the following words: "We are informed by a Franklin correspondent that the wife of Mr. John Booth, Sr., near Franklin, gave birth a few days since to a fine son. The age of Mrs. Booth is seventy-two years, and that of her husband eighty. Our correspondent demands an appropriation from Congress for the benefit of the three."

edly invited to cast my lot among them, and the more I saw of the A. M. E. Church the more I felt it my duty to become identified with it. Then my venerable preceptor, Dr. Schmucker, also still advised me to enter this branch of the Christian Church.

So in the winter of 1841 I joined the Quarterly Conference of Bethel, in Philadelphia; in the spring of 1842, at the Philadelphia Annual Conference, I was received on trial as a local preacher, and into full connection in May, 1843. My call to the itinerant ministry came almost immediately afterward.

Israel A. M. E. Church, in Washington, D. C., had been reduced in its spiritual condition to a low point, and I was importuned by Bishop Brown and Elder Walter Proctor to serve her at least one year. I was still teaching, and loved my school—which had increased to sixty scholars—its leisure, its quiet, and its pleasing duties too much to abandon it for the untried life of a traveling preacher; and I had also vowed never to put myself in the power of slave-holders again. But I reflected that the Lord Jesus Christ “humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross” in order that he might save sinners. The path of duty became plain, and I reported to Bishop Morris Brown, gave up my school to Rev. Alexander Crummel—then deacon and missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia—packed, and left for Washington in June, 1843, *intending to return to my school at the end of one year*, but God had in his mind a purpose highly different from mine.

Before I could enter fully and freely upon my work

as a Christian minister I had to comply with a barbarous law of the District of Columbia, and give a bond of one thousand dollars to secure my "good behavior." *Such was the tribute which the bronzed image of God had to pay to the "American Moloch."* My consolation then was in the belief that I would live to see the day when such a law would be an impossibility. Thank God, I have seen that day and recorded the fact in that same city. Israel Church was a structure of unique architecture; unique, because neither Gothic, Doric, Corinthian, Norman, Elizabethan, Romanesque, nor Egyptian, but it was—*capacious*. The Society being too poor to put seats in the basement, I laid aside my books, bought a jack-plane, smoothing-plane, saw, hammer, rule, etc.; threw off my coat, and, the Society furnishing the lumber, in a few weeks I fully seated the basement of Israel Church.

In Washington I organized the first Pastoral Association among colored pastors, consisting of Rev. John F. Cook, founder of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church; Rev. L. Collins, pastor of Zion's Church (located on the Island, as South Washington was then called); and myself.

It was in the first year of my labors here that I first wrote out and published my thoughts in behalf of ministerial education. They took the form of five "Epistles on the Education of the Ministry," and were published in the columns of a monthly magazine, the organ of the A. M. E. Church, edited by Rev. George Hogarth. These gave much offense to many of the clergy, and produced much excitement among the laity. It was said by one that these "Epistles" were "full of absurdities;" "infidels could do no more."

The statements in the fourth of these "Epistles" were branded as "infidelity in its rankest form." Others who could not handle the pen, or had not the courage to appear in the columns of our Church organ, privately called me a "devil." One writer charged me with "branding the ministry with infamy," and of "reckless slander on the general character of the Connection." So intense was the excitement that the editor of the magazine said: "Great fear is entertained by some that if the measures proposed be adopted by the General Conference discord and dissolution will necessarily take place in the Church between the ignorant and intelligent portions of it."

While the enemies of Christian culture belched and howled forth all manner of vituperation against me, there were friends who defended my course in private circles and in public gatherings—Dr. James J. G. Bias, Rev. H. C. Turner, Rev. Abram D. Lewis, Rev. John M. Brown, Mr. John Vashon, Mr. Henry Gordon, Mr. Elymas Johnson, Rev. James Reed, Dr. Martin R. Delaney, and others, but above all stood the venerable Bishop Morris Brown. These had the common sense to see the need of an educated ministry and the foresight to place themselves in such an attitude as would receive the approbation of the coming generations. On account of the abuse heaped upon me I had determined not to approach the coming General Conference, but I was advised by Bishop Morris Brown to do so by all means, and lay my plans before it for consideration. He also said to me: "To stay away would be just what your enemies desire."

I followed his advice, and was made chairman of

the Committee of Education, whose duty was to select a proper course of studies to be pursued by young preachers in the future. The course presented embraced two sections—one for exhorters, covering two years; and one for preachers, covering four years. The adoption of this course was followed by eight essays on the “Education of the Ministry.” From these labors may be dated the efforts on the part of the young ministers generally for literary attainments.

In 1845 my field of labor was changed to Baltimore city, in which I was kept by Bishops Brown and Quinn for five years. In the early part of this year it was my privilege to deliver a lecture on “Benjamin Banneker,” that extraordinary self-taught astronomer and almanac-maker for Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Pennsylvania from 1701 to 1802. This was with a view to incite our young men to scientific pursuits, and to raise money for the purpose of erecting a monument in his honor. On the 9th of July a committee of three, myself included, went to see if the bones of this illustrious man could be found. We reached Ellicott’s Mills, and were conducted across the fields formerly owned by Mr. Banneker to the spot formerly used as a grave-yard. Beneath two tulip-trees, so grown as to seem one, lay the mortal remains of the black astronomer of Maryland.\* A

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\* Through the kindness of Lawyer Latrobe, the biographer of Banneker, a design for a monument to the genius and memory of this great man was drafted by Carey Long, Esq., who was at that time a popular architect in Baltimore, Md. The plan of this monument, yet to be constructed, takes the form of an Egyptian obelisk, and is in my portfolio at Wil-

few yards to the north-west of the grave was the site of his house, not a vestige of which could then be seen. It was marked only by a shallow cavity, at the south-eastern end of which stood a tall Lombardy poplar, said to be that which overshadowed the gable end of his house. Mr. H——, one of the local preachers residing at the Mills, who used to be his messenger and errand-boy, related how he used to keep a pot hanging over the fire-place. Cutting a large piece of salt pork, he would throw it into the pot, which held about two gallons, and resume his studies until it was sufficiently boiled. Then he would make corn-dumplings, hard as a rock, and throw them in also. Again he would resume his studies until hunger roused him, when he would rise and eat his meal, consisting of salt pork and corn-dumplings. Pork, corn-meal, and milk were his fare, and to supply the latter he kept a cow. Coffee and tea were never seen in his house.

During my labors in Baltimore I again found myself teaching. Within three months after I took charge of Bethel Church I was requested by the wife of one of the most intelligent local preachers to take charge of the education of her elder children. While listening to her remarks I was strongly reminded of the mother of the immortal John and Charles Wesley, as I had never before met a woman who appeared to feel her responsibility as a mother so intensely as this

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berforce, O. At the time Lawyer Latrobe wrote the biography of Benjamin Banneker he was the President of the Maryland Colonization Society. The colored race owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Latrobe for rescuing from oblivion the memory of this black astronomer.

lady. I felt that my duties as pastor did not permit me to be engaged as a school-master, but she was so importunate that at last I consented to receive her children in my studio during the morning hours. As soon as this became known I was besieged by other parishioners, and was finally constrained to yield to their request, so that within twelve months I found myself at the head of a school of about fifty. This school continued nearly two years beyond my pastoral term, and embraced all the English studies now taught in the best graded schools. I also added a Greek and Latin class. The influence of the daily religious exercises was manifest in that my school seldom needed the use of the rod, while many deleterious practices so common in the schools at that time were unknown in my establishment. The incorrigible were dismissed, and law and order reigned supreme. But how I ministered through those years to the wants of a membership and congregation varying from one thousand to fifteen hundred souls, taught, and paid five to ten pastoral visits daily, I know not, except to explain it by the strengthening grace of God, added to the rigid system by which I economized both strength and time. I opened my school at 9 o'clock A.M., and dismissed it at 2 o'clock P.M. After dinner I paid pastoral visits until tea-time. Every night I retired at 10 o'clock, and 5 o'clock found me dressed ready for my morning walk before I entered upon my studies, the most difficult of which were accomplished between 6 and 9 A.M. I also frequently took a cold salt-bath. These were my daily habits.

When I was appointed to Baltimore the charge consisted of three churches — Bethel, the mother

Church of the Baltimore Conference; Ebenezer, on Montgomery Street; and Union Bethel, on Fell's Point. After visiting on horseback all these societies, and preaching at each, I soon perceived that the duties were too onerous for one man, who could not be faithful to all three, and at my request Bishop Morris Brown divided the charge into two, making one of Ebenezer with Fell's Point, and Bethel the other, of which latter I remained in charge. The trustees of Bethel owned Ebenezer, which house of worship was too small and needed repairs. To their desire to enlarge and remodel the trustees would not consent. Under my advice the flock proposed to buy the property from Bethel, which proposal was accepted, but the price demanded was four thousand dollars. This sum the Bethel trustees said would aid them greatly in the construction of a new Bethel then in progress, and which was to cost us about fifteen thousand dollars. To this price I was opposed, and said: "They are poorer than we. They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Their house of worship needs to be enlarged. Let them have the four thousand dollars for needed improvements. Let us require of them but a ten-dollar bill." For this nominal sum the legal voters decided to sell it to them; but the trustees objected, and, dissensions arising, a second meeting was held, the matter argued at length, a second vote taken, and a second time the property was ordered to be sold to Ebenezer for that sum. In view of subsequent events I thus state my action toward the membership of Ebenezer.

During my pastorate in Bethel, without resort to long protracted meetings, there was a steady growth

in the Church both in quantity and quality. I was also enabled to correct some bad customs of worship, and especially to moderate the singing and praying bands, which then existed in the most extravagant form, and which I shall describe later.

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## Chapter VIII.

### A DISASTROUS VOYAGE.

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IN the latter part of July, 1846, I undertook my first voyage to Europe. I went as a delegate from my own Church in Baltimore to the organization of the Evangelical Alliance in London. Rev. M. M. Clarke accompanied me as an associate delegate from the New York Conference. For the first four or five days after leaving port we were favored with a stiff breeze, which bore us on rapidly. The weather was pleasant, and I enjoyed watching the sea—the waves, crested with snowy whiteness; the darting motion of the ship as she leaped like an arrow from billow to billow; the green-and-white pathway in her wake; the little iron-gray birds, encircled with white (Mother Carey's chickens); and now and then a white circular motion of the waters out of which some inhabitant of the deep would poke a conical head up into the air, as though wishing to see what huge monster, with many a flapping wing, was skimming the surface of its watery home.

For two days the sun had arisen almost cloudless, and held his radiant scepter over sea and sky until the close of each day, when the clouds and darkness overhung the skies, leaving but few stars here and there to peep down from heaven upon us. It was also remarkably calm, so that the vessel moved only from four and a half to five and a half knots an hour,

and sometimes with so gentle a motion that her progress was imperceptible, while the entire surface of the ocean undulated without a foaming billow, almost as placid as the mountain lake when the gentlest zephyrs are blowing upon its breast. I stood on deck and looked upon the heavens, then upon the immense volume of waters that rolled beneath us darker than the deepest azure of the overhanging canopy of ether, until my soul was lost in wonder, love, and praise at the beauty and sublimity of the scene. At one time I remarked to an intelligent young Scotchman: "How placid is the ocean. He is like a tame lion; but soon he may become excited, and lash his sides, foaming, roaring, and dashing the largest ship like a mere cork upon its billows." How little did I think that the truth of my remarks would be so dreadfully realized in so short a time! but true is the old adage: "After a calm comes the storm."

About five days out, after all had retired to their berths except the crew on watch, when twelve o'clock had meted out the last hour of Saturday night, lo! in an instant, while the ship was in nearly full sail, a squall arose. A terrific crash awoke us, and we hurried from our berths to find the ship tossing to and fro, from side to side, showing her keel as rapidly as the lightning stroke. The foremast had been snapped off almost to the very deck, as also the main-top mast, and the mizzen-top mast, which precipitated four sailors into the gaping deep, and there buried them until the judgment-day.

Sunday morning found us in a ship dismantled and useless. O what a terrible sight! I had seen a wrecked ship in pictures and beheld it in the graphic

description of the narrator or the poet, but now my eyes beheld the reality for the first time, and the scene was terrible beyond description. There we were, tossed to and fro upon the wide ocean, not a speck of land to be seen nor a single ship to aid us. Where, then, could we look for succor? "Turn our helpless souls to Thee, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens!" was my cry. All that day and the Monday following we tossed upon the sea, the sun shining brightly at last, but the wind blowing stiffly and the waves now mounting up to heaven and then descending in opening chasms, while the stormy petrel on tireless wings seemed to glory in skimming their foaming crests. The scene was sublime and terrific, but God was there. He held the tumultuous waves in his fists.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

What consolation this precious hymn afforded to my downcast and disappointed spirit at that hour! We had all expected to have been over nearly one-third of our journey at that time, but there we were with an unmanagable ship, whirling about in the Gulf Stream not more than five hundred miles from home, unable either to proceed or return, as we had no sails; and if we had had them, the wind was against us. I was greatly troubled, as it seemed then impossible to reach London in time to meet the august body I designed to meet. What should we do after all our trouble, time, and expense, even should we be permitted to reach a haven in safety? But I cast my burdens upon the Lord, and prayed for patience.

Another day came to bear witness to His loving-kindness and tender mercies in preserving us from the horrors of shipwreck and a watery grave. Soon after daylight we spoke a whaling-ship, and our captain obtained a forty-foot spar and a coil of rope and rigged up two sails. Then a meeting was held of the captain and some of the leading passengers, and it was decided not to attempt the passage, but to return to port. This we did, taking about thirteen days to reach there in our disabled condition.

Brother Clarke took the next vessel out, and went on to London; but I was so impressed by a dream which I had that I first wrote to Baltimore relating it and my impressions, and asking what I should do. In my dream I imagined myself speaking to excited crowds in London, denouncing slavery in such vehement terms that attention was drawn to me; and news of my utterances finding their way back to Baltimore, the feeling against me ran so high that my further usefulness in that city came to an end. Word was returned to me from my Church not to attempt the voyage. As I look back I can but feel that such a course was better, as I certainly should have denounced slavery in no measured terms, and in the excited state of the minds of the people for and against the system the whole current of my life's work would undoubtedly have been changed, if, indeed, I had not lost my life altogether.

My fellow-passengers upon the unfortunate vessel were English, Scotch, and Irish, most of them persons who emigrated to this country as adventurers; but, becoming disappointed, were returning home heartily sick of their enterprise, not only disgusted

with the "States," but holding the most contemptible opinions of the Americans. Some of them were quite interesting characters. One of them was a young man from Aberdeen, Scotland, who had attempted a speculation in flour in Canada upon the prospects of war between England and the Union concerning the Oregon question, and he had lost four thousand dollars by the amicable settlement of the matter. One elderly man, evidently a laborer, was returning to take possession of an estate yielding an annual income of £50,000. An Englishman from Ohio was another—a man with a fund of valuable information on all subjects and as intimate with the politics and principles of the leading parties as with the alphabet. A young hypochondriac was on board, who aroused both pity and amusement, sometimes fancying himself about to die. One day he was so sure of his decease at noon that he made his will, giving his biscuits to one person and a bottle of brandy to his executor. At other times he was in great distress about his sins, thinking himself so great a sinner as to have no hope of mercy. At these times he attached himself closely to me. At one time he would be so weak that he could not take a drop of gruel, and at another time he would gormandize like a hog. There was also an Irish play-actor, strongly marked with small-pox, exceedingly filthy in person, but full of wit, as his countrymen generally are, and excessively grandiloquent. I overheard him say to one who remarked, "The clouds look murky," "No; they look sublimely grand;" and to another, who said of a little boy that he was "guilty of bad tricks," "You ought to say, 'He has committed some juvenile in-

discretions.’” These were all second-cabin passengers.

Among those of the first cabin I found the society of an Irish merchant from Charleston, S. C., very refreshing, because he was cheerful and kind, and above all could tell me much about the place of my nativity—that hospitable, beautiful, romantic city, where repose in heavenly quietude the sacred ashes of my sainted parents. Who that has ever been for many years absent from his native land, and meeting a stranger thence, does not feel inexpressible emotions of pleasure at the news he furnishes; and, though a stranger, love him for his country’s sake—love him just because he came from his native land and could tell him something about it? My conversation with him tended to awaken sweetest reminiscences of childhood, youth, and opening manhood.

There were also on board an English officer and his wife, who evidently felt their importance; another Englishman and his wife, whose chief characteristic was their dislike of New York and Americans; and two others—one man who was puffed up with the most consummate pride, strutting the deck as if creation were his own, and evidently fearing contamination by the manner in which he drove away all second-cabin or steerage passengers who came in his way; the other had merged every vestige of the Englishman into the looks and haughty bearing of the typical Kentuckian slaveholder. On a Sunday afternoon I was sitting opposite him reading. The officer and his wife were near him. At that moment several voices were heard from the main-deck singing a hymn, upon which he said in

a loud tone: "Is that nigger holding forth there?" No reply was made him by his companions, but the remark was indicative of the man.

Novels and card-playing consumed the time of the passengers. But the life of the sailor! Heavens! what was it? The life of a dog. I had read of their hardships as well as their profanity, but then I saw with my eyes and heard with my own ears. Though I never saw them whipped, I have seen them threatened, kicked, and damned like brutes. Their food was so coarse and mean that one told me it was a proverb that "what will starve a hog will feed a sailor." He also added that they were not treated as men, but were shut out from all influences about them. One may judge of the truth of this from the following anecdote:

The Englishman's wife first-named had been promenading the deck alone or looking over into the sea for a glimpse of that interesting animal, the "Portuguese man-of-war," when her husband returned to her. The mate came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"I was down on the fore-deck hearing a sailor spin a long yarn."

"You will spoil those sailors."

"How?" questioned the gentleman.

"Why, you pay them too much attention."

"O, poor devils, they see hard times," said he.

"Why devils never have hard times!" exclaimed the mate as he walked away.

Since then a greater interest has been manifested in that class of men, but even now their profanity and hardships are proverbial.

I had no idea of the dislike the people of England and Scotland bore toward the Irish and Americans until I formed some acquaintances on this ship. The former spoke of the latter with the utmost contempt. The Irish were represented as exceedingly base, quarrelsome, and selfish. A Scotchman told me of an instance in the mines near Glasgow, where Scotchmen who had been employed many years were driven out by the Irish who had gathered there, whereupon the Scotch miners collected a large number of men. A battle ensued, and lives were taken on both sides; but the Scotch conquered, and the Irish were clubbed out of the neighborhood. In this strife many an Irishman tried to pass for Scotch, but though they could disguise their persons they could not alter their tongues; so the Scotch compelled them to say "*peas*," instead of which they said "*pās*." The detection was fatal, for they were immediately driven out of the place. To further illustrate, I was astonished beyond measure in finding a certain Irishman on board who was absolutely afraid to let the English and Scotch know that he was a native of Ireland, "Because," he said, "the English and Scotch don't like an Irishman."

I was told by a Scotchman on the vessel the following anecdote of Lord Brougham, which was said to be very characteristic of the great man: When a student he had a tutor who, delighted by his pupil's proficiency, one day said to him: "I expect to see you yet exalted to the dignity of Lord Chancellor of England." "Well," was the reply, "if ever I be Lord Chancellor of England, I will obtain a place in the Church for you." He was finally exalted to that po-

sition. The tutor, grown old and straitened by the hand of poverty, wrote to his lordship, telling of his wants and reminding him of his promise. Weeks passed, and no reply. The tutor's friends urged him to go in person and make known his case. He hesitated long, fearing a rebuff and lacking the money to pay his expenses; but this was contributed, and he finally went to London and called upon the Chancellor. To the servant he gave his name upon a piece of paper, too poor to afford a card. His lordship read it, and cried out: "Show him in! show him in!" When the aged tutor stood before him, bowed respectfully, made himself known, and humbly reminded him of his promise, "Show him out! show him out!" was the freezing reply which he got from the exalted pupil. He went, trembling with grief, and returned to his friends filled with mortification and disappointment. But on his arrival he found a letter from his lordship with a note indorsed for £150 sterling and an assurance that as soon as a vacancy occurred which his talents would fill it should be secured for him, and this pledge was soon redeemed by securing him a pastorate at £300 sterling per annum.

In regard to our treatment on board the vessel at that time, I am sorry to say that American prejudice marked us out here as elsewhere, reminding us that we were still in a country where the standard of manhood was the color of the skin, the proof of which is this: After paying seventy-five dollars, the same price that others paid who had state-rooms and every comfort in them, with the untrammelled use of the cabin, we were placed in the steward's quarters, situated between the first and second cabin, with no seat but our

trunks, no towels, no looking-glass, no soap, bowls, or any necessary convenience. In regard to our eating, the rule here was reversed; and, instead of giving us our food when the cabin passengers had finished, we had ours first of all. This cruel spirit caused us to fervently desire a swift and safe voyage to the true "land of the free and the home of the brave;"\* but we were doomed to disappointment.

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\* I mean England, for there a man is not held in contempt and ostracised on account of his color, but is honored on account of character and usefulness in the land from whence he comes.



## Chapter IX.

### AFFLICTIONS—CITIES OF THE DEAD.

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AFTER my return to Baltimore for three succeeding years I was called to pass through trouble and affliction. In 1847 I married my first wife, Mrs. Julia A. Farris, the widowed daughter of William Becraft, of Georgetown, D. C. She died within a year, living only a few hours after the birth of a daughter—a lovely babe, who was the refined and beautiful likeness of her mother. My infant daughter lived a little over nine months, and then fled away to join her sainted mother in the bright world above.

Aside from these severe domestic afflictions, a terrible Church trouble beset me. This was an entirely new experience, and in it I battled in prayer day and night for the victory, which came at last; and the enemies who had so long opposed me were righteously expelled by the Church Society, and estranged friends returned to my side. But this was not done before blood was shed, and I myself attacked by an infuriated woman with a club. The blow, however, did no harm, glancing off my shoulder, as I dodged the blow, upon the sleeve-top of my thick overcoat, which was made to stand up at the shoulder after the fashion of that day. The trouble grew out of my endeavor to modify the extravagances in worship, and out of the

business of transferring the property which Ebenezer Church occupied from the hands of Bethel Church to their own, as mentioned in a previous chapter. It culminated as I have stated, but it cost me much agony and protracted suffering, yet through faith in prayer for guidance throughout it all I was enabled at last to come out victorious.

At the opening of 1850 I remembered that the General Conference of 1848 had appointed me to the position of historiographer of the A. M. E. Church, and I therefore resolved to request Bishop Quinn to release me from pastoral duties, that I might travel in search of the materials necessary for such a history. This request was refused, but he said that he would appoint me to a small charge, which would afford me the time to travel and accomplish my object. In spite of my remonstrances I was appointed to the pastorate of Ebenezer Station at the Conference held in Washington, D. C.

On presenting myself I was rejected by the people, who in some manner, through misrepresentations, had formed an ungrounded prejudice against me. The stewards told me at the official board meeting that the people had held a meeting previous to my coming, and had decided to reject me. They said that the people had no fault to find with my character, but that I had too fine a carpet on my floor, and was too proud; that if one of the members should ask me to take tea with them, I would not; and lastly, that I would not let them sing their "spiritual songs." My carpet was what was called a "three-ply." I do not remember an instance when I had refused to eat a meal, during my pastorate of seven years, with any re-

spectable member of my flock, except in cases where the enjoyment of that meal conflicted with my duty to preach the gospel at a given hour, or where and when by so doing I would be violating the Sabbath-day. As to the "songs," as already stated, I had endeavored to modify some of the extravagances in worship in Bethel Church. These songs were known as "Corn-field Ditties." I left them, considering myself unjustly rejected; nor would I return upon being urged by Bishop Quinn to go and take possession of the charge, supported by civil and ecclesiastical law. I declined on the ground that the people had deliberately rejected me, and as I had always exhibited a disinterested friendship for them, and had voluntarily rendered them signal service, if they did not want me, I did not want them. The result was that I prepared to commence researches for the history of the A. M. E. Church.

Before I entered upon the work which was to occupy me for so long a time I was called to assist in performing the last sad rites for Bishop Morris Brown, who died in May, 1850, after having lain helpless for nearly five years, having been struck by paralysis while attending a Conference in Canada.\* I preached

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\* Bishop Brown was a man of mixed blood, and on the father's side of Scotch descent. He grew up without any chance of intellectual development; therefore he was illiterate. I often served him as private secretary. Though illiterate, he was by nature sagacious, and therefore large-hearted; so that without education his common sense always led him to give a hearty indorsement to it. The man who does otherwise proclaims himself a fool; if a fool, then is he wicked, for every wicked man is a fool, and challenges our firm opposition. If an idiot, then is he to be pitied and let alone.

his funeral sermon, as I did that of Bishop Waters two years before.

From May, 1850, to May, 1852, was spent in visiting every Church in the Eastern and Western States where we had an organization. I also visited every city, town, and village in Canada where we had a Society, and my researches terminated at New Orleans, which at that time constituted our extreme South-western boundary in the Valley of the Mississippi.

I spent the first summer in the East, visiting, among other places, Boston and New Haven; and while gaining all the historical information possible, I was also anxious to visit the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime. In these beautiful Eastern centers the two "cities of the dead" form some of my most interesting recollections. In that of the latter I was especially attracted by one tomb—a granite obelisk, which marked the spot where lie the ashes of the greatest lexicographer that ever lived, of any nation or language or kindred under heaven—the immortal Noah Webster.\* There was no other inscription but the single name, "Webster." There was, there is, there shall be no need of additional words. He can never be forgotten while English is spoken, for the English language and Webster are identical to every American.

From the cemetery we passed through the beautiful street then called Hill-house Avenue, fringed on either side with elms and mulberry-trees; thence we ascended to the top of "East Rock" for a view of the extensive plain in the midst of which New Haven is situated. The effect was grand. Leaving this ro-

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\* This memoranda was made in 1850.

mantic spot, we passed downward, and at the base through a large and beautiful grove of pines, the highest I had ever seen in Northern regions. Here, in the midst of the bronzed carpet of fallen leaves, I found a beautiful little flower—the corolla cup-formed, petals white as snow, pistil green and transparent as an emerald, anthers somewhat fluted, and so encircling the central organ as almost to make it look like part and parcel of itself; this was of a fine straw-color; its face was turned downward, as though it felt that its eyes were too sensitive to gaze upon the burning rays of the sun. It seemed to me an emblem of a pure, modest soul shrinking from the gaze of the world, half hidden beneath the leaves in the silence of the pine grove.\*

But the most interesting point in New Haven was, as it still is, Yale College. It was founded in 1700, and named after Hon. Elihu Yale, of London, Governor of the East India Company, who was one of its first and greatest benefactors. I had the pleasure of sitting in the official chair of its first President. It was of oak, with a back almost perpendicular, and was *then* quite rickety from age, and looked somewhat worm-eaten, reminding me of Cowper's description of the ancient arm-chair in the "Task."

As I left that beautiful city I exclaimed: "Farewell, thou city of towering elms. In thy bosom is contained one of the proudest seats of learning of which Americans boast. One century and a half have seen thee preparing the minds which are to give character

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\*This was my first sight of that pale parasitic species of the order of heathworts (*Ericaceæ*)—the "Indian Pipe," as it is called (*Monotropa uniflora*).

to the American Church and the American State, and thou art still destined to affect the lengthening, widening States for weal or for woe. Thy State, as well as thy college, was founded by the heralds of the cross. Go tell thy statesmen to wipe from their Constitution and statutes those laws which persecute the hapless sons of Ham, and thou shalt be just what a Christian State ought to be. Farewell!"\*

Before going to Boston I visited Rhode Island and several points in Massachusetts. As far back as this date I found in the city of Providence a "Shelter" supported by the Providence Association for the benefit of colored children. As stated in their report of that year, twelve years before a little band responded to the call of a noble Christian woman in behalf of the destitute colored children in that city, and this noble charity was the result—one of the brightest ornaments and most enduring monuments of her Churches, which chiefly supported it.

In Boston I naturally sought Mount Auburn. I did not then think it equal in beauty to Laurel Hill

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\* When I wrote these lines (1850) the State of Connecticut was selfish enough to disfranchise all her colored citizens; and, to appear consistent with herself and her reasons for rebellion against the British Government, she would not tax the persons or the properties of her colored citizens. The American motto is, "Taxation, representation; no taxation, no representation." Thence followed the sentence: "Because negroes are not taxed they must not be represented." It was worse than this in South Carolina. All free colored persons were taxed without representation; taxed to support white schools for white children, at the same time that she withheld all support from colored schools, which she then tolerated—*i. e.*, up to 1835.

Cemetery, in Philadelphia, but the position was far more commanding. I also thought its gate-way too small and contracted for the magnitude of the place. Aside from the general beauty and magnificence of the place, two tombs attracted me—the first from exquisite beauty, the other from associations. The former was of pure white marble, bearing on one side in relief the figure of a female enveloped in a robe, one hand covering the face, the other pressing an urn to her bosom; on the other side, in a deep niche, posed in flight, was a full-sized statue of most exquisite workmanship. The well-proportioned figure, the rapt countenance, the drapery so skillfully executed as to seem transparent and its graceful folds to tremble with the breeze—all combined to make the admiring beholder almost think it endowed with life and real motion. The artist not only succeeded in representing an ascending saint, but he also immortalized himself by enshrining his genius in enduring marble. The other tomb was that of the ill-fated Torrey. The monument was in the form of a prism—on one side a bass-relief, and on the other side the sad tale is told that he was arrested in Baltimore for aiding the fugitive slaves, and that on his dying bed he was refused pardon by the Governor of Maryland. I was personally acquainted with Torrey, and had repeatedly warned him not to come to Baltimore or Washington. Having learned of the plot against him, I made it known to his friend, Dr. J. J. G. Bias, of Philadelphia, where he always stopped, and wrote him myself, advising him not to come. The warnings were unheeded. The idea of liberty consumed him. On the third side was the bronzed figure of a female slave sitting in the

dust with downcast visage, and feet bound with chains;  
above her was the following inscription:

• Where now beneath his burden  
The toiling slave is driven,  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offered up to heaven:  
Then shall his praise be spoken,  
Redeemed from falsehood's ban  
When the fetters shall be broken,  
And the slave shall be a man.

This inscription was in the nature of a prophecy—to be fulfilled amidst belching of cannon, clanking of swords, fire, smoke, and the fearful baptism of blood. Within two decades the “slave” was a “man.”



## Chapter X.

### A TWO-YEARS' SEARCH.

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AS might be expected, the data of first importance to be gained for the Church history was regarding the formation of the A. M. E. Church. The first general convention was held in 1816, with the following persons present: Rev. Richard Allen, President; Rev. Richard Williams, Rev. Morris Brown, Rev. Henry Harden, Charles Pierce, James Towsan, Jerry Miller, Shadrach Bassett, Henry Fox, William Cousins, Don C. Hall, David Smith, James Cole, Jacob Richardson, Joseph Cox, Edward Waters, William Quinn (not as a member, but as an observer), Abner Coker, Daniel Coker.

On the 9th of April, 1816, an election took place for bishop, and Daniel Coker was elected on account of his superior education and talents.\* An objection was immediately made by the pure blacks, led by Jonathan Tudas, a friend in council with Richard Allen. This objection was on account of his color, his mother being an Englishwoman and his father a

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\* He wrote the first pamphlet written by a colored man in this country—"A Dialogue between a Virginian and an African Minister. By Rev. Daniel Coker. Published in Baltimore, 1810, by Benjamin Edes." A tattered copy is still in my possession.



HON. ROBERT PURVIS.  
(See page 53.)

pure African. Daniel Coker, being a man of high feeling, resigned on the spot in favor of Richard Allen, who was then absent in the country, but arrived on the 10th, and hearing the facts of the case accepted the nomination to the bishopric. There is not a scrap of paper in existence relative to this important era of the A. M. E. Church.\* It was the desire of conciliating the opposing factions which led Bishop Allen later to name Morris Brown (who was not a black man) for the office of bishop, and the same cause led the latter to name Edward Waters (a dark man) for the same office. But the last-named bishop served, simply bearing the title without exercising any of the functions of the office.

The first Annual Conference† was held in Baltimore in April, 1818, at which William Paul Quinn was present. He was born at Honduras, S. A., and his parents were Catholics. A peculiar circumstance led to his conversion. One day, while mischievously throwing stones at the boys, he heard the cry of a mob, and reaching the spot he saw a woman whom they were abusing as a "damnable heretic," as the priests called her. In the midst of their violence she held up in her hands a small book, which had been stained with the blood streaming from her forehead, and said to the crowd: "I hold this as a testimony against you." Her manner and appearance were so different from the hag or witch whom he had expect-

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\* These facts were confirmed to me from the lips of three living witnesses—Bishop Quinn, Jonathan Tudas, and Clayton Durham.

† It is the first on record, the minutes of which are in my possession.

ed to see from what he had heard that instantly he felt a sensation pass through him like an electric shock. This led him to serious concern about his responsibility to God, which concern increased till he was brought to rejoice in a Saviour's love. This was directly brought about through the agency of a Quakeress when he was only twelve years old. He was the first man who enlisted in the itinerant service of the Church. This was in 1817, on the 25th of December, eight months after the formation of the Connection. He also held the first camp-meeting in our Connection in the woods owned by 'Squire Hibbs, at Ben-Salem, Bucks County, Pa., beginning the 12th of August, 1818, with the following ministers present: Bishop Allen, Jacob Tapsico, James Champion, Dorothy Ripley (a female preacher from England), William Lambert, Rev. John Gloucester (of the Presbyterian Church), Sampson Peters, Edward Jackson, Charles Corr. The Lord was present, and nearly one hundred souls were converted.

In pursuing my investigations in Pennsylvania, I spent the fall and early part of the winter of 1851. In August I reached Pittsburg, from which city I made a five-days' trip on the Ohio to Cincinnati. Our experience was varied and interesting. The river being low at first, we were no sooner off one sand-bar than we were stuck fast upon another, in some cases getting off with much difficulty after considerable delay. The pilots, of course, received a large share of denunciation for what was probably unavoidable. When we once reached deep water the nervous steamer, with the pulsations of a giant, moved fearlessly down the waveless stream. Then a fog settled over the face of

the waters, and for a part of the night and the early morning hours it hung over us, the sun struggling like an infant in the hands of a giant to penetrate the dense mist—his face, if it did appear at all, showing like the pallid cheeks of the moon, as though he had become faint from a painful and protracted strife.

The movements of the pilots during the prevalence of the fog taught me a lesson I shall never forget. They had been watchful, diligent, and cautious before; they were doubly so at this critical period. Their penetrating gaze, the rapid motion of their eyes from point to point, their alacrity in changing the position of the steamer to avoid the shifting dangers—all impressed me deeply.

How like these pilots should a man watch over his own soul, shunning sin on the one hand and iniquity on the other; now guarding against the corruptions of his own heart, and then against the seductions of the devil! I was led to exclaim: "Make, O make me a faithful minister and teacher, so that I may guide both young and old into the way everlasting, and see every one who has ever been committed to my care lodged in the kingdom of God!" As I left the ship's company, I felt that if there was nothing else I might do to profit I could pray for it. The morning was followed by a most brilliant sunset. When the regent of day burnished the clouds with gold, while the lengthened shadows of the verdant hills, gracefully commingling with his softened rays, threw a glow of sweetness that would have puzzled the pencil of Raphael, we reached the Queen City of the West. In Cincinnati I found the people of color in many respects far ahead of those in the Eastern cities. I

found five Churches there from the lowly beginning in a cellar by Rev. Moses Freeman and six persons in 1824. I spent the holidays here, and then journeyed on to Louisville, where I presented Bishop McIlvaine's letter of introduction (which he had given me in Cincinnati) to Bishop Smith, of Kentucky. By this venerable prelate I was received and welcomed with all that kindness and urbanity which marks the perfect gentleman. After an interesting conversation he gave me a letter of introduction to Bishop Hawkes, of St. Louis. During our interview he told me that he had been looking abroad for many years over the colored community in vain to find a lad whom he might have trained for the Protestant Episcopal pulpit. During my stay in Louisville I gave my deposition to the chancery commission as to the original design of the *Christian Herald*,\* the first weekly paper published by the A. M. E. Church.

A strange sight was presented to me in Louisville. A colored lady whom I called to see had a young slave girl of considerable accomplishments on her right hand singing and playing the guitar to her, while at her left stood a white servant doing her bidding—truly a strange sight in a Southern city in 1852!

The first night after leaving Louisville for St. Louis a fog came upon us, and before we were aware our steamer, the "Lady Franklin," was run into by the "Delta," seriously injuring the cook-house and engine. The alarm caused by the collision was universal, many expecting that we would sink in the deep waters of the Ohio, which at that spot were forty feet deep, while

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\*The *Christian Herald* was published by order of the General Conference of 1848.

others expected the steamer to capsize or explode. The ladies shrieked most piteously, the men began to prepare for escape, the barber ran into the ladies' cabin for refuge, and the ladies ran into the saloon, the pantry, and the barber-shop for the same purpose. The barber, in his flight, knocked down the water-tank; the ladies, in their confusion, knocked down the barber; and the barber scrambled on his hands and knees into his place of supposed security. In a moment it was over and the danger passed, while our cries were turned into thanksgiving, joy, and laughter.

We proceeded on our journey with a single wheel against many odds, as we had frequently to press through fields of ice before we reached the mouth of the Ohio, and afterward against the impetuous current of the upper Mississippi. On the night following the collision all the starry host were shedding unclouded beams upon the surrounding scenery. The moon was bathing her silvery rays in the waves of the "Father of Waters" at the moment when we entered upon its turbulent and impetuous bosom. It was a sight I had been wishing to behold for at least twenty years, and now that my wish was gratified I felt delighted beyond description.\*

My interview with Bishop Hawkes, of St. Louis, related largely to my business there, and then to the probable destiny of our people in this country. He gave his opinions very freely, and I was obliged to confess that they were as liberal as they were philosophic. My purpose in St. Louis accomplished, I returned eastward, stopping at Columbus, O., Cleveland,

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\* Geography, as taught in school-books, can give but very indefinite ideas of its facts as the traveler sees them in nature.

and Pittsburg. As far as I can learn Rev. Moses Freeman was the one who first formed thirteen persons into a Church in Columbus in 1823. From Columbus to Cleveland and then to Pittsburg, where I arrived in time to witness the opening of Allegheny Institute for the year, and heard the Rev. Charles Avery, its illustrious founder and beneficent patron, deliver the address. What a noble work he has done for the illiterate colored man! Up to that time he had purchased the grounds, erected the buildings, furnished the apparatus, and paid the professors' salaries. He had also donated the entire property to the colored people of the country for the education of their children, and he watched over the whole with the affection and solicitude of a parent.\* He that takes the rough marble out of the quarry and by his plastic genius forms it into a beautiful statue performs a great work and excites the admiration of all posterity; but he who takes the rude, unlettered mind, and molds it into the educated, refined, intellectual, and moral image of the Deity performs a work a thousand times greater and excites the admiration of eternity, the praise of angels, and the approval of his God. I would rather be Charles Avery than Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte.

