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FREDERICKSBURG, HER PEOPLE AND CHARACTERS.¹

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Having thus sufficiently introduced the antecedents of the "Howison" family and of their home in the Old World, I feel at liberty to begin some of the reminiscences of Fredericksburg, which has long held, in the public prints of Virginia, the title of the "Old Burg."

She is not quite as old, in recognized life, as the remains of Jamestown and of the island on which they stand. These have been taken under the care of the "Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities," and it is certain that without that fatherly and especially motherly care, the remnant of the once solid old chimney and the very ledges of the island itself would have crumbled into ruin. But Fredericksburg is older than Dumfries or Richmond, or Norfolk, or Petersburg. She deserves her title.

The highest science of psychology at present known teaches that even after a child is born into this world, self consciousness does not immediately come. A period—longer or shorter—of con-

¹This is chapter 2 of the autobiography of R. R. Howison.

Robert Reid Howison was born in Fredericksburg, Va., June 22, 1820, and died at his country home, Braehead, near Fredericksburg, November 1, 1906. He was the tenth of twelve children born to Samuel Howison and his wife, Helen MacDonald Moore. The twelve were as follows:—William Howison, lawyer, unmarried; Neil MacDonald, naval officer, unmarried; Anne, twice married; John, married; Elizabeth, died in infancy; Helen Mary, married; Jane Briggs, mar-

sciousness, and then of semi-consciousness attends the infant progress, and is often more complete and protracted than the corresponding period of some of the lower animals.

But this is what might be expected from the teachings both of reason and revelation. It gives confirming strength to the belief that both the soul and the body of the infant are derived from the parents, and that a preparation, for a life of endless duration, and of immortal destiny and duty, is very different from the quickly matured preparation for the brief and entirely earthly life of the very highest of the lower animal creation.

I had emerged from unconsciousness, and had learned to utter a few words expressing conscious thought, though not in the best pronunciation, when the germs of the proclivity to the study of history, afterwards so plainly developed, first made their appearance. I was so nearly infantile that memory alone, in myself, only dimly recalls any of the facts. But they are perfectly authenticated by testimony.

Next to our garden paling on the west lay the residence and grounds of the ample estate known still as "Kenmore". There lived the Scottish family of Mr. Samuel Gordon. He and his younger brother, Basil, were sons of a prosperous landed proprietor near Kirkaldbright, a little village which has sent forth many

ried; Marion Sterling, married; James, married; Robert Reid, married; Samuel Scott, married; Edward Moore, married.

Robert Reid married Mary Elizabeth Graham, daughter of Samuel Lyle Graham, Professor of Oriental Languages in Union Theological Seminary, Va. Their children were Helen Judith, unmarried, died 1920; Samuel Graham, married Nannie Watkins Morton; Mary, unmarried.

The grandchildren are Margaret Morton, married to J. Brookes Smith; Mary Graham, and Nannie Watkins Howison.

Dr. Howison was twice a lawyer, and twice a minister. At twenty-three he relinquished a brilliant law practice to study for the ministry at Union, and on graduating was called to the First Presbyterian Church, Staunton, Va. After a year's successful pastorate he suffered a nervous breakdown and at command of his physician he resumed the practice of law in Richmond.

Here he continued until severe injuries received in the Capitol

successful merchants to America, among whom were Lenox, Maitland and Johnston of New York.

Bazil Gordon, the younger brother, was at school with a son of the celebrated Paul Jones of naval memory who was himself a neighbor of the Gordon family. Samuel and Bazil Gordon both determined to seek residence and occupation in Virginia. Naturally enough, they first thought of Dumfries, where so many Scottish colonists had settled and prospered. But their choice finally fell upon Falmouth, which was not more than a mile from Fredericksburg, and at the head of the tide-waters of the Rappahannock, on the northern side.

Here they settled themselves about the year 1786, and became eminently successful merchants. After accumulating a fine fortune, Samuel bought the Kenmore estate, and abandoned merchandise. Bazil continued in business, and at his death left to his family an estate in varied forms of safe investment which was moderately estimated to amount to between two and three millions of dollars. His adventures were nearly always successful, but he owed much of his success to his native Scottish good sense, his perfectly temperate and regular habits, his self-reliance which enabled him patiently to wait for results when he had formed his plans, and his serene temper, which secured for him friends in

Disaster, April 27, 1870, compelled his retirement from active work. Upon recovery of his health he returned to the ministry, and spent twenty-three years preaching, teaching and writing.

His charges were as follows:—Samuel Davies, 1880-'82; Richmond Third, 1882-'88; Culpeper and Orange, 1888-'93; Ashland, 1893-1903.

During 1890-1903 he taught History in the Fredericksburg College.

Among other books, Dr. Howison wrote "Fredericksburg, Past Present and Future," 1880; "A History of the United States," 1892; "History of the War Between the States," published serially in the *Southern Literary Messenger*; "A History of Virginia," in two volumes, 1848. Dr. Howison was the author also of a work entitled "God and Creation," which created considerable discussion at the time, due to the fact that the author was an independent and fearless thinker. In his later years, Dr. Howison prepared this autobiography, of which we print herewith, Chapter 2. It is the intention of the editors to publish several other chapters of this autobiography.

nearly all with whom he came in contact. He died in 1847.

The "Kenmore" Gordon family consisted of the