Another man in Pittsburg of most lovely character, though in an entirely different sphere, was Rev. Samuel Collins—mild and sweet even in old age with all

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\*After giving a liberal education to a few colored young men and women, this institute assumed the form of a college, and subsequently collapsed. I will not, because I cannot, say it was from bad management. My belief is that its failure is owing rather to its location than to its management.

its infirmities. He was converted at the first general class ever held by our people. He had traveled extensively over Ohio preaching the gospel and planting societies. These travels were all performed on foot. One year he traveled about fifteen hundred miles in this way. At one time, when he was preaching at West Chester, he saw a young man of tall stature and noble countenance leaning against a tree, with a little bundle under his arm, and listening very attentively to all that was said. After preaching he went to the youth and invited him to go home with him. The youth complied, and from that time made the house of Brother Collins his home for two successive years. Having been previously converted, he made known to Brother Collins that he felt himself called to preach the gospel, and through him obtained a license to exhort. This young man became Bishop Quinn.

Unlike most of our old brethren, Brother Collins's soul delighted in the improvements of the age, in the general elevation of his oppressed race, in the education of the young, and in all that tended to ennoble their minds. He was about ninety years old when his physical powers gave way. When the American Revolution was at its height he was a shepherd-boy. At one time while keeping watch over the sheep he heard the reports of the cannon, and idly began to mark with a stick the number of times they fired; but it proved to be a task in which he showed his perseverance, as the roaring continued a long time, and when it ceased he found himself completely encircled and the ground for some distance covered with the dots.

During these two years of search for historical mat-

ter I supported myself by lecturing on economical subjects—such as, “Industry and Thrift,” “The Springs of Wealth”—and illustrated the lectures by maps. Early in April, 1852, I commenced my homeward journey toward the seat of the General Conference, which was at New York, and which was held in Old Bethel, as it was called. It was located on Union Street, not far from — Avenue and east of it. It was in this chapel that Rev. Willis Nazrey and myself were elected and ordained bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.



# Chapter XI.

## FIRST YEAR IN THE EPISCOPACY.

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ON my arrival in New York my clothing was almost threadbare. I was the shabbiest member of the General Conference of 1852. With a few hours' notice Bishop Quinn ordered me to preach the opening sermon. I entered upon my task with fear and trembling, and took as my text 2 Corinthians ii. 16: "Who is sufficient for these things?" But my sufficiency was of God, who bringeth strength out of weakness and light out of darkness.

On the 7th of May the election took place for two additional bishops. Votes were cast for Elders Richard Robinson, Augustus R. Green, Willis Nazrey, and D. A. Payne. The two latter were declared elected. I trembled from head to foot, and wept. I knew that I was unworthy the office, because I had neither the physical strength, the learning, nor the sanctity which makes one fit for such a high, holy, and responsible position. At the General Conference of 1848, which sat in the city of Philadelphia, Bishop Quinn took me into the basement of Bethel Church, and requested me to let him use my name as one of the candidates for the bishopric, telling me that it was the desire of many of my brethren that I should fill the office. I respectfully declined, giv-

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ing him the same reasons which caused my emotion at my election later. The Conference of 1848 closed its deliberations without the election of any bishop.

About twelve months before the Conference of 1852 I saw and felt that my brethren were determined to elect me, and therefore I prayed earnestly up to that time that God would take away my life rather than allow me to be put into an office for which I felt myself so utterly unfit. The announcement fell like the weight of a mountain upon me, and as I have said it caused me to weep like a child and tremble like a tree shaken by a tempest. I now felt that to resist this manifest will of the Great Head of the Church, so clearly and emphatically expressed, would bring upon me his displeasure. I yielded because I felt that the omnipotent Arm that had thrust me into the position would hold me in it. On the 13th my ordination at the hands of Bishop Quinn took place, followed by that of Bishop Nazrey.

At this General Conference Rev. M. M. Clarke was appointed editor of the Church organ, Rev. W. T. Cato general book steward, and Rev. William Jones traveling agent.\*

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\* These three young men were well informed—not as graduates from any college, but good English scholars. Their superior natural endowments and general information constrained everybody to expect grand results. Their pulpit oratory also increased the hopes of the Connection. But two years had not elapsed before they proved themselves to be miserable failures, because, while in possession of fair talents and general information, they were destitute of the tact and pluck which come from business training. One by one they resigned, and the bishops placed the Book Con-

After the rise of that body the first Bishops Council was held by the three bishops, and the entire field was laid off into three episcopal districts. The first embraced the Philadelphia Conference and the New England Conference, with the territories which they covered. Up to 1852 all the New England States were a part of the New York Conference. It was, in fact, its missionary field. The General Conference of that year ordered all the A. M. E. Churches in these States to be organized into a Conference to be known as the New England Conference. The second embraced the Baltimore and New York Conferences, with the territories which they covered. The third embraced the Indiana and Canada Conferences, with their territories. Bishop William Paul Quinn was assigned to the third, Bishop Willis Nazrey to the second, and Bishop Daniel A. Payne to the first. We agreed to preside each over his own district for two years, at the expiration of which time we were to alternate.

My first episcopal acts took place in the session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, held in Union Bethel Church, Philadelphia. After the business of this Conference was closed I went in June to New Bedford, Mass., to organize the New England Conference. New Bedford was at that time the great center of the whaling-vessels, and the population of color was comparatively large. Of this Conference Rev. T. M. D. Ward, the best-educated young minister in it, was made secretary. The Churches then embraced in the newly-organized Conference were (1) the Church

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cern in the superior care and management of Elder Jabez Petit Campbell, now Bishop Campbell.

in New Bedford, Mass.; (2) the Church in Boston, Mass.; (3) the Church in Providence, R. I.; (4) the Church in New Haven, Conn.; (5) the Church in Bridgeport, Conn.; (6) the Church in Portland, Me. The buildings owned by these societies were very poor and small structures. Immediately after the work of the Conference was finished I began the inspection of the entire field which it covered, to see what was the prospect for extending the boundaries of the Connection. I then returned to Philadelphia, and commenced the inspection of the work within the boundaries of that Conference.

Twice within the first eighteen months of my bishopric was I rejected by people, and it was exceedingly difficult to procure accommodations, as our people did not know me and were not inclined to "entertain strangers," and I did not choose at first to reveal my identity. The first time a woman rudely repulsed me. Upon going farther to the steward of the circuit, he promised to find me accommodations, shrewdly guessing who I was, and soon conducted me back to this same woman's house. The mistress was profuse in her apologies, wept, and begged my forgiveness, when I refused to stay there. Her reiterated excuse was, "Sir, I did not know you were the bishop;" at which I said, "A title is nothing; character is every thing. The house which is too small for the poorest preacher I might send here is not large enough for me." So, turning away from her, I directed the steward to take me elsewhere. The course which I pursued with this woman may be censured as unmerciful. I did not think so then, and do not think so now. My design was to teach her a lesson that

she would never forget—that it was a privilege as well as a duty to “entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” In too many cases the well-dressed villain is preferred to the shabby saint, and the enemy of God to the Christian philanthropist.

My second rejection was in Western Pennsylvania, where I was bluntly informed by the man of the house, who was also a steward of the circuit, that I could not be entertained. My guide, a young barber, finally offered to take me himself rather than allow me to go to a white hotel, but tarried to speak to the aged couple who refused to entertain me. I overheard him say to them: “Suppose that he be one of the bishops?” To which the old man stoutly replied: “He is not one of our bishops. All our bishops are big men. I know Bishop Quinn, and I know Bishop Nazrey, and they are both big men.” At the time I had on a short-skirted coat and a Kossuth hat, which made me look rather “squatty.” The following Sabbath the preacher took for his text, “He came unto his own, and his own received him not.” The discourse was used as a rod to scourge those who had rejected me, and it was so severe that I could but enter into sympathy with the couple who sat there, greatly tortured and chagrined at their own conduct. As for me, I regretted the occurrence as deeply as they.

The Conference year embraced in 1853–4 was spent principally in visiting the Churches in New Jersey, which leads me to speak of a settlement of colored Americans in the southern portion of that State. This was known by the name of Gouldtown.

At that time I was informed that there were about five hundred inhabitants, most of whom were descended from one couple—a man of color and an English lady. She was the daughter of one of two brothers by the name of Fenwich, who bought a large tract of land from Lord Berkeley, and her father did all he could, without using violence, to prevent the marriage of his daughter to a negro. This settlement was an agricultural one. They were an industrious but poor people, who for want of money were unable to bring their sandy lands to a high state of improvement. I found a Sunday-school among them good for the times and surroundings. I organized them into a literary and moral improvement society, and by voluntary contributions established among them a small library, consisting chiefly of books published by the American Tract Society. This library is still standing (1886).

It was my habit while going over the first district whenever in New York to visit the American Missionary Society. While stopping, as usual, some time in 1852, Brother Lewis Tappan said to me: "There is a lady here who wishes to see you in my office." This lady was Miss Myrtle Miner. She told me she was divinely impressed to go to Washington, D. C., and open a high school to train young colored girls to be the educators of their race.

"I cannot rest until I make the attempt," she said.

"Have you counted the cost?" I asked. "Are you prepared to burn between two fires—a white fire on the one hand and a black fire on the other?"

"I am prepared, and must go if I die in the attempt," she emphatically replied.

This firmness and noble aim marked the character of Miss Myrtle Miner throughout the years which followed. Her heroic spirit stirred my soul to its bottom, and I furnished her with seven letters of introduction to the first colored families in that city. Through these letters she organized a school with six or seven pupils from these families. This was the beginning of the Miner Normal School in Washington, D. C., which since her death has accomplished so much good for the young women of the race. Some of her first pupils are still living and engaged in the public schools of that city. In her troubles and persecutions (for she taught in most troublous times and at the risk of her life) she was a frequent visitor at the house of my sister-in-law in Georgetown—the Be-crafts—where she found both rest and consolation. In January, 1853, I visited her school. It was then an excellent institution, promising great blessings to the community. Her method of instruction was that which developed all the faculties of the soul, and her pupils seemed to delight in their work. I could not but hope and pray that she might be long spared for the training of young colored women.

Some time in 1853 a white woman of average education, lady-like person, and rather imposing *physique*, opened a school in Philadelphia for the education of colored children. As now, so was it then. The white person who opened such a school, unless employed by State authorities, was sure to be ostracised. She therefore found her associations among the parents who employed her, and worshiped at Bethel, the mother Church of African Methodism in the United States. She at last united with one of the classes,

when opposition to her commenced on the part of many of the female members of the Church. At this time I was in New England. On my return a male member asked me if our Discipline permitted white persons to join our Church. I answered that there was no prohibition, and that the A. M. E. Church, like Christianity itself, ought to be open to all and for all. On learning that the women were determined to have her turned out, I visited the pastor, and finding that he had authorized the class-leader and local preacher to receive her, I expressed the hope that he would defend her rights, which he promised to do, but did not. The opposition increased daily. She was insulted in the class and elsewhere. Not satisfied with this, they threatened to withhold support from the pastor, and to starve me out if I maintained her rights. Upon this I resolved to let those evil-minded ones know that I belonged to that class of Christian ministers who cannot be controlled by back nor belly. I hired two rooms, fitted them up, bought kitchen utensils, and commenced keeping bachelor's hall. I not only did my own cooking, but washed my own garments, that I might support the right and uphold the government of the Church. The pastor expelled the woman because she was white and because he was urged to such an unchristian act by his own color—that is, the women in Bethel. My sense of duty in this case led me to leave that pastor without an appointment at the next Annual Conference. This caused much excitement among his personal friends, and I was urged to change my purpose; but to all I firmly replied that I feared not the result. The pastor himself visited me full of anger, and,

thrusting his clinched fist in my face, said, "You dare to leave me without an appointment on account of that white woman!" and immediately added: "Open your mouth if you dare, and I will lay you flat upon the floor." Trembling with rage, he stood over me for a few minutes with clinched fist, and then suddenly left the room. I was asked by Bishop Nazrey if I would consent that Bishop Quinn or himself should employ him in their service. I replied that they might do whatever they thought proper in the case, but I believed that the pastor who would turn away from God's sanctuary any human being on account of color was not fit to have charge of a gang of dogs. He was stationed by Bishop Nazrey at Toronto.\*

Eleven years passed away. Meanwhile this pastor became a member of the British M. E. Church; but having lost his standing in it, he came back irregularly into the A. M. E. Church, and therefore he came irregularly to the General Conference of 1854. His seat was disputed, and four times his friends endeavored to seat him; but four times did the General Conference reject him in the very church from which he had expelled the white woman. The judgment of God in this case reminds me of his judgment against a certain pro-slavery, caste-loving bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Sometime between 1837 and 1840 a young man who had been classically trained, of fine person, so highly mixed that he was mistaken for a white man, was admitted into the General Theological Seminary of the

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\* Bishop Nazrey was authorized to hold the Canadian Conference for Bishop Quinn, who was in the West at the time.

Protestant Episcopal Church. When his African descent on one side was ascertained he was ordered out by this bishop.\* Time passed, and another gifted and scholarly man completed his course as a star of the first magnitude at Oneida Institute. He also applied for admission into the same theological school at New York, but was rejected by the same bishop on account of his color.† Both of these young men were obliged to take private instruction in theology.‡ A day of retribution came. This grand prelate was accused, tried, and found guilty of conduct unbecoming a Christian gentleman, still more in a prelate of such towering pretensions. He was expelled from the episcopacy. Several efforts were made by his friends

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\* This person was Isaiah DeGrasse, whose beauty might have excelled that of Absalom. Dr. James McCune Smith, who was thoroughly educated in one of the universities of Scotland, said that Isaiah DeGrasse was the handsomest man he ever beheld. He was as polished in his manners as he was beautiful in his person.

† This was the present Dr. Alexander Crummel, of Washington, D. C.

‡ This person was Charles L. Reason—subsequently Professor Reason, of Central College, N. Y.—a man as noble in his *physique* as a prince of the blood royal. But neither beauty of person nor grandeur of intellect nor varied culture can exempt any man or woman from the ostracism of Americans if he or she be tainted with one drop of the blood of Noah's second son. Three men, made in God's image, highly gifted by nature, and varied in their culture, excluded from the school of the prophets by a so-called successor of the apostles! But this bishop was learned in the classics, literature, science, and philosophy; the negro preacher who excluded the white woman was ignorant of both ethnology and Christian theology. Before God no apology can be made for either.

to restore him, but he died expelled from the bishopric.

If "he that oppreseth the poor reproacheth his Maker," how great must be the reproach cast upon the Infinite when one man oppresses another on account of the color which distinguishes him from his fellow-mortals!



## Chapter XII.

### IN THE WEST, SOUTH-WEST, AND CANADA.

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IN September, 1853, I visited Bishop Quinn's diocese, and met the Conference at Terre Haute, Ind., my object being to consummate our plans for alternating in each other's districts, according to the understanding we had in June, 1852. Never did I leave a place with such keen regret as I did Terre Haute. All the company seemed affected, and Bishop Quinn was moved to tears. It seemed strange to see a man of such gigantic proportions and so heroic a heart with such tender feelings. We parted at Indianapolis—he to go to his place of residence (Richmond, Ind.) and I to Louisville, Ky. The remainder of the year was spent in visiting and preaching at the different points in my episcopal district, settling various difficulties, and holding Conferences. This work continued until 1854.

It was in the early part of this year that Bishop Quinn remarked, at the close of a sermon, that from the establishment of the Connection in 1816 up to that time, one hundred and nineteen traveling and seventy-three local preachers had died.

In the summer of the same year I married Mrs. Eliza J. Clark, of Cincinnati, and transferred my home from the East to the West; but my labors were

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not confined to either, because my episcopal district included the Baltimore and the Ohio Conferences. I may here state that as I had been for five successive years the pastor of Bethel Church, in Baltimore, so also I was providentially made the presiding bishop of the Baltimore Conference for twelve successive years.

In July I attended the Canada Conference at Toronto, where I found the Church out of debt, but in a poor condition, owing to the troubles of the pastor, who was the same man mentioned in the foregoing chapter. On our journey to St. Catherine's we were twice ordered out of the omnibus at Port Dalhousie, and obliged to remain on the steamer for three hours before we could get a conveyance to St. Catherine's, where we spoke August 1, for a few minutes, at the celebration of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. We passed through Hamilton, London, and Chatham, Canada, at all of which places we stopped for a short time, reaching Detroit, Mich., where the Ohio Annual Conference was opened August 28th. In October I made my first official visit to Louisville, and the last of the month I visited Xenia, O., for the first time, and went out to Father David Smith's residence to spend the day. He is at present date the oldest living itinerant minister in the Connection. This now venerable man was the first minister of the Lord who raised the star and the cross among the colored population in the city of Washington, D. C., as the ambassador of the A. M. E. Church. This he did at the risk of his life, as it was threatened that if any A. M. E. preacher should dare to go to Washington he should be tarred and

feathered. Brother Smith was then quite a young man, and volunteered to go. At the close of a sermon he boldly made the statement that he was a Bethel preacher, which caused great excitement; and it was only by the aid of worldlings that he obtained a written authority to preach, with which he defied the constables, declaring his intention to preach at whatever risk.

On reaching my home in Cincinnati, in December, I found a letter from St. Louis informing me that the mayor had locked up the church, declaring that he would not allow it to be opened until I should arrive there. I immediately set out. On my arrival I called upon the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hawkes, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and told him my errand. He sympathized with me, and offered all the aid and advice I might need, and gave me a letter of introduction to the mayor, who told me that the riot in the A. M. E. Church of October 18 of that year\* had not only injured our Church, but all the free colored population in the State of Missouri.

Having made, I believe, a careful and impartial investigation of the difficulties growing out of the riot, I gave my plan of adjustment, which gave great dissatisfaction to some friends of both the contending parties; but other brethren arose and thanked me for the plan, saying that they would cheerfully submit to it.† The final result was the resignation of the pas-

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\* This internal riot of our Church in St. Louis occurred under the pastorate of Rev. Hiram Revels, and grew out of a difficulty between the Church officers and himself.

† This plan led me to punish the leaders of the contending parties according to the magnitude of their several offenses.

tor from all connection with the A. M. E. Church in America.\*

Soon after this Bishop Quinn, having been waylaid by robbers, was so disabled by the blows which he received that he was unable to attend to his work, and I was compelled to take his duties upon myself, in addition to my own. This double labor brought on prostration of the nervous system, and from the 18th of February till March 22 I was very sick. Not until the last of the month was I able to speak in public, and then not more than twenty minutes, and in the feeblest manner. Returning to Ohio in April, I visited Chillicothe, O. The Church at this point had its origin in 1823 by a secession from the M. E. Church on account of color distinctions made in their religious meetings, which were too invidious and painful to be endured; so twenty-three members were formed into a new Society by George Bolar, a preacher in the Philadelphia Conference. Continuing northward, I made my first visit to Springfield, O., where it was my good fortune to meet Dr. Sprecher, a former classmate at Gettysburg, Pa., whose wife was a sister of my old instructor, Dr. Schmucker. He was then connected with Wittenburg College, and at his hospitable mansion I spent a few hours in conversa-

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Some I suspended for three months, some for six; and finding it necessary to remove the pastor, I appointed him to our Church in Columbus, O., where he promised to go, but did not, because misleading followers advised him to remain in St. Louis and establish a Presbyterian Church. This he did, but the organization was like Jonah's gourd.

\* He subsequently returned to the A. M. E. Church, but did not abide in it.

tion upon the all-absorbing theme—the interests of the colored man, both in this land and in Africa. Rev. Victor L. Conrad, editor of the *Evangelical Lutheran*, was another man of lovely spirit, with whom I conversed upon the emancipation of the slaves, and the ruinous moral effect of slavery upon both slaves and slave-holders. He entertained very correct views on this thrilling question. To the aid of the lives and teachings of such men we owe much more than the present generation realizes.

After preaching to a large and attentive audience, composed of my own flock and many Methodist, Lutheran, and Presbyterian white friends, I visited and addressed the Sunday-school. This was the first and only instance which I then knew in the whole Union where a colored Sunday-school had an infant department. Its instructor was well qualified for the interesting work, not only in the ordinary sense of the term, but was also a good vocalist, which I conceive to be an essential qualification for any one who has to educate the infant mind; as nothing can interest them more than a sweet voice when that voice is freighted with truth and rendered still more mellow by the Spirit of God.

After visiting other Churches I opened the Canada Conference, Bishop Nazrey assisting, July 21st. August 18th we opened the Ohio Conference, which was followed by the Indiana Conference, September 1st, at which all the Bishops were present. At this Conference the plans for the moral, intellectual, and religious elevation of the colored people of the United States, proposed by the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church, and represented by letter through their

agent, Rev. J. T. Wright, were brought forward at my instance for consideration. Several communications were read. These were followed by remarks bearing toward united effort to sustain the Union Seminary, which had been established at Columbus, O., and of which I shall speak later. We also decided as to the manner of forming the Missouri Conference, and September found us in Louisville again ready to organize it—the eighth star in our beautiful Annual Conference constellation.

In October I was again in London, Canada, where I preached, and lectured on the elevation of our people. At this visit I went to see the school of the “Colonial Church and School Society.” This school contained four hundred pupils, about eighty of whom were colored. The system was Lancasterian; and the children were advanced to the rank of monitors—according to their *qualifications, not their color*. In the male school I saw two monitors—boys of color—each drilling a class in which but *one* pupil was colored; and the white lads seemed to be as happy as those whose monitors were white, thus verifying Lewis Tappan’s utterances on the subject years before—“that all children are naturally anti-slavery, and only by false teachings become pro-slavery.”

## Chapter XIII.

### TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

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THE last of December, 1855, I made my second visit to Chicago, arriving there on a bitter cold night. Unable to find our friends that night in the storm, and expecting a refusal from the hotel, we were allowed (after entreaty) to spend the night in the passenger-room. The following morning the cold was still so intense that in the search for our friends I was nearly stupefied with it, and suffered excessive pain from being nearly frost-bitten. While there I was invited to visit the Pastoral Association, which consisted of all the itinerant Methodist preachers in the city who were attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church. These brethren had always extended to the ministers of the A. M. E. Church in Chicago the same privileges they themselves enjoyed. On this occasion all the Methodist Episcopal ministers were present except that eminent man, the Rev. James W. Watson, the talented and bold editor of the *North-western Christian Advocate*. I left the meeting refreshed by what I had heard.

I also had the pleasure of hearing that extraordinary young woman, Miss Mary A. Shadd, editor of the *Provincial Freeman*, of Western Canada, in two lectures on the condition and prospects of the colored

people in Canada. Her power did not consist in eloquence, but in her familiarity with facts, her knowledge of men, and her fine power of discrimination. Her energy and perseverance, as well as her ability to suffer in the cause she had espoused, entitled her to rank among the reformers of the time. She went alone into Canada West in the fall of 1851, and traversed it from Toronto to Sandwich, sometimes on foot, maintaining herself by teaching school. The following spring she published a pamphlet entitled "Notes on Canada West," and in about one year from the day she landed in Canada she had nearly established the weekly sheet before mentioned, of which for more than one year she was the sole editor, at the same time acting as traveling agent and financier. Her editorials compared well with those of the sterner sex, some of whom she often excelled. Indeed, I could mention at least two colored editors whose editorials were far beneath hers. This leads me to note that at the close of 1849 it fell under my observation that there were but three newspapers among the colored people of the United States: *The Ram's Horn*, published in Philadelphia and edited and owned by Thomas Van Rensselaer; *The Christian Herald of the A. M. E. Church*, published in Pittsburg, Pa., and edited by Rev. A. R. Green; *The North Star*, published in Rochester, N. Y., and edited by Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave, but born to distinguish himself as one of the master minds of the nineteenth century. Thirty-six years have produced immense changes and progress in colored journals and journalism.

At Peoria, Ill., I heard the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lee, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Iowa, lecture on

“Self-culture.” He showed—what was news to me—that a great number of self-educated men were from the humble but useful occupation of a shoe-maker; and he aptly gave as the only reason he could assign for the fact that “they were all the time engaged in the improvement of the human understanding.” It was very interesting, and abounded with useful reflections, but I thought the style too magisterial; however, I presume it was natural.

In Bloomington, Ill., I had an experience such as I had never had from any clergyman before. I lectured and preached in the M. E. Church, the pastor of which would not go into the pulpit with me, nor did he introduce me into it; and at the close, after announcing a collection in my behalf, he disappeared before I could leave the pulpit. The cold reception made it very difficult for me to preach. I suppose he was laboring under the influence of slave-holders, or that legitimate offspring of slave-holders—American prejudice.

In February I went to St. Louis officially for the second time. Although I had hastened to possess a written protection from the mayor, I was arrested for violating the laws of the State by coming into it to preach the gospel. I was bailed by friends and defended by a lawyer who caused my discharge at first on the grounds that the prosecutor, being a slave, had no power to make oath, and therefore could not institute a prosecution against any one, and that the warrant called for one Thomas A. Payne and brought me, Daniel A. Payne. I was scarcely outside the door of the magistrate’s office when a new warrant was issued. But my dear friend, Rev. John Early,

was in waiting for me with a swift horse and a wagon, into which I stepped. The animal was put to his speed, so that, despite the Dutch constable's cries, "Shtop tat horse! shtop tat horse! shtop tat horse!" we were speedily out of his reach across the Mississippi in the free State of Illinois. My attorney, however, insisted on trying the case in my absence, and then maintained my right to discharge my ministerial obligations without molestation; that the law in question never contemplated such a case as mine; and that my certificate of citizenship entitled me to the protection of the civil authorities in St. Louis. The case was dismissed the second time, and the highest dignitaries of the city, who manifested the kindest feelings in my behalf, maintained that I should not be molested in the discharge of my duties. But there had been so much bitterness in our Church there during the previous twelve months that vital piety had almost been destroyed. We could thus only hope for better things and pray that the Lord of the vineyard would bless the labors of his servant in that place.

I made my preparations here for my first episcopal visit to New Orleans, anticipating a pleasant time down the river in the company of my old friend, Brother Thomas Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa. On the 31st of March we commenced the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Mission Church, to be called the "Morris Brown Chapel. Rev. J. M. Brown\* was then pastor at the New Orleans Mission, there being three appointments in the city—in the second, third, and fourth districts. A visit to the Covington Mission, on Lake Pontchartrain, which was planted by

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\* Now Bishop Brown.

Rev. W. Niles in 1854, under great opposition from certain whites, and I then turned northward to meet the General Conference at Cincinnati. I had either preached, lectured, or talked (and in some cases all three) in nearly every place which I had visited on this tour.

As has been stated, in 1855, at the Annual Conference held in Indianapolis, I read an announcement of the action of the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church, in which a committee was appointed to consider the practicability of establishing an institution of learning in which colored children and youths could be trained for the different fields of usefulness among the colored people, and by which their general elevation would be promoted. The announcement also stated that the committee appointed in 1854 would report a matured document at their approaching Conference, to be held in the city of Cincinnati in 1855. The information stirred my soul to its very bottom, and fixed my resolution to be present and hear the report and see what would be the immediate result. At the appointed day and hour I entered for the first time in my life a Conference of the M. E. Church. Bishop Scott was presiding. Not being able to see him from my seat just inside the door, I changed it for one in the gallery. The report of the committee was read, and concluded with several resolutions, among which was one recommending an effort to secure the co-operation of the A. M. E. Church, assigning as a reason the fact that it was the largest and most influential body of colored Christians in the land. Immediately Mr. Finley came and asked me if I was a preacher in the A. M. E. Church. I said:

'They say so.' "Well, come and let me introduce you to the Conference," he said. I begged to be excused, and told him my sole object for being present was to hear the report on education. After again requesting me and receiving another refusal, he inquired: "What is your name?" "They call me Payne," I replied. "Are you not one of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church?" he asked. "They say so," was my answer. "Is not that a fact?" he questioned. "It is," I returned. Then, seizing me by the hand, he again begged me to come and be introduced, and I therefore went with him. He introduced me to Bishop Scott, who introduced me to the Conference. The Conference interrogated me concerning the probability of securing our co-operation, and I assured the members that my opinion was that if the A. M. E. Church could obtain a clear apprehension of the question it would readily co-operate. The same night, by invitation, I preached for the Conference.

Our own General Conference opened in Cincinnati May 5, 1856. At this time an attempt was made by Elder A. R. Green to create a Board of Advisors for the Bishops, which signally failed.

The Canadian Churches also petitioned for separation from the A. M. E. Church. The report of the committee on the matter was vigorously discussed, but finally adopted and a resolution passed to send a delegation to meet the convention at the organization of the new Church, to learn what connection it might desire with us in the States; also what participation it might desire in the Book Concern, etc., and to report to the next General Conference. It was urged in defense of this desire for separation that the oath

of allegiance to England which they had to take required the act of separation; the legal disadvantages under which they labored in obtaining grants of deeds were also shown. The delegates from the Cincinnati Annual Conference of the M. E. Church were also present, and Rev. M. French made a powerful speech, defining his position on the slavery question. Much discussion followed as to the position of the M. E. Church on the slavery question. The proposal of the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church to gain the co-operation of the A. M. E. Church in founding Wilberforce was made by Rev. M. French and I. F. Wright. The proposition was violently opposed by Rev. W. M. Clarke, who represented it as a colonization scheme to expatriate the colored people and send them to Africa. This speech was very inflammatory. It had its desired effect upon the minds of the Conference, who rejected the beneficent proposition by a large majority.

At this General Conference of 1856 it was also decided to have at all future General Conferences an episcopal address on ministerial education and duties; also two others—one on Missions and one on general education—secular and religious.

In the bishops' meeting we decided to open the convention in Canada at the close of the Canadian Conference, and that three elders should accompany the bishops; and to these elders and bishops the brethren might apply for one of the bishops to superintend their Church. In pursuance of the action of the General Conference, a circular was issued by me, notifying all traveling preachers of the time of holding said convention, and requesting each circuit

or station to send one delegate elected by the people. Before going to Canada I assisted in organizing the Missouri Conference in August, at Louisville, Ky., and also held the Ohio Annual Conference at Xenia, O. At the last named Rev. Mansfield French, the agent of the M. E. Church, was also present, and spoke in regard to the proposed collegiate institution, which was to be established at Tawawa Springs; he also met some objections as to African colonization, and stated the object the Methodist brethren had in view.

In July of this same year I made a change in my home under the following circumstances: My second wife, whom I married in 1854, had three children, two under age, a lad of sixteen and a little girl of six. Before I had lived with them in Cincinnati one year I found that the city was full of very corrupting influences. I therefore took the autumn of 1855 to visit many of the interior towns of Ohio in order to find a good home in connection with a good school, where my step-children could be trained under the very best surroundings within our reach. At Newark I met a gentleman on his way to the Albany Manual Labor School to attend its commencement. Through his representations and urgent invitation I went with him, became acquainted with the President of the institution, and contracted for a five-acre lot adjoining his own home. We had scarcely decided to make this place our home as soon as convenient when I was visited by the accredited agents of the Cincinnati Conference for founding the contemplated institution at Tawawa Springs, which they had agreed to purchase for educational purposes. The interview ended with an arrangement for me to visit Xenia and the Springs,

which I did, examined the premises, and was so well pleased with its beauty and conveniences that I resolved to make Tawawa Springs my home instead of Albany Manual Labor School. Later I gave up to the institution the lot at the former place, upon which I had expended about three hundred dollars, and we left Cincinnati on the 3d of July, 1856, to make what proved to be a permanent home at Tawawa Springs, now known as Wilberforce, but three and one-half miles removed from the city of Xenia, O. There, in September following, we organized in my own home a Church consisting of Rev. David Smith, his wife, Brother Isaac Rouse, my wife and myself, and named it Zion's Chapel. After the A. M. E. Church purchased the property now known as Wilberforce it was re-organized under its present name--Church of the Holy Trinity.



REV. WALTER PROCTOR

## Chapter XIV.

### SIX YEARS' LABORS.

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ON the morning of September 29, 1856, after a six-days' session, I announced the Annual Conference of the A. M. E. Church in Canada to be extinct. It had run a career of seventeen years, and I trust accomplished something for Christ and fallen man. I then penned these words: "What will be the future history and influence of this branch of the Redeemer's Church is known only to him whose eyes see from the beginning to the end." At 12 m. the Convention met. After some discussion as to the admission of delegates, as to the mode of procedure, and as to the understanding of the General Conference in granting the petition of the Canadians, separation was first decided upon by a large majority, and the name "British Methodist Episcopal Church" was decided upon by an overwhelming majority.

Upon this change of name much discussion followed, and concerning the relationship which should be formed between the two bodies the delegates from the States overleaped the bounds of their mission to the Convention, and desired to lay down the conditions for such relationship. Bishop Nazrey was elected bishop of the new organization, and the bench of bishops petitioned to grant the request. The Con-

vention closed October 6, and the first Annual Conference of the B. M. E. Church met the following day. Thus the new body began its existence, and among the first acts claimed the field in Central America, through Benjamin Smith, a missionary, who presented a petition to have the flock which he had collected attached to the Church under British protection.

A troublesome visit to New Orleans followed in December. This was made so through the terrible anti-slavery excitement, during the struggle over Kansas. I was warned on the boat that it was not safe for me to go down there, but I kept on. I visited the mayor, who *would* afford me no protection. I then went to Bishop Polk, but he told me that he *could* afford me none, and advised me to leave the city; but I remained *three weeks* in the discharge of my duties, perfectly unmolested. However, such was the state of affairs that I could only cry out: "We are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."

In April of the following year I met the Baltimore Conference, and the next month paid my first official visit to Washington, D. C. On June 1 I helped in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone for the Mission Church, that was burned down across the "eastern branch." The Masonic brethren laid the corner-stone. This ceremony was new to me, and I could not think it a proper one, when God's house was to be laid, and there was a formula ordained by the Church for the express purpose.

On my return to Baltimore I visited the schools and some families, and organized the first mental and moral

improvement society in Bethel Church. In 1844-5, when I wrote and sent abroad my thoughts on education, I had not the power to enforce them, but in my episcopal capacity what was formerly-only advice to be given became a duty to be performed. Two things I found necessary to be done. The first was to organize literary and historical associations among and of the ministers, to improve the ministry; the second, to improve the people. An educated ministry is more highly appreciated by an educated laity, and hence always better supported. They act and react upon each other. Thus I endeavored to improve the condition of the work, but I regret to record that in the majority of cases these associations operated only as long as I presided over the Conferences. Yet we ought always to be cheered in our labors by the reflection that though the instrument by which truth is disseminated may be destroyed, the truth itself is immortal. It germinates, vegetates, and ultimately flowers and produces fruit.

Among some of my measures for the improvement of the colored race was that of Mothers' Associations, which I succeeded in organizing at all central points. The aim of these was to aid one another in training their children, especially their daughters. That such organizations are needed among us no thoughtful-minded person will deny. Perhaps the greatest curse which slavery inflicted upon us was the *destruction of the home*. No home, no mother; no mother, no home! But what is home without a cultivated intellect, and what the value of such an intellect without a cultivated heart? I organized such associations wherever possible, and they, like the others, ex-

isted only with my term of office; but something else must have led to their extinction. As the facts rise up in my mind they and reason compel me to say: "If the mothers had been prepared by early training to receive, digest, and appropriate the principles inculcated, no absence of mine would have caused the dissolution of the associations." Such associations would not only tend to strengthen mothers, but would aid in forming a healthy social circle in which growing sons and daughters might move with comparative safety from the evil influences which sweep so many youths into the vortex of vice, crime, and infamy.

After establishing some associations and visiting other places I paid a flying visit to Carlisle, and preached in the church where I used to spend all my vacations during my studies at Gettysburg; and early in August, 1857, I reached my home at Wilberforce University, after an absence of three months and a half, accompanied by the youngest daughter of Bishop Morris Brown, who was to be educated there. My stay was short, as I was soon obliged to attend the Indiana and Missouri Conferences. The exercises of the former were unusually interesting, and its two literary societies determined to publish a periodical twice a year, to be called the *Repository of Religion, Literature, Science, and Art*. Until the succeeding January I was constantly busy with travel, preaching, and holding Conferences. Then I returned home, where I assisted in a revival among the students of Wilberforce, at which the Lord blessed my own household in the conversion of my step-son.

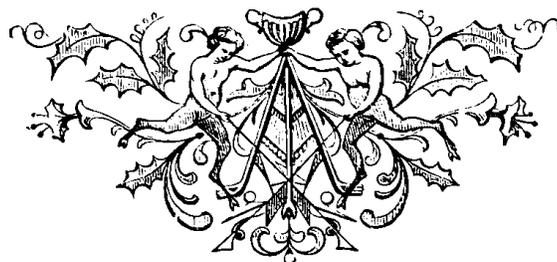
A visit to Pittsburg in March led me to the Western Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church,

in Allegheny, Pa., which was open for the reception of young colored men who wished to prepare for the ministry. Three had already availed themselves of its advantages in part—Brothers Graham and Tanner, of our Church, and one from the Zion Wesleyan Church. After investigating the troubles of the Church at Holydaysburg, Pa., and attending the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York Annual Conferences, I left Buffalo, for Xenia, with Frederick Douglass as my traveling companion. He was the “observed of all observers,” and at Columbus, O., there was a common rush of ladies and gentlemen to the doors and windows of the car in order to see him. This extraordinary man had visited Wilberforce University in the preceding February, and addressed the students. His remarks at that time were practical, beautiful, and witty. The same night he had spoken in Xenia on the slavery question, in a very eloquent and argumentative strain, to a large audience of the best families in the city, who listened to him with profound and close attention till a late hour in the night.

It will be seen that from 1856 I had kept constantly busy, and this intense application of the mind to official business and private studies, for the last five months especially, completely prostrated me, so that my mind was like a bow that had not elasticity sufficient to drive an arrow; yet I recovered and continued my labors in the West, followed by the performance of similar duties in the East, and again in the West in August, 1857, alternating to the East again in March, 1860, completing six years of close labor.

On this last trip I was joined by Rev. James Lynch

at Xenia, whom I had ordered from Galena, Ill., to accompany me to the Baltimore Conference. We were asked whether we wished accommodations in the sleeper, and we replied in the affirmative. Our berths were assigned us, and we took possession. Shortly we noticed a white man promenading up and down the car, and soon after the conductor ordered us out. Young Lynch remonstrated, and asked if they would expel such a man as Bishop Payne. This had no effect. Both conductor and porter seized me by the collar, the white man pushed me from behind, and thus I was forced from the sleeper and ushered into the smoking-car. As this was done a Southerner from Tennessee remarked: "That is right; we don't allow niggers in our country, in Tennessee, to ride in cars with us white men."



## Chapter XV.

FROM 1860 TO 1863.

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THE General Conference of 1860 opened its deliberations in Wiley Street Chapel, Pittsburg, Pa., on May 7. The addresses of the bishops showed the Church to be in a very flourishing condition—much improvement in the building of churches, the mental improvement very noticeable, the ministry fast increasing; the missions very hopeful. There was considerable discussion at this meeting as to Bishop Nazrey's position in the A. M. E. Church, as, having accepted the bishopric of the B. M. E. Church, he still retained the same position in our own denomination. He expressed himself as desiring to remain with us, and left himself in the hands of the Conference; but the matter was not settled at that time. The parent Home and Foreign Missionary Societies were brought again into life at this session, and the offices of editor and book steward were separated.

The following year found me in New Haven, Conn., holding the New England Conference. At its close I called upon the Rev. Theodore T. Holly,\* of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whom I then designated in my diary as a young clergyman of brilliant endowments. The years have shown that I did not

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\* Now Bishop Holly, of Hayti.

judge amiss. I also paid a visit to the laboratory of Yale College, where I met Professor Silliman, Sr. He showed us the valuable and extensive library which he possessed, and the classification of the pamphlets which it contained impressed me as being the best owned by any learned man whom I had met. In conversation I asked him what he considered to be our future—whether slavery would be abolished? He replied: “Yes; I do believe that slavery will be abolished, because there are Christians among them.” To me it was a prophecy, as I had never before heard that reason given for the overthrow of that abominable system.

When I left the New York District in November, I went to Philadelphia, where I remained until December, attending to the interests of the Book Concern, so far as the Discipline and its publication were concerned. There I saw an artist, Mr. Sartain, about the picture of Bishop Allen, in order to have it engraved for the next issue of the *Repository*. This I accomplished. It was a good likeness of the bishop, and received the hearty approval of his eldest daughter.\* It was also a beautiful picture, blending the mezzotint and line engraving. While in Philadelphia I was called to preach the funeral sermon of Rev. J. J. G. Bias, M.D., at Bethel Church. O that its fruits may be seen in eternity!

In April following, while in New York, I attended a meeting for the reception of the Episcopal missionary from Liberia, Rev. Alexander Crummel, at which the opening remarks were made by the lamented Rev. H. H. Garnett. They were very appropriate, while

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\* Then known as Mrs. Wilkinson.

the reply to the reception address was full of interesting information respecting the capabilities of the native African, both physical and intellectual.

My Eastern labors took me in the month of August to the city of Rochester, N. Y., which was then the home of Frederick Douglass. His taste in the elegant and beautiful of nature had kept pace with his advancement in science. The balsam fir, the Norway spruce, the Canadian pine, and the cedar encircled his residence, while the sweet notes of the piano resounded within under the skillful touch of his daughter. It was on one of these musical occasions that I saw the father exhibited in him as I before had seen the orator and the man. She had performed several pieces on the instrument, and closed with the variations upon "Annie Laurie," when he sprung from his chair and seizing her hand in one of his, threw his arms around her and, pressing her to his bosom, exclaimed: "Rosa, my dear daughter, you have moved your father's heart!"

From Rochester I went southward, and passing through Binghamton, in the same State, I could not but think of another noble-minded man—Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson—whose home was there, and who in the hour of peril then confronting the nation had nobly plunged the partisan into the patriot. Those dark days brought to the surface much latent talent, and turned it to the country's use.

The opening of 1862 found me in Washington, D. C., where I had never known that season of the year to be so bland and bright before. It seemed more like a day in May than the first of January. But what a contrast with the political and moral condi-

tions of our country! Washington looked then more like a great military encampment than the seat of national legislation and judicial action. The greatest armies ever seen upon the American continent were preparing themselves for a deadly conflict, and the fate of millions was pendent on the result of their encounters.

While in Washington I spent a short time in the company of Senator Sumner. My first impressions of him may be summed up thus: His whole expression was that of the student—acute and polished; of the gentleman—refined, but not stiff; of the philanthropist—true and free from egotism. I was introduced by Rev. Hamilton W. Pierson, D.D., President of Cumberland College, Kentucky, and the interview seemed mutually interesting and agreeable. Shortly after this I called to see the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. There I also met Hon. Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, and Carl Schurz. I found the President easy and urbane in manner, but not fluent in conversation, with a very careworn appearance and the countenance and expression of one who thinks deeply. The weight of the war was even then resting heavily upon him. He told me that he felt as though Providence had guided him, and enabled him to accomplish what he had accomplished.

In the early part of this year the Publication Committee of the *Repository* met and changed its name to the "Literary Association of Baltimore and Washington." We also formed a joint-stock company, which proved to be a "still-born child."

Again in this year an effort was put forth to settle Bishop Nazrey's case at the Philadelphia Annual

Conference, to which I was called by letter and telegram. I had met him at Baltimore before, where he declared himself bishop of both Churches and holding membership in both. No conclusion was then reached, and the case with time seemed to grow more difficult of settlement. The American Government was then laying plans for the expatriation of the colored race, and shortly after my return home I held a meeting in our lecture-room and laid these plans before our people. The times were such that we could only wait, watch, and pray and hope for the best possible steps to be taken. We of ourselves were powerless. A document now in my possession (1887) reveals the *animus* and end of the contemplated expatriation.

But how varied and wonderful were the events of this year (1862)! It opened as gentle as a spring day, and closed with the severest cold of winter. Our armies had fought many battles and gained many victories, and had also suffered severe defeats. They had fought as earnestly in behalf of slavery as they had for the Union and the Constitution, and to their eternal shame employed themselves as busily in guarding the property of rebels and catching their fugitive slaves as any four-legged blood-hound ever set upon a runaway. Meanwhile all the rebels had been as earnestly engaged in destroying the Union and contemning the Constitution as ever assassins were in murdering and robbing a defenseless traveler. But the most extraordinary thing of all, and that which forms the greatest anomaly, is the circumstance that the South was earnestly invoking God against the North, the North invoking God against the South, and the blacks invoking God against both!

Among the political wonders of the year was the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. It was my fortune to be there when it occurred, and to participate in the joys of the occasion. The sermon I preached on this event was put in pamphlet form for the use of posterity. At that time I was the presiding bishop of the Second Episcopal District of the A. M. E. Church, of which Washington and Georgetown, D. C., were my head-quarters. On Friday afternoon, April 11, 1862, Congress passed the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The following Monday night I called on President Lincoln to know if he intended to sign the bill of emancipation, and thereby exterminate slavery in the District of Columbia? Having been previously informed of my intention to interview him, and having on my arrival at the White House sent in my card, he met me at the door of the room in which he and Senator Washburn were conversing. Taking me by the hand, he said: "Bishop Payne, of the African M. E. Church?" I answered in the affirmative; so with my hand in his he led me to the fire-place, introduced me to Senator Washburn, and seated me in an arm-chair between himself and the Senator. At that moment Senator Carl Schurz entered the room and seated himself on the right of Senator Washburn. With these preliminaries, I will now state the substance of our conversation. I said: "I am here to learn whether or not you intend to sign the bill of emancipation?\*" He answered and said: "There was a com-

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\*The bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, introduced December 16, 1861, in the United States Senate by the Hon. Henry Wilson, passed the Senate April 3, 1862,

pany of gentlemen here to-day requesting me by no means to sign it." To which Senator Schurz replied: "But, Mr. President, there will be a committee to beg that you fail not to sign it; for all Europe is looking to see that you fail not." Then said I: "Mr. President, you will remember that on the eve of your departure from Springfield, Ill., you begged the citizens of the republic to pray for you." He said, "Yes." Said I: "From that moment we, the colored citizens of the republic, have been praying: 'O Lord just as thou didst cause the throne of David to wax stronger and stronger, while that of Saul should wax weaker and weaker, so we beseech thee cause the power at Washington to grow stronger and stronger, while that at Richmond shall grow weaker and weaker.'" Slightly bending his head, the President said: "Well, I must believe that God has led me thus far, for I am conscious that I never would have accomplished what has been done if he had not been with me to counsel and to shield." But neither Carl Schurz nor I could induce him to say "Yes" or "No" to our direct question.

I had now consumed about three-quarters of an hour of his time, and felt that it was my duty to withdraw. So, putting into his hand copies of the *Christian Recorder* and our monthly magazine, I told him that if he could find a leisure moment to look over them he

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passed the House of Representatives April 11, 1862, and was approved by the President April 16, 1862. Hon. Henry Wilson was the colleague of Senator Sumner, both from Massachusetts, the noblest State in the Republic—the noblest on account of her industries, her love of education, her institutions of learning, her moral courage, and her devotion to universal freedom and equal human rights.

would be able to see what the A. M. E. Church was doing to improve the character and condition of our people in the republic. There was nothing stiff or formal in the air and manner of His Excellency—nothing egotistic. He was a perfect contrast with President Tyler, to whom a friend introduced me in the White House, and in whose private parlor in the presidential mansion I had been invited to preach a funeral sermon over the corpse of his body-servant, who, with several of the Cabinet, was killed by an explosion of a gun on one of the war-ships. President Lincoln received and conversed with me as though I had been one of his intimate acquaintances or one of his friendly neighbors. I left him with a profound sense of his real greatness and of his fitness to rule a nation composed of almost all the races on the face of the globe.

## Chapter XVI.

### AT WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

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A NEW chapter of our family life was opened on the day that we removed to Tawawa Springs, in July, 1856. I felt happy in thinking about the probable future of my step-children. Far removed from the fascinating and corrupting influences of a great and growing city—three and one-half miles from the nearest town—under the instruction of competent Christian teachers, I believed, I hoped, I prayed that they would develop characters that would render them at the very least respectable and useful members of society. What a change was it on that lovely morning when we viewed the elegant central building and neat cottages rising gracefully from among the green oaks, poplars, maples, hickory, and walnut trees! and what a contrast with the smoky, sooty, hot city which we had left behind! Even our pet dog seemed conscious of the delightful change, and rejoicing in it ran through the long, thick grass that was wet with the dews of a clear summer night, and came out of it shaking his broomy tail and long, silken hair, which smoke and soot had rendered black, dirty, greasy, and repulsive, washed as white as snow. Since that lovely, beaming morning my expectations, faith, and prayers as to my family have not been disappointed.\*

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\* These three were respectively aged eighteen, sixteen, and  
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The school at Tawawa Springs was dedicated and opened by the authorities of the M. E. Church in October, 1856, under the name of Wilberforce University. By the dedication I mean the buildings and grounds were dedicated to the grand work of Christian education. I was absent, engaged in episcopal work at the time, and therefore cannot describe the occasion with its sayings and doings. The chief actor and speaker was Dr. Thompson, then President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and subsequently editor of the *Christian Advocate*, from which useful employment he was exalted later to the episcopacy of the M. E. Church. An Englishman by birth, it seemed fitting that he should be engaged to consecrate to the service of God and man the property and the institu-

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six years. The oldest, within twelve months after I married her mother, became a wife, and about three years after died in my arms at Wilberforce. The two younger were enrolled among the first students, and were converted in one of the recitation-rooms. The lad of sixteen is now the worthy head of a family of seven children, of whom three were born within the college campus, in its central cottage, on the left side as you enter the gate-way—viz., Edward, Laura, and Ella Clark. These graduated from the halls of Wilberforce, and immediately entered upon the grand and useful work of education. After graduating from the scientific department of Wilberforce; Ella, the youngest of the three, spent one year in the State Normal College of Indiana, studying the normal and kindergarten methods of instruction, from which she graduated also, and became a teacher in one of the public schools at Evansville, Ind. At the end of two years her earthly career ended in that school, and she went home to rest in heaven. Laura and Edward are born teachers, and if living twenty or thirty years hence I believe will distinguish themselves as educators of a high order. In these three teachers my faith in God has been fully realized.

tion bearing the name of William Wilberforce—that great English statesman, philanthropist, and Christian, who has endeared himself not to one race only, but to all the races, by the noble examples he set before them in his successful efforts to abolish the hellish system of African slavery, and to diffuse by his pen the practical sentiments and principles of Christianity throughout the world.

The school was opened in the same month by M. M. P. Gaddis, a young preacher of the M. E. Church. The studies were elementary English studies; therefore the institution was improperly called a university. This error was not our error—it was that of our zealous white friends who projected it and took out its charter. A more modest title would have been better suited to such a humble beginning. This remark has peculiar force in view of the fact that some of the twenty white trustees said they were making an experiment; to which Rev. Mansfield French, its indefatigable agent, replied: “God does not make experiments.”

Mr. Gaddis had charge of the school for about six months. He was succeeded by Mr. J. K. Parker, who up to the time of his election was the Principal of a private seminary in Ohio (of which he was also the founder), where both sexes and both races were admitted. His school was prosperous, but, moved by the spirit of Christian philanthropy, he gave it up to manage the educational affairs at Wilberforce. At the end of two successful years there, in which he showed himself not only a skillful teacher, but also a Christian educator and a father to his pupils, he was succeeded by Dr. Richard S. Rust, under whose ad-

ministration the institution flourished from 1858 to 1862, when the pressure of the Civil War upon all the financial interests of the country crushed it out, and it was closed from June, 1862, till July, 1863. Here I reach my closest official connection with this institution, though I had been connected with it more or less from its opening, as one of its twenty-four trustees and a member of its executive committee. On the 10th of March, 1863,\* I was called to attend a meeting of its

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\*Several months before that date Dr. Rust had informed me of the purpose of the trustees to sell the property. Said he to me: "Bishop Payne, if your Church will purchase it, we will let you have it for its indebtedness, which is ten thousand dollars; but no other party can obtain it for that sum." That assurance set me to thinking about the possibility of inducing the A. M. E. Church to undertake so great a task and entering upon so grand an enterprise. So I reflected again and again, and sought counsel of the Lord, until I felt at liberty to make the effort; then I opened correspondence with several of our leading men, both young and aged, among whom were Dr. Willis R. Revels, Lewis Woodson, and Stephen Smith. All advised me to make the effort except Stephen Smith, who made no response, although he was considered wealthy and the richest man in the A. M. E. Church. Lewis Woodson wrote and said he would be one of one hundred men to give a hundred dollars. Therefore, on the 10th of March I went to Cincinnati, and in the evening met the trustees, who urged me to purchase the property of Wilberforce for the A. M. E. Church. I begged for three months' time in which I could consult the spring Conferences in order that I might secure their sanction and co-operation. But the trustees refused, for the reason that the State of Ohio desired the property for one of its asylums; that the Legislature then in session demanded an answer by noon on the 11th. Still I hesitated, and begged for time to consult and secure the pledges of the spring Conferences. Said they: "Now or never." Then immediately I threw myself on the "strong

Board of Trustees in Cincinnati, O. It had been decided to sell the property, and between the hours of nine and ten p.m. I agreed with them to purchase the property, "in the name of God, for the A. M. E. Church." The sum required was ten thousand dollars. When I made the bid for the property, I had not a ten-dollar bill at my command, but I had faith in God. Within forty-eight hours after that act one hundred dollars was given us by Mrs. James Shorter, wife of Elder Shorter, and by June, 1863, we met the first payment of two thousand five hundred dollars. This sum was pledged and raised entirely by the Baltimore and Ohio Conferences. On the 11th of June Rev. James A. Shorter, Prof. John G. Mitchell, and myself consummated the arrangements for the purchase of Wilberforce University, and the title-deeds were handed to us as agents of the A. M. E. Church. It was then incorporated, a new charter taken out, and a new board of trustees elected. I was then elected to its presidency, opposed by none but Elder Shorter; but the Principal who opened the school in July, 1863, was Prof. John G. Mitchell. Within two years from the date on which we made the first payment we had paid the sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars. Before we could pay the balance, incendiary hands laid the central building in ashes. This occurred on the afternoon of the day on which the noble Lincoln was assassinated by the infernal

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arm of the Lord," and said: "In the name of the Lord I buy the property of Wilberforce for the African Methodist Episcopal Church." The brethren (all white men) cried out, "Amen, amen, amen!" then fell on their knees and prayed for my success.

Booth—the 14th of April, 1865. This central building, which was of wood, contained the recitation-rooms, dormitories for the teachers and students, culinary and bathing apartments, a laundry, and a chapel. In less than two hours they were all reduced to smoldering ruins. Elder Shorter, Prof. Mitchell, and myself were absent—the first attending the Ohio Annual Conference at Delaware, O., the latter soliciting funds for the institution. I was at Baltimore holding the Annual Conference of that district. On my return in the month of June, as I stood and gazed on the ruins my heart ached, but my spirit soared to heaven, and as my faith laid hands upon the strong arm of the Almighty I said: “From these ashes a nobler building shall arise!” My audacious faith has not been disappointed. The Omnipotent honored it, and there now stands a nobler building than the first.

In this manner I began my connection with Wilberforce University as its President—a connection that lasted for thirteen years, and in which I assumed the double duties of head of an infant institution and one of the heads of the whole Church. My work henceforth was to lie in two channels, and my whole heart, soul, and body were to need strength from on high to wisely perform it.

In November, 1863, I visited South-eastern Virginia, in company with Revs. A. W. Wayman and J. M. Brown. At Norfolk we visited the Sunday-school of about five hundred colored children, under the tuition and management of educated, pious men and women from the free North; who, leaving all the refinements of home, had descended to one of the darkest corners of the South to educate black children. It was such

a sight as I had never witnessed before, and never expected to see. The contrast which this scene made with the previous state of things made me feel that the reign of slavery, darkness, and cruelty was passing away, and that of freedom, light, mercy, and love was dawning upon an outcast, outlawed, enslaved race! We visited and addressed the schools under the American Missionary Association in both Norfolk and Portsmouth, and visited the encampment of the First Regiment of United States colored troops at the latter place. Schools and United States colored troops in Old Virginia in 1863! Just think of that, and the hanging of John Brown for an attempt upon slavery!\* In Portsmouth the North Street M. E. Church, South, was placed in our hands to be incorporated into the A. M. E. Church. At Norfolk I met the military governor, Brigadier-general James Barnes, who gave me a kind reception and tendered me his generous services to promote the welfare of my hapless brethren. He also furnished me with a general letter of introduction to the military commanders in the Valley of the Mississippi. In December I left for that portion of it about Nashville. About this time we had the announce-

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\*To me one of the most wonderful things was the sight of United States troops, and freedmen under their protection, felling the tall pines on the plantation of Governor Wise, and sawing them up into timber. Another sight equally interesting and confounding was a "stack of arms" for the use of the freedmen in what was said to be the parlor of Governor Wise, who had threatened, in the event of another John Brown raid, that he would not wait for the aid of United States troops, but he would organize an army in Virginia and drive out of the North all the abolitionists into Canada.

ment that the M. E. Church's Missionary Society had appropriated thirty-five thousand dollars to send preachers to those parts of the Southern States redeemed from rebel rule to recall the people to the Church and to the Union. When I reached Nashville, with letters from the Secretary of War and Secretary Chase, of the Treasury, I called upon Governor Andrew Johnson, who read my papers and proffered any facilities I might need to accomplish the object of my visit. In that city a committee waited upon me to transfer the membership and Church-relations of sixty-three persons to the A. M. E. Church. This little society I organized and named "St. John's Church." I also organized St. Paul's Church, and held the first Quarterly Conferences of the two Churches.

I paid a visit to the Hermitage, the home of Gen. Andrew Jackson, about twelve miles east of Nashville. The day was stormy; in many places the road was in a very bad condition, and the crossings at Mill Creek and Stone's River were awful, the rebels having destroyed the bridges over both those streams. We approached the Hermitage through an avenue lined with red cedars. It is of brick, with porticoes on the north and south sides, those on the south sustained by Corinthian pillars of wood painted white, and the northern by Doric columns. The ashes of General Jackson were sleeping in a flower-garden to the east of his residence in a sepulcher of native sandstone quarried on his own plantation, and built in the form of a Grecian temple. Here also lie the ashes of his wife, for whom it was built. His adopted son was absent at this time in search of the body of one of his

sols, a captain in the rebel army, who had died near Atlanta, Ga., of wounds received in battle. Neither George Washington nor Andrew Jackson left a son to inherit their fortunes or their honors. Their relatives by their wives were all rebels, and used their influence and energies for the overthrow of that very government which both labored to establish and perpetuate.



## Chapter XVII.

### GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1864.

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UP to the opening of the General Conference, which convened in Bethel, Philadelphia, May 2, 1864, I was busy with my classes at Wilberforce, my episcopal duties, and private studies.

During that session, two new bishops were elected—Alexander Wayman and J. P. Campbell. At this time there was a final adjustment of the matter which had been unsettled since the formation of the B. M. E. Church—Bishop Nazrey presenting to our Church his resignation, to take place on the 30th of June, proximo, which was accepted, and a certificate presented to him. Steps were also taken to form a union of the Zion Connection with our Church, and later I attended the union convention held in Wesley Chapel of the A. M. E. Zion Connection, at which a basis of consolidation and union was formed to be submitted to the Churches of both denominations, and then to be ratified by the united General Conference in 1868. Wilberforce was also formally recognized as the common property of the A. M. E. Church. An important document was also read to the Conference, recommending myself to the people of Great Britain as its agent. Afterward Bishop Janes, of the M. E. Church, consented to prepare a document for me, commend-

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ing the claims of the same. Before the Conference adjourned the news that the Army of the Potomac had routed the rebel army, which was retreating, reached us, and so affected our body that business was suspended, the doxology sung, and prayer offered, as an exhibition of thankfulness for any good news, which seemed about to end the suspense of these terrible dark days of anxious waiting.

In July, while in New York, I called upon the officers of the American Missionary Association, and made arrangements to open a model school for girls in Baltimore; then I visited the National Freedman's Relief Association to make arrangements to send another missionary to South Carolina. The first missionaries of our Church to go South were Rev. James Lynch, of the Baltimore Conference, and Rev. James Hale, of the New York Conference. From these and other exertions I was unable to continue my homeward journey. I placed myself under medical treatment, and though I suffered severely I was better within a week. On consultation with the director of the Homeopathic Institute, which I visited, I was told that if I would place myself under his treatment for ten days he could cure me, or could "patch me up" in two or three. Feeling confident that he was right in saying that the cause of my disease lay in the fact that my brain had been too heavily taxed, while my muscular system had been left neglected; that I gave out too much spiritual essence for the amount of physical which was received in return, and that the equilibrium of the constitution needed to be restored, I consented to remain. My sickness had already prevented my presence at the annual meeting of the

Board of Trustees and the first Commencement of Wilberforce. Therefore there was then no particular need to hasten. The treatment consisted in the anointing of the whole body with medicated oil, especially the muscles, by a muscular attendant, after which I was dried and then I was put through a series of gymnastic exercises, which were varied as the days passed by. This treatment, with medicines to be taken regularly, enabled me to so far regain my strength as to depart greatly benefited, in the time stated, and I was soon at home, where the affairs of the university claimed my attention.

In March Maj. M. R. Delaney \* left us for his work in the sunny, turbulent, bloody South. All the stu-

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\*The Major was a man of fine talents and more than ordinary attainments. He traveled much, and traveled with eyes and ears wide open. Therefore he knew much of men and things in Africa, England, Scotland, and America—in Canada as well as in the United States. He studied medicine at Harvard University, and would have been rich if he had practiced it as a profession for life. But he was too much of a cosmopolitan to stick to it. His oratory was powerful, at times magnetic. If he had studied law, made it his profession, kept an even course, and settled down in South Carolina, he would have reached the Senate-chamber of that proud State. But he was too intensely African to be popular, and therefore multiplied enemies where he could have multiplied friends by the thousands. Had his love for humanity been as great as his love for his race, he might have rendered his personal influence co-extensive with that of Samuel R. Ward in his palmyest days, or that of Frederick Douglass at the present time. The Major was a great admirer of ancient heroes, especially those of Hamitic extraction. Therefore he named all of his six children after them. Toussaint L'Ouverture, Alexander Dumas, St. Cyprian, Soulouque, Faustin, and Ethiopia are the names of his five sons and one daughter.

dents and teachers accompanied him to the university gates and sung the "Star Spangled Banner," after which three cheers were given for the Major, three for Gen. Saxton, six for the President of the United States, and one groan for Jefferson Davis.

It was then my intention to go South within fifty days. During the session of the Baltimore Annual Conference the news reached us that the President had been murdered. It fell like a thunderclap. A committee immediately drafted suitable resolutions expressive of our sentiments at this national calamity, and these were followed by remarks from bishops and brethren.

Early in May, 1865, I visited the rooms of the American Missionary Association, and consummated my arrangements for the partial support of our missionaries in South Carolina, and two days later I sailed on board the Government steamer "Arago," accompanied by Elder James A. Hardy and Licentiates James H. A. Johnson and T. G. Steward—missionaries to the freedmen of the South. At Hilton Head the steamer was lashed to the wharf, and all were obliged to go to the provost-marshal for passes, and to take the oath of allegiance before obtaining further transportation. Crowds of soldiers and civilians hastened to the steamer to look for friends and whatever news the "Arago" might bring. At Hilton Head we visited the rude sanctuary first erected by our first missionary to South Carolina. We soon left for Charleston. About six o'clock we were in sight of Folly Island; gradually Morris Island came in sight; then James; then Sullivan. Now we neared Fort Wagner; then Fort Sumter—places that shall

be immortal in American history—then came Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney. The first sight of my native State was followed by indescribable feelings, that of my native city by pleasurable and sad emotions rapidly interchanging, and the passage through the city was attended by the same. Destruction marked every square through which we passed. The holes made in the walls of the finest warehouses and residences; the burned, ruined walls of the Circular and Cumberland Churches—all showed the devastating hand of war, and the hot indignation of that God who, when he stretches out his arm against the oppressor, never draws it back till every fetter is broken and every slave is free. I met a large number of old school-mates and friends of my early youth, who rushed to greet me, many of whom I recognized, and many others I named at sight, even after a separation of thirty years.\*

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\* Yes, after thirty years to the day and the hour when the spirit of slavery forced me away from my native city, Charleston, S. C., I returned, led by the triumphant genius of freedom. It was Saturday afternoon, about four or five o'clock, when I landed at Charleston. Sunday morning I was in God's house, and preached in the Presbyterian Church on Calhoun Street. In the evening I took tea with Rev. Theodore Lewis, missionary of the M. E. Church, and at night preached in Old Bethel, the house of God in which I was awakened to a sense of my sinfulness when a child of only nine years. Monday morning I visited the colored schools in which were gathered, it is said, three thousand colored children and taught by white teachers from the North, controlled by so radical an abolitionist as James Redpath, and under the protection of United States black troops. With the colonel of the Massachusetts regiment at my right, and Major Alexander Augusta on my left, my emotions over-

May 15, 1865, we organized the South Carolina Annual Conference. An important fact connected with the laboring classes of the two races came to my notice at that time—as significant in 1865 as it was important. At that time about one hundred and forty colored men were engaged in the scavenger's employment, ninety of whom were able to sign their names in the receipt-book. There were also one hundred and seventy white men employed in the same business. Of these only three could sign their names.

Later, we were in Savannah—the first field in this country of the missionary labors of the great founder of Methodism. He and his brother, Charles Wesley, landed here in 1730, and he preached his first sermon on the 7th of March of the same year. They were not successful here. In May, 1738, George Whitefield, the most eloquent preacher of that time, landed in Savannah. He counted his converts in England and America by the thousands; and yet he was a slave-holder!

While there two colored sergeants were examined by a committee appointed by Gen. Gilmore for the

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whelmed me, and expressed themselves in tears of gratitude, thanksgiving, and love to that God who had wrought such a marvelous change in the condition of a helpless race. There and then I realized the fulfillment of the promises which God the Father of all the families of the earth had made to me in 1835. It was there and then that I believed what I beheld was a prophecy of the future, that New England ideas, sentiments, and principles will ultimately rule the entire South. It was then and there I realized the fulfillment of the prophetic prayers made in my behalf, and written in my album by Miss Mary S. Palmer, May 6, 1835. “O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.” (Ps. lxxxiv. 12.)

position of lieutenant, to which they had been recommended by their generous lieutenant, Charles T. Trowbridge. They were opposed by Col. Bennett and the post-commander, Gen. Grover, on the ground that it was not the policy of the Government to commission colored men. The question was submitted to the decision of Gen. Gilmore, commander of the district, who returned answer that he would appoint a committee to examine the young sergeants, and if found competent their color should be no bar to their promotion. Lieut. Trowbridge was nervous with anxiety about their success, not only because his reputation was at stake, but because he desired the principle involved to be triumphant. Never was an officer more enthusiastic about his regiment than this magnanimous man. "Not color of the skin, but manhood," was his motto. Would to God that the army and the nation had been ruled by such men!

We visited the schools of Savannah, and on our return those of Hilton Head Island held on Drayton's, Elliot's, and Seabrook's plantations, and then left for Beaufort; thence to Edisto and other islands on the coast, on nearly all of which were schools with teachers from the North. While contemplating the scene of gradual destruction and desolation on some of these deserted plantations, I was reminded of the prophetic utterance of a distinguished New Englander upon the floor of the American Congress in 1832, concerning these slave-holding States: "The fox shall burrow in their wine-vaults, the rattlesnake repose among the rubbish of the green-house, and bats take possession of the ball-room. It is the will of Heaven, and just."

For the first time since we had entered the department of the South I was insulted, as we were leaving Charleston, on my return passage, by a captain of one of the Government transports, being ordered to the forward deck. I submitted rather than lose the opportunity of sailing for New York the next day, and of reaching home in time for the annual meeting at Wilberforce.

Alas! alas! what a scene of sadness was presented to my gaze on my return—that beautiful building in ashes, its numerous students gone to their respective homes! What changes are produced in a few hours! and what terrible injuries inflicted on a community by one mischievous person!



## Chapter XVIII.

### FIRST VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

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THE National Freedmen's Aid Commission held a meeting October 11 and 12, 1864, in Philadelphia, whither I went to meet it. The speakers were the Rt. Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who was its President; Dr. Bellows, Bishop Simpson, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and William Lloyd Garrison. These gentlemen made a fearless advocacy of the cause of the freedmen, and to all appearance produced a deep impression on the minds of the vast audience. It was a very remarkable thing about this meeting that the most radical sentiments were the ones most applauded. The work which the Commission had undertaken was colossal, requiring numerous labors, great integrity, boldness, meekness, patience, wisdom, and unshaken faith in that Almighty Being who "executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." The general impression of the Commission was that when our troops should be withdrawn from the South our teachers would be expelled from it also. Therefore all the civil rights of the freedmen should be recognized by Congressional legislation before the rebel States were admitted into the Union. As for making the elective franchise a test of their loyalty, that was vain, as Connecticut had already re-

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fused to grant it to her colored citizens. Her veteran troops had returned to their homes not to rejoice in the triumph of liberty over slavery, of justice over injustice, but to find themselves insulted and outraged by the vote of Connecticut against their enfranchisement. O Connecticut, where was thy boasted Christianity? Well might the heathen send missionaries to teach thee justice and gratitude! The most consummate fool, crimson-dyed murderer, the vilest traitor—Booth himself—fit to wield the elective franchise, but he who was good enough to face danger and death to sustain the American Union, no matter how noble in native talent, how profound in learning and heavenly in piety, was unfit to vote if he wore over his manhood a black skin.

The outrages already committed upon our people in Richmond, as told in Rev. H. W. Pierson's letter to Dr. Tyng—outrages committed by a man under federal authority—seemed to me only the result of President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, which no one could read without inferring that the colored people of the South were all to be turned over to the tender mercies of penitent (?) rebels. In conversations which I had already held with several in authority while in the South, it was their plainly-expressed opinion that unless military commanders of a decided and uncompromising anti-slavery character were sent to control the South for several years, the condition of the freedmen would be a deplorable one—little better, if not worse, than slaves. What did follow the plan of reconstruction we well know.

As I was the agent for Wilberforce, I had an appeal printed to aid me in securing funds for it, and

spent much of my time visiting prominent citizens and societies in the East and laying our claims before them. From many I received courteous but evasive replies; from some flat denials. Some had no time to listen to me; some had no means at hand for our cause; some were pledged to other causes; some gave a few dollars grudgingly; some gave with little solicitation; some gave kind and sympathetic words; many were engaged in helping our people through other channels; some regretted inability because of this, like Wendell Phillips, who admitted our needs and added that our institution ought to be aided, because "it is the seed of the future." Gov. I. Andrews refused, as he was "engaged in efforts to endow Antioch College, where there is no distinction on account of color." I replied that there was less distinction at Wilberforce, because we admitted whites to our faculty, while blacks were not admitted to the faculty of Antioch. A few regarded me with suspicion, as did a member of the Pastors' Association of the Congregational Church in New York, which Dr. Bacon had advised me to meet. This pastor desired to know if I had no other certificate than the appeal in his hands? I answered: "Yes; I can wear you out reading certificates." But many gave various sums, and Chief-justice Chase sent me a donation of two hundred and fifty dollars.

April 11 completed the semi-centenary of our Church, and on the 13th I finished the publication of the semi-centenary and the retrospection of the A. M. E. Church, and in May I met and organized the Central Committee of the Semi-centenary of the A. M. E. Church and the Centenary of American Meth-

odism, which was to make arrangements for celebrating the festivals in the coming autumn. On my visit through the South, which followed, I made arrangements for the same and visited the Missions. At Wilberforce University, October 31, we closed the meetings of this celebration and organized two societies, one of which—the College Aid—is still in existence, and has done much good in aiding poor and worthy students.

The following May (1867) found me arranging to do what I had hoped to do the year before—sail for England to solicit aid for our school. I had also now in view the purpose to attend the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Amsterdam, Holland. In arranging for my departure, I called upon the distinguished philanthropist and friend of freedom, William Lloyd Garrison, at his handsome residence on Roxbury Street, Boston, with whom I had a short and pleasant interview, and from whom I obtained letters of introduction. I then visited the rooms of the Unitarian Association, introduced by letter from Dr. Ware, of Baltimore. Later I again met several of the Unitarian ministers at their rooms, and gave them an outline of the history of our university, told them of our efforts, and showed them the need of an educated ministry. They expressed themselves as well disposed toward us, and as willing to aid us if by so doing they would not injure us in the esteem of orthodox Christians. I told them that we would not hesitate to receive aid from any source, provided that our ecclesiastical freedom was not injured thereby. Here it is proper to acknowledge our indebtedness to our Unitarian friends for financial aid, as during the

after years of their management of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, O., we received yearly the benefit of a regular course of lectures from the professors of that college, on interesting and instructive topics in the various departments. A fund of eight hundred dollars was appropriated yearly by the society for this special purpose, to pay these professors for their extra work. Aside from aid given us by private individuals, our Church work in Boston has been most materially aided in the last four years by their efforts in connection with other pastors of that city in the reduction of the forty-five thousand dollars' indebtedness to ten thousand dollars, the only condition being that the efficient pastor, Dr. J. T. Jenifer, should be retained there until the whole was liquidated.

Another visit that I made was to the Depository of the American Tract Society, where I laid briefly before Dr. Childs the wants of our Missions among the freedmen, and I received from him a promise of a favorable consideration of my application, together with a promise of advocacy of our cause at the coming annual meeting in New York.

After arranging all matters of business connected with our Missions in the South and the different societies, and procuring letters of introduction from Chief-justice Chase and a number of other influential men, I procured my bills of exchange and again set sail from Boston harbor, hoping for a more fortunate ending of my voyage on this my second attempt to cross the Atlantic. The Baltimore Conference had made arrangements for the discharge of my episcopal duties during my absence. Rt. Rev. A. W. Wayman was to fill my place. The committee on our univer-



REV. J. E. PENNINGTON,  
First regularly-educated Colored Presbyterian Minister in the  
United States. (See page 170.)

sity was also delegated to raise the sum necessary to sustain my mission to England. I set sail on the 8th of May on board the "Cuba."

On the morning before we sailed a ship anchored opposite us, and a committee came on board and presented to William Lloyd Garrison, who was also a passenger, a purse of thirty thousand dollars, which the anti-slavery friends had raised as a reward for his labors and sufferings, that the balance of his days might be made comfortable. George Thompson, the famous and eloquent English anti-slavery lecturer, who had pleaded the cause of the enslaved in India and South Africa and by his eloquence set them free, was also on board the "Cuba." By one of those curious coincidences there was also on board a wealthy man who, witnessing the scene of the presentation, told me that when a printer's boy he was sent to placard the whole city of Boston in order to arouse a mob for the purpose of putting a rope around William Lloyd Garrison's neck, and this statement was corroborated by Garrison himself. For twenty-four hours after we left the harbor I was deadly seasick, and about forty hours elapsed before I was delivered from the grasp of Neptune. The voyage was very pleasant, the ocean showing itself under a different aspect than on my former trip; and early on the morning of the 17th we beheld the outlines of green Erin, which at first appeared rugged, but gradually softened down into a fine farming-country, over which we saw many cultivated farms in what the Yankees call small grain. As we reached the Cove of Cork four guns were fired, and a tug was soon alongside taking off about twenty-four passengers, chiefly from New England. Here a news-

boy boarded us with the *Cork Examiner*. Turning to the American news, the first thing from home which met our eye was that Judge Kelly had been mobbed in Mobile and several people killed in the riot. About 3 A.M. on the 18th we were in the harbor of Liverpool, making our voyage in about nine days and thirteen hours. It was one which might be called not only pleasant and agreeable, but brilliant, as I formed some very pleasing acquaintances with several gentlemen and ladies, among whom was Dr. Coit, of Boston, whose wife was greatly pleased with the pictures of my family—my step-children and grandchildren—which I had showed her on my parting visit to their state-room. The pleasantness of the trip was felt by all the passengers who were sufficiently well to enjoy it. The order of the ship was good, the food wholesome and well prepared, while the officers were courteous but reticent, which was proper and judicious. From Liverpool I took the cars for London, passing through a country the whole of which seemed to be a perfect garden, in whose pastures were grazing thousands of sheep and hundreds of cattle. At 6 P.M. I found myself in London eating English beef and potatoes in Queen Square, in a private boarding-house.

## Chapter XIX.

### IN ENGLAND.

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THE next morning was Sunday. The sun shone brightly, but the atmosphere was humid and chilly. A servant was sent to conduct me to the Queen Street British Wesleyan Methodist Church. I was at first surprised to hear a litany so long and so much like that of the Church of England, with chanting interspersed, occupying about forty-five minutes. I repeatedly said to myself: "This cannot be a Methodist Church; the servant must have misunderstood his instructions, and has led me to one of the Established Churches." It was not until the pastor ascended the pulpit, without a gown of any kind, and entered into an extemporaneous prayer having all the warmth, compass, and power of a true Methodist that I perceived I was really in such a Church. As the pastor became eloquent and enthusiastic, gathering into his arms and offering to the throne of God all nations and Christians of all the earth, my own soul melted and flowed into my eyes; for I thought of my own flock and my own native land, which needed the continual smiles of the Eternal upon them. I nearly wept aloud; and, finding my emotions overcoming me, I placed my feet, so to speak, upon my heart, and put out the burning fire. Then came the hymns—the

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whole stanza of eight lines being lined out, a custom new to me. What shall I say of the sermon? It was well digested, clear, systematic, beautiful, sublime, and deeply evangelical. It was good to be there.

In the afternoon I attended St. Paul's Cathedral and heard an excellent discourse. The style differed widely from that of the one heard in the morning, being characterized by more of logic and less of rhetoric; more of the sober, of the common life of Christianity, and less of the beauties of the imagination. This difference might be the result rather of age and experience than of brain and mental training; for the Methodist preacher was a very young man, and therefore ardent, while Canon Melville was an old man, and therefore dealt more with the stern realities of the Christian pilgrimage. The cathedral worship partook of a great deal of the Roman Catholic. Its chanting and responses were sublime; now we heard voices coming faintly, almost in warblings—from the clouds, as it were—then the loud tones of the full choir near at hand; while ever and anon came over and down upon us the variations, the thunderings, the diapason of the powerful organ, which rolled through the arches of this towering temple as music from the skies, while the Amens were chanted by appointed persons, and rang through the immense building in tones angelic, as well as solemn. The service continued for an hour and three-quarters, during half of which time I, with many others, was obliged to stand.

The next day was a great day for the people of England—the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Hall of Art and Science, to be called the Royal

Albert Hall in memory of Prince Albert, who was beloved on account of his manly virtues and great public spirit. We stationed ourselves, with others, in Hyde Park, at the gate-way through which the queen must pass, where we had a full view of her noble face as she rode past with her two daughters.

The first donation for my mission was given to me by Rev. Dr. W. B. Boyce at the Mission House of the Wesleyan Methodists. He received me graciously, and as soon as I made known my mission without solicitation gave me the sum of five pounds. From there we went to the Book Rooms and had an interview with Dr. Jobson, who pledged his influence and proposed, after consulting others, to be guided by the advice of the committees. These two officers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church exhibited at first striking differences of character—the former of a more sociable, outgoing, and generous nature; the latter more cautious and deliberate, but he proved to be a warm and steadfast friend.

The following day a flying visit was paid to Westminster Abbey. As my business was pressing at the time, I could examine but one statue, and not even this as I desired. Upon entering this venerable edifice I was awe-struck, and seemed to be moving among the dead. I paused before the statue of Wilberforce; but how unlike my idea of him, gained from the fine steel engraving in my possession at home! That represented a young, burly Englishman; this statue, an old man with but one eye, and withered by the toils of age and the ravages of infirmities incident to such a life as was led by this great master mind. That night I attended a public meeting held

by the Aboriginal Protection Society. Among the speakers were a Mr. Phillips from the Cape of Good Hope, and a colored gentleman from Dahomey, Africa. It contemplated the protection of aborigines all over the world, yet consisted of but a mere handful of persons, with small pecuniary means and little or no political influence. From the very nature of things, and the sphere of its operations, it could do nothing for its objects, except through its moral influence. However, the information which I gained was valuable, as it showed that the spirit of gain, avarice, and oppression is the same the world over, and that the stronger races are ever disposed to oppress the weaker, the conqueror to dominate over the conquered.

On the 23d the Hon. George Thompson called at my boarding-house and invited me to walk out with him to see some of the noteworthy buildings. The British Museum, Covent Garden Market, Army and Navy Departments, the chief political club-houses, the ancient palace of Charles II., and Westminster Hall were among those visited. He then took me into the House of Commons and the House of Lords, at one end of which is the throne of the British Empire. That night I listened for the first time to the great revivalist of the English Baptist Church—Rev. Charles Spurgeon. The sermon was entirely practical, and of that kind which best suits the popular mind.

A meeting, which I could not forget, was an anniversary of the Band of Hope Union—a temperance association of children and youths. The melodies were enchanting; the speeches were appropriate, interesting, forcible—even witty and eloquent—and it

was decidedly the most enthusiastic temperance meeting I ever witnessed.

A few days later we visited Windsor, the seat of Windsor Castle, a majestic pile of buildings on the brow of a towering hill. The most remarkable feature of this stupendous castle is the Round Tower, which lifts its head far above the several other towers. From this tower the standard of Great Britain floats whenever the sovereign is present. From this tower we had a fine view of twelve counties, which were identified by the guide, himself one of the royal guards. Our guide-book told us that "Windsor Castle has been the principal seat of British royalty for eight centuries. Long before the Conquest there was another palace possessed by the Saxon kings at Old Windsor, on the banks of the Thames, two and a half miles south-east of the New Windsor. This palace Edward the Confessor granted, with all its appendages, to the monks of Westminster in the early part of his reign, which commenced in 1042. But, the Norman conqueror, appreciating as it deserved the beauty of the surrounding country, assigned certain lands in Essex to the monastery of Westminster in exchange for Windsor, and in 1070 constructed a fortress on the high ground, the site of the present castle, and enlarged the boundaries of the park and forest. The palace of Old Windsor, however, continued to be the most permanent residence until 1110, when Henry I. repaired and extended the buildings of the fortress, and rendered them more in accord with a regal abode. From this period Old Windsor began to decline, and a new town to spring up on the high ground, on the opposite or west side of the fortress

or new palace. This new palace was the scene of turbulence and conflict at times during the contentions between King John and the barons, as well as at other periods of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The castle occupies thirty-two acres on an eminence rising from the banks of the Thames to an altitude of about one hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the river in an almost perpendicular ascent; and it is approached on that side by a flight of stone steps, which lead into the cloisters of the collegiate church. The principal entrance to the castle is on the south by a gate-way flanked on either side by towers one hundred feet high. The domestic apartments are at the east end of the edifice, and open to a parterre of four hundred feet each way. The north, east, and south are bounded by a parapeted terrace thirty feet in width, and twenty-five hundred feet in extent, presenting at every step varied and extensive views of the most luxuriant and enchanting scenery. From the north terrace the eye looks down upon the Thames and the turrets of the chapel of Eton, and ranges over an expanse of country into Oxfordshire and the highlands at the western extremity of Berks. From the east terrace, beneath which is the orangery, the Little Park and the Valley of the Thames open to view, and on the south it is marked with the Long Walk and the richly-verdant hills and groves of the Great Park. The west end opens by a gentle descent by the collegiate church and other buildings in the town."

At the time we were there the hill upon which the castle stands was being decorated on geometrical principles in a most systematic manner, with most beauti-

ful flowers still in the pots, so that the whole side of the hill presented the appearance of a richly-embroidered carpet.

Returning from our trip to Windsor, I was entertained at tea by Dr. Jobson, but was obliged to decline the kind invitation to remain at night, as I had been obliged to do in several instances, owing to having been troubled for some days with cold and feverish symptoms, which rendered me too unwell to be absent from my medicines.

Among others who welcomed me to their hospitable homes were: Mr. F. A. Freer and wife, a niece of a citizen of Xenia, O.; Rev. Mr. Tucker,\* of the Baptist Church, and his amiable wife; Dr. Frederick Tompkins; Rev. William Arthur, President of the Conference for all England; and Mr. Price, who took me to see the Clifton Bridge, the Heights, and surrounding scenery. Clifton is perhaps the most elevated land in the suburbs of Old Bristol, and is one of the most romantic and deeply-interesting spots in the United Kingdom. A portion of it is as susceptible of high improvement as the "Rambles" in Central Park, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Smith, of Hereford, made my visit a most comfortable and happy one. It is impossible to enumerate the kind English people whose acquaintance I made, whose friendship I formed, and who entertained me with their broad, genial hospitality. From Hereford I brought a specimen of mistletoe, grow-

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\* By his invitation I assisted at his public services, and his lecture-room was tendered me that I might lay my cause before his flock—the first chance which I had of so doing before an audience of Christian people in England.

ing upon an apple-tree.\* This led to a joke at my expense. As I appeared with it at the house of my friends, some of the younger members of the family immediately mischievously asked, "Whom does Bishop Payne wish to kiss?" alluding to the custom of England, which gives any gentleman the privilege to kiss any lady who may chance to stand beneath the mistletoe as it hung in the house. Of this I was not before aware, and the young people made quite merry at my expense.

In June I attended a social meeting of workers and friends of the midnight-meeting movement. After tea I was called upon to preside, which I did, reading from Romans and showing the application of the passage to many parts of the world, and narrating my own experiences in 1841-2 in Philadelphia, in the same field of work as theirs. Among many interesting meetings was a special prayer-meeting for the conversion of children.

A pleasant evening was the one spent at the princely residence of the millionaire, Mr. Alexander McArthur, at a private reception extended to the members of the South London branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and to visiting strangers present at the prayer-meeting referred to above, where I met the gentleman, Mr. McArthur, for the first time. It was a brilliant gathering of nearly sixty Christian ladies and gentlemen from the gentry of England, together with some distinguished guests representing the religious Protestant movements in five divisions of the globe. After tea in the dining-room we returned to the drawing-room, where social worship was held;

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\* This specimen is now in the museum at Wilberforce.

then addresses were given in the assembly-room. One, by a missionary from China, was deeply interesting as he narrated the results of the labors there, and stated that the Imperial Government of China was then engaged in efforts to establish English schools of learning, with a view to the introduction of Western science and literature into that stereotyped nation. There I met Bishop Kingsley, from this country. He was called upon for a speech, and in his remarks said that when he was about to leave America for Europe, he was asked his age, and he replied: "Forty years, but I have lived one hundred and fifty years." This was in reference to progress brought about by the Civil War equal to one hundred and fifty years; and he could well repeat it, gazing upon the company before him. At length we returned to the dining-room to a bountiful supper, after which this genial and catholic meeting broke up.

The following Sunday I listened to Rev. Newman Hall in the morning, and preached at the Carlisle Memorial Refuge for Abandoned Women at 3 P.M. The above eminent divine showed himself to be a most earnest man. My soul was made wiser, and I trust better, from having heard him.

My first and second visits to the Secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance resulted in finding both out of town—one in Berlin, and one in Paris—but my third attempt was rewarded by an interview with one, Dr. Schmetteau, which was very pleasant. He advised me to visit Amsterdam, where the Alliance was to meet in August, as he thought it would furnish me an excellent opportunity to lay the claims which I represented before European Christians and philanthropists.

## Chapter XX.

### ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

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WHILE I was in the city of London the laymen of the Church of England held a meeting against the ritualistic doctrines and practices which certain of their priests and bishops had introduced, and which were considered as a return to the Church of Rome.\*

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\* One of the speakers, the Dean of Carlisle, said: "Ritualism is a gorgeous ceremonial, veiling the false doctrines of Rome. Proof: 1. It is contrary to God's written word, both historical and doctrinal. 2. It is opposed to the genius, the principles, and practice of the Reformed Church of England. 3. It is a deadly peril to immortal souls, an obstruction of God's and an adulteration of Christ's gospel, and perilous to the salvation of every one who comes within its influence. 4. Ritualism is not only a sensuous religion, but one that engendereth bondage. 5. Ritualism is perilous to the soul because it is essentially Romanism. 6. Ritualism is perilous to the soul because it sets up fallacious and false standards of casuistry, bewildering men's consciences and confounding the principles of right and wrong." He charged the introduction of ritualism upon a religious association entitled the "English Church Union," and the origin of it upon Bishop Hopkins, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, U. S., who, in a book written by him and published in New York, entitled the "Law of Ritualism," laid it down as a primary dogma "that the divine and only model of all ritual worship is in the tabernacle and temple, the priestly vestments, embroidery, precious stones, incense, anointing oils, the golden  
(182)

This meeting by card invitation I attended. Their utterances were decided and strong, expressing a determination neither to quit the Church of England nor to yield to such doctrines and practices, but to force their devotees to abandon them or quit the Church. Among the utterances were such as these: "England is not the place for such men; their place is in Rome." "If the Church of England will cherish such doctrines and practices, she will lose her missionary power—her power to convert the heathen in India and elsewhere—and upon her temples will be written, 'Ichabod.'"

I also attended the deliberations of the Wesleyan Methodists in Bristol in the latter part of July, where I was received as a brother by nature and a brother by grace. For intellectuality, fine *physique*, and bus-  

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candlesticks, choral service in the temple, and all this by divine command. And," said the Dean, "this is worthy of a bishop who for fifty years has been the advocate of American slavery." To obtain a correct information of ritualism, I went on Sunday morning, the 4th of August, 1867, to St. Alban's, at that time the chief place of worship for the Ritualists, and if I had not been previously informed of the existence of that Ritualistic Church I should have regarded it as Roman Catholic, because the ministering priests had on their persons robes similar to the gorgeous vestments of the Roman Catholic clergy. Their altar was decorated with burning candles, and the whole auditorium filled with fragrant perfume of the smoking incense. As late as 1864, while the Civil War was raging in behalf of freedom on the right side and slavery on the wrong side, Bishop John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., wrote a volume of 376 pages in defense of the infernal system. This book is as full of false inferences drawn from the Bible in behalf of negro slavery as his "Law of Ritualism" is full of false inferences drawn from the Levitical ceremonies in behalf of ritualism.

iness tact in both clergy and laity, I never met a nobler band of men. But the meeting of thrilling interest was that of the opening of the Conference of "Legal Hundred." The "Legal Hundred" is a body chartered by the British Parliament for the purpose of holding the property which Wesley bequeathed to the British Wesleyan Methodist Church for all coming generations. It meets annually, not quadrennially; makes the laws and controls all Missions and institutions of learning belonging to the Church. In short, it is the governmental power, being to the British Wesleyan Methodist Church what the General Conference is to the Methodist Episcopal Church of this country. Other ministers may be present, but have no voice in governing except by election to keep up the number of the "Legal Hundred." A new President is elected annually. I was told that this was done because there were too many capable men in the Church to allow one man to hold the office longer than one year. This was the one hundred and twenty-fourth Conference, and I was present at the installation of the new President, Rev. John Bedford—Rev. William Arthur resigning. At this ceremony, in the midst of a short but impressive speech, the Ex-president placed in the hands of his successor a small pocket Bible, which had been the daily companion of the Founder of Methodism—a book of the size of an ordinary hymn-book, and blackened by age. The action of the Conference against the use of tobacco was excellent, but I regretted that it did not also act against wine, ale, and porter. Several cases of discipline were disposed of, some of which were serious. Three especially drew my notice. One was of a

brother who refused to go on a circuit to which he had been appointed because the people had expressed a determination to reject him. In view of this President Arthur would not force him, and suffered the appointment to be filled by another. In the discussion of the case some were disposed to "exercise a strong will" on the part of the Conference, and to compel a humble submission on the part of the steward of the circuit which had threatened to shut its pulpit against the obnoxious preacher; but the majority advised the Conference to take no notice of it. The other was of a young probationer, who wore a cross on his bosom. In view of the agitation against ritualistic practices, this stirred the minds of the most prudent men; but the offender declared his detestation of such practices, and stated that he wore it only as a memento of a very dear friend, a devout member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The third case was that of a young probationer who had married contrary to the rules—the facts being that the father of the young lady was on his death-bed, and requested the marriage to take place before his death, to which request the young man acceded. He had been disciplined by the District Conference, which corresponds to our Annual Conference, but the case was brought before the "Legal Hundred," where Dr. Osborne prosecuted it. He was very sarcastic, saying the defense was "moved by sentiments of benevolence and mercy, but where was his conscience?" The proceedings of the District Conference were ratified, and the young man disciplined by suspension for two years. Later the ordination of sixty young men to the ministry took place, which I desired much to witness, but was told

that the chapel was overcrowded, so I gave it up; but shortly after others told me that I could obtain a position at one of the gallery doors, so I hastened back. As soon as I was discovered by one of the door-keepers he led me by a side gate into the vestry, and thence I obtained admission to one of the pews in the chapel, and easily heard Mr. Arthur's godly counsel full of excellent advice and instruction. During the meetings of this body I was twice called upon to speak upon the progress of religion and Methodism among the colored people of the United States, especially among those of the A. M. E. Church. Though too fatigued to do justice to my theme, at the second invitation the demonstration made seemed to indicate that they were well satisfied with my efforts. Two things I especially noted in this body: that they have but one ordination to their ministry, and they need but one; and I do not remember our Wesleyan brethren to have used the word "brother" only when Rev. Mr. Arthur was calling on the candidates for holy orders to tell their Christian experiences, and when Dr. Hannah was calling them to respond to the theological questions. On all other occasions they spoke of and addressed each other as "Mr."

A great privilege it was to me when I visited the graves of Wesley, Adam Clarke, Benson, and Watson. The four tombs, with the ashes of their mighty dead, are crowding upon one another—that of the illustrious founder, the greatest theologian, and the two great commentators of Methodism. It seems unfortunate that the tombs are of freestone, the most perishable material except wood that can be used for monumental purposes. Many of the inscriptions were

almost obliterated by the black, scale-like deposit which covered them. I also visited the graves of John Bunyan and Susanna Wesley, and the parsonage in which Wesley lived, the bed-chamber and the studio, the spot on which it is said that he breathed his last, the room in which on Sunday mornings his lay preachers took a dish of tea with him, and from which he sent them forth to their respective appointments. I also held in my hands his tea-pot and water-bottle, saw his book-case, and sat in his arm-chair. These relics are very precious to all Methodists. My feelings at these visits I cannot describe. I seemed to realize the presence of the apostolic man, and pulled off my hat as I read the inscription on his tomb.

The first afternoon on which I attended Westminster Abbey to hear that eloquent and beautiful historian, Dean Stanley, was a memorable one. It was my first sight of the great ecclesiastical historian, who was a small man of slender frame. This discourse and a subsequent interview led me to remark that he was great at the point of his pen, but weak at the tip of the tongue. The worship at Westminster exceeded in beauty all that I had witnessed in London. The glorious chants rolled through the towering arches of the Cathedral with the clearness and the fullness of a trumpet, yet with the sweetness of a harp. The last chant, which consisted of Revelation vii. 9-13, was sublime. It was sung by four male voices—two tenors and two basses—each singing a verse by himself, then all joining in another verse, the concluding one being sung by the whole choir, all dressed in robes of spotless white. Such a choir of mellow, sweet, full,

round, perfect male voices I had never before heard, nor indeed supposed it possible to hear. After the sermon (thanks to the kindness of Rev. Sella Martin) I was conducted to the Dean's studio and had a brief but pleasant interview with him, occupying in the meantime an old, historic abbot's chair.

Among the pleasant social events of this my first stay in London, the most honorary perhaps was the breakfast given in honor of William Lloyd Garrison at St. James Hall—a most brilliant affair, over which John Bright, M.P., the leader of the political reform then progressing in England, presided. His speech, as well as that of the Duke of Argyll, were fine specimens of British oratory. The reformer was less impassioned than the latter, but both were as fraternal as patriotic. That of Lord John Russell was sublime on account of the confession he made of the errors into which he had been led in the opening of the Civil War. He also maintained that England and America, having the same origin, the same language, the same religion, and, though differing in their institutions, the same love of liberty, should never be the enemies of each other nor be found in deadly conflict; but, cherishing the kindest feelings toward each other, should move on hand in hand for the civilization and Christianization of the world. The Duke had previously said that Englishmen might be as proud of Washington as Americans, inasmuch as he was one of the greatest of statesmen. The speech of George Thompson was also a splendid one, reminding me of his unequalled eloquence thirty-two years before, when amidst dangers and death he pleaded the cause of freedom in the then slave-holding republic,

now forever free! One thing is certain, and that is this: no foreigner living has done as much as he to overthrow the accursed system. John Stuart Mill was also present, and his speech, as might be expected of the great logician, was preceptive and philosophic, deducing lessons of morality from the remarkable career and success of William Lloyd Garrison. He was also remarkably sententious. His appearance was somewhat peculiar, being rather awkward in manner, and having the habit of constantly winking or blinking his eyes and throwing his head backward obliquely. Some three hundred and fifty guests were present, and I had the honor of a seat but fifteen removed from the chair and at John Bright's left hand. I was also called upon to grace the table.

Before leaving for Holland I had been able to see many of the most prominent personages, and had written letters to others, stating the claims of our university, and had also presented the same before several associations. By solicitation of the pastors, I had also preached in a number of the churches or chapels in and about London, and had addressed meetings of the peasantry in the rural districts. I had also paid my respects to the United States Minister to the Court of St. James (Charles Francis Adams), who returned the compliment by calling at my hotel the following day.

At 5 P.M., August 18, I left for Amsterdam. As soon as we were fairly on the German Ocean I became miserably seasick and sought my berth, where I slept as well as I could till the morning, when I found the steamer ascending the River Maas. We soon reached Rotterdam, where we left the steamer, on

which, unfortunately, I left my slippers, umbrella, and overcoat. The peasants had been holding a fair, and were in a most frolicsome mood, while lewd women and men conducted themselves in a most shameful manner in the full presence of the many people about; and this was a bright Sabbath morning.

In order to be present at the inaugural of the Alliance, four of us took the train for Amsterdam, as we did not believe it sinful that the servants of the railroad company should be employed for two hours in order that we might worship with the gathering saints there. We reached Amsterdam about 10:30 A.M., and were met at the station by a committee of Dutch brethren, who were awaiting our arrival. I knew not a single word of Dutch, and they knew no English; but a bystander pointed to a door where a man held a pole with a sign-board affixed on which was inscribed in beautiful colors, "Alliance Evangelique." "Yes;" said I, "there is where I wish to go." The committee then took possession of us and conveyed us to the session-room. There I found the following inscription on a card containing the programme of the services of the Alliance: "Introduction to the Fifth General Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance, in Amsterdam, August 18-28, 1867. Mr. Bishop Payne, Africa, lodged at Mr. Höyeler, Burkenkant, U. Co." The clerk, to whom I was introduced, requested, in French, my *carte*, which I showed, and then he pointed to the above, which lay next to me and which had escaped his eye for a moment. I was soon lodged with my host, whose name was written upon the outside of the programme, and in whose house I found most hospitable welcome. The family—consisting of

the father, mother, grandmother, two sons, and one daughter—were Christian people whom I shall remember with respect, gratitude, and love as long as memory lasts, because of their genial hospitality and many special acts of kindness, which endeared them to my soul.

The first evening I attended service at the French Church, and the next day was escorted by members of the family to the meeting of the Alliance, where the first service was held. This consisted of reading of the Scriptures, singing, and prayer—first in Dutch, then in English, and again in French—after which papers, interesting, elaborate, and valuable in an historic sense, were read. Among the ablest documents which I heard while there were those of Dr. Steane, of London; Rev. Eugene Bersier, of Paris; and Prof. McCosh,\* of Ireland. At the great missionary festival of the Alliance I heard many addresses in Dutch, but understood none. Three were made in English, including my own; but the English speakers were limited to fifteen minutes, while the Dutch had thirty. I suppose that this difference resulted from the necessity of interpreting the English, as the majority of the speakers were Dutch.

The end of my visit to Amsterdam was entirely defeated by the circumstance that the programme of the Alliance embraced only European speeches and those of delegates from America. These were so numerous that every moment was consumed by them. The chairman frequently attempted to confine them to the limited time, but few of the speakers heeded him, and

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\* Dr. McCosh, now of Princeton College, then professor in Belfast College, Ireland.

in several instances they spoke fifteen to twenty minutes beyond the allotted time. In one case the essayist heeded neither the gentle tap of the gavel, the inscription on the paper held before him, nor the watch; but, drawing the latter from the hand of the person and laying it upon the table, he continued to read until he had finished. Thus no time was given me till the missionary meeting, and at that allowed but fifteen minutes to give a statement of the work of God in the A. M. E. Church. Another difficulty I experienced was my ignorance of the Dutch, German, or French tongues. Because of this I could not make my mission known. Intellectually I was benefited, for I learned much of men and things which were new to me. I may have erred in attempting to attend two meetings, as, in company with Rev. Sella Martin, who had accompanied me from London, I spent three days in Paris, going there to attend the meeting of the Anti-slavery Conference, thus dividing my time between the two. I accomplished nothing for my mission at either. My daily social enjoyments at the dinner-tables which were set in the splendid hall of the Zoological Gardens, and in sight-seeing in these gardens, were very agreeable as well as instructive.\*

There were present at the Alliance some of the first men and women of Europe, persons of the highest culture, men of globe-wide fame for scholarship and profound thinking—such as Dr. Tholuck, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Krummacher, a count, and a baron, with many whose names I have forgotten, as I found it difficult to remember German and Dutch names.

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\* In these gardens I had my first opportunity to examine and compare the Asiatic and African camels.

Many of these were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and with many of whom I formed pleasant acquaintances.

On the 30th of the month I was again *en route* for Paris, where the following Sunday afternoon I addressed an exhortation by request of the pastor, Rev. Emile Cook, after listening to his sermon in French and assisting him in administering the Lord's Supper. This exhortation was interpreted, and as I again spoke for the pastor, I can testify to the difficulty of speaking when it must be interpreted. It is not only tedious to all concerned—a speech of half an hour becoming one of an hour—but it is also difficult to keep the connection of ideas, because one has not only to pause in the midst of his thoughts, but also to listen to the interpreter so as to be ready to begin when he has finished. This is a damper upon one's enthusiasm, and consequently injurious to eloquence, which is an offspring of enthusiasm. I remained nearly a month in Paris at this time, when I returned to London. During my stay in the latter city I paid frequent visits to the British Museum, where I was especially interested in the antiquarian department, where were the fragmentary monuments of the civilization and greatness of those four nations—Greece, Rome, Assyria, and Egypt—which each in turn controlled the destinies of the world, so far as human agency can control human destiny. These antiquities are very serviceable in two ways—to show how powerful and intelligent a people may become, and how evanescent is all their glory. O may modern nations be rendered wise by their study! In collecting and preserving these antiquities England has done im-

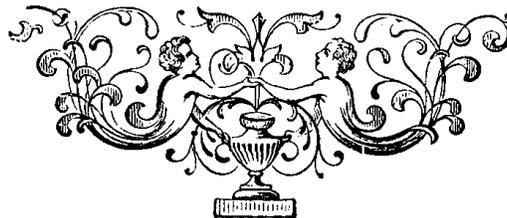
mense service to mankind. The minerals and shells were also very beautiful, the carbonates and silicates being most various, beautiful, curious, fantastic, and often magnificent in appearance. The botanical collection had its variety and beauty also, not only in the herbariums of plants, seeds, and flowers, but equally so in the specimens of cabinet woods, the richest of which in my opinion were from British Guiana.

Another place to which I was a frequent visitor was the Royal Academy of Arts, which contained a very rich collection of paintings, engravings, and sculpture. Some of the historical pictures—such as the “Last Hours of Cromwell,” the “Last Sunday of Charles the Second,” and the “Bondage of the Israelites in Egypt”—must excite no common emotions in the bosoms of those who are lovers of history.

The reading-room excelled any thing and every thing I had ever seen in the United States. It is a circular edifice. “The main height of the dome from the floor is one hundred and six feet, the diameter one hundred and forty. To this is attached another building of an oblong form, two hundred and fifty-eight by one hundred and eighty-four feet, containing by an exceedingly skillful arrangement shelf-space for one million and a half of books.”

When I reached London I procured a list of names of parties of whom I might solicit aid, and I also obtained excellent names as references, chief among whom to render me assistance in this being Dr. Jobson. In my solicitations I heard the same reasons and underwent similar experiences as in the United States. Many prominent persons had no

time to hear or read the claims, and only gave through societies, while a few kind friends gave liberally. My experience taught me what I record elsewhere in my interview with Secretary Whipple, of the American Missionary Association, on my return to America.



## Chapter XXI.

### PARIS—RETURN TO AMERICA.

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THE last of November found me again in Paris, where I remained the following months until April. On this journey—as I passed from Rouen to Paris through a fine country, the natural features of which reminded me so much of some portions of the Valley of the Juniata in my own native land, the whole extent covered with finely-cultivated farms and gardens, and gemmed with beautiful villages—I could but exclaim in truth: “*La France est un belle pays.*”

During this sojourn I boarded in an hotel opposite the Palais Napoleon, and spent a portion of my time each day with a French teacher. Aside from this and my labor connected with my mission there, I spent as much time as possible at the Sorbonne\* and the “College de France,” listening to the eminent men who spoke or lectured. Among them I remember Prof. Edward Laboulaye, who was very liberal in

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\* The Sorbonne is a university under Roman Catholic control; hence all lectures delivered therein must be in harmony with the doctrines and sentiments of the Roman Catholic Church; but Le College de France allows its professors to think and speak freely on all subjects. Renan, the great Orientalist, who is the fascinating author of “*La Vie de Jesus,*” was connected with the Sorbonne. This work was reviewed and answered by Dr. De Pressense.

his sentiments, and magnificent in his illustrations.\* It was my privilege to meet and become acquainted with him, as well as with others equally eminent connected with those two Parisian institutions, and I recollect a pleasing interview with him, which was interesting and instructive, concerning the construction of the Sorbonne and the "College de France," and their connection. I also recollect with pleasure my acquaintance with that great savant, Prof. A. de Quatrefages, which was formed through Dr. Eugene Casalis, President of the House of Missions. He informed Prof. Quatrefages of my presence in Paris, and the latter sent me a special invitation to visit him at the Museum. At the appointed time Dr. Casalis came for me with a cab and took me there. At the close of my call he presented me with his portrait and requested mine. As an anthropologist he is unequalled, and his works are marvels of study, research, and erudition. It was my fortune to meet at this time the Minister from Hayti to the court of France, Louis Salomon,† whom I found not only *un homme grand*, but, as I have been told, *un grand homme*.‡

One evening as I was returning to my hotel I stopped to rest at the Church of St. Sulpice, where I noticed several persons adoring the image of the "Immaculate Marie." Upon a marble tablet I read the following inscription and declaration:

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\* At that time Prof. Laboulaye was engaged in a course of lectures on Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," which, though dry in themselves, were made very interesting by his brilliant illustrations and his witticisms.

† Now President Salomon, of Hayti.

‡ The French mean by *un homme grand*, a tall man, and *un grand homme*, a great man.

*“Amour, Hommage, et Reconnaissance a Notre Bonne Mere.*

*“Mon fils etait atteint de deux maladies mortelles. Les secours de l'art n'y pouvaient rien. Je suis venue prier Marie a cet autel avec confiance, et J'ai obtenu sa guerison. Le 22 Janvier, 1860. A. P. C.”\**

Such is a good illustration of the strong faith of the Catholic in the power of the “Immaculate Marie.”

Among the places which I enjoyed visiting was the boarding-school of Misses Hooper and Creeseil, situated outside of the walls of Paris. These two ladies were well adapted to the work which they had undertaken—the education of English and French Protestant young ladies. The eloquent French preacher, Rev. E. Bersier, had the special charge of its religious interests. By special invitation I made several visits to this school, and listened with interest to the lessons, observing the manner and methods of the capable teachers. One class of little ones in natural history especially pleased me. It consisted of but three little girls from seven to nine years of age. The instruction was wholly oral, and the children were delighted. I never saw hungry ones devour food more greedily than did these little ones the instruction given by their loving and beloved teacher. The school seemed a model for others; the greatest freedom prevailed, and yet with this freedom I perceived nothing but order. Their ages differed—the most being in their teens. The culinary department was well arranged. A peculiar arrangement for keep-

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\* “Love, homage, and gratitude to our good mother. My son was attacked with two mortal diseases. The aid of art could do nothing. I came to beseech Mary at this altar with confidence, and obtained this cure. The 22d of January, 1860. A. P. C.”

ing food warm drew my attention. It consisted of two square boxes lined with felt and stuffed with a certain material which retained the heat for a long time. In this the soup and meats could be placed after cooking, and there remain for several hours in a state sufficiently warm for the table. These ladies had a high sense of the right, the true, and the good—an excellent thing in government as well as in teaching—and withal they exhibited an anxious concern for the salvation of their students. Miss Hooper was the economist, while Miss Creeseil had a higher sense of the beautiful than Miss Hooper. This was well illustrated by a remark of the former in a conversation concerning the financial management of their school. Miss Creeseil remarked that she had “no concern about money,” adding: “I would fill the garden with flowers, but Miss Hooper fills it with *potatoes*.” I could but exclaim, “How truly French! how truly English!” The seminary was destined to be a blessing to all educated within its walls. When I revisited Paris in 1881 I inquired for the same school, but it had gone out of existence in the terrible Franco-Prussian war, which swept over Paris and its environs.

Like all Americans, I visited the noted places of interest in Paris—the Louvre, the Pantheon, the Jardin des Plantes, the Bois de Boulogne, the Palais de Luxembourg, where is located the throne of Napoleon Bonaparte, said to be the grandest in Europe, the Art Gallery of Luxembourg, where I found three American ladies from Massachusetts engaged in copying works of art (and the meeting was mutually agreeable)—these and various other places, of which I will mention the Hotel des Invalides at greater length. The

Hotel des Invalides—sometimes called Hospital des Invalides—corresponds in design to what we call at Dayton, O., the “Soldiers’ Home,” an asylum for superannuated soldiers. Detached from the main building is the Dome des Invalides, a chapel intended for religious services. “It is a bold and prominent structure, greatly decorated, within which repose the ashes of Napoleon I.” From memory I shall attempt a description of this tomb, where the great warrior is sleeping. It is of circular form, with a deep circular cavity in the center, which we may call an open grave, guarded at its terraced summit by an iron railing. The wall of this artificial grave is divided into ten niches, in each of which is placed a metaphorical female statue. They seem to be watching the sleeping warrior as guardian angels. In niches above the grave are equestrian statues of his chief generals. Above all these, and almost directly over the head of the casket, was a light which seemed to be commingled with fire and gold. This lamp was pouring its awful rays down upon the warrior emperor, whose cannon made all Europe tremble. In contemplating the scene one seems to feel the martial spirit of Napoleon present. With this sepulchral chamber the whole chapel may be called the mausoleum of Napoleon.

A pleasing reminiscence of my stay in Paris was a meeting held to organize a Methodist Preachers’ Association. An invitation to be present and preside over the meeting was sent me at my hotel, which I accepted. After the meeting we dined, and at my right sat a minister of the M. E. Church, South, from Texas, who was soliciting funds for some charitable



DR. JAMES MCCUNE SMITH,  
First regularly-educated Colored Physician in the United  
States. (See page 325.)

object in America. This Southern minister must have detested in his heart to sit in such an assemblage by the side of a Negro, but nevertheless he sat there. With my other duties I preached often in Paris, and by invitation of Rev. William Gibson also went to Chantilly, twenty-five miles away, for the same purpose. But, as for my mission, I found what our Consul had told me, on my first call upon him for advice touching the interests I represented, to be true. The French people were very weary of the applications which agents from America had made for assistance in behalf of the freedmen.

On the 18th of April I took leave of many kind friends, who had become endeared to me in the months of my sojourn among them, and set out for London, where I also had another leave-taking to perform among the many friends there. I had also failed to secure a professor for Wilberforce, although I had advertised freely, and had received some applications; so, leaving the interests of our university in the hands of an agent, I left for Liverpool on the 27th, from which port I sailed the 29th, on the "City of Antwerp." The voyage was uneventful and the weather not very pleasant, but we anchored in the North River at 6 P.M., May 11, and several of the passengers, including myself, went ashore on the steamer "London." After my baggage was through the Custom House I called at the rooms of the American Missionary Association, and had a long talk with Secretary Whipple. He asked me how I had succeeded in my mission, and I answered: "Poorly, because I find English Christians just like American Christians: they give power only to the powerful, and wealth only

to the rich." "Well, that is so," he said. "If Wilberforce had had two hundred thousand dollars behind it, you might have received one hundred thousand more from British philanthropists; but as you had nothing behind it, you got nothing. But I think it is right because [quoting the Saviour], 'To him that hath shall be given;'" and he stopped there.

On my arrival in England Mrs. Burr, the lady of my boarding-house, said that she feared I would not succeed, and added: "If you had come just after the war, when English enthusiasm was at its height, you might have obtained something; but now I fear it is too late." Another reason may be found in the fact that when I visited John Bright he said that England had already sent one million dollars to aid the freedmen, and that America had immense resources within herself to supply the wants of her people. I also sent a letter to the Bishop of Oxford—Wilberforce, the son of the great philanthropist—applying for aid. He replied that he had spoken to the American bishops who were attending the Pan-Anglican Congress at that time, who told him that it was not necessary for him to extend aid to the mission, as they had the means to attend to the wants of the freedmen; he also added that Wilberforce University was a race school, and he was opposed to any such exclusive school.

My interview with Secretary Whipple at an end, I took the train for Washington, where I preached the next morning; and the Monday following entered the General Conference of 1868, which opened on that day. The day was one of excitement, caused by the question of union with Zion Connection. Three bish-

ops were elected at this time—James A. Shorter, T. M. D. Ward, and J. M. Brown. It was also decided to regulate the basis of representation in the General Conference, so as to give the lay element in the future the proportion of one-third, and the manner of electing such delegates was also decided. Rev. B. T. Tanner was elected editor of the *Christian Recorder* by acclamation. Through Elder Ward, of California, the Churches of that region petitioned for a bishop for that special field, to have his home there and labor there until it should be built up. A large majority signified their determination to grant the petition, and in the election Elder Ward was made one of the new bishops. I presented to this body a statement touching my mission to Europe and its pecuniary results. In its place the Conference offered a resolution that “our beloved Bishop D. A. Payne be permitted to regulate his relations with Wilberforce as heretofore.” It will be remembered that I was President of that institution at the time, and thus carried a double responsibility, both mentally and physically.

A few days after the close of the Conference I turned my steps homeward, in company with Bishop Shorter. On our way we visited Avery College, at Pittsburg, and the common schools of the city. I also addressed the pupils of both. I reached home the 11th of June, in time for the annual examinations of the university. After my prolonged travels and labors I felt for many days too languid and indisposed to do any thing in the form of studying. During my stay in Europe it was my daily custom to read and study, as at home, a certain number of hours

each day. In this way I perused a large number of French works—scientific, literary, and theological—but now I sought rest.

During the summer I succeeded in securing the services of Rev. Mr. Fry, of Oberlin, for our school; also Mr. Smith,\* then a senior student at the same college. In September Bishops Campbell, Shorter, and myself organized the Kentucky Conference in the city of Louisville. Colonel Catlin at that time had the oversight of the educational interests of the freedmen, and Chaplain Noble was the general superintendent of those schools in the State of Kentucky. I had pleasant interviews with all three, and visited some of the schools—what was then called the Central School of the freedmen, which was designed ultimately to be a high and normal school, and a school kept by a Miss R—in the Orphan Asylum for the freedmen. I found them all in a promising condition. The autumn found me very busy writing letters, arranging for the school work, and later visiting points in my episcopal work in the East; but November found me again in Xenia to cast my vote for Grant and Colfax.

While attending the Bishops' Council in Philadelphia I preached in Bethel, the mother Church, where I was struck with the fact that of all present at the Lord's Supper about three-fourths were old men and women who had crossed their fifty-fifth year, and from that up to seventy-five years. Having called the attention of one of the most intelligent officers and laymen to it, who assented to the correctness of my

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\*Mr. Smith subsequently became a professor in Atlanta University, Georgia.

observation, half an hour later he put into my hand the following note: "You may consider another fact: that the depletion of our membership from death and other causes is in excess of the increase by three to one." To me this was astounding, and gave rise to many painful reflections, meriting as it did immediate attention from every one who was desirous to see the mother Church perpetuate herself. But at the close of the morning service notice was given that Dr. Tanner would lecture that night on the African question. I was curious to note the audience which he would have at night. It was the contrast of the the morning; the house was crammed from top to bottom with the youth, the intelligence, and the *elite* of our people. From this contrast every one may draw his own inferences. Brother Fields said: "Bishop, we are reaping the fruit of seed sown forty years ago."

Among the Conferences at that time I bear in mind particularly an interesting class of men in the Pittsburg Annual Conference about 1871. It was made up chiefly of young men who were active and progressive. Three of them were regular students of theology—two at Allegheny and one at Meadville, the former a Presbyterian school, and the latter Unitarian. It was not as common then as now for our Conferences to contain many men, even young men, who were pursuing a regular course of study, which fact made it all the more an encouraging sign—a promise for the future ministry.

We were favored during these years at our university with a number of profitable and interesting lectures. One of these was on the catacombs of Rome,\* and so

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\*This was given us by Rev. Jules Delauny.

clearly set forth three remarkable features of these ancient sand-pits as to be well worth recording again and again. It is said that of the hundreds of thousands of tombs in these places of worship of the primitive Christians (and their asylums from the persecutions of their enemies, as well as the burial-place of their saints and martyrs) the word *death* is not inscribed on any one of them; that not a word of regret or sorrow is inscribed on any tomb; that the name of *Jesus* seldom if ever occurs, but the name *Christ* always; and this name is always written in Greek characters.

On June 21, 1871, we held our Commencement, and a few days later two of the professors and myself attended the Commencement at Antioch College. There we met a crowd of notables—men whose names are familiar to American ears: Dr. Bellows, Rev. Robert Colyer, Rev. E. E. Hale, and others. It was a privilege to be brought in contact with these eminent men, whose labors in behalf of humanity are an ornament to the Christian name.

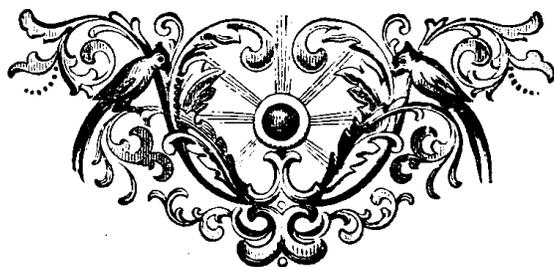
A visit to the Churches in Western Pennsylvania led to several pleasing reminiscences—one the meeting with a venerable clergyman of the Lutheran Church, at whose house I had been entertained some thirty-two years before, when I was struggling in early manhood. His head and beard were as white as wool, giving him such a venerable appearance that at first I utterly failed to recognize him. Our interview was most pleasant in recollections of those by-gone days. A visit to Beaver Female College, where we were entertained by the wife of the President, a lady of lovely person and sweet manners, and then

we took a ride, which led us to a certain point of one of the surrounding hills, where we had a fine view of Bridgewater, Rochester, and other towns—all together forming a beautiful cluster of villages, through which flows Beaver Creek, at one point of which the stream presents the appearance of a triangular mirror whose frame is the surrounding hills.

While in Washington, Pa., I was visited by a gentleman, Mr. R——, a native of the Isle of Guernsey, who emigrated with his wife to the United States some years before. His wife had been confined to her bed for about ten years, under suffering so great that she requested him to kill her instantly in some way, so that she might be delivered from her sufferings. He was compelled to be her nurse all this time, during which he learned such lessons of patient submission to the will of God, and had such manifestations of love and mercy, as made him rich in Christian experience. He was accompanied by Brother C——, a local preacher of our Church, who was also his intimate friend. These two men were most congenial spirits, and struck me as an emphatic refutation of the Satanic lie that white men and black men are naturally antagonistic to each other. Few brothers seem as loving as these two men did, because few have such rich Christian experiences: The meeting with them stimulated me to a deeper experience in divine things. May I meet them in heaven!

From this place I proceeded to Canonsburg, where I found a larger and better-constructed house of worship than at Washington, and as an appendage it had a burial-ground consisting of three acres. There was a school-house upon this lot, erected for the

benefit of the colored children by the authorities of the State. This land had formerly been the property of a man of color, who died intestate, and by petition it was deeded to the colored people of the township as a burial-ground and school lot, which was just and right.



## Chapter XXII.

### LABORS IN BISHOPRIC AND PRESIDENCY.

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AFTER another year's labor in the class-room and the bishopric I found myself by divine grace spared to meet the General Conference of 1872, which sat in Nashville, Tenn., and at which one hundred and eighty ministerial and thirty-nine lay delegates were present. At this Conference it was resolved to erect a metropolitan church in the city of Washington, D. C., and after much spirited discussion it was decided to move the Book Concern from Philadelphia to the above city, conditioned upon the payment of the debts of the Concern. The church is now built; the Book Concern still remains in Philadelphia. There was a great deal of excitement and confusion, with consequent disorder, during the sessions, and a lively discussion on the wearing of robes by the bishops. On one side was argued the Aaronic priesthood; the robes as prescribed by God himself; the statement in Church history that robes were worn by the prelates for fifteen hundred years; John and Charles Wesley both wore robes; the effect that the wearing of such had upon secular dignitaries and upon the Northern hordes which invaded Rome, etc. Historical facts were abundant. The opposition claimed that it was not Methodistic; the fitness of things was against it;

it was against the spirit of the age, which is spiritual, which tramples down iron creeds, robes, and all that is material—an age of freedom from all the formula and ceremonies of the Middle Ages and of Judaism. To lead us back three thousand years is not consistent. Respecting the dignity of the bishops, the argument was most unfortunate, as dignity comes not from without, but from within; it is the result of developed manhood. If a man has not this, his robes will not give it to him. The monkey might put on robes and imitate man, but he is a monkey still. The speaker who thus replied to the advocates was extremely sarcastic and humorous. The reply was made to this that should we send a missionary to San Domingo, as we had concluded, unless we sent a bishop clothed in robes there, where the people were accustomed to see the imposing robes of the Roman Catholic priests, we might as well send the former speaker's monkey, for all the influence we might gain; and finally the speaker said: "The hosts of heaven are clothed in robes, and even God himself is clothed in robes!"

Dean Stanley, in his learned work on "Christian Institutions," says concerning ecclesiastical vestments: "What we maintain is that in the matter of vestments, as in many other respects, the primitive Church was not affected by these superstitions, and is a witness against them."

A discussion concerning the affairs of our university brought forth the following remark from one of the bishops, and as it is most pertinent even now—fourteen years later—I record it here: "Others besides our own people are concerned; the whole American people are looking toward our university; it is the

only thing which is really testing the capabilities of the race, and we cannot give too much attention to it." In this connection the brethren were pleased to testify to my labors in its behalf, in the following supplement to the report of the Episcopal Committee:

Whereas the wants of Wilberforce University demand that Bishop D. A. Payne shall be continued in that institution, he having labored for years to build up and establish the said institution on a firm and lasting basis as a monument of power and means of educating the rising generation; and whereas the classes which are being graduated, and the continuance of a thorough training of our young men, demand a thorough scholar and a practical educator to preside over that institution; and whereas the divisions of the districts will necessarily remove him from the presidency of Wilberforce, greatly to the detriment of our educational interests; therefore,

*Resolved*, That the divisions and arrangements of the bishops shall not remove him from Wilberforce, but shall leave him to preside over the Third Episcopal District the next four years.

R. H. CAIN,

B. H. WILLIAMS.

In reflecting on the doings of that body, I was constrained to believe that many things said and done seemed inconsistent with the Christian spirit. I regard these things as the result of the political spirit which had seized many of the leading men of the South, who were also leaders in the General Conference; great disorder manifesting itself at every point where opposition to measures seemed determined upon, while parliamentary tactics consumed nearly one-half of the time which ought to have been consumed in a calm, prayerful, and therefore dispassionate consideration of the denominational interests of the Connection. Thus important interests—as the

Book Concern, the cause of education (especially our university), and the all-important work of Missions, both domestic and foreign—were put off until the last few days, and then so hurried through as to be left in an imperfect condition. The idea of personal liberty seemed to have absorbed the idea of law and order. I could not but exclaim, “O when will the spirit of meekness, humility, and of wisdom guide us, who are the guides of the people!”

June found me again at home, engaged in my college duties. We were encouraged by a visit from Rev. E. E. Hale, who came down to us the day following the Commencement at Antioch College, six miles distant. He witnessed the examinations of some of the classes, and addressed the students, showing them the incalculable value of a thorough training, and urged upon them the necessity of remaining at school as long as possible, so that such an education could be obtained as would fit them for any place to which divine Providence might call them, and any work that God might occasionally want them to do. Such a visit was a powerful stimulus to our students.

In July I dedicated the fine church at Columbus, O. Such edifices, especially when accompanied by successful financial management, reflect credit upon the Connection and the race. A few days later I made an effort to reach Paducah, Ky., in season for another church dedication, but my funds being below the railroad rates—a fact discovered too late to remedy in time for my object—I concluded to move in another direction in Kentucky. In this way I came in contact with a group of women, whose remarkable families utterly controvert all Gillianictic theories as

to the prospect of the extinction of the negro race. Of six women who welcomed me to one community one had eighteen children and twenty-seven grandchildren; another thirteen children and seventeen grandchildren; another thirteen children; two others eight apiece, and the last one five—making a total of one hundred and seventy-one. Facts are worth much more than hypotheses. The evidences of thrift which I noticed on this trip among the poorer classes were commendable.

At all places, whenever possible, it was my habit to speak upon the subject of domestic education—a subject which filled my mind and weighed heavily upon my heart, as it had from my early ministry, but never, perhaps, more so than since my experience as President of a college.

In February, as I was on my way to Pittsburg, a telegram was received announcing the death of Bishop Quinn at his home in Richmond, Ind. Two days later Bishop Shorter and myself left to be present at the funeral, but on our arrival we learned of the postponement until the 3d of March. This was done that all the bishops might be in attendance. We returned home, but again went to Richmond on that date. The day was very cold, but bright. The services were held in the M. E. Church, where Bishop Campbell preached the sermon. The procession was long and imposing, and the remains were interred in the cemetery of the Society of Friends. For the first time since 1848, when Bishop Morris Brown died, the number of bishops was broken by the hand of death. Later, in Richmond, the widow of Bishop Quinn consulted me in regard to the biography of her husband,

which she desired her attorney to write, and which he was willing to do for five hundred dollars, but first desired the indorsement of our bishops. This was refused when laid before them.

A few days later found me in Washington to attend a meeting of the Finance Committee and the Bishops' Council. While there I called upon Chief-justice Chase, and received from him a draft for one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the university, the last payment on his subscription in 1866; but I was most unfortunate, as on my way to Pittsburg my pocket-book was stolen while I slept, the adroit thief relieving me of one hundred and sixty-seven dollars in cash and the draft. On the last I immediately telegraphed the bank to stop payment, but my cash was forever gone.

In Pittsburg we received a promise from one of the trustees of the Avery estate to visit our next Commencement. He was also in favor of turning over to us the securities for ten thousand dollars, which were left for the benefit of colored people by the Avery will.

While I was arranging for a series of concerts in behalf of our school in July, I was stricken down by cholera morbus, and brought home helpless from Cincinnati. This somewhat disarranged my plans, but I spent the remainder of the vacation in labor about home and in constant endeavor to increase the funds to complete our school-building with varying success. One evening I was surprised by a visit from Rev. Emile F. Cook, President of the French Methodist Conference. He walked all the distance from Xenia to my house. I had spent many a happy hour with

him in Paris, both in a social and religious manner, and my pleasure in welcoming him to my own fireside may be imagined. He took tea with me, after which he addressed the students, listened to their songs, and by request sung himself in the French language. A few days later Dr. Marsh, of London, a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, also paid me a visit, and with him I went to Cincinnati to attend our Missionary Reunion. This meeting resulted in giving fresh impetus to our movements; support being pledged to our Haytien Mission, and a new one ordered to be opened in the west end of Cincinnati. The following February we celebrated the semi-centenary of Allen Chapel, in Cincinnati, at which I preached the sermon. The exercises were very interesting, consisting of an historical address, speeches by prominent men of the city, both white and colored, as well as friendly letters from many others. The edifice was beautifully decorated, the audience large, and the voluntary contributions amounted to four hundred and fifty dollars.\* During the exercises a couple connected themselves with the historic event by being married. Matters moved along smoothly with my varied duties until the following June, when our school was thrown into confusion and received a severe blow from the circumstances connected with the expulsion of one of our leading students and events following it.

In the autumn (1874) I went to Cleveland, O., for the purpose of negotiating a loan of three thousand dollars, but we did not succeed there. It was subsequently obtained from the Freedmen's Bureau through the direct efforts of our agent, Mr. Cousins,

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\* Subsequently this was paid

of Xenia. In the last few months of this year I assisted at the dedication of at least a dozen churches, some of them of good size and quite valuable. So the material progress of the Church is shown.

The summer following our school-building was still in an unfinished state—thirteen rooms and the chapel remaining to be completed, and I resolved to solicit aid near home—in Xenia, O., and surrounding towns. As a result, I received some money and promises from friends who have always been more or less liberal in response to our calls; and later I was also able to secure in Springfield, O., the promise of two hundred and fifty dollars from the custodian of that sum, which had belonged to a colored soldier who died leaving no known heirs.\* Every dollar was a help to us. The Financial Board of the Church in the following March (1876) made an appropriation of two thousand dollars for us, and paid the balance due on the previous year's appropriation; so the whole amount sent us by draft was two thousand three hundred dollars, which came at a most opportune moment.

The meetings of the Bishops' Council alternated with those of the Financial Board, and unusual harmony and oneness of views characterized the sessions of both bodies. In the former we adopted measures to facilitate the business of the approaching General Conference. We were visited at this session by John M. Langston, Esq.,† who expressed his views concern-

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\* Pastor B. W. Arnett published a volume commemorative of the event.

† Mr. Langston was subsequently appointed as Ambassador to the Haytien Republic, and is now (1886) Principal of the

ing the relations of the A. M. E. Church to the race. Through him we received an invitation from Hon. J. G. Blaine to lunch with him at his residence. The invitation was accepted; and there we met Hon. George Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Hon. J. A. Garfield, of Ohio. The wine cautiously sparkled, while wit and humor beamed like rays from the sun. From the wine the bishops nobly abstained, but fully enjoyed the sparkling wit and risible humor. Mr. Garfield seemed as joyful as any other of the guests. But no one present would think that within six years he would be President of the United States, and, like the illustrious Lincoln, die by the hand of an assassin. The current events of the times were the chief topics of conversation, but in none did Mr. Blaine take more interest than the subject of the higher education, connected with which he condemned the boat-racing of the American colleges as injurious to those who engage in them. One who had known Washington before the last war, and had returned to it for the first time at this date, would not have recognized it at all. The improvements were great, radical, beautiful, indicating the future Paris of the American Continent. But these improvements acted with terrible pressure upon those who were small property-holders. The State Department, which we visited, was especially imposing—a noble building, which impressed me with the ideas of solidity, strength, and stability more than of beauty. It was a new granite edifice at that time, with Secretary Fish at its head.

On my way westward, I held the Pittsburg Annual

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Normal School for training colored teachers in the State of Virginia.

Conference, and opened the Ohio Conference in April, at the close of which I preached my valedictory sermon at the end of eight years' consecrated service in the Third Episcopal District. On the 27th of April I joined the party of brethren bound for Atlanta, Ga., the seat of the General Conference of 1876, and we were joined at Chattanooga by four of the bishops and the delegations from the New England, New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Virginia Conferences. A hearty welcome and a bountiful supper awaited us all at the house of our colleague, Bishop Ward, after which we were assigned to our respective lodgings. The quadrennial address was by Bishop Shorter. Fraternal delegates were received from the General Conference of the M. E. Church, then in session in Baltimore. In response to their addresses Bishop Ward answered in a strain of eloquent utterances; after which I followed, relating my history in connection with the A. M. E. Church, and remarked that "I had ascended that platform where my love for humanity was greater than that of race." Bishop Campbell being called for, and after taking a retrospective account of previous speeches, said his heart was filled to overflowing by what he had seen and heard; that there was a work of education to be done, and each had its part to do. First, the mother Church must educate herself down to her black children, and they up to their white mother. At this session I gave notice that at the meeting of the trustees of Wilberforce University in June I should offer my resignation as President of that institution, as by appointment I was historiographer of the A. M. E. Church, and had yet twenty years of the history to write; also

two educational works, and these required the early mornings in which to prepare them for publication. This needed time I could not have as President of Wilberforce. My work for the next four years was to lie in the First Episcopal District, and in June I opened it with the New England Conference at Newport, R. I., after severing my connection as President of Wilberforce, as I had already declared I should do, on the 14th of the same month. Thus ended thirteen years of service, during which I had performed my double duties, keeping me busy night and day. It was only by exercise and regular habits of life that I was enabled to perform them, as I was always delicate physically. Yet the Lord strengthened me for the labor in behalf of the school, which, though left to the management of another, was ever present in my thoughts; nor did I cease my labors in its behalf. In the next chapter a more detailed account will be found of this the first school of importance which belongs to the Church of my deliberate and unselfish choice.

## Chapter XXIII.

### EDUCATION IN THE A. M. E. CHURCH.

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IN view of the fact that my whole public life has been spent in close connection with the school-room and the cause of education in general, and that for thirteen years I was closely connected with the principal institution of learning of our Church, I turn aside here to speak briefly of the progress of the Church in education and in other things pertaining to its culture and intellectual development, and of its best-equipped school in particular, as I consider the years spent as its President the most interesting of my later years.

English Methodism and American Methodism began their career with planning and executing in behalf of education. Not so with African Methodism in America, because Bishop Allen and his coadjutors were illiterate men. They founded no institution of learning, nor is there a trace of a thought in their minds about a school of learning. The reason of the difference between the beginning of these three bodies is seen in the fact that the founding of schools of learning is a result of education. It does not precede, but follows in the wake of education. What is not in a man cannot be evolved out of him. As I have said before, Daniel Coker was the most intelligent of the

men connected with the ministry of the A. M. E. Church at the beginning of its career. In 1818 there was found no one in the Baltimore Annual Conference competent to act as secretary, and the youthful son of Bishop Allen, a lad about fourteen years of age, was constituted secretary, and filled this office for two consecutive years. This circumstance is a proof of the statement that the ministry of the A. M. E. Church was at the beginning of its career unlearned. Therefore, it was not until 1833 that we hear the first voice speaking out on the subject of education. It was in the Ohio Annual Conference of that date—then the youngest of the Conferences—which passed two resolutions recognizing the high importance of schools and temperance societies especially to our people, and pledging the members to do all possible to establish such among us. Ten years later (1843) the Baltimore Annual Conference passed resolutions looking to an increase of learning. Out of this grew a course of studies to be pursued, which was laid down by the Philadelphia Conference the same year, which Conference took another step in the right direction in resolving to present this recommendation to the next General Conference. My epistles on “The Education of the Ministry” were written between June, 1843, and May, 1844, and the opponents of an educated ministry became alarmed; but, as we have seen elsewhere, the General Conference of 1844 adopted a scheme of studies and placed it in the Discipline. My series of essays on “The Education of the Ministry,” written in 1845, softened down the general opposition until the General Conference of 1848, when there was another heated discussion. In 1845 the

first educational convention was called. It was held in Philadelphia and called at the instance of the Baltimore Conference. In this various plans were considered for promoting the work of education among the colored people of the United States generally, but chiefly in our own Connection. This convention indulged in heated and violent arguments for an educational association by one faction, and for founding a collegiate institution by another. It was argued against the latter proposition that there were at least three educational institutions accessible to us,\* and that it was possible for us, by combining our efforts, to support a half-dozen young men every year; but that all our efforts and means combined were inadequate to the founding and support of a single collége. The opposition maintained our ability to do so, and finally both plans were adopted—the institution to be in the West. Then arose another faction contending for one in the East also, and finally all three propositions were adopted. The association was organized on the spot. But for lack of unity in purpose and oneness in ac-

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\* These were Gettysburg, Oberlin, and Oneida. At Gettysburg D. A. Payne received his theological training; at Oberlin Bishop J. M. Brown received his; and Rev. Alexander Crummel, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, received his academical training at Oneida, N. Y., and completed it at Oxford University, England. It was also at Oneida that Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, of the Presbyterian Church, was trained for his brilliant career. After graduating, Dr. Crummel spent two or three years as a curate in one of the English rural Churches. Subsequently he went to Liberia, Africa, where he spent the prime of his manhood. He is now pastor of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in the city of Washington. He is the founder of St. Luke's. Dr. Garnett died in Africa as United States Embassador.

tion we did nothing in the form of an educational association; and because we were all too poor to assume individual responsibility we founded no college. O ignorance! O disunion! Ye did curse and destroy Carthage! Ye can also curse and destroy the A. M. E. Church! Not the Christian Church! No; never! because that is for humanity; but the A. M. E. Church, because that is for a race. The races perish sometimes, or they become scattered to the four corners of the earth; but humanity can never perish nor be thus scattered, because every spot of the earth is hers and shall be in her possession till the new heaven and the new earth be brought into being. This educational convention met in October, and represented the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York Conferences; but, as has been said in a previous chapter, the Ohio Annual Conference met in September and heard the report of its committee, which had been appointed the year before to select land for a seminary on the manual labor plan.

From these two historical facts it can be seen that the influence of the action of the General Conference of 1844 on the subject of education took immediate effect, and that in the effort for the founding of an institution of learning Ohio led the van. Some schools had been instituted previous to this, but it must be recorded as a matter of fact that not one of these was established by any organized effort on the part of the denomination. They were the results of individual effort. These individuals were moved by the Spirit of God to do what they could to impart knowledge to the rising generations. The first of these secular schools was commenced by the Rev.

Daniel Coker in the basement of Bethel Church, Saratoga Street, Baltimore, Md., in 1810. It was a school for the instruction of children and youths in the elementary branches of an English education. He was succeeded in his useful and elevating work by a Mr. Cooly (tradition says by Misses Russell and Collins). This school, like that of Mr. Coker's, must have been primary. How long his school was in existence I know not. On my arrival in Baltimore in 1843, then only on a visit to the Baltimore Annual Conference at the request of Bishop Morris Brown, a maiden lady named Miss Mary Prout kept a school for primary instruction in Rubourgh Street. This was the third as far as I can learn. She was a prominent member of Bethel, and was considered one of its bright and shining lights. She was born in 1800, and was still living in 1882.

The fourth school was opened by myself in Philadelphia, not as a minister of the A. M. E. Church, for I was at the time (1840) in connection with the Franklin Synod of the Lutheran Church, but my first pupils were three children of Rev. Joseph M. Corr, who lived as one of her most gifted and godly local preachers, and who died as one of the most venerated and lamented. My school was in its character equal to what is now regarded as a grammar school. After I transferred my ministerial relations from the Lutheran to the A. M. E. Church I made annual reports to the Philadelphia Annual Conference. Rev. David Ware, a local preacher of the Philadelphia Conference, was also at the head of another school of less pretensions.

The first organized effort of a denominational char-

acter on the part of the Church was made by the Ohio Annual Conference in 1845. This Conference passed a resolution to establish an institution of a high order, and named it "Union Seminary." It was opened in the basement of our chapel in Columbus, O. Rev. J. M. Brown\* was its first Principal, and he was assisted by Miss Francis Watkins;† but it was not a success. Much time was spent in collecting funds to buy the land—one hundred and eighty acres about fourteen miles south-west from Columbus—and to erect a comparatively small frame building upon it. A primary school was kept for some years, but better schools were at the command of the colored people in all the large towns of Ohio. It lingered on in a miserable condition until Wilberforce University became the property of the Church, when it was abolished and the property ordered to be sold for the benefit of that institution, but through mismanagement the sale was of little benefit to the latter.

The founding of Wilberforce University opened a new chapter in the history of the Church. As has been already said, it was projected and organized in a very simple and primary form, by the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church in the autumn of 1856, at Tawawa Springs, Greene County, O., about three and a half miles from the city of Xenia. These facts, with those stated in previous chapters, clearly show that the hand of God was leading these two branches of the Methodist family in the same direction, at the same time, for the accomplishment of the same great end—the Christian education of a race, a race then enslaved and ostracized by Christians in

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\* Bishop J. M. Brown. † Mrs. F. E. W. Harper.

a so-called Christian land; and that, too, in the name of Christianity. The clouds were blackening, the darkness deepening, and yet the dawn of day was just at hand.

In the first and original form this school was managed almost entirely by white persons. There were twenty-four trustees, of whom only four were men of color—viz.: Rev. Lewis Woodson, Mr. Alfred Anderson, Mr. Ishmael Keeth, and myself. Mr. Keeth attended but one meeting of the Board. Mr. Woodson attended but three or four. Mr. Anderson and myself were almost always present. The only one of the trustees of color who aided in the actual management was myself, because, first, I was a member of the Executive Committee; second, I lived with my family on the college campus and had two of my step-children in the school; third, during the summer the white teachers and managers went away to recruit, and the establishment was left in my care; and fourth, I spent most of my time night and day watching over the interests left in my care during these months. It passed into the hands of the A. M. E. Church in 1863, as the reader will remember, and was re-opened in the same year under our administration. This was our first school of importance. On its re-opening I was elected President, but the Principal who opened it in July was Prof. John G. Mitchell, who was succeeded by Dr. Kent, an Englishman, and he by Prof. Fry, and then I took active charge of the work. In 1876 Rev. B. F. Lee was placed at its head, where he remained until 1884, when he was succeeded by Prof. S. T. Mitchel, who is still (1886) in the position. It is now to be seen that Wilberforce has been in exist-

ence thirty-two years, twenty-three of which have been passed under the management of our Connection; so that it is rapidly nearing the twenty-fifth anniversary for us,\* and stands to-day the oldest school in the Church. As such it has a history, and deserves more than a passing notice. Let us glance at what it has accomplished. But first let me pay a passing tribute to the liberality and generosity of the Cincinnati Conference of the M. E. Church, which placed this seat of learning within our reach; as it was sold to us for its indebtedness of ten thousand dollars, at a time when the agent of the State of Ohio stood ready and anxious to buy it for an asylum at its real value—a much larger price.

In material interests it has accomplished much for itself and the community in which it stands. The building which replaced the wooden one burned by an incendiary in 1865 is more substantial, and the school is now surrounded by colored property-owners, many of whom possess attractive and comfortable homes. It brought a number of intelligent families, who made their homes there, and there educated their children. Before that date there was not a single house owned by colored persons in connection with the school. Its first class in theology was graduated in 1871. Since then, up to 1886-7, it has sent out graduates from the different departments—theological, collegiate (scientific and classical), and normal. Hundreds of its under-graduates have become successful teachers and preachers, and others are to be found in various fields of usefulness. But the most remarkable

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\* Its twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated June, 1888.—  
*Editor.*

thing is the fact that all who have been trained in its halls and on its grounds from early childhood have proved themselves most thorough and accurate in scholarship; also most laborious, industrious, and thrifty. From a school of one Principal and assistant, with only primary work, it has been developed with power to send out its graduates yearly with degrees conferred. It has now a working faculty consisting of six members. An art-room and a museum have been also added. The former is the gift of the lamented Rev. John F. W. Ware, and bears his name—"Ware Art-room."

When I had my official head-quarters at Baltimore I became acquainted with this gentleman, who was among the foremost who by personal efforts aided in raising funds to help feed and clothe the distressed and needy "contrabands of war," as General Butler in 1861 had declared the slaves coming within his lines. He was the pastor of a Unitarian Church in Baltimore at that time, but transferred his pastoral relations later to Boston. I called upon him while at his summer residence at Swamstead, near Lynn, Mass., when I was endeavoring to raise funds to furnish the university with models for an art-room. Said he: "I will give you one hundred dollars toward it." He did so, adding: "Whenever you are in need of one hundred dollars for any such purpose, you can always obtain it from me." The next year he gave me another hundred for the same, with which models were furnished. The museum was offered me by Prof. Ward for fourteen hundred dollars, and valued at two thousand. I laid the proposition before the trustees, and begged them to aid me in raising the

sum; but not one volunteered, nor would any one touch it with a forty-rod pole. Finally I was allowed to put the museum in the building, with the understanding that I should raise the funds to meet the expenses, and when consummated should hand over the receipted bill in proof that it was paid for at no cost to the trustees. The cases were also put in at a cost of about three hundred dollars, which sum I also raised. These sums, with the interest, made the whole cost about eighteen hundred dollars, every cent of which I paid—about three hundred dollars coming from my own purse. It is now called Payne Museum. Both this and the art-room were obtained after I left the presidency of the institution.

In 1867–8 the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West aided the institution in the sum of eighteen hundred dollars. After we were burned out we had erected the western wing of the new edifice of brick, but its walls were not only unpictured, its floors uncarpeted, but they were unplastered and rough. The good Secretary, Mr. Theron Baldwin, came at my request and saw the appalling obstacles. His soul was stirred, and his eloquent plea induced the society to vote this sum for our relief. In 1868–9 they again voted us a like sum, and although their funds did not enable them to make good the whole of this last amount, what we did receive was of signal good. From 1868 to 1875 the American Unitarian Association aided us in all about four thousand dollars. In 1868 Hon. Gerrit Smith sent us five hundred dollars, and the same year the equally noble Chief-justice Chase induced an English gentleman to send us three hundred dollars, and in his own

last will and testament he left us ten thousand dollars. In 1869 we received through General Howard from the Freedmen's Bureau three thousand dollars, and again in 1870 from the same, by special act of Congress, twenty-five thousand dollars. We applied for fifty thousand dollars, receiving the indorsement of leading men in Xenia, and securing the influence of the State Legislature of Ohio. Our agent prepared to go to Washington, but on going to Cincinnati and finding insuperable difficulties in his way, he consulted Dr. Richard Rust, who told him he could not succeed without me, as I was not only at the head of the school, but had a greater knowledge of all its needs, a much more extensive acquaintance among the whites, and therefore a much stronger influence than any other party; that I must drop all, and go to Washington myself. This I did, the governor of Ohio giving me the documents ordered by the Legislature, and a letter of introduction to one of the supreme court judges, who gave me letters to the senators. Senator Sumner was at first opposed to granting it, as he claimed that the work of education was assigned to the States, and Congress should not make appropriations for such. I replied that the master minds of both races could be brought from the South; and, having been educated in Northern sentiments, Northern ideas, and Northern principles, would develop a nobler manhood and a broader patriotism than could be realized in the South for generations to come. This argument was used with all who made that objection, and all were overcome by it. Three times I had to meet the Committee on Education and Labor and answer all objections, the whole being a tedious affair. Every one

was at last removed, but General Howard said that the funds had been so reduced and so many applications for aid had been made by other institutions that we could have but twenty-five thousand, which sum we received.

Small sums have been received from private individuals at various times, who thus testified to their confidence and exhibited their interest in us. May all be blessed abundantly. Concerning our benefactors whose earthly career has been finished we hope that they may "be rewarded at the resurrection of the just." Concerning those who are still living we pray that they and theirs may never lack a friend nor aid in the time of need or the day of adversity.

During the last decade (1876-1886) more institutions of learning have sprung into existence than in any preceding it. Among them are the Johnson Divinity School, located at Raleigh, N. C., now removed to Kittrell and called the Kittrell Industrial School; Allen University, in Columbia, S. C., founded by Bishop William F. Dickerson in 1881; Morris Brown University, but a primary school as yet, in Atlanta, Ga., opened in 1885, having one fine building chiefly through the efforts of Dr. (now Bishop) W. J. Gaines; Turner College, in Hernando, Miss., in 1881; the Scientific Normal and Divinity Institute, Jacksonville, Fla., projected under the administration of Bishop Wayman in 1883; Paul Quinn College, Waco, Tex., projected by Bishop J. M. Brown in 1872, and located at Austin, Tex., and kept in motion after he left the district by Bishop Ward, and given its present name by Bishop Cain. Several other schools have been named, some of which are only paper schools, while

others have no existence even on paper. The projectors began before they were ready. Thousands of dollars have been spent in such fruitless efforts. The founding of a college requires a great deal of forethought and preparation. This is true of those who can command a deep, long, and wide purse. This is emphatically true of a poverty-stricken and illiterate people.



## Chapter XXIV.

### MUSIC AND LITERATURE IN THE CHURCH.

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IN the department of Church music, both instrumental and vocal, the most remarkable improvements and progress have taken place within the last forty years. The first introduction of choral singing into the A. M. E. Church took place in Bethel, Philadelphia, Pa., between 1841 and 1842. It gave great offense to the older members, especially those who had professed personal sanctification. Said they: "You have brought the devil into the Church, and therefore we will go out." So, suiting the action to the word, many went out of Bethel, and never returned. These well-meaning people must be pitied rather than censured. They acted according to their convictions—according to the light which they had taken into their intellects. But that light was darkness; hence their convictions were false, erroneous, destructive.

Here we pause to remark that an individual man or woman must never follow conviction in regard to moral, religious, civil, or political questions until they are first tested by the unerring word of God. If a conviction infringes upon the written word of God, or in any manner conflicts with that word, the conviction is not to be followed. It is our duty to abandon it. Moreover, I will add that light on a doubtful

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conviction is not to be sought for in the conscience, but in the Bible. The conscience, like the conviction, may be blind, erroneous, misled, or perverted; therefore it is not always a safe guide. The only safe guide for a man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, priest or people is the Bible, the whole Bible, nothing but the Bible.

Had these self-called sanctified ones been Bible-readers—Bereans instead of mere African Methodists—they never would have called choral singing the “devil;” they never would have forsaken that Church in the bosom of which they had been reared, convicted, converted, and sanctified—if sanctified at all. So great was the excitement and irritation produced by the introduction of the choir into Bethel Church that I, then a local preacher and school-master, was requested by the leader of the choir and other prominent members in it to preach a special sermon on sacred music. This I did as best I could. In my researches I used a small monograph on music written by Mr. Wesley, but drew my information chiefly from the word of God. The immediate effect of that discourse was to check the excitement, soothe the irritation, and set the most intelligent to reading as they had never done before.

Similar excitements and irritations, resulting in withdrawals and small splits, followed the introduction of choral singing in the majority of our Churches—not in the cities only, but in the large towns and villages also. Rev. Elisha Weaver, stationed in Chicago, was impeached in 1857 by his Board for introducing vocal and instrumental music into his Church, and at the Annual Conference of that year an ani-

mated discussion followed, relative to a resolution declaring instrumental music detrimental to the spiritual interests of the Church. But now it is the aim of every Church in the Connection to have a good choir.

The moral and religious effects of choral singing have been good, especially when the whole or a majority of the choir were earnest Christians. I have witnessed spiritual effects produced by Bethel choir in Philadelphia, and by Bethel choir in Baltimore, equal to the most unctuous sermons from the lips of the most eloquent and earnest preachers, so that Christians did rejoice as though they were listening to the heavenly choir which the shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem announcing the advent of the Saviour.

Instrumental music was introduced into our denomination in the year 1848-9. It commenced at Bethel, in Baltimore, under the following circumstances: We had erected the present grand house of God in 1848, at a cost of about fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. We had paid, at its completion and dedication, five thousand of it, and had eight years in which to pay the remainder, which was divided into eight equal notes. Immediately after the dedication dissensions arose among its officers. While the new church was in progress, as I have stated elsewhere, Ebenezer Chapel was sold to its Church-members for the nominal sum of ten dollars, which fact, and the signing of transfer documents, produced so much antagonism among the trustees of Bethel as to render the raising of the first note uncertain; so it was deemed prudent and wise to resort to extraordinary measures in order to raise the sum needed. This

was a concert of sacred music under the management of Dr. James Fleet, of Georgetown, D. C., whose musical taste was exquisite. The lyrics were composed by myself in order that I might be certain that nothing incongruous in sentiment to the sanctuary should go into it. The novelty of the measure was a powerful attraction. It filled Bethel to overflowing, produced a fine effect, and gave us three hundred dollars net. The next sacred concert held in Bethel was for a similar purpose, and consisted of seven stringed instruments, the conductor being Mr. William Appo, then the most learned musician of the race. As in the former concert, so in this, all the music was sacred. After this the members of Bethel Church were convinced that instrumental music could be as fully consecrated to the service of the living God under the New Testament dispensation as it was under Old Testament, when King David wrote the following rapturous Psalm:

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts:

Praise him according to his excellent greatness. †

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:

Praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: \*

Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals:

Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord. †

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\* Not our vulgar dance, but an instrument by that name. Dr. Clarke called it the "pipe."

† This arrangement is according to the French version by Louis Segond, D.D., of Geneva, Switzerland.

By reading and studying the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm some of the reasons will be seen why David wrote and doubtless set to music the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm. In this one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm the inspired poet calls upon all creation to praise the Lord—all animate and inanimate, all the works of God in the heaven of heavens, all the works of God in the earth and ocean. If he is right and pious in this psalm, who will dare to say that he is not right and pious in the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm? If it be right to call upon all the works of God to praise him, why not call upon all the works of men to praise him? Man is a product of God's wisdom and power; therefore he should be called upon to praise God with his mouth. The instruments are the product of man's genius and skill. Why not use the sounds of these instruments to praise the Creator?

A choir, with instruments as an accompaniment, can be made a powerful and efficient auxiliary to the pulpit. Two things are essential to the saving power and efficiency of choral music—a scientific training and an earnest Christianity. Two things are necessary to make choral singing always profitable to a Church—that the congregation shall always join in singing with the choir, and that they shall always sing with the spirit and the understanding.

In a musical direction what progress has been made within the last forty years! There is not a Church of ours in any of the great cities of the republic that can afford to buy an instrument which is without one; and there are but few towns or villages where our Connection exists that are without an instrument

to accompany the choir. What is true of the Church is also true of the homestead. Every pastor and bishop who loves music and can afford to buy an instrument has one of some kind to make his household joyous and happy.

The progress of literature has also been remarkable. Comparatively, our literature is small in quantity and poor in quality. Nevertheless, there is more of it now than in 1852, and its quality is better than that of 1852. These remarks are as applicable to the journalism of the denomination as to the monographs written by different persons, both laymen and preachers of the same. The productions in prose and poetry are all more elaborate and finished.

The greatest of all that can be called poetry is that of Rev. A. A. Whitman, which was pronounced "a poem"\* by Longfellow and Bryant. To cap the cli-

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\*It is entitled "Not a Man, and Yet a Man." Since the publication of that he sent forth another entitled "The Rape of Florida." Mr. Whitman is by nature a poet. A classic training and wide travel over his country and foreign lands might have brought him into high rank among American poets, and may yet if he will emancipate himself from the bondage of alcoholic drinks. In both poems may be found some beautiful passages. Listen to these from "Not a Man:"

Full blue-eyed Summer, stately coming on,  
With shouting harvests stood the hills upon;  
The breath of wasting juices did inhale,  
With blooming cotton whitened in the vale,  
Spread out the ripened cane along the steep,  
And waving rice-fields in the swamp did reap.

From "The Rape of Florida" I give a sublime specimen from stanza fifteen, in Canto I., page 14:

Have I not seen the hills of Candahar  
Clothed in the fury of a thunder-storm;  
When Majesty rolled in his cloud-day car,  
Wreathed his dread brow with lightning's livid form,

max, our own young, poverty-stricken but vigorous Wilberforce gave birth to the judicious and practical pamphlet, by William E. Mathews, Esq., entitled: "Young Manhood—Its Relations to a Worthy Future." But more than all and above all is the excellent work of Prof. W. S. Scarborough—"First Lessons in Greek." Two volumes, historic in character, have been produced—Dr. B. T. Tanner's "Apology for African Methodism," and Bishop Wayman's "My Recollections of the A. M. E. Ministers." The last named has also published a small "Cyclopedia of African Methodism." Two volumes are on "Church Government"—one by the same, and another entitled: "Church Polity," by Bishop Turner. Rev. T. G. Steward has produced two works—"First Lessons in Theology," and "Genesis Reread."\*

The General Conference of 1880 ordered the publication of a Church magazine. In 1884 it was brought out in the form of a quarterly—the *A. M. E. Church*

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And with a deluge robed his threatening arm;  
Not seen when Night fled his terrific feet,  
The great deep rose to utter forth alarm,  
The hills in dreadful hurry rushed to meet,  
And rocking mountains started from their darkened seat?

O Whitman, Whitman! canst thou not break the chains that bind thee to the chariot-wheels of intemperance? Why boast of thy freedom from the white man, and yet be the slave of alcohol?

\*These two productions of Dr. Theophilus Steward place him in a bright light as a scholarly writer, and do honor to his natural talents and literary acquirement. But as theological and religious efforts they are to be cautiously read, because of the heresy contained in them, which the discriminating judgment perceives, but which untrained intellect does not recognize.

*Review*—which is ably edited by Dr. B. T. Tanner. The establishment of the Sunday-school Union, under the efficient management of Rev. C. S. Smith, has also added greatly to the Church literature in the publication of the *Sunday-school Review*, *Teachers' Quarterly*, and *Lesson Leaves*.

There are also a few others who have entered the ranks of authors.\* The volume containing the his-

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\* "American Questions—Black and White," by T. Thomas Fortine, a brave and gifted layman of the A. M. E. Church, also the editor of the *New York Globe and Freeman*. His book is an able discussion of the political and industrial problems of the South. "History of the New Jersey Conference of the A. M. E. Church," by Rev. Joseph H. Morgan, is a valuable contribution to our Church literature. "The Negro in Sacred History," by Rev. J. E. Hayne, shows a great deal of Biblical research, and is worthy of the attention of our readers. "Origin of Races and Color," by Dr. Martin R. Delaney, another layman of the A. M. E. Church, is a meritorious work, and worthy a place in the library of any one desirous of studying that question. Another treatise, entitled "Richard Allen's Place in History," is a more original work, but it is characterized by the same florid style, not to say bombastic, that distinguished the writings of Bishop Henry M. Turner. "African Methodism in Arkansas" is an historical narrative written by Dr. Jiaifer for the Triennial celebration of 1882. It is concise and valuable as *data* for the future development of our Connection in Arkansas. Another was written by Rev. Thomas W. Henderson, and still another by Rev. Charles S. Smith, both of which are valuable contributions to the literature of our Church. The latter was published and is styled "The Literature of the A. M. E. Church." But even the poorest of the productions since 1850 are far in advance of Noah Cannon's "Rock of Wisdom" (1833), which is made up of a little of every thing he could think of, for he was a man—a preacher that could never stick to his text.

torical sketches of the A. M. E. Church in her expansion South, West, and South-west, which will soon be published, and a treatise on "Domestic Education," form my own contributions in book form, and help to increase the volume of our literature. All taken together can be reckoned among the most valuable literary productions of the Church; and may be regarded as the glittering crown of the Triennial.

In the encouragement of the fine arts and industrial pursuits the Connection has done little or nothing, because there has been no organized efforts for that purpose. But individuals have sprung up in the bosom of our denomination with respectable talents for oil painting, the most distinguished of whom is the gifted son of Dr. Benjamin T. Tanner. His Christian name is Henry. From specimens of his paintings in my possession, and from other pieces which he has produced, I think that he will go down to history as one of the most successful of American artists which the present century has brought forth.

## Chapter XXV.

### A VISIT TO BOSTON AND VICINITY.

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AFTER my assignment to the First Episcopal District at the General Conference of 1876, in the following autumn I set to work again to organize historical and literary societies; and although in some cases there was much indifference exhibited by the "I respectfully decline," when nominated to hold positions in these societies, I organized seven. In some cases it was the second time I had organized a society among them for the improvement of the preachers, having done so before during the first years of my bishopric (1852), when I was over the same field. In January I reached Washington, where I preached to the members of Israel Church, which it will be remembered was my first pastorate in the A. M. E. Church, and which had revolted from our Connection, and was under the jurisdiction of the Colored M. E. Church of America.

The following winter I was at home working on the "Church History" and my "Centennial Discourse" until April, when I again set out for the East. I reached New York in time to attend a missionary meeting held previous to the departure of our missionary, Rev. Charles W. Mossell, and his wife for Hayti. The next morning we went on board the

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steamer "Alps" to see them before their departure for their field of labor. A number of friends were present, and others arrived as the vessel was moving out of the dock. While gazing upon the vessel as she was fading in the distance, my soul went up to the great Head of the Church in prayer for the safe transit of our missionaries across the ocean and their success in the Isle of Hayti—that the God of Missions might lead them safely across the deep, blue sea, land them safely in Port-au-Prince, open the hearts of the Haytiens to receive the gospel which they bore, make the Mission prosperous, and bless them with good health, with many friends, and with grand success.

On my way to the New York Annual Conference at Owego, N. Y., I passed through scenes varied and beautiful, wild and romantic. A grander valley-scene than that of the Wyoming Valley I have never beheld. Hills rose above hills on both sides of the glen, like cones, like pyramids, like gigantic lions crested and maned with the evergreen pines; so the valley, opening and closing, meandered along with the winding stream from which perhaps it takes its name. Who dug out such a deep valley, such a narrow glen? Who threw up those rugged, verdant, towering hills to shut them in? My Father's hand, my Father's omnipotent hand!

On the 4th of July, 1877, in company with friends, I revisited Mount Auburn, whose natural beauty of situation struck me particularly on this occasion: its gradually-undulating surface, culminating in a steep hill, whose summit is reached by granite steps and crowned with a circular tower; the grand view from

this point of the surrounding country, which is hilly and interspersed with rivers, inlets, and bays, with a chain of towns and villages looming up in the distance, and making the landscape exceedingly picturesque. From this elevation the most striking view to the south-east was Boston, with its numerous spires and its majestic domes glittering like balls of gold in the sunlight; and farther still in the distance Bunker Hill Monument, around which clusters so many revolutionary reminiscences. While beholding this scene, so full of historic memories, a gentleman standing by remarked: "I should like to be on one of the Pyramids of Egypt." His companion replied: "This tower is connected with a history grander than that of Egypt." It was a patriotic remark, but it aroused in my mind some of the history of old Egypt, and I remarked: "Egypt has a grand history—it was the birthplace of one of the greatest leaders of humanity and the asylum of its only Saviour—Moses and Jesus." The elder gentleman assented, and I added: "There also lived St. Augustine, Tertullian, and St. Cyprian, and there also originated the great controversy between Trinitarians and Unitarians, which shook the world and disturbs it till this day." I had visited Mount Auburn some twenty years before, but many additional objects of interest had since been placed there. The "Sphinx" was one of them—carved out of the solid granite to commemorate the overthrow of American slavery. This strange figure had the serene face of a virtuous and queenly woman, whose leonine body was in an attitude of repose upon a pedestal of darker granite. On one side of this was the Latin inscription:

“America conservata,  
Africa liberata.”

We looked about for the tombs of those martyred heroes of universal freedom, Torrey and Sumner. The tomb of the former has already been described. The grave of Sumner was marked only by a plain marble slab bearing no inscription but his name, and the thickly-grown periwinkle covered the sleeping champion of freedom. Never was statesman more true and faithful to his country. Never was reformer more devoted to his principles. Never was champion of human rights more loyal to the cause for which he labored, lived, and died. Nature had given him a noble *physique*, a majestic presence and courtly manner, as well as a splendid intellect and an eloquent tongue. One was led to believe that a frame as powerful as his would continue vigorous to at least eighty or ninety years, and that he might possibly have lived out an entire century; but his powerful constitution was broken by the murderous club of “Bully Brooks,” that Congressional ruffian, native of South Carolina, and fitly a kinsman of the blood-thirsty General Butler, leader of the murderous Rifle Clubs which aided in the butchery of the freedmen at Hamburg, S. C., in July, 1876. But Sumner died at sixty-three years. The colored Americans, whose freedom and whose rights he so eloquently pleaded and defended, should be foremost in erecting a monument of bronze to his memory—not to immortalize him, because he lives forever in the hearts of all the friends of human freedom and equal rights, but to mark the spot consecrated to the sleeping martyr. We visited the shores of Plymouth the following day. There is nothing striking,

nothing bold, nothing grand; but what a grand history has been evolved out of the landing of the forty-one men with their families who stepped upon that modest rock in 1620! I was greatly disappointed as to the size of Plymouth Rock. I had expected to see an immense rock projecting into the sea, whereas it is apparently not more than four and a half feet square and several feet distant from the nearest water. It was protected by a monumental structure of the Doric order, the dome of which had four pediments crowned by sea-shells, all of solid granite. This monument rests upon a base which projected itself in the form of four distinct parallelograms, the angles of which were filled up with as many green plats of grass. There was no inscription upon it. The background of this monument was a hill some twenty feet high, whose escarpment was graded and swarded. Another monument in honor of the pilgrims was called Pilgrim Hall, in the court-yard of which was an irregular stone, on which was written "1620." This was protected by an iron railing in the form of an ellipse; this in turn was girded by festoons each of which bore the name of one of the pilgrims lettered in iron. A third monument—grandest of all commemorative of the pilgrim fathers—was in process of erection at that time on one of the highest hills in the town of Plymouth. From its top, to which we climbed by ladders, we had a fine view of the surrounding country, which arose westward and northward in abrupt undulations like the waves of a lake, higher and higher, till they seemed to touch the clouds, forming a bent edge, and producing the figure of a great ocean shell more than any thing else to which it might be compared.

The face of this scooped-out landscape was covered with wild shrubs, and seemed never to have been cultivated by civilized man, for only here and there could we see a human habitation. To the south and east lay the town of Plymouth, with its simple, old-fashioned houses and its narrow streets well shaded with elms, the favorite tree of New England. In the foreground moved the waters in Plymouth harbor, and still farther east Massachusetts Bay, and beyond rolled in one eternal movement the Atlantic, which those forty-one men with their families had traversed two hundred and fifty-seven years before to find an asylum from civil and religious persecution, to enjoy the benefits of free institutions. What events have followed in their wake! What a vast empire of free-men has been constructed from that little colony! Out of the wild wilderness—the habitation of nomadic savages—at their very landing-place has sprung up a forest of flourishing villages, towns, and cities, the abode of civilized men and devout Christians; and this little band has multiplied, spread, and received accessions until now we count them by the millions—at the very least 60,000,000—made up of all the races descended from Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

## Chapter XXVI.

### IN THE EAST—PRAYING BANDS.

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IN August I visited Princeton, and had an opportunity to view some of the buildings of the College of New Jersey. This venerable college will, in another twelve years, reach its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. At the time I was there the library struck me as the most remarkable among the buildings—a magnificent edifice, octagonal in form, and built of a variegated stone, with red granite columns decorating the door of entrance. Viewed from the highest windows of the scientific building, its roof is exceedingly beautiful. The scientific building contained a small museum of natural history, ample in American ornithology, but poor in other respects. The library of the theological department being separate from that of the college, we did not obtain admission to it. In my opinion Dr. Hodges, professor of theology, was the greatest theologian which America has yet produced, even as Dr. McCosh is the greatest philosopher that Scotland ever produced, and without doubt the greatest living metaphysician.\*

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\*His work on "Divine Government, Physical and Moral," gives a deep and lucid insight into the profoundest of all questions, excepting the wonderful plan of salvation. His

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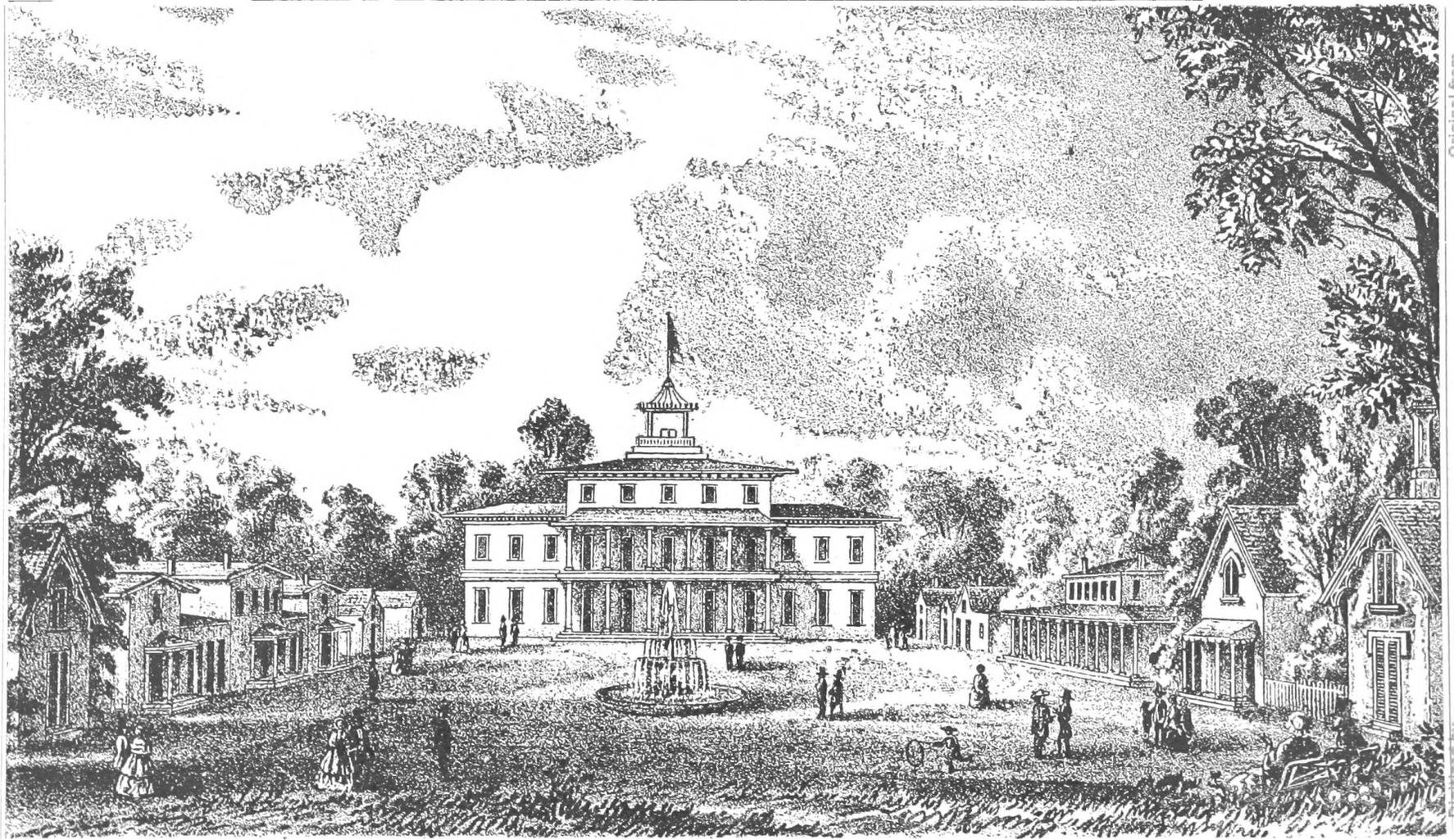
In September, with some friends, I set out for the Catskill Mountains. These mountains are said to be about three thousand feet above the level of the Hudson River. The precipice upon which the Mountain House was built is of fearful height. I prostrated myself in order that I might overlook it with impunity, and yet in one instance I felt a species of dizziness in my head. Pudding-stone Hall I found a very curious object, formed by the juxtaposition of several immense blocks of "pudding-stone," which seemed to have been cleft asunder by some terrible commotion of nature, and one passes through it by succes-

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"Typical Forms in Creation" is full of instruction concerning the divine plan of the physical universe—the great one thing so varied in form and color, in design and adaptation, as to be countless and seemingly contradictory, yet a single plan originated by one infinite Mind, changing and modifying every form and every color according to his unerring wisdom, yet never antagonizing himself by producing confusion in any of them. In his book on "The Emotions" he gives us an excellent anatomy and physiology of the human heart and the development of human character. The human mind has depths which no created being can fathom, and heights divine which no angelic wing can scale. But Dr. McCosh, in his profound work entitled the "Intuitions of the Mind," has attempted with gigantic strength to sound its hidden depths and scale its sublime heights with all the clearness possible for a mere man, and for the present state of intellectual science. I know of no book which can compare in depth and clearness with the "Intuitions of the Mind" but Dr. Laurens P. Hickok's "Rational Psychology." I now call the attention of young men whose intellects incline toward skepticism to read Dr. McCosh's small works entitled "The Development Hypothesis," and his "Reply to Tyn-dall." They are worthy of young men's careful study, especially those who think they are wiser than Moses.

sive flights of rugged stone steps formed by the hand of nature. The Fawn's Leap was also a remarkable spot for its depth and the clear pool of greenish water that flows from it, as well as for the deep glen, whose bottom was paved with blue stones and through which a streamlet flowed even at that dry season of the year. I learned later that this streamlet was fed by an inexhaustible pool. The glens of these mountains are numerous, narrow, deep, and darkened by overshadowing trees, deciduous and evergreen—the latter chiefly pines and hemlocks. Lichens, mosses, and wild flowers were the robes of the ponderous rocks that lined both the glens and the mountain-sides. This verdant mantle I found both curious and beautiful: the lichens varied, the beds of green moss deep and rich, and a beautiful layer of small ferns, as luxuriant as unique in beauty. Between the north and south mountain were two small lakes, in which scanty beds of water-lilies were growing. From the foot of these mountains a rugged but verdant plain eight miles wide and about fifty or sixty long spreads itself out toward the Hudson River. The day of our visit was cloudy, and therefore greatly detracted from the grandeur of the scene. The ascent of the mountain was slow and tiresome; its descent was rapid and dangerous. Slight accidents happened to both of the vehicles in which we were conveyed up and down. In descending the mountains we came to the Rip Van Winkle house, and the greater part of the party sat down in the chair where the legends say he sat and slept for twenty years. I found the colored people of the Catskills very poor.

It was my intention to be present at the dedication



THE ORIGINAL BUILDING OF WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY. BURNED APRIL 14, 1865. (See page 154.)

of the new building of Wilberforce that autumn, but owing to a mistake concerning the train at Philadelphia, Pa., and other reasons, I abandoned the idea and turned back to Brooklyn, N. Y.

During my stay in that city I made a visit to the Bible House in New York to see how Bibles are made. We were conducted through the establishment by a lad detailed for the purpose. We visited first of all the engine-room. Thence we ascended to the printing-room, where the Word of Life was printed, all of the operatives being women; thence we went to the drying-room, and in succession to the folding, stretching, gold-leafing, binding, finishing, and selling-rooms. Some of the operations were curious, others very delicate, as in the gold-leafing and the folding into permanent forms. This last was done both by hand and by machinery; the latter folded, cut, and packed into the book form in almost a minute of time. The folding by hand was slower and more tedious. In this case an instrument of horn, made like a paper-knife, was used to square the edges and to fold them one upon the other. The electrotyping-room was also very interesting and instructive. A layer of wax is spread out upon a plate; upon this the letters are impressed; then it is laid, or rather suspended, in a battery, and receives a deposit of copper bearing every type, word, and sentence; this is detached, and the back is filled up with lead, which gives firmness and stability to the plate. From this plate the copies are printed. In the last room, where the finish was being given by women, I could not but remark how proper it was that woman should be employed in that work, as she was

the one who first brought death into the world, and now her hands were aiding in the distribution of the word of eternal life.

In October I attended the anniversary of the Historical and Literary Association of the New Jersey Conference at Burlington, where the exercises were very interesting, exhibiting much progress. I found the Church in a prosperous spiritual condition, and the Church property a good one. The same was true of Mount Holly. I then made a rapid trip home, where a meeting of the trustees of the school arranged to comply with the terms upon which we were to receive the ten thousand dollars from the Avery estate, and again went on East, where in December I heard for the first time those remarkable evangelists, Moody and Sankey.

In January, 1878, I assisted at the crowning, successful effort to pay off eight thousand dollars for our beautiful and convenient chapel at Trenton, N. J., within thirteen months after its dedication. Our white friends manifested a lively interest in the matter; indeed, we only speak the truth when we say they gave us this chapel, because I believe that our own people gave but a little over one thousand dollars. We had to thank our Presbyterian friends especially, who gave us about one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars.

The Board of Missions met a few days following this to consider the affairs of the Mission in Hayti, and to decide certain questions submitted to us by St. Peter's Church in that island. We had raised one thousand dollars within twelve months for the support of this Mission, and several hundred dollars for

the traveling expenses of the missionary and his heroic wife.

In May it was my privilege to visit the Sunday-school of Old Bethel, in Philadelphia, and at a meeting of the Sunday-school teachers I conducted responsive reading of the First and Second Psalms of David. I showed them how England had become great by habitually making her people read the Scriptures on Sunday in the great congregations; and how the colored race, who had been oppressed for centuries through ignorance and superstition, might become intelligent, Christian, and powerful through the enlightening and sanctifying influences of the word of God. I also stated that thereafter, by my orders, every pastor occupying the pulpit of Bethel should make responsive readings of the Holy Scriptures a part of the public worship. Bethel Church about this time had set about furnishing the music-room at our university, which they completed by June.

I have mentioned the "Praying and Singing Bands" elsewhere. The strange delusion that many ignorant but well-meaning people labor under leads me to speak particularly of them. About this time I attended a "bush meeting," where I went to please the pastor whose circuit I was visiting. After the sermon they formed a ring, and with coats off sung, clapped their hands and stamped their feet in a most ridiculous and heathenish way. I requested the pastor to go and stop their dancing. At his request they stopped their dancing and clapping of hands, but remained singing and rocking their bodies to and fro. This they did for about fifteen minutes. I then went, and taking their leader by the arm requested him to

desist and to sit down and sing in a rational manner. I told him also that it was a heathenish way to worship and disgraceful to themselves, the race, and the Christian name. In that instance they broke up their ring; but would not sit down, and walked sullenly away. After the sermon in the afternoon, having another opportunity of speaking alone to this young leader of the singing and clapping ring, he said: "Sinners won't get converted unless there is a ring." Said I: "You might sing till you fell down dead, and you would fail to convert a single sinner, because nothing but the Spirit of God and the word of God can convert sinners." He replied: "The Spirit of God works upon people in different ways. At camp-meeting there must be a ring here, a ring there, a ring over yonder, or sinners will not get converted." This was his idea, and it is also that of many others. These "Bands" I have had to encounter in many places, and, as I have stated in regard to my early labors in Baltimore, I have been strongly censured because of my efforts to change the mode of worship or modify the extravagances indulged in by the people. In some cases all that I could do was to teach and preach the right, fit, and proper way of serving God. To the most thoughtful and intelligent I usually succeeded in making the "Band" disgusting; but by the ignorant masses, as in the case mentioned, it was regarded as the essence of religion. So much so was this the case that, like this man, they believed no conversion could occur without their agency, nor outside of their own ring could any be a genuine one. Among some of the songs of these "Rings," or "Fist and Heel Worshipers," as they have been called, I find a

note of two in my journal, which were used in the instance mentioned. As will be seen, they consisted chiefly of what are known as "corn-field ditties:"

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
If God won't have us, the devil must.

"I was way over there where the coffin fell;  
I heard that sinner as he screamed in hell."

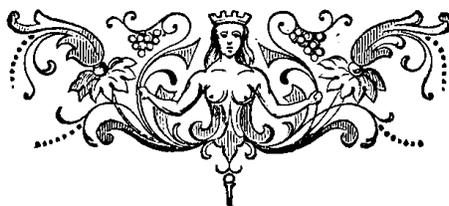
To indulge in such songs from eight to ten and half-past ten at night was the chief employment of these "Bands." Prayer was only a secondary thing, and this was rude and extravagant to the last degree. The man who had the most powerful pair of lungs was the one who made the best prayer, and he could be heard a square off. He who could sing loudest and longest led the "Band," having his loins girded and a handkerchief in hand with which he kept time, while his feet resounded on the floor like the drumsticks of a bass drum. In some places it was the custom to begin these dances after every night service and keep it up till midnight, sometimes singing and dancing alternately—a short prayer and a long dance. Some one has even called it the "Voodoo Dance." I have remonstrated with a number of pastors for permitting these practices, which vary somewhat in different localities, but have been invariably met with the response that he could not succeed in restraining them, and an attempt to compel them to cease would simply drive them away from our Church. I suppose that with the most stupid and headstrong it is an incurable religious disease, but it is with me a question whether it would not be better to let such people go out of the Church than remain in it to perpetuate their evil practice and thus do two things: disgrace

the Christian name and corrupt others. Any one who knows human nature must infer the result after such midnight practices to be that the day after they are unfit for labor, and that at the end of the dance their exhaustion would render them an easy prey to Satan. These meetings must always be more damaging physically, morally, and religiously than beneficial. How needful it is to have an intelligent ministry to teach these people who hold to this ignorant mode of worship the true method of serving God. And my observations lead me to the conclusion that we need more than an intelligent ministry to cure this religious fanaticism. We need a host of Christian reformers like St. Paul, who will not only speak against these evils, but who will also resist them, even if excommunication be necessary. The time is at hand when the ministry of the A. M. E. Church must drive out this heathenish mode of worship or drive out all the intelligence, refinement, and practical Christians who may be in her bosom.

So far from being in harmony with the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, it antagonizes his holy religion. And what is most deplorable, some of our most popular and powerful preachers labor systematically to perpetuate this fanaticism. Such preachers never rest till they create an excitement that consists in shouting, jumping, and dancing. I say systematically do they preach to produce such results, and just as systematically do they avoid the trial of persons accused of swindling, drunkenness, embezzling, and the different forms of adultery. I deliberately record that which I know, and am prepared if necessary to prove.

To these sensational and recreant preachers I recommend the careful and prayerful study of the text: "To the unknown God, whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." (Acts xvii. 23.) The preachers against whom I make this record are intensely religious, but grossly immoral. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

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## Chapter XXVII.

### GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1880.

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**D**URING this year and the following (1879), in addition to my regular work, which took me from home much of the time, and the daily reading and study which for years have formed a part of each day's labor, I took upon my shoulders the raising of money with which to purchase for Wilberforce the museum already referred to. Then at the opening of 1880 I spent much time in efforts to obtain an effective hearing in the Senate of the United States in behalf of the same institution—preparing petitions and visiting parties in regard to the bill which had been brought before Congress, giving the unclaimed bounty money of colored soldiers to educational institutions for that race. This effort had been twice made in Congress, but in both cases Wilberforce was excluded.\* This work, with my episcopal duties and continued endeavors to meet coming obligations in regard to the museum, and my labor upon my papers "Upon the Nature and the Functions of the Government of the A. M. E. Church," kept my hands full up to the sitting of the General Conference of 1880 in St. Louis, Mo.

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\* Later the whole proved to be a fallacious representation, and no one received aid.

This the sixteenth General Conference convened in St. Paul's Church, in that city, May 3. Bishop Campbell read the bishops' quadrennial address. At this meeting we received for the first time in our history fraternal delegates from the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England, one of whom made in his speech a very suggestive remark, saying: "We hail you as fruit of the past, and as seed of the remarkable future." This struck me forcibly, as it must all who reflect for a moment. There was also present an agent from the M. E. Church, South, who represented the purpose of that Church to erect a monumental Church in Savannah, Ga., as a fitting monument to Wesley. One argument which he advanced as a reason that all Methodist Churches should assist in this object was that Wesley never had a parish outside of Savannah, Ga.; when he left that, he went out to claim the world as his parish. The Conference voted to raise one thousand dollars for that purpose.\*

Interesting remarks were also made by a fraternal delegate from Ireland. After stating that he found there was a great difference between the reading of a thing and seeing it, that it was a good thing to know how little we do know, he confessed that reading had given him no idea of the strength and greatness of Methodism in this country. He then added a word concerning the "Green Isle," speaking of the difficulties of Methodism there, and stating that it had twenty-five thousand followers. He assured the Con-

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\* The committee appointed to execute this order failed to do its duty, and in order to meet the obligation honorably the amount was raised and paid over by three of the bishops—H. M. Turner, W. F. Dickerson, and D. A. Payne.

ference of their interest in the A. M. E. Church from the time they first knew of its existence; predicted a grand future for it; invited all who came to the Ecumenical Conference to visit Ireland, assuring them of a hundred thousand welcomes, and closed with reference to the fact that work done for God faileth not.

The fraternal delegate from the British Methodist Episcopal Church said, in the course of his remarks: "We love the mother Church; we evidenced that fact in not making much of a change in our name." He said: "Mother, you have the "A," but we shall not go very far; we will take the "B"—"British M. E. Church,"—so that no one can come between us and our mother." He also showed that the West India Islands are a grand missionary field. A high compliment was paid to the episcopal activity of Bishop Nazrey, who, when being asked upon his death-bed what should be said to the brethren, replied: "Tell them I die at my post." One important point had been gained by that Church. In one of the islands the local courts declared a marriage by one of its ministers to be null and void, claiming that only a clergyman of the Established Church was competent to perform the ceremony. This was confirmed by a higher court, but on appeal to the authorities in Canada, the decision by the Governor-general was that the B. M. E. Church was a branch of the A. M. E. Church of the United States, and as that Church was regularly recognized by that Government, the B. M. E. clergymen were competent to perform such a ceremony. Thus they gained in one year what it took the Wesleyan Church in England forty-five years to

accomplish. At the time of this General Conference the B. M. E. Church had three missionaries—one in Bermuda, where six churches had been built in ten years; one in St. Thomas, where there was a large Church; and a mission in another island.

Reference having so often been made to the B. M. E. Church as our "elder" or "eldest daughter," I took occasion to say that in our case there was no such thing as "elder" or "eldest daughter;" there was only *one daughter*, and (pointing to the B. M. E. delegate) her representative sat there. Again, when a mother had three children her affections were divided, but when only one all were centered on that one; such was our case.

Bishop Dizney made some remarks showing a disposition to unite with us, and one of our bishops (H. M. Turner) moved that if the commission of our Church and the B. M. E. Church agreed on co-operation or organic union, it should be submitted to the Annual Conferences, and that a majority vote should make it binding, so that we would not have to wait for the next General Conference. Thus the first step was taken toward our present situation. As a reason for such a union Dr. B. T. Tanner endeavored to show that the word "African" could unite all of the colored people on the continent, including all the West India Islands.

Delegates were appointed to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in London the following year, and three additional bishops were elected, in the following order: Revs. H. M. Turner, William F. Dickerson, and R. H. Cain. Appropriations were also made for our schools, which were in working order, as well as for

the projected one in Florida. This was done through the leadership of the last elected bishop. Large appropriations were made, amounting to about two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid within the next quadrennium. It all proved to be little more than paper-work.

The General Conference of 1880 was the tenth in which it had been my privilege by divine Providence to sit. In many respects it differed from all others preceding it. As to its composition there was a larger amount of intelligence that entered into it than any previous one. There was also a larger amount of business tact. While this was true, there was an extravagance of legislation disgraceful to all concerned.\*

I was appointed to the Second District for the ensuing four years. I then expected, and so expressed myself, that the meeting of another General Conference would find my seat vacant. I am now con-

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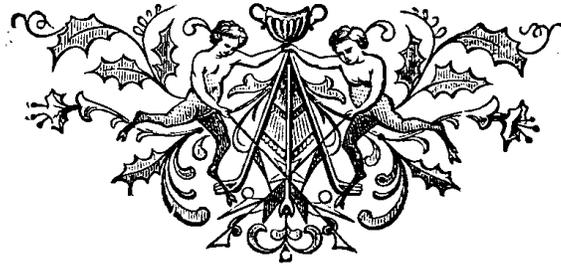
\*There was also a spirit of contention and strife manifested by many of the young men, who for the first time had a seat in the General Conference, that was shameful to contemplate. They seemed to think that they were in an assembly of rabid politicians. This spirit of contention and strife often burst out in such vociferous sentences as compelled people outside in the streets to stand and listen with astonishment, wondering at what was going on within the house consecrated to the holy religion of the Prince of Peace. These young men were from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. No respect for age and experience, no respect for authority, no respect for the Discipline which they had vowed to obey, and no respect for the word of God could induce them to think clearly and with penetration into the future. They had made up their minds to do this and to have that, be the consequences conservative or destructive.

strained to cry out, "Well! well! well!" in astonishment at finding myself not only having met another such assembly, but, though feeble, to have seen more than two years of another quadrennium pass over my head. Surely the Lord has been very gracious to me.

Our educational interests were becoming so scattered that the following spring (1881) I prepared an "Appeal to the Common Sense of the Clergy and Laity of the A. M. E. Church," hoping to convince them of the impossibility and danger of attempting to establish and support so many educational institutions. I spent a portion of this time endeavoring to raise the necessary funds to liquidate the last of my indebtedness on the museum for Wilberforce. This was my final effort to raise the sum; I abandoned the attempt after this, and paid the amount lacking (about \$300) myself.

June brought me westward to attend the Bishops' Council, and to comply with the invitation to deliver the annual sermon at Wilberforce University. I found the condition of our educational affairs warranting my alarm and justifying my appeal. And here I will say that I can think only of four ways by which institutions of learning of a high order can be established—such as colleges, universities, and theological seminaries. These are: 1. By royal decree and unlimited power to execute it. 2. By the legislation of a democratic, republican, or aristocratic government, with constitutional power to enforce its enactments. 3. By the united energies of an intelligent, educated, Christian denomination having sufficient wisdom to see the necessity of concentration and unity. 4. By

the munificence of rich individuals, whose tact, pluck, and wisdom will enable him or her to employ the men and the measures needed to secure success. Where all these are lacking there can be no successful effort.



## Chapter XXVIII.

### SECOND TRIP TO EUROPE.

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MY time was fully occupied up to the day I made my departure for London and the Ecumenical Conference as one of the delegates of the A. M. E. Church. I sailed on the "Egypt" July 9. The voyage was in every way uneventful, and on the morning of the 19th we saw the rugged outlines of Ireland, rendered dim by the heavy mist that hung over it. The next morning we arrived at Liverpool. In the *Mercury* of that morning I read that the Wesleyan Methodist Conference opened the day before, and that afternoon I visited it, where I was agreeably surprised to meet Dr. Clark, of Georgia, the agent of the Monumental Wesleyan Church to be built in Savannah, Ga.

Two days later I left for London. There I met two distinguished friends at a reunion held at Mrs. Jobson's, the widow of my old friend, Dr. Frederick J. Jobson. And here I must diverge to pay my tribute to one of the noblest specimens of what a Christian gentleman and minister ought to be, whom I had the happiness to become acquainted with while in Europe. He was of medium size and slightly corpulent; generous and catholic in his spirit toward persons of other denominations than his own; a man of varied

accomplishments—for he was an architect and a painter in oil and water colors. I saw many specimens of his skill in oil upon the walls of his home, and his genial and dignified widow exhibited to me a large volume of his aptness in water-colors, representing scenes in foreign lands which had been witnessed by himself and his wife in their repeated visits to the continent. As a pulpit orator his qualities were of the noblest kind. I quote from Dr. Pope's memorial address: "There are many types of fervor. Dr. Jobson's was a noble one. He had all the elements that go to the preparation of a Christian orator; he had a good intellect, fairly trained; his sensibilities were exquisitely susceptible and ready to be played on through the entire range of emotion, from the light gleam of the humorous up to the wildest passion—I fill up the sentence as an act of justice, for it would be a great mistake to think that our departed preacher was only an enthusiast, carried away by strong impulse. Far from it. In the judgment of many he was one of the most cool, clear-headed, shrewd, and unimpassioned ministers who ever composed a sermon. In fact, he was an artist, and not the less such because he was under the influence of the Spirit; he was under the influence of the Spirit, and not the less so because he was an artist." And in this connection let me tell the reader how Dr. Jobson was led to a personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus. I state it in the words of Dr. Pope: "He carried a load of anxiety long, and found no relief. One day, however, while painting a picture of the Saviour standing before Pilate, his thoughts were suddenly and strongly directed to the former; he was led to

study the gospel narrative of the crucifixion, to meditate upon it and revolve it in his mind, until there sprung up in his heart the persuasion that he who hung upon the cross, One for all, hung there on his account, and died to give him life. He never afterward wavered in his devotion; with more or less intensity and fervor he was the Lord's forever." Five of his works are in my library. Two of the most interesting are: "A Mother's Portrait," which is a tribute of his own grateful heart to the sainted parent who brought him into the world; and a small volume entitled "Saving Truths." After a brilliant and successful career as an itinerant preacher the Doctor filled two of the most important positions in the gift of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church—those of President of the Conference and of Book Steward. In this latter office he spent fifteen years of his very useful life, leaving the "impress of his genius" upon almost "every thing pertaining to it."

From London I went to Canterbury to visit the cathedral. The country on my journey was like a great garden, in the midst of which many villages arise. The Cathedral of Canterbury and its environs are rich in mediæval history. At Canterbury British Christianity was born and cradled. There the British bishopric was founded by Gregory the Great, through the agency of St. Augustine,\* who was constituted its first bishop and its first archbishop. Augustine was also empowered by Pope Gregory the Great to establish twelve bishoprics in England, and given authority to constitute any one of these twelve the Metropolitan

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\*The Italian monk, and not St. Augustine of Hippo, in Africa.

of York. The Archbishop of Canterbury also justly enjoyed the prerogative of crowning the kings of England.

These historic facts will make the reader understand why Archbishop Becket was offended when in France he was informed that Roger, Archbishop of York, had crowned King Henry II. Regarding this act of Roger and his associates, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Salisbury, as an infringement upon his office, he procured authority to suspend the Archbishop of York and to "revive" a former excommunication of the bishops of London and Salisbury, who had assisted in the coronation. King Henry II. naturally entered into practical sympathy with the dignitaries who had crowned him. These three bishops immediately left England, and arriving in France, proceeded to the palace and reported to the king the facts concerning their humiliation by Becket. Henry became enraged, because he felt that in suspending the Archbishop of York and the other bishops his own crown and scepter were insulted. So in the midst of his fury he exclaimed: "A fellow that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me; a fellow that I loaded with benefits dares insult the king and the whole royal family and tramples on the whole kingdom; a fellow that came to court on a lame horse, with a cloak for a saddle, sits without hindrance on the throne itself." "What sluggard wretches!" he burst forth again and again. "What cowards have I brought up in my court, who care nothing for their allegiance to their master! Not one will deliver me from this low-born priest!" These fateful words acted like magnetism on four knights who were among

his courtiers.\* They conspired to rid Henry of the insolent Becket. They crossed the British channel, arrived in Canterbury, and found their way into the bed-room of the archbishop, who was conversing with the monks, his particular friends. An angry dialogue took place, which grew more and more violent, until both parties became furious, when the blood-thirsty knights rushed out to arm themselves. Before their return the faithful monks forced him to take refuge in the cathedral, ascend and seize the horns of the "high altar," where, it was supposed, his enemies would not dare to touch him. But the assassins overtook him in the transept near a central pillar, and with three blows from their drawn swords they brought him down on his knees, then "flat on his face." "In this posture he received from Richard the Breton" the fourth and last blow. "The stroke was aimed with such violence that the crown, or scalp, of the head was severed from the skull." Hugh Horsea, who had joined the knights, "planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement." "Let us go, let us go," he said; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

To strangers visiting Canterbury Cathedral the guide points out the spot where the archbishop fell with these words on his lips: "For the name of Jesus and defense of the Church I am willing to die." He was no coward. He followed his honest convictions even unto death by martyrdom by assassins, with the power of the throne behind them. Unarmed and

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\* Their names were Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Brez.

surrounded by his murderers, he dared to say: "When the rights of the Church are violated I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the king the things that are the king's, but to God the things that are God's." How he was buried, how canonized, how his shrine was visited annually by pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, during a period of three hundred years, are graphically described by Dean Stanley in his work entitled "Historical Memorials of Canterbury," to which the reader is referred.

From Canterbury I set out for Paris; to find myself again among old friends.\* One of my first calls was

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\*But not all; for some had finished their earthly career, and had gone to enter upon a more glorious one in the heavens, among whom was Dr. Valette, the instructor of several of the princes of Europe, who was in 1867-8 at the head of the Lutheran Church in France. He was a grand old man, with a large heart full of the catholic spirit of Luther. In his home I spent many pleasant evenings with his interesting daughter, who was always anxious to learn something about the women of America—how they lived, what were their privileges, what their rights, and how they used them? To this Christian home my dear, sainted brother gave me a standing invitation. To his house of worship he also frequently invited me, and with him I enjoyed the divine blessings. On one of these occasions, to which I had a special invitation, he confirmed about twelve young ladies. They were all arrayed in spotless white. The house, or chapel, in which this ceremony took place had been a convent, built doubtless near the close or immediately after the mediæval age. Another sainted friend, who had finished the holy war against the Satanic hosts, and had gone to wear the victor's crown, was the Rev. Emile Cook, whose father was one of Wesley's missionaries to the Romanized French people. While Brother Cook's father was English, his mother was French; therefore he spoke the French and the English with equal facility.

upon Professor Quatrefages, whom I found in his library. He gave me his last ethnological work—"L'Espece Humaine"—in which he wrote his name. I was pleased to receive it, as I had been paying much attention to another work of his for many years—"Rapport sur les Progres de l'Anthropologie."\* I spent but a few days in Paris, but found time to re-visit hastily the places which had so interested me in my previous sojourn there. With my interest in natural history still unabated, I visited the Zoological Garden, where my attention was drawn to a species of sheep from Abyssinia, which was both new to me and equally curious. Their bodies were covered with perfectly white hair, their necks and heads were black; they were without horns, and their tails were very short, while the hinder part of the animal was very fleshy. They were of ordinary size, and very pretty animals. The antelope from Senegal was also very pretty. It was unlike any other antelope which I have seen.

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See an account of his visit to my evergreen cottage at Wilberforce, O. Then, there were my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moindron, with whom I boarded for about three months, near the "Palais Napoleon." Mr. Moindron was a man of few words, who seldom spoke unless he was addressed. But Mrs. Moindron was communicative. She had spent some time in England, and spoke the English fluently. She had a sweet voice—not powerful, but melodious—performed well on the piano, and always made her guests happy with the holy songs of Mount Zion. Her favorite song was *Quel Amour* ("O What Love!"). To hear her sing, accompanied by the piano, was to me a divine joy.

\*I am now engaged in reading another work of this great anthropologist entitled "Les Polynesiens et leurs Migrations," which is equally instructive.

From Paris I returned direct to Canterbury, where I attended the cathedral service. I cannot say that I enjoyed it, because, in the first place, I could not follow the chanting, for every thing was chanted, even the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed; and in the second place, I could not understand the order of the services, the officiating priests seeming to skip about from point to point. At St. Martin's Church I saw what is said to be the tomb of Queen Bertha. She sleeps very near the altar. The tomb is very simple and altogether inornate—too much so, I might say, for one of her historical importance. Other ancient tombs were there also—some in the form of the Egyptian sarcophagus. As that day was a day of sight-seeing, I rode thence to St. Augustine's Abbey. The original building was all in ruins, with only portions of the wall still standing. The new wing of the abbey was in good condition. This was used for a training-college for missionaries. From the founding of the college up to that year a noble band of five hundred had gone from its cloisters to the very ends of the earth.

From Canterbury I went to London again, and a few days later to Harrowgate to preach for the pastor, whom I had met at the Wesleyan Conference in Liverpool, and who then begged me to go there and fill the pulpit for him at this time. I was accompanied the next morning by a layman of the Church to the chief of the Wesleyan chapels in that "Saratoga of England." This chapel had a debt of one hundred and twenty pounds sterling hanging over its beautiful organ. I assisted at three efforts to liquidate this debt. Though I was very feeble and utterly unfit to

speak in public, especially to a strange audience, I did the best which my weakness allowed. A Christian gentleman of the congregation, entering into sympathy with my great weakness, called upon me while I was at dinner, and told me that he could relieve me if I would take his remedy, which I was glad to receive. It was homeopathic, and had the effect of a charm, relieving me instantly; so that at night I spoke with the strength and energy of my early manhood, everybody wondering at the difference between the sermon of the morning and that of the evening. The following day was one of great interest. Four of my English friends took me to the magnificent park of the Marquis of Ripon, to see the ruins of the famous Monastery of Fountains. This park required twenty-five years to complete it. Its grandeur and beauty can only be realized by a visit to it and a promenade through it. The undulating surface, the graceful escarpments of the hills, the artificial lakes, the statuary, and exquisite shrubbery (especially evergreens) made it one of the most enjoyable spots on earth. The famous Monastery of Fountains was so called because it was located in a small valley about three miles west of the town of Ripon, where springs of water bubbled from the ground around it, from which circumstance the monks who inhabited it gave it the name of the Abbey or Monastery of Fountains. This monastery was founded in 1132 by Archbishop Thurston, of York. The echo produced by a cavity at the base of an unhewn rock and a point in the opposite ruins of the Abbey is one of the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind which I have ever witnessed.\*

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\* Standing by the cavity of this unhewn rock, and speaking

Every thing connected with my visit to these ruins, even my emotions and reflections, were exceedingly interesting and unique.

The Springs of Harrowgate were also very interesting. The waters were sulphur, saline chalybeate, and pure chalybeate. The sulphur-baths were also very luxurious and refreshing.

It has been said that English women have no interest in the affairs of their country, but one morning after family worship I listened to and shared in a conversation of the English boarders concerning the political and educational affairs of the government and the people. No group of American ladies could have exhibited more interest in the republic than did these in England. An elderly maiden-lady led the conversation. She belonged to the Conservative party of the time, and was opposed to Mr Gladstone, the Premier at that time. When I suggested his fitness for the position, and told her that by Americans he was considered the greatest statesman in Europe, she concluded her remarks with the illogical exclamation: "Well, he is better fitted to go and take care of his wife, who is ill with erysipelas."

While at Harrowgate I received a kind invitation from Rev. James Rae, a Scotch Presbyterian minis-

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to a friend in an ordinary tone of voice, from the ruins of the abbey our speech was echoed with such startling force as to make us feel as though the spirit of one of the departed monks was mocking our utterances. Several sarcophagi were pointed out, said to be the casements of abbots who in their day were the governors of the monastery. These ancient ruins of the mediæval age are considered so sacred that a noble lady of large fortuné has put a portion of them in a state of preservation.

ter, to spend a Sabbath in his elegant home at Sunderland, and preach to his flock. Sunderland looks directly upon the German Ocean, and is noted for its high cliffs. I lectured there to a large and attentive audience on "What I have seen of the past and present condition of the southern portions of the United States."

From Sunderland I went to Glasgow, and the morning following my arrival I sailed up the Clyde about thirty miles in company with several friends, returning to Glasgow in the evening. The scenery on the Clyde reminded me much of our noble Hudson in its natural *contour*. I think it fully equal to the Hudson; and in the multiplicity of its beautiful towns and cities, in my judgment, it surpasses the Hudson. The still perfect castles and the ruins of ancient ones add to the grandeur of the scene.

From Glasgow I went to Edinburgh to deliver a letter of introduction to the husband of the daughter of Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer. I then went to York, the seat of the Archbishop of York, where the cathedral was the leading point of interest—said to be larger than that of Canterbury.\*

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\* York is a walled city, said to have been built by the Romans after they had conquered Britain, now called England. From one of its gates the traveler can ascend by steps and promenade these walls, from which he has a fine view of the surrounding country. On these walls I came into social contact with several learned and communicative foreigners. In York you will find an interesting museum, a large portion of which contains the countless presents given to the Prince of Wales in his tour around the globe. They consist of domestic utensils and martial instruments made of copper, silver,

I arrived in London from York in four hours, a distance of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, in the rain. And how it rained! It did nothing but rain! Pleasant letters from home awaited me, and as the weather continued unpleasant I postponed until morning a search for my colleagues and other delegates from America to the Ecumenical Conference.

My first view of the Salvation Army was at their chapel, where I listened to their utterances for one hour. The exercises consisted chiefly of singing and telling their own personal experiences, intermingled with music from one fiddle, a tambourine, and nine brass instruments, after which they invited seekers of religion to kneel at the altar. Then followed five or six prayers.\* On my way to my lodgings I met three distinct groups of persons conducting religious worship on the streets. They were led by young men and women. And so the Lord of the harvest scatters seed along the highway. O that none could fall on stony ground!

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and gold, among which were several table-cloths, whose texture was interwoven with threads of silver and gold. The gifts presented General Ex-president Grant by the dignitaries of the globe could be exhibited on a large table, but those given to the oldest son of Queen Victoria require immense halls to contain them. General Grant represented the young republic; the Prince of Wales represented the British Empire, upon which the sun never sets. A magnificent oil-painting representing Queen Victoria, her children, and grand-children, taken as large as life, is also to be seen in this museum at York.

\* Every thing about this meeting had a strange and unique appearance, for even one of its members rose up with a banjo in his hands and played it as a bass accompaniment, while he sung a sacred solo.

## Chapter XXIX.

### ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE—TRICENNIAL.

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THE morning of September 6, which I spent at a breakfast given at Exeter Hall by the Religious Tract Society to the delegates of the Ecumenical Conference, I reckon among the most interesting social events of my life. We listened to an abstract of the report of the Secretary, pending the first part of the breakfast. This gave a very interesting account of the work. After this two gentlemen connected with the Society in India gave us brief statements of its operations in that country. These were followed by brief remarks in order from Bishop Simpson, the Lord Mayor of London, Dr. Osborne, the President of the Conference; Rev. William Arthur; Dr. Coke, of the New Connexion Methodists; Bishop McTyeire, of the Methodist Church, South; a representative of the Primitive Methodists, and myself. Singing and prayer preceded all. After a most enjoyable time the benediction was pronounced, and the brethren shook hands and departed. In company with some of our delegates from America, we spent the remainder of the day sight-seeing at Windsor Castle.

The next morning our own dear Bishop Simpson preached the inaugural sermon of the Conference at 10:30 A.M. His text was John vi. 63: "The words

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that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." The treatment was scientific, philosophic, and evangelic. I think that it made a profound impression on a very large and attentive audience.

It was a busy time for me up to the 20th, on the evening of which the august body held its last meeting. I presided over the love-feast at the Prince of Wales Chapel one evening; preached at Lady Marguerite Road Chapel in the morning of the first Sunday, and on the second Sabbath gave an account to the Wesleyan Church at Tunbridge Wells of God's educational work among the freedmen, reviewing a period of fifty years. In the evening of the same day I gave them an account of the political, industrial, and social condition of the freedmen. On the fifth day of the meeting I fulfilled my part on the programme by reading my paper on the "Relation of Methodism to the Temperance Movement," and at one of the morning sessions it was my duty, by appointment of the committee, to preside over the deliberations of the Conference. How I discharged this honor let others say. The social pleasures of these days were very enjoyable. Private dinners and teas were given, at which I met various members; but the crowning social event of the occasion was the reception given by the Lady Mayoress of London and her brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander McArthur. This, I regret to say, I did not attend, as after dressing I was kept waiting so long for my carriage that when it did come it was too late for the appointed hour, and I remained at home. A meeting especially abounding with greetings of fraternal feelings, sympathy, and congratulations was the one at Exeter Hall to

receive the deputies of many non-Methodist Christians—United Brethren, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and the Bible Christians. To me this meeting seemed like a prophecy of the near future, when all of God's children will see eye to eye and speak as the tongue of one man.

In the midst of all I tried to find time to visit, or rather revisit, points of interest with brother delegates and other friends. One of these of especial interest was Dore's Art Gallery, where we saw some most beautiful paintings on scriptural subjects. Jesus descending from the *pretorium*, Jesus within the *pretorium*, Jesus on the way to Calvary, and Jesus arisen were all masterpieces of beauty and sublimity. The soldiers of the cross, the battle of Ascalon, the martyrs, the angel warning Herod's wife in a dream, and Moses before Pharaoh were also fine, belonging to the grand, the magnificent.

During the sitting of the Conference the sad news of President Garfield's assassination was cabled to London. All the American delegates were immediately called together, and a committee appointed to draw up resolutions of sympathy, upon which committee my name was placed by Bishop Simpson. The sad tidings threw a gloom over all, especially over the American delegates.

I left London for Liverpool to take the steamer "Erin" for New York the morning of September 21. There I found a half-dozen others who had also taken passage on the same vessel. One of them placed in my hands a printed copy of my essay from the editor for correction, which I did in time to mail before sailing. We left Liverpool under a cloudless sky. The

night was cool yet bland, the stars shone out with splendor, and I promenaded the deck until after 9 P.M., when I was the first to retire of the four passengers in the state-room. A day or so out, the sea became rough, affecting a remarkably large number with seasickness. The sky remained clear a portion of the time, the sun shining brightly. I never saw the sea so rough under so clear a sky. The waves rose to such a height that the horizon seemed to be not more than forty or fifty feet distant from the stern of the steamer. Every wave was crested with foam. For several days this continued; sometimes the steamer rolling so fearfully and violently, the undulating billows rising up into such high and steep liquid hills, the ship ascending and descending, rolling into the intervening valleys, that every thing movable was thrown down; dishes had to be confined in grooves, and we could not remain on our seats. It seemed as though the vessel would throw up her keel, and empty herself of her living cargo of eight hundred souls. We encountered about a week of this disagreeable motion, when gradually the ocean became calm, and the steamer glided so easily over the short-crested waves that the motion was scarcely felt. This, however, lasted only for a few hours, and the whole scene again changed. A thick fog blew from the west, hiding the sun; the motion of the ship was checked, and every five minutes the whistle was heard like a mad bull groaning out, as a warning to other vessels. The passengers, who an hour before had all been on deck basking in the sunlight and drinking in the balmy breath of the atmosphere, were seeking shelter in the saloons. What a picture of individual life!

The first Sunday out I approached the captain in regard to divine service. He replied by saying: "I attend to that myself." Accordingly at the usual hour the bell was rung, and as many as desired assembled in the saloon. He read the Liturgy of the Church of England, and abruptly left the saloon. The following Sunday he did a little more--staying to join in the singing of several of Sankey's songs; but he never invited any one to preach, although there were at least four colored clergymen on board, two of whom were bishops.

The 4th of October we were in New York harbor. I separated from my companions in New York, and went to Baltimore, where I preached the following Sunday, and spoke to the Sunday-school. On the night after I was up late, caused not only by organizing an historical and literary society at Ebenezer, but by the distance to my lodgings, and the difficulty of passing through the city thronged by crowds of citizens and strangers who were celebrating the fete of the "Oriole Demonstration" in honor of the completion of the new water-works of Baltimore. Tuesday night I again retired late, and traveled all Wednesday night; lost my noonday rest on Friday and Saturday, so that the following Sabbath, which found me at home, also found me too prostrated by my exertions to attend church, still less to preach, as had been desired. But sufficient rest restored me, and I was soon enabled to look after the business at home demanding my attention.

In November I went to Raleigh, N. C., to open my work in the Second District, and the spring following found me in Charleston, S. C., the city of my

birth. I was anxious to learn of the progress in the schools, and visited that of Morris Street, which I found very interesting, well instructed, and well governed. I learned then that about five hundred thousand dollars was raised by the State for educational purposes, of which the county of Charleston raised one hundred thousand; yet notwithstanding this fact one hundred thousand boys and girls attended no school; four thousand children in the county attended no school. The pupils were asked if they understood their relation to this mass of ignorance, to the vices and crimes resulting from it. In two schools which I visited there were two thousand and ten pupils, with thirty-eight teachers. A visit to the public schools of Norfolk, Va., a short time after, convinced me that these schools are improving the rising generation, preparing it to take a higher rank in society, and to be more intelligent and useful citizens than the parents.

It had been stated by one of the fraternal delegates at the General Conference of 1880 that the tendency of the age was union, and the regularity with which the subject of unification of the A. M. E. Church with other colored Churches came up would seem to verify this statement. That of our Church and the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America had been discussed at one of the meetings of our bishops, and a committee had been appointed to interview their bishops, which resulted in the call for a meeting of both in Baltimore, April, 1882. So hither I went, but there was but one of their bishops present, and we were unable to do any thing but express views, which seemed quite unanimous for unification, as

there was no difference in doctrine or in government between the two bodies.

On the 11th of May we left Baltimore for New York to attend the exercises which had been decided upon to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of my episcopacy. Bishop Brown, who was to deliver the address of welcome, was not there, and Bishop Dickerson was substituted, who delivered a short but beautiful and apt speech. A sketch of myself was given by Rev. W. H. Hunter, which was concise, lucid, and comprehensive. Papers relative to our work and progress were read the following evening. Saturday the 13th was the anniversary day proper. An excellent dinner was served in the afternoon, at which a number of guests sat down. After dinner toasts were read and convivial speeches made. At night essays were read. The Sunday following was an ever-to-be-remembered day. I preached my triennial discourse, and it led me to treat as a subject to be considered "Domestic Education the Highest Duty of the Parent and the Citizen." In the afternoon, after an eloquent discourse by Rev. C. S. Smith, we partook of the Lord's Supper. That day completed the labors of those who had gathered together to celebrate the occasion.

That a valuable amount of information respecting the extension of the A. M. E. Church was gained through this anniversary I have not a shadow of doubt; that the volume of the essays when published will awaken the spirit of historical research in the minds of many of our young ministers is also certain; and, moreover, that the future historian will find in these essays the romantic chapter of our ecclesiastic

history is equally certain. I wrote at that time: "Why has the great Head of the Church thus honored me—one so feeble in his physical structure, so humble in his mental endowments, so inconstant in his moral nature, so weak in faith, so wayward in love, so inefficient as a workman? Why, I ask, O thou who art the Alpha and Omega, who still walkest amid the golden candlesticks, holding the stars in thy own right hand—why, I pray thee, tell me why I have thus been preserved to see the thirtieth year of my episcopal career and labors?" Not on account of any merit in me, not on account of superior mental endowments, not on account of superior literary attainments, not on account of any spiritual excellence—for in all these qualities "I am less than the least of all saints"—but on account of Thy loving-kindness and tender mercies; wherefore I consecrate myself anew to Thee.

## Chapter XXX.

### UNPLEASANT AND PLEASANT EXPERIENCES.

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ABOUT this time I came in contact on several occasions with a spirit which I wish to note as detrimental to all progress. It was that lawless spirit which animated so many of our young people, as well as older ones, who have an idea of freedom without law, order, or government; so that as soon as you attempt to enforce order, law, or government, they throw themselves on the American Constitution, and say: "That document guarantees freedom of speech to every American citizen;" "I am no slave;" "I will not be gagged," etc. This same lawless, disorganizing spirit believes itself at liberty to assail every thing and every person that displeases it, no matter how sacred the thing, how high the character of the person, or how exalted the office. I have always endeavored to show that class of persons who believe that liberty and freedom mean lawlessness that freedom, without law to regulate and control it, must end in anarchy and destruction. In a word, when Church troubles have occurred, I have endeavored to make such a one understand that if he knew our Discipline and the word of God he would recognize the truth that order, law, and government must pervade the

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Church ; and that liberty must be regulated and controlled by the Church of the living God.

Here I have to record one of the greatest outrages to which I have been subjected in my advancing years. The East Florida Conference was in session at Fernandina, to which I was invited by Bishop Wayman. I accepted, and purposed giving the benefit of my experience in the ministry to some young men who were to be ordained. My purpose was to go by steamer from Jacksonville, assured that, being known to the captains of the steamers, I would have no difficulty; but I was persuaded by a friend, Dr. D., to tarry till Saturday morning and go down with him and two of the lady teachers on board the train, on the Jacksonville and Fernandina Railroad. I asked him if there would not be some trouble on account of color, and he replied that he did not think so. I told him he had better see about the matter. He did so, reporting that the agent had assured him there would be no trouble. On the morning in question he accompanied me nearly to the depot, and then went after the ladies. I purchased a first-class ticket, went into the car, and deposited my hand-bag on a vacant seat; then went out to see the surroundings. There were not more than a half-dozen persons in the car at the time. Meanwhile my friends went in and took seats in the rear of the same car, and I soon re-entered to join them. Passing Rev. Dr. D., President of Cookman Institute, he requested me to sit by him. I did so, having in my hand a copy of the *Christian Advocate*, in which there was an interesting discussion concerning the merits of which we began a familiar talk, as he held a copy of the same. The train was

already in motion, and during the conversation the conductor called for our tickets. He examined mine and said: "This is not your seat."

"Where is my seat?" I asked.

"In the front car."

"Why?"

"Because there are no accommodations for colored people except in that car."

"I'll not dishonor my manhood by going into that car," I replied.

He repeated the same statement.

"Then," said I, "before I'll dishonor my manhood by going into that car, stop your train and put me off."

"I'll put you off at the next stopping-place, he returned.

A lady and gentleman from the North, sitting behind us, and other persons in the car cried out: "Shame! shame! shame!" We soon reached a point five miles from Jacksonville. He stopped the train and said: "This is the point for you to leave the car." I took my baggage to leave, fearing personal violence, and knowing my unequal strength might result disastrously for me. The excitement then became very great on the part of many in the car—Dr. D., with whom I had been sitting, repeatedly saying, "Don't leave;" while some were crying, "Shame! shame!" A man, evidently of German extraction, said: "The conductor must carry out the orders of the company." As I reached the door, very excited and indignant, I turned and said: "I have traveled over many portions of foreign lands, and found no such treatment. I also came from Baltimore to Jacksonville having no trouble, and I want to know if white men riding be-

tween Jacksonville and Fernandina are better than white men elsewhere." So saying, I left the train. As the train was moving off, the guilty conductor looked out and said: "Old man, you can get on the platform at the back of the car." I replied only by contemptuous silence. There was no platform at this place, and I stood with my heavy baggage, looking for some place to rest. I finally discovered a little house, to which I went to find a conveyance back to Jacksonville. But I was sent to another house a few rods off, where I found no one, and it became evident that the only way back was to go on "shank's mare." On I started, carrying part of my baggage on my shoulders, the other in my right hand. Nearly the whole road to Jacksonville was a heavy bed of sand. I walked till too tired to proceed farther, and sat down to rest. After resting I walked on again until I was exhausted, and was obliged to lie down flat on my back by the stump of a tree large enough to shield me from the burning sun, where I lay for a long time. I then began again my journey toward Jacksonville. It being too late for the wagons to go into market with produce, I came across no opportunity for a ride. When within one mile of Jacksonville, and ready to drop with fatigue, two colored men approached, to one of whom I paid a small sum of money to carry my baggage the rest of the way. My friends, Dr. D. and ladies, continued their journey and reported the outrage to the Conference. The whole body immediately went to the superintendent of the road in relation to the matter, asking under what instructions the conductor acted. "Mine," he replied. Several of the leaders intimated what an enraged and insulted

people might do to the road under the circumstances. Then the superintendent immediately wrote an order for the conductor "to bring Bishop Payne down, giving him all the courtesies of the road." A committee came up to Jacksonville bearing this order, but I was too exhausted by the trials of the previous day to repeat the trip, and declined going.

The next week an indignation meeting was held at Jacksonville, and a protest published in the *Jacksonville Times*. Judge Tucker also wrote an article of censure; but so great was the pressure brought to bear on both the publisher and Judge Tucker, that the latter wrote another article, in which he took the opposite view, and questioned whether I might not be a spy or emissary sent down to test the "civil rights law."

Though I was urged to prosecute the company, I refrained, as several similar cases had been on the court docket for two or three years, and had not been prosecuted; also because it was best to put my case in the hands of the Omnipotent. I am no superstitious man; but before my return the next winter to Jacksonville the district attorney who would not prosecute such cases, and the editor of the *Union* who would not ventilate our wrongs, were both summoned before "the Judge of all the earth," who is no respecter of persons. Since then I have had no trouble, but on the contrary have repeatedly had complimentary tickets given me. A friend in Washington, D. C., who interrogated me later, remarked: "How omnipotent sometimes is a quiet, peaceful conduct!"

My visit to the Commencement of Miner Normal School, in Washington, D. C., in June of this year, is a pleasant remembrance. By invitation I addressed

the graduates—fifteen young ladies—and as I sat upon the stage of the school named for that noble woman, Miss Myrtle Miner, and as recollections of her self-sacrificing life rose up before me, I could find nothing more fitting to say than to relate the incident of my first meeting with her in the office of the American Missionary Association in New York, which led to her work in Washington, some of the results of which I saw before me. At the close of the exercises Hon. Frederick Douglass brought a lady to me, saying that “preparations were being made for a biography of Miss Miner, and what I had told them was a needed link in the chain for those engaged in the work, as those facts were utterly unknown to them.” A pleasant exchange of reminiscences followed this meeting.

I was quite busy during the spring and summer, attending necessary meetings, preparing my odes for Children’s Day, writing a reply to Judge Tucker’s article, and working upon my “Treatise on Domestic Education.” In September I traveled southward, giving some attention to our work on the Peninsula, or Eastern Shore of Virginia, which covers a distance of forty miles. The pioneers were Rev. J. H. A. Johnson and Rev. J. H. Offer, whom I sent from the Baltimore Conference in 1866. On the arrival of the latter at Eastville, Va., there was not a single house of worship, and but two small societies in the region organized by Rev. J. H. A. Johnson. Elder Offer at first preached under an oak-tree, but in 1868 six houses of worship had been erected and a seventh commenced. Since then, new ones have been erected in some places and the old ones consecrated to educa-

tional purposes. The chief employment of the colored laborers there was farming, which at that time consisted of the cultivation of both Irish and sweet potatoes, and corn. Large quantities of fish were shipped to the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia. The steamer on which I left Onancock took away at one time one thousand and twenty-nine barrels of sweet potatoes from one point. The mental and moral condition of the people was lamentable. This is the legitimate fruit of the house of bondage from which they had so recently issued. The following spring I visited some settlements where I found the homes most miserable, with but few exceptions. We interviewed some seven or eight heads of families—all mothers; and on my putting to each the question, "Can you read the Bible?" the invariable response was "No," in every case except one. I urged every one to go to night-school, or to Sunday-school, in order that they might learn to read the word of God. The majority promised to learn. These mothers all had children. What must become of such, if their mothers are unable to train them right? and what mother can train a child in the way it should go, if she is not a daily, prayerful reader of the Bible?

In October I attended the Evangelistic Convention in Chicago, which was opened on the 11th in an upper room of Farwell Hall. There were a number of prominent clergymen present from England, among whom was the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, Jr., the son of the famous preacher at London. He was about twenty-four years of age, and had been preaching seven years, but as a pastor only three. Commencing in a small cottage of two rooms, with no membership, he had

gathered a membership of four hundred souls. He was very simple in both dress and manners, not wearing gloves, saying humorously: "I wear nothing but bare-skin gloves." His style was very much like that of an earnest Methodist exhorter. Dr. Mackey, a Scotchman, from Hull, England, spoke with the brogue and manner of a Scot, in sledge-hammer words, often humorous; but upon Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of London, it seemed to me, as upon no other man who spoke, rested a double portion of the Holy Spirit. To my unspeakable disappointment, for the first time in my life I failed to fill an appointment to speak for lack of physical power. I was in a most nervous condition, having been the night before either almost sleepless or tortured by disagreeable dreams. I endeavored to bring my nerves into a condition of repose, so that I might speak at the appointed time. When I lay down it seemed as though my whole nervous system was cracking. The sensation was utterly indescribable. Finally, one by one, each nerve seemed to seize a point of repose, till my whole frame sunk down into a sweet slumber. I awoke refreshed, but no tongue can express my regret to find that the time for me to fill my part according to the programme had passed by. "Why this failure?" I cried out to the Lord. Yet I ought not to have complained, for no one will complain if his watch should run down at the end of seventy odd years. Nor was this all. Another disappointment awaited me for the morrow, occasioned by the mistake of a little child, and I waited in vain for the friend who was to call for me and conduct me to the church, where I was to preach. He did call, but the little girl of the house, having seen me de-

scend the steps a short time before, told him that I had gone. The congregation waited in vain for me.

During the convention I was the guest of Mr. James S. Smithson, Corresponding Secretary of the Convention. I cannot but recall my sojourn in their home as one of my most pleasant experiences. The whole family exhibited all that freedom and kindness characteristic of English—I ought to say British—Christians, because I have found these same characteristics among the Scotch and Irish gentry, as well as among the English. Our own pastor, Rev. George Shaffer, took me to ride about the great city of Chicago, to see the improvements and to view one of its finest parks. The Convention closed on the 14th, and, taking leave of him and my white fellow-Christians, I took my seat in the Pullman sleeper bound for Columbus, O.

After two weeks with my family, in my own sweet, evergreen home, I left for the East, where in the city of Baltimore, Md., we held the first celebration of Children's Day, on the 29th of October. The new songs and music, prepared by Rev. L. J. Coppin and myself, were commingled with some of the sweetest in the book, "White Robes." Dr. Tanner, the editor of our Church organ, and Rev. C. S. Smith, Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday School Union, with others, aided us in the celebration. The meeting was enthusiastic, and doubtless seed was sown that shall be productive of great good. In the evening we held another celebration at Ebenezer Church.

An incident in regard to a Church trouble at this time, in which a young preacher fell into trouble because he did not take the advice of those older and

more experienced than himself, fully illustrates the wisdom of obedience to those who have the authority to rule over them and advise them. The majority of our young men seem to think that because they are free they are qualified to govern the planetary system. Such will never learn wisdom except by sad and bitter experience. Freedom is one thing; qualification is another. The former only places us in a position to obtain the latter, but it is no substitute for it.

After attending the North Carolina Conference at New Berne, I went to Norfolk, Va., to attend the meeting to organize the Board of Managers of the Sunday School Union of the Church; and on the 29th of November I went to Washington, D. C., to preach the Thanksgiving sermon at Union Bethel Hall. My subject on that occasion was, "National Greatness, True, Solid, and Perpetual."

The opening of the year 1883 found me in Norfolk, Va., on my way to Jacksonville, Fla., where I designed spending the remainder of the winter, as far as my duties would permit, on account of health which seemed no longer able to endure the rigors of the winters at my Northern home. I attended the South Carolina Conference, held in Charleston in February. Bishop Dickerson was its presiding officer. His judgment is that one-fourth of the entire Connection is embraced in the South Carolina and Georgia Conferences. How wonderfully God has prospered the field in South Carolina since the organization of the A. M. E. Church in that State in the summer of 1865! Then the whole field, from Virginia to the Gulf, on the Atlantic sea-board included but between fourteen and fif-

teen hundred members; but at the time of which I now speak South Carolina alone embraces about fifty thousand and Georgia about another fifty thousand. The one South Carolina Conference of 1865 had multiplied into eleven.\* For so large a Conference as this was in 1883, it was also one of the most harmonious I ever witnessed. My work from that meeting up to June kept me in Virginia much of the time, visiting different points. I also assisted in laying a corner-stone of a new church, a few miles from Portsmouth, after which I went to hold the Baltimore Conference. Here I will say that the Sunday excursions which occur at Conference and other religious gatherings are to be deplored on account of the desecration of the holy Sabbath; for multitudes are in them who go not to be instructed and saved from their sins, but to have pleasure of some kind or other. The camp-meetings also, of our times are disgraceful, on account of the Sabbath desecrations which attend them. These violations of the sanctity of God's holy day are in many instances designed and encouraged, that the Church may make money to pay off debts.

While in Virginia at this time I was impressed with the improvements in Portsmouth. Our Church at this place, with the one in Norfolk, was taken into our Connection in 1863, and I then named it Emanuel. If the former slave-holders who still live could have visited this improved and remodeled building with me, they would see the difference which freedom makes in the condition of a people. The same was

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\*Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, North Georgia, Macon, Columbia (S. C.), Florida, East Florida, Alabama, and North Alabama.

to be noted in many sections of the South. The parsonage at Portsmouth, as I found it in 1885, is the best in the Connection, being the largest, most convenient, and best arranged that I have ever seen. It reflects honor upon Emanuel Church, upon the A. M. E. Church, and upon the colored race.

In June I again witnessed the graduating exercises of the Miner Normal School, held in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C. This was filled to overflowing, and the platform was decked with flowers in every conceivable shape and form. It was said that the cost of these gorgeous tributes alone was three hundred dollars. What an expenditure for mere show, or at best to gratify a taste for the beautiful, without thought about the lessons these flowers teach of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator! No amount of begging could have induced the givers of these beautiful bouquets to educate one of their own race for the work of education. On this subject I speak from experience—the experience of many years of labor in the cause of Christian education.

On this Commencement occasion President Arthur was present. His coming was delayed; but finally, when all hope of his presence was abandoned, he appeared upon the stage. When the moment arrived for delivering the diplomas to the class of 1883, the graduates, one by one, approached the President, took the diploma from his hands, bowed, and returned to their seats. His Excellency said not a word of encouragement to them. Register R. K. Bruce delivered a very appropriate address to them, after which the Commissioner of the District of Columbia, made a short, pithy, encouraging speech of about three or

five minutes, on the "Relation of Common School Education to Liberty." We were much gratified with the speeches and the appearance of the graduates, but disappointed at the reticence of His Excellency, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, whom the Commissioner styled "the august presence of the United States."

From Washington I returned home to attend our own Commencement at Wilberforce University; but an accident kept me in my bed for several days, and confined me to the house still longer; and it was almost miraculous that I was not at least crippled for life. In endeavoring to adjust a curtain I mounted a chair; my foot slipped, and I fell, striking my head and shoulders upon the floor. My whole nervous system received such a concussion that for the moment I felt completely shattered. I gradually recovered myself enough to straighten my limbs (which were drawn up in a cramped condition) and place myself in a rigid horizontal posture, that the cramping of my limbs and spinal column might not be permanent. The injury to my back seemed to be permanent for some time, and I fully expected that my days were numbered; but God, in his wisdom and mercy, saw fit to enable my system to withstand a shock in my seventy-third year which I would hardly have expected it to have done in early manhood.

I was thus able to resume my duties again in November, going to the North Carolina Conference, and so on southward, stopping at various points, and visiting Allen University, Columbia, S. C., as the guest of my friend and colleague, Bishop W. F. Dickerson. I was much interested in the work done there—a good

work for the colored people of South Carolina; and I felt that should it be amply endowed it would be a grand one.

The morning that I left the residence of Bishop Dickerson for Charleston—during Christmas week—was under a very stormy sky and freezing atmosphere. There was snow on the ground, sleet on the snow, torrents of rain were descending from the clouds, and fearful darkness enshrouded almost every thing, as it was six A.M. The hackman had to help me down the flight of steps, and the drive to the depot was a fearful one—so dark and dreary. The landscape from Columbia to Branchville was fearfully wintry in its appearance. I had never seen the like in any southern latitude. The Sunday previous it had been impossible to make the houses of worship comfortable, so that few people attended the services. At Branchville my discomfort was increased by the conductor not giving proper notice, and by my own ignorance; so that I entered the cars bound for Augusta, Ga., and did not discover my mistake until the conductor came to collect tickets. He then stopped the train and put me off, nor did he increase the pleasure of the situation by calling to me to “hurry up, or you’ll be left.” I had to walk with my hand-bag over an icy, slippery, and snowy road about one and a half miles; but when I felt like fainting two men appeared, and I paid one to assist me. I reached the depot in time to see the train slowly receding from me; but I took another train a little later, and reached Charleston about noon.

I remained in the South during the winter, until duty called me northward in the spring.

## Chapter XXXI.

### VARIOUS INCIDENTS.

IN May I met the General Conference of 1884 in Baltimore, at which Bishop J. M. Brown preached the quadrennial sermon. The discourse was evidently delivered in favor of sacerdotalism and apostolic succession. It produced considerable commotion in the Conference. But the Episcopal Committee, in its second recommendation, repudiated the dogma of apostolic succession. The immediate effect was to produce great excitement and a most powerful and eloquent opposition speech from the lips of the Secretary of the Sunday School Union, Rev. C. S. Smith. The second effect was to produce a new chapter in our Discipline (Chap. VIII.) embracing seven declarations against the figment of apostolic succession. The first section threatens that "any person or persons who shall violate these declarations by preaching the dogma of apostolic succession shall be guilty of a breach of discipline, and shall be tried, and if found guilty, be suspended or expelled at the discretion of the committee before whom such person shall be tried." The second section of the same chapter contained a preamble and four resolutions against the wearing of robes, gowns, or surplices by the bishops or ministers of the A. M. E. Church.

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Bishop Dickerson delivered the bishops' address, which abounded in thoughtful and practical recommendations. The necessity for improvement in every department of the Church was urgently recommended in the able address.

The Conference received two fraternal delegates from the Congregational Church. Reference was made by them to the work of the American Missionary Association—its freedom from caste, its determination to educate the colored race as far as it could, and the self-sacrificing teachers in its employ.

The recommendation of the Episcopal Committee that there should be no bishops elected at that session was adopted by a very large majority, and had a cooling effect upon heated ambition. The Woman's Temperance Union was heard through two able advocates—Mrs. F. E. W. Harper and Mrs. Dr. Thomas. In contrasting this General Conference with earlier ones, I am reminded of what Bishop Quinn told me at a meeting of the bishops in Philadelphia in 1866. He said that at the opening of the Convention of 1816 he “was appointed the door-keeper, and was ordered to furnish the Convention daily with twelve bottles of cider, nine pounds of cheese, and a peck of crackers.” A great many changes have taken place since then, and notably in temperance sentiments and principles.

Educational matters were kept very prominently before this body, and in a vigorous manner, which argued well for better work in maintaining our schools. Another, also prominent, was the union of the A. M. E. Church and the British M. E. Church. The majority of the bishops expressed themselves in favor of the measure. Bishop Shorter and myself were

opposed to it; but the Conference voted the union—106 to 5. I then repeated my protest which I had made three years before, which protest was signed by myself and six of the elders who were members of the Conference. During the sitting of this body news was received of the death of John F. Slater, whose round million of dollars, devoted to the cause of industrial education among the colored people in the South, has shown him their true friend indeed. Like the sainted Rev. Charles Avery, he executed largely before he died, and lived to see some of the fruits. Resolutions to his memory as well as to that of another friend, Wendell Phillips, were passed by Conference in the name of a grateful people.

At one of the sessions I delivered my lecture on "What God is Doing for the Redemption and Reconstruction of Africa," speaking especially of the great rush for the Congo River, the immense fields, and the great conquests made in various parts of the Dark Continent by the power of the purse, sword, and Christianity. The Conference was urged to begin operations there as soon as possible. "On, on, on! to the Congo," was my closing appeal.

It was but a few months later that I read an interesting account of Stanley's Congo; and, as I have been especially interested in the missionary labors in Africa for some time, as my lectures on the subject show, I will record an interesting fact which I learned from it. It is said "the Free State" has an extent of sea-coast of one thousand nine hundred miles; that its area embraces one million square miles; and there is a population of forty-two millions, over one million of whom are ready and eager for trade. This free

zone extends across the continent, to within one degree of the eastern coast, containing within its area a population of about ninety millions. Lord Jesus, what will be the outcome of this preliminary triumph of civilization over barbarism and savagery? what the triumphs of Christianity over heathenism?

As to the work and characteristics of this General Conference I will say that it was not as boisterous as that of 1880, but it was too boisterous for Christian ministers and laymen. Indeed, this and the one in 1880 were distinguished by disrespect for episcopal authority and episcopal character. Several cases of discipline elicited an amount of forensic talent that was not known to exist in the Conference. But the chief event was the quadrennial sermon, which fell upon the audience like a clap of thunder in a clear sky!

We closed our labors May 26, and I soon journeyed homeward to seek my summer rest.

The union of the two bodies, as voted by this Conference, leads me to speak of how two religious denominations may become one. There are two ways: (1) by absorption; (2) by unification. To effect oneness of two distinct denominations by absorption, whether they be similar or dissimilar, depends upon the qualities which distinguish the one to be absorbed. These qualities may be such as: (1) numbers, (2) intelligence, (3) piety, (4) wealth. If all these, or a majority of these, be out of proportion to its related body, then absorption is necessitated, also when they stand related as one to three, or one to four, or two to four in numerical strength; when they are related as children to full-grown men, in knowledge and in piety and usefulness, this superior knowledge, piety,

and usefulness being demonstrated by what has been accomplished; when the poverty of the one and the wealth of the other are related, one-tenth to one hundred, or one hundred ten-thousandths to one million. But two or more religious denominations may become one by organic union when the aforementioned qualities are equally possessed by the parties desiring to be united in one government under the same discipline. Such is the pride of the human heart that, unless the Spirit of Jesus has taken entire possession of it, the more numerous, the more intelligent, the more pious, and the more wealthy will regard the less numerous, the less intelligent, the less pious, and the less wealthy as inferiors; therefore they will reject all proposals for organic union. But, if two or more differing denominations sincerely and earnestly desire organic oneness—in answer to the solemn, marvelous, and immortal prayer of the Son of God, as given us in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel—no inequality of numbers, of intelligence, of piety, or of wealth will prove to be an insurmountable barrier. As for names and titles—be they genuine or not—devised by mortal, erring man, they shall not be able to stand against the omnipotent will of the Redeemer. What is true of names and titles is equally true of human organizations; for no particular form of Church government is indicated, much less commanded, in the written word of God. Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Papal, are all of human device and origin—designed to minister to human pride, human vanity, human dignity, or human power. All these must fade away before the presence of the conquering Son of God. The name Christian—that

and that alone—will be able to stand before enlightened, progressive humanity, the glory of the millennium and the consuming fires of the judgment-day, to which we all are hastening, and for which we all ought to live.

I remained at home through the summer of 1884, busy with the "History of the Church," my studies, and the great amount of correspondence incident to my office. Save a violent attack of kidney complaint, my health was good during the months of my stay in the North. This was brought on by overwork. I had been in search of the minutes of the New England Conference for 1856, in order that I might construct a tabular view of the results of the labors of our ministry from 1816 to 1856—a period of forty years, covering an entire generation. I spent the best portions of three days in search of it, working on a Friday and Saturday long after dark. This prolonged night-work so excited and taxed my nervous system as to render me unfit not only for study, but also for any reading.

It was November before I left my own comfortable home, which my heavenly Father had given me, for my field of labor in the States of Florida and Alabama. I reached Hagerstown, Md., where I became a guest at the home of Dr. J. H. A. Johnson, presiding elder of the Baltimore District. While in Harrisburg, en route to Baltimore, a trifling incident took place, which, though trifling, is of such unusual occurrence that I note it as showing a tendency, however slight, to a different state of things. A little white girl of eleven or twelve years of age volunteered to show me the house I desired to reach. She also carried a part of my baggage for me. May God's bless-

ings rest upon that kind-hearted child! The day on which I reached Hagerstown the sky was cloudless, the atmosphere chilly and bracing, and a thin mist hung over the Alleghanies in the west, while the outlines of the Blue Mountains were clearly cut and distinctly seen in the east. The remodeled church at Hagerstown, whose present pastor is Rev. Francis Peck, now presents itself as a pleasing object to behold. There I addressed the children, and especially the youth. O Lord Jesus, the friend of little children, save the children of the world; let each generation become wiser, holier, and more Christian than its predecessor!

On my way southward I stopped in Baltimore and signed the credentials of the delegates to the Methodist Centennial Conference, and forwarded them to our Financial Secretary, and then proceeded on my journey. The recent national election caused several gentlemen to interview me on my way to Florida. They desired to know my opinion about the results of the national election upon the well-being of the colored people of the South. I freely yet cautiously expressed them, as I felt it best for one in my position. The second night of my arrival in Charleston, S. C., after preaching in the morning at the Mount Zion A. M. E. Church, I worshiped in the evening at the Plymouth Congregational Church, where I heard some interesting discussions on the subject of Temperance, and the adaptation of Congregationalism to the colored people of the South. They were ably handled, and I think they made a favorable impression on the audience. To the testimony of one speaker concerning the last-named subject I added my own unbiased

convictions—convictions resulting from my personal knowledge of the operations of the American Missionary Association in their efforts to plant institutions of learning throughout the South, for the special benefit of the colored race, at the same time excluding no other race, as is clearly demonstrated at Berea, Ky. I also alluded to the successful labors of the American Board of Foreign Missions in behalf of the Dark Continent among the Zulus, and of their plans for running a chain of missions from east to west in that part of the country. I could not but thank the Lord that my wishes expressed in 1865 had been fulfilled in the present Plymouth Church.

I reached Jacksonville, Fla., my winter home, on the 18th, after a brief stop in Savannah, Ga., to greet our pastor there. I saw a sickening sight at one of our stopping-points—a young man of seventeen who had just been killed. He was on a train, jumped off to turn a switch, and stumbled and fell, at which moment the train rolled back upon him and crushed him to death. Such accidents are becoming so frequent that I am inclined to believe they result from the extreme carelessness of the men themselves, who become so by constant contact with danger; but it is an awful thing to think of the sudden hurling of a soul into eternity, and it causes me many sad reflections.

The last of the month I left for Tallahassee to hold Conference. Nothing happened on the journey worthy of note, except the fact that I was treated like a gentleman by both ticket agent and conductor on the Florida Central and Navigation Railroad. In 1882 I was refused such accommodations. "The Lord

reigneth," and the hearts of the rulers of the earth are in his hands as wax in the hands of the artificer.

I am reminded here, by recollection of this and other evidences of prejudice, of an incident which I had noted, wherein is well illustrated how the strong ones of earth destroy the weak, and how the powerful races prey upon the feeble. A "hobby-horse," as some people call the insect, or a "Johnny-cock-horse," as others call it,\* was in a cluster of dahlias, so closely planted as to seem but one bush, or plant. Suddenly he seized a small butterfly which came within his reach, and inclosing it in his long, front, crab-like arms, he began to eat off its head, This was rapidly done; then he began to eat its body, and when he reached a wing he scraped it off with his right claw and threw it away. Then he proceeded until the beautiful little butterfly was consumed. Under my pocket microscope his head was prodigious, and resembled that of a horse, with enormous eyes set high upon his head. Perceiving my glass, he stopped eating; but, still holding his prey between the crab-like claws, he threw his head back and looked steadily in the direction of myself, as if he were studying the object and the being that disturbed him in his *dejeuner*, as a Frenchman would call it. The "hobby-horse" seemed greedy, and his jaws moved rapidly as he seemed to enjoy his morning meal. As I gazed upon this object my reflections were serious. Curiosity gave way to meditation, and I said to myself again: "How the strong ones of earth destroy the weak, and how the powerful races prey upon the feeble!" Life is maintained by the destruction of life. The despotic king and the

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\*A large species of the *Mantis*, found in tropical regions.

slave-holder maintain themselves by robbing and oppressing those who are too weak to defend themselves. Later I went into the garden again, and I found upon the same bush one of the claws of the "hobby-horse." What other creature had destroyed him?

This suggests another idea. About this time I was reading the "Life of President Edwards." In his description of the character and habits of the wood-spider in America he concludes with the following reflections: "Without doubt almost all aerial insects, and also spiders, which live upon trees and are made up of them, are at the end of the year swept away into the sea and buried in the ocean, and leave nothing behind them but their eggs for a new stock the next year." In the face of this I have to ask, What becomes of these insects? Do they become the food of fishes or other insects inhabiting the ocean; or do they assume new forms of life? Both science and revelation indicate that nothing perishes. Every animal and vegetable passes from a lower into a higher organization. The seed becomes the flowering plant or the fruit-bearing tree. The egg becomes either the winged bird or the crawling reptile, or the quadruped; and the crawling caterpillar becomes the four-winged butterfly; and the two-legged man, walking on earth, becomes the winged angel, now flying amid the universe of God, chanting the praise of the Redeemer in the company of the varied and countless inhabitants of the heaven of the heavens. I make this remark because of the connection with the suggestive peculiarities of animal life and habits, and because of the limitless train of ideas inspired by it. In reading this brief but lucid outline of President Ed-

wards's life I was struck with his unfamiliarity with the heathen classics, his profound knowledge of the sacred writers, his towering intellect, the purity of his character, the earnestness of his piety, the shortness of his useful life. Instead of seventy-five or eighty-five, he finished his glorious career at fifty-five, burned out like the candle, consumed by the fire of enthusiasm.

After the Conference in Tallahassee I went to Pensacola, where I preached to a crowded house and a very attentive audience. It is to be hoped that a good and deep impression was made in behalf of the Lord Jesus and his saving truth.

I left the following day for the Alabama Conference (which met at Mobile, Ala.), through a most monotonous country—nothing but swamps, marshes, and rivers for about nine miles from Mobile. To construct a railroad through such a tract of land must have been both very difficult and costly. During my sojourn in Mobile I visited the Emerson Institute in that city—a school under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. The buildings are located on forty acres of land and shaded by noble water-oaks. A Congregational Church is connected with it. I was much pleased with the progress of the pupils and the ability of the teachers. The teachers of the school are white, the pastor colored.

Christmas found me in Montgomery, Ala. For the first time in my life I found a community where the solemn sound of the church-bells was not heard on Christmas morning, and there was no public assembly in the sanctuary of the Lord to celebrate the most wonderful and gracious event in human history—the advent of the Redeemer of the world. Until night

no sign of the sacred day was heard or seen but that of thoughtless boys blowing tin horns, which made more noise than music. At night I spent an hour at our chapel, where the Sunday-school children were assembled to make their recitations and to receive presents from a Christmas-tree. While there I delivered a lecture one afternoon on "What Agencies God Is Employing for the Reconstruction and Redemption of Africa," illustrating it by three maps—one representing the entire continent, another Central Africa, and the third Southern Africa. The two former were colored English maps, while the last was constructed for the use of the American Board of Foreign Missions. They were admirably suited to my purpose. The audience was very attentive and apparently delighted with the information given them concerning the "Dark Continent."

## Chapter XXXII.

### IN THE SOUTH AND CANADA.

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WHILE we were in Mobile holding the Alabama Conference news was received of the death of Bishop Dickerson, from heart disease, at his home in Columbia, S. C. Memorial services were held at Uniontown, Ala., at which time Bishop Turner preached the memorial sermon, and remarks concerning his short career were made by myself.\* He was the

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\* Elected and ordained in May, 1880, he died the last week in December, 1884, at the end of about four years and six months. He was a man of fine talents, which were cultivated at Lincoln University, from whose halls he came forth to enter upon his life-work. Well built, with a wide and deep chest and a large throat, he seems to have been made to shine as a pulpit orator. He was also possessed of a sonorous voice, the bass tones of which did at times roll out of his mouth like the diapason of an organ. He had a warm and generous nature, and was therefore capable of strong attachments as a friend. In founding Allen University he was chief, and did all within his power to secure its success; but his career was too short to carry out the liberal plans he had formed for its development. The brilliant career upon which he had entered was cut short by disease of the heart. He died lamented by all who knew him and who understood his motives as a leader of more than one hundred thousand of the Lord's sacramental hosts. His lovely widow still lives to mourn his departure; but she is thankful that her beloved husband so managed his finances as to leave her in a commodious home.

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youngest member on the episcopal bench, and the first to be called away. So uncertain is life!\*

Selma, Ala., was my next objective point after leaving Montgomery. I found it an interesting town, lying west of the latter place, in Dallas County. There were many enterprising colored persons in it, a blacksmith shop, a livery stable, several family groceries, a commodious boarding-house, a score of carpenters and of brick-masons, several tailors, and a dozen or two painters. As to the schools, one was supported by State funds, one was a Baptist Theological and Normal College; one academy—Knox's Academy—under the auspices of the United Presbyterians. The Churches consisted of four Baptist, two A. M. E., two A. M. E. Zion Societies without chapels and one with a chapel, one Presbyterian, and one Congregationalist. Two papers were also edited by colored men.

At nearly all these places in the South I organized Mite Missionary Societies, the first being at Mobile, and preached or lectured upon missionary work in Africa and in Hayti. About this time my attention was drawn to Bishop Taylor's African Mission through articles in the *Christian Advocate*. The outset of this

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\*At his ordination in May, 1880, he seemed as hearty as the most robust man in the General Conference. His friends and admirers predicted a long and grand career of episcopal usefulness. Talented, learned, eloquent, and politic, as well as polite, he made a deep impression upon the multitudes, and carried the masses with him wherever he was heard. Why was his race so short? why did he die so young? why did one so gifted by nature, so cultivated by college training die on the threshold of episcopal usefulness? are questions which no one can answer but Him who is the resurrection and the life.

missionary band, of about fifty men, women, and children, as described by those articles, presents to the eye of Christendom perhaps the most wonderful and deeply-interesting spectacle of the nineteenth century. Wonderful! because of its "*audacite de la foi*," as it may be termed, as it had no great missionary organization behind it like the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, or like the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, or like the American Board of Foreign Missions. The marvelous bishop and his band placed themselves like trustful children in the hands of our heavenly Father, "who feedeth the ravens when they cry." Like David's "young lions, [they will] roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God." I could not but meditate that, with no bank in America, nor any in England, their drafts must be on the bank of heaven. Whom are they to meet to teach, to convert by the truth? For many a year barbarous and savage men must be their pupils and hearers. Who are not interested in contemplating such a band of Christians among the heathen, whom they do not understand, and whom the heathen in turn do not comprehend? How strong their faith! but how much stronger is that God upon whom their faith reposes! O thou omnipotent Hand of the Church, let not such "audacious faith" be disappointed! Open thy hand, O Lord, and satisfy their wants! O be unto them a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day.

After my return to Jacksonville, and after holding the East Florida Conference, I met in March the newly-incorporated Board of Trustees of the Scientific, Normal, and Divinity School, of Florida. The

new board was organized, of which I was made President, and our outlying land—six hundred and forty acres—was decided to be thrown upon the market. A visit to Oakland common school at Jacksonville, Fla., was of interest. It is a graded school, whose pupils seemed to have issued from uneducated families, who do not compel their children to study at home, which made hard work for the teachers. The *smallest* child in every class which I heard reciting was the best scholar in it, and in every case it was a girl. How do we account for such a fact? Speeches were made by the principal and by several visitors, including myself. One speaker, Mr. Gibbs, made some timely remarks, referring to the mercenary character exhibited by the colored voters at a recent election in Jacksonville, where colored men by the scores sold their votes for from three to twenty-five dollars a vote. One man sold his for a pair of shoes. The speaker endeavored to impress upon the boys that such conduct was mean and degrading. Another speaker, Rev. Mr. Culp, was equally practical and timely in referring to the custom of some children, who go to the hotels to dance and stand upon their heads for coppers and nickels thrown out to them by white men from the North. He denounced both the white men and black boys for indulging in such degrading amusements.

I spent the remainder of the month in Jacksonville, except a day that I spent at St. Augustine. In May I went to Ocala, Fla., a most interesting place from a natural stand-point. I preached there, aided in administering the Lord's Supper, and addressed the Sunday-school on the Sunday following my arrival. The Monday after, I went, in company with several of

our members, to see the famous Silver Spring, four or five miles distant. This spring lies east of Ocala, and is reached from there by railroad, and from Palatka by a stern-wheel steamer. The spring is a curious natural structure; the basin is a semi-circle, its mouth hidden in its deep center, from which you can see clear water bubbling up. It is surrounded by a dense swamp of towering cypress-trees—the tallest and the most aged I have ever seen. The depth varies from ten to eighty-five feet. Its bottom is irregular, and seems to be a bed of rocks perforated with large chasms, out of which a long grass grows, intermingled with a species of fresh-water *alga*—at that time in bloom. The rocks that constitute a part of the bed of this spring have a silvery appearance. Persons often throw into the water pieces of silver money, which can be seen descending tremulously till they touch the silvery rocks, when you may see a fish approach to see if they are eatable. Perhaps the most remarkable phenomena in the rocky bed of the Silver Spring are called the three wells, which can be distinctly seen perforating the rock in the form of circular holes. The walls of these holes can also be clearly seen from top to bottom—perhaps I ought to have said that the upper and lower edges of the wells may be seen, but not the bottoms, as they are out of sight. Silver Spring is said to extend by a run of from seven to nine miles north-east, forming the River Ochlawaha, thence emptying into the St. John's. The swamp through which the waters of Silver Spring flow is infested by snakes and alligators. One of the former was killed by one of the boatmen while we were navigating the stream. It was what is known as the

“water-moccasin,” whose bite is deadly. The boatmen took out the fangs in our presence.

The orange-groves around Ocala are very large and numerous. They are all located in dense forests of water-oaks, tall and majestic. These oaks are evergreen, as are also the so-called live-oaks. The land is undulating and rich. This forest that once was is said to be about three miles wide and six miles long. I was informed by a friend who accompanied me that one of these orange-groves had recently been sold for thirty thousand dollars, and two or three connected ones were sold for one hundred thousand dollars within the previous forty days. The attractions of Florida cause many efforts to speculate in lands. I am reminded of a visit to Bruce City a year later. It lay about eighty-three miles from Jacksonville, in a high piece of heavily-timbered pine-land several miles from any body of water. It was laid off in lots, but there was not so much as a log cabin on them. The question that springs up in view of such facts is, Where are the means to plant and develop such cities which have only a map existence? There was not a capitalist on the spot, and none but the laboring classes had purchased lots.

I spent most of my time in Ocala in reading and writing and observing. A number of colored people were engaged in business of various kinds—some of them intelligent and enterprising young men. Among these is Mr. Frank B. Gadsen, a native of Charleston, S. C., a very successful merchant commanding two stores—then treasurer of the town of Ocala. He was but twenty-four years of age.

Gainesville, in the same State, was the next point

which I visited, and where I preached and addressed the Sunday-school on the subject, "The Boy Is Father of the Man, and the Girl Is Mother of the Woman." I then returned to Jacksonville, where I found a large amount of correspondence and the last proof-sheets of my "Treatise on Domestic Education." This book embodies in brief my thoughts upon a subject which has occupied my attention and filled my mind and heart for more than fifty years. I had searched far and wide for all books bearing upon this important theme, and had gathered into my library many volumes in both French and English relative to it, especially on the domestic education of girls. These I gathered while abroad as well as when at home, and perused them with the interest and care necessary in writing upon such a topic. My reasons for writing upon this subject may thus be stated: Because this all-important subject has absorbed my soul and spirit for many long, long years; because I have seen in my extensive travels such great and lamentable need for light on domestic education; because I have diligently searched books relating to it, directly and indirectly, without finding one fully expressing my own views; and because the lack of home training is one of the most abundant sources of all the evils which are now scourging society. I have felt it to be my duty as an aged and experienced educator to strike a blow at this "upas-tree," and to strike it with a sharp broad-ax; for even though the blow may be a feeble one, I desire to aid in cutting it down, and if possible to root it out of the soil of humanity. In the execution of this task I have been filled with the pleasing gratification that

on submitting my humble work to the publishers for perusal my esteemed friend and co-laborer for some years at Wilberforce, Dr. Richard S. Rust, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave as his valuable opinion that it was the most exhaustive treatise he had ever read on the subject. May it accomplish the good for which end it was conceived!

In May I went North, stopping a few days at home, and then I set out for Chatham, Ontario, Canada, being summoned as a witness in the Court of Chancery to testify to the facts of history concerning the organization of the B. M. E. Church, and what claims the A. M. E. Church had then and now upon the property of the former, which has been in their possession, undisturbed and unquestioned, for twenty-nine years. I did my duty before the Judge of all the earth, and that was to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, as the records in my possession confirm and illustrate that truth.

On my journey to Canada I stopped at Detroit, and was obliged to apply to four different persons before I could find lodgings for the night. Among those to whom I applied was one whom I had taught when a child, but he knew me not, though I endeavored to make him recognize me by uncovering my head and reminding him of the town in Pennsylvania where I had dwelt, and where he had been my pupil; but all in vain. He inquired my name, but that I would not reveal; and, repeating the divine command, "Be hospitable to strangers," I bowed and said: "Good-night." On my return journey I stopped again at Detroit, having to wait from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. This pause accorded with my heart's desire, because I

wished to hunt up certain friends of the past. So, leaving my heavy baggage at the depot, I went in search of one who from 1845 to 1851 had been a member of the flock under my care in Baltimore, Md. She recognized me at sight, and gave me a hearty and hospitable welcome. At my request she sent a lad to be my guide to other friends, the second of whom was a lady whom I had often nursed when a helpless baby in the town of Carlisle, Pa. She was the sister of the person who could not recognize me; but at sight she recognized the friend of her godly father, now in heaven, I trust. After a pleasant communion of about one-half an hour I was conducted to another friend, whose first wife was a granddaughter of Rev. Peter Williams, to whom I presented my first letter of introduction in New York in 1835. From him I received a hearty welcome, being recognized as soon as seen. While my first visit to Detroit was disagreeable—I might say painful, as I was so long in trying to find lodgings for my aged and wearied limbs, unknown to everybody I met—on my return I was recognized at sight by all, who were very young persons when last I saw them, welcomed and made happy by all these things and the awakened reminiscences of by-gone years.

Before I left Canada, in company with another friend of years before, I paid a visit to the grave of Mrs. Hiram Wilson, whom I have mentioned in a previous chapter as having been sent, with her sainted husband, by the Anti-slavery Society to instruct and advise the fugitives from American slavery. She was an earnest Christian, and up to her last sickness and death labored diligently and successfully for these

unfortunate ones. She now sleeps by the grave of "Uncle Tom's" first wife, who lies beside her husband. What a marvelous Providence that such a laborer for the intellectual, moral, and social well-being of the fugitive slaves should lie resting from her labors so near the ashes of "Uncle Tom," one of the noblest characters in Mrs. Stowe's masterly work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had set apart a portion of a fine farm owned by him as a "field of graves" for his family; and the sacred ashes of the saintly Mrs. Wilson were deposited by him in this lovely spot on the upper river Thames. "Uncle Tom's" resting-place is marked by a white marble monument; the grave of Mrs. Wilson has no tombstone or monument, and is greatly sunken in. Had not Mrs. C., a daughter of "Uncle Tom's," led us to the spot, I could never have identified it, because the fencing which guarded it in 1851 had been taken away. From the graves I bore away some rose-leaves and rose-buds. The people whom she served—some of whom still live—and their children, ought to erect a neat monument over her grave.

The summer was spent in comparative quiet at my own "Evergreen Cottage," which I did not leave until the latter part of October. Then I journeyed southward by way of Washington, D. C. I visited the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church edifice, then in progress of erection, and which is now completed, at a cost of about sixty thousand dollars, I think. It is the noblest of our chapels for dimensions, convenience, and beauty. On my way to Florida I stopped at Portsmouth, Va., as usual, where I was invited by the chaplain of the jail to visit and address the pris-

oners. I went accompanied by a friend, Pastor Alexander; and in the narrow, contracted corridor addressed them through grated doors in hope that the Saviour of sinners might come and save them in their cells, from the vices and crimes which led them there. Nine-tenths of these prisoners were men of color. The inmates were also addressed by my friend, whose song power, with that of the chaplain, must have deeply affected them.

I reached Jacksonville about the end of the month. Though I was quite feeble in health, the ensuing month (December) I held the North Alabama Conference at Marianna, where the last day of 1885 found me—a day remarkable for its softness; opening clear with a heavy dew upon the earth, almost like rain, and the setting sun pouring a golden hue over the western horizon—more like a day of May than of December.

## Chapter XXXIII.

### THE END.

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THIS, the year 1886, dawned upon me at work at my place of duty, a living monument of the loving care of God the Father, who had thus preserved me through another year.

On the night of the 30th of January I was seized with malarial fever, which first manifested itself by most violent, darting pains at the base of the brain, as though a strong man had driven a steel wire through it from ear to ear. I suffered from this fever the whole of two months, unable to attend to my duties. Bishop Wayman and Dr. Tanner filled my place at the East Florida Conference—the former presiding over the Church work, the latter over the literary work of the Conference. The fever continued most intense at night, cooling toward morning, up to the eighth or ninth day, when its crisis seemed to have been reached, and constrained my physicians to call in counsel. Under their combined care I was treated until the 24th of February. On this, my seventy-fifth birthday, my fever was completely broken, but left me in a state of child-like weakness. On that day I made this entry in my journal: “O Thou who didst give me life in this sinful world, and didst place within my reach all of its possibilities, I thank thee,

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BENJAMIN W. ARNETT, D.D.



WESLEY J. GAINES, D.D.



BENJAMIN T. TANNER, D.D.



ABRAM GRANT, D.D.

In point of seniority, according to election, the new bishops rank as follows: Wesley J. Gaines, Benjamin W. Arnett, Benjamin T. Tanner, Abram Grant—elected May 19, 1888.

(42)

O Lord, the God of my father, the God of my mother, that my unprofitable life is still prolonged! Forgive the past—all the past forgive—for Jesus' sake. Blot out all its errors and blunders, its vices and its crimes, and write my worthless name on the breastplate of the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world. O destroy in me the love of sin, the power of sin, the guilt of sin! Fill me with love, infinite love, with holiness and righteousness—fill, O fill me with all the fullness of God! Thus I dedicate myself anew to thee. Let my last days be most holy and godlike! And the glory be thine forever and ever! Amen, amen, amen!”

I was too enfeebled to recover strength rapidly, and was still very weak, when on the last Sunday in May, 1886, I reached Washington, D. C., to be present at the dedicatory exercises of the Metropolitan Church. I had been appointed to deliver the sermon on that occasion, but I was so weak that it was with difficulty that I entered the carriage that was to convey me to the church, and was still more exhausted by the ride. When I reached the edifice I had to be supported by Bishop Shorter up the steps and into the pulpit, where an easy-chair had been provided for my feeble frame. When I arose at the close of the opening services I did not expect to be able to stand upon my feet longer than a few minutes, nor to say more than a few words, and these I did not expect to be heard in that immense building, holding twenty-five hundred souls, but only by the few around me and near the pulpit. I took my text in Psalms xcii. 12-14, and preached full forty minutes, I am told, in a clear voice that was distinctly heard in every part of the vast edifice. I say I preached; I did not preach. The

Spirit of the Lord spake through me, inspiring me with strength to do what I had felt to be utterly impossible to do on taking my stand at the sacred desk. Thus it has ever been. He has ever been my support, and I fully believe that my powers of endurance and lengthened days have been due to that triple consecration of myself, by my sainted parents, to the Lord's service when I was but a helpless infant.

With this date I close the chapters which briefly record the memoirs of seventy-three years.\* As I look back over the past I am amazed at the mercies of the Lord in sparing my life for more than threescore years and ten; and my whole heart goes out in solemn thankfulness to that Omnipotent Being for enabling me to live to see such mighty wonders as this century has afforded, and for allowing me to be even a humble instrument in his hands in aiding to work out the salvation of our people, and to uplift a race that has been nearly two hundred and fifty years in the house of bondage.

And now on looking back upon fifty-one years, about the time I left Gettysburg, to enter upon my career fairly and fully as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, I beheld three young men about my age (twenty-six) starting out in their chosen fields of labor. One was a graduate of a university in Scotland, another from the University of Vermont, the third from Union College, in the State of New York—viz.: James McCune Smith, A.M., M.D.; Andrew Harris, B.A., B.D.; and Isaiah Degrasse, B.A., B.D., whom I shall attempt to sketch.

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\*I am now seventy-seven years and four months old. My memory goes back to my third year.

JAMES McCUNE SMITH, M.D.,

was in Scotland pursuing his studies at the time of my arrival in New York, May 11, 1835, but graduated either from Glasgow or Edinburgh University in 1837. Educated with the sons of the nobility and gentry, he graduated with distinction as one of those who took the highest honors. He was of medium stature, not squarely, but roundly built. He was the first man of color classically and medically trained in a foreign institution.

At the time of his return to New York the whole country was excited by the teachers of phrenology, who professed to be able to determine the characteristics of any person by feeling the bumps on his head. They called it a science, but the young doctor regarded it as a humbug, and therefore challenged its professors to a public debate. The challenge was accepted by one of them. How many were convinced by the arguments of the young doctor that it was a humbug we cannot tell; but one thing is certain, the public disputation introduced him into the community as learned in the classics and in all the branches that underlie the science and practice of medicine, such as anatomy, physiology, and psychology. The doctor, simultaneous with his practice, supplemented his income by opening an apothecary-shop, in which he prepared several young men for the medical profession.

Upon the organization of Wilberforce, Dr. Smith was invited to fill a professorship, with the privilege of choosing his chair, and he made choice of Anthropology. We were anxious to have such a scholarly young man to begin to construct and develop an in-

stitution of learning, which we hope will be increasing in volume and power until its influence shall be felt at the extremities of the earth. Therefore we consecrated the first cottage on the left side of the campus as we enter the gate to his use, and kept it in reserve for twelve months; but before the year expired the doctor died of heart disease, leaving a widow and several interesting children behind, one of whom was a girl of uncommon beauty.

It was about that time when two other young men appeared on the stage of human history—viz.:

ISAIAH DEGRASSE AND ANDREW HARRIS.

They were both classically trained—the former for the pulpit of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the latter for the Presbyterian (New School, as it was then designated). Degrasse commenced his labors in the city of New York. Harris began his in Philadélphia, in what was then known as St. Mary Street Presbyterian Church, which was founded by Rev. Stephen Gloucester, and was also the root of the present Central Presbyterian Church in Lombard Street.

The career of both Degrasse and Harris was short. The former fell into the snares of Satan, fled to one of the West India Islands, and died about three months after his arrival there. Andrew Harris fell under a similar accusation, was tried before a “Police Court Justice,” and subsequently before an ecclesiastical court. Being his friend, and believing in his innocence, I made it my duty to be present at both trials. His case was carefully and thoroughly searched to its very bottom; but, finding no evidence of guilt, he was declared innocent and honorably acquitted.

If my recollection is accurate, the ecclesiastical

court that examined the charge brought against Rev. Andrew Harris was the "Third Presbytery of Philadelphia," of which Dr. Albert Barnes, the commentator, was a member; and Dr. Barnes was present from the beginning to the end of the trial, and took an evidently deep interest in it. So did Dr. Converse, who was the Secretary of the Educational Society of the Presbyterian Church, of which Harris had been a beneficiary. I know that no one was more active than Dr. Converse in ferreting out all the testimony in order that either guilt or innocence might be proven. His conclusion was that Mr. Harris was "black-mailed by an envious and jealous woman." Such was substantially the statement I obtained from the lips of Dr. Converse.

Rev. Andrew Harris was living in the same house with his accuser—boarding with her mother. I think his case was similar to that of the incorruptible Joseph in Potiphar's palace.

Then half a century ago the race and the Christians of the race could say—and did thankfully say—that we had three classically-trained men, capable of representing us on any platform and in any assembly of civilized men. Now, we can gratefully say that such a class of men, capable of representing the colored race in the pulpit, on the stump, in medicine, and in law, have run up to many hundreds.

In the school-room as teachers and educators, fifty years ago, about a half-dozen persons of good education represented us. These were Charles L. Reason, now living and honored as Professor Reason; Mr. Brady and Miss Brady, brother and sister—the uncle and the mother of Mrs. John F. Cook—who were

operating in New York; also Mr. John Peterson, of the same city, and Miss Sarah M. Douglass, born and reared in Philadelphia, but then teaching in New York. About the same time Rev. John F. Cook, father of John F. Cook, Esq., and Mr. George Cook, with Mr. James Fleet, were teaching in Washington, D. C. You see, reader, we could then count them on our ten fingers, but now such teachers and educators run away up into the hundreds.

Of all the colored teachers whom I have named as operators in the school-house a half-century ago, all are gone to the spirit world, resting—yes, I believe, resting—in the bosom of Abraham. Only Reason and Payne are tarrying behind. When shall they leave the workshop and go to enjoy the saints' everlasting rest?

Among the hundreds of operators in the harvest-field of education I do not count the flirts and the dūdes who are swarming around the school-house as bees around the flower-gardens, to get money as bees get nectar—to make money. No! no, no; I do not enroll them on the noble list. I embrace in my count only those men and women who are in the field because conscience and duty and love of the cause have led them into it and kept them in it. They are those whom the Lord Jesus Christ has called, and sent to mold and color the character of the children and youth who are destined to be the future Moseses and Joshuas and Deborahs and Hannahs of the descendants of Ham. A half-century will give a thousand of such teachers and educators.

I shall conclude by comparing the work and character of the General Conference of 1844 and that of

1888. When I take up the telescope and look back over the distance of forty-four years—four-tenths of a century—upon the sixty-eight men and the elements composing the General Conference of 1844, and compare it with the men and the elements which composed the General Conference of 1888, I perceive a strong and striking contrast. The men who made up the Conference of 1844 went there with singleness of heart and with but one aim. That was to improve the condition of the Connection by some simple needed amendments to the Discipline. To our own knowledge there were but two aspirants to the episcopal office—viz.: William Paul Quinn and Richard Robinson. They had no episcopal committee to examine the characters of Bishop Morris Brown and Bishop Edward Waters. The friends of Quinn and Robinson were innocent of political combinations because they were ignorant of them, and were also innocent and ignorant of the intrigues and cunning of politicians; because they had not been trained in the caucus or in the ways of scheming politicians. In that General Conference brethren differed in regard to this or that measure, but differed peaceably—without bluster. There was excitement, it is true; but a man and a body of men can be excited without bluster. In that General Conference there was great respect for moral character and great value set upon the knowledge which comes from the experience of age. No man impeached for immorality was allowed a seat in it. But the General Conference of 1888, embracing about two hundred and fifty delegates, included many who went there determined to be put into office themselves or to put their favorites in by hook or

by crook. The aspirants for the episcopal office and for the position of secretaries could be counted by the scores. To effect their purpose combinations and other political measures were employed. It was even rumored that some of the delegates sold their votes; but as this is such an awful charge it should not be believed without the most convincing proof. Hence the aspirants had their particular friends operating as agents to solicit votes. There was a greater number of educated and good men in the General Conference of 1888 than in the General Conference of 1884, and so also there was a greater number of bad men—by which I mean men governed by no holy principle, but by their blind passions and still blinder ambitions. Hence there was not only excitement, but the most shameful bluster. Many paid little or no regard to moral character, so that the wisdom and superior knowledge and moral excellence and greater usefulness of the majority were set aside and crushed out by bluster and brilliant rhetoric, which made virtue appear as vice, and vice as virtue. But as respects business tact and pluck in the General Conference of 1888, the like was not in any previous General Conference. 1. There was a neat and respectable business office, with the prudent Book Manager at its head, and competent clerks and salesmen to sell the books of the Publishing House. 2. There was also a branch post-office in the same vestibule with the Book Concern. In this branch post-office, with the sagacious Secretary of the Connectional Sunday School Union at its head, was a couple of clerks—one female, the other male. In this office the members of the General Conference and their friends could mail and receive let-

ters; could send by post-office order or by registered letter any sum of money. Envelopes with the printed inscription, "General Conference Rooms, African Methodist Episcopal Church, Indianapolis, Ind.," with commercial-note sheets, a pen and pencil put into a paper bag decorated with a picture of our Sunday-school Publishing House, were put in the hands of every one of the two hundred and fifty delegates at the expense of the Connectional Sunday School Union. Secretary Smith also provided a telephone, which was of great service. Such conveniences we never enjoyed before, and they are evidences of the advance of the Connection. As regards the election and ordination of four additional bishops—every one of the number, in intellectual endowments and business capacity, is an improvement upon 1844. But how they will develop in personal and official character time alone can reveal. It is to be hoped that every one of the four will prove himself a great moral and spiritual blessing to the Church and the race.

We now come to speak of the most solemn duty which the General Conference of 1888 had to perform—unlike any thing which had transpired since the death of Bishop Allen. It was to hold a memorial service in honor of three of its bishops who died in little more than three years after their activities in the General Conference of 1884.

These three were Bishops Dickerson, Cain, and Shorter. We have already sketched the first. Of the second we can truly say that he was a man of such intellectual endowments as lifted him head and shoulders above the masses of the colored race. He had

great energy and organizing power, so that he organized with the aid of few persons—such as the upright August T. Carr, who, as presiding elder, was his most efficient assistant in putting tens of thousands of the natives of South Carolina within the jurisdiction of the A. M. E. Church. I found him out in the Northwest in 1857–8, a young man of great uncultivated talents, but rude and unpolished. Seeing there was grit in him, I put him upon a course of study in the Indiana Conference, and after the death of his first wife ordered him to Wilberforce, where he spent about one year, at the end of which the Civil War closed Wilberforce, and I sent him to Brooklyn, N. Y. Upon the reconstruction of the State of South Carolina he became a leader in the Senate of that my native State, and politically did a grand work. He was elected in 1880 through the influence he had acquired both as a Church and State organizer, to the awfully sacred and fearfully responsible office of a bishop. But while full of energy, tact, and pluck, Richard Harvey Cain was greatly lacking in moral conscience. He seemed to be perfectly oblivious of the moral significance of a promise—so much so that in financial dealings with his acquaintances and friends he was a miserable failure.

Let our young men imitate his energy, tact, and pluck, but let them avoid his moral weakness. Let our young men never forget that a man's promise should always be heavier than his gold.

Respecting Bishop James A. Shorter, with whom I had a personal acquaintance for forty-four years, I can say with equal truthfulness that he possessed great force of character, with but ordinary intellect-

ual activity, so that he did not seek knowledge in the form of erudition as Bishop Cain did. Bishop Shorter was more of the practical turn of a business man. With less organizing ability than Bishop Cain, he was a more successful pastor and financier, in which particulars he was a perfect success. He belonged to that noble band of men whose word is heavier than their gold. I have known him to make many promises, but never to break one. Perhaps the largest lump on his cranium was candor, in which he sometimes indulged to an excess bordering upon rancor. It was in view of his candor and rough energy that he was elected one of the three bishops in May, 1868, at the General Conference which sat in his native city, Washington, D. C. So at the end of about nineteen years of official labor he suddenly finished his episcopal career at his elegant home at Wilberforce, O., without a blot upon his character, and entered upon the saints' everlasting rest, lamented by all who knew him.

Such are my recollections of men and things over a period of seventy-three years. I am now seventy-seven and four months. My recollections date back to my third year, when listening to the moving songs of my sainted mother and father at the family altar.

That worm! that worm! that curious, beautiful worm! "The Lord reigneth" in the heavens and in the earth. The former truth is admitted by all thoughtful men; but comparatively few, even of professing Christians, see the Almighty Hand in the small and ordinary affairs of men. From that worm sprung up an acquaintance with that great naturalist who gave me those letters of introduction to the Lutheran clergy, who placed me in the theological

seminary at Gettysburg, which prepared me for the enlarged usefulness of more than fifty-three years. As an educator thou didst lead me from Charleston, S. C., to Philadelphia, Pa.; from Philadelphia to Washington, D. C.; from Washington to Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Wilberforce, O. Over Northern lands, over Southern States, over foreign countries, back to my native State, through storm and calm, through dangers seen and unseen—in the sweltering South, back to the freezing North. Where next, O thou Giver of life, thou Author of all its possibilities—where next? “O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”

And now I feel my years of labor coming to a close. I consecrate, O thou Most High and Holy One, the remainder of my days to thy divine service. Let the past sins and errors of my life be all forgiven; let all my guilt be washed away in the blood of the Lamb; and give, O give unto me the mind that was in Him who went about doing good, and was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross! All the work of salvation and of education committed to my oversight, vouchsafe to bless, to build up, and to establish for the benefit of all the generations and for all the races. Let the translation of the Bible and the diffusion of its life-giving truths, by the living missionaries, go on without faltering. Let the victories of thy conquering cross be ever increasing! Let its living trophies in the heathen world be as innumerable as the stars in the skies, and as countless as the sands upon the ocean shores! To

all these glorious ends, O Lord Jesus, make thy aged and feeble servant helpful! Let my science bow down before thee and become consecrated by thee. Let my philosophy kiss thy feet, as Mary kissed the feet of Jesus, and be enlightened by thine unerring, thine immortal truth.

But what will be the use of these recollections of men and things; what of these reflections on them if they will not awaken some slumbering boy; if they fail to excite the latent faculties of a sportive lad; if they be not effective in stimulating the energies of some youth, who, having strong, pure, good blood flowing from a large, broad heart through his entire body, is by nature fitted to accomplish good work for God in heaven and good things for man on earth? O youthful reader, hear me! The spirit of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, Scotland, aroused my soul to a life of usefulness. Shall not my soul start thee on a career of study and usefulness that shall be pleasing to thy Creator, and that will bring blessings to mankind?

For a useful life by holy wisdom crowned,  
Is all I ask, let weal or woe abound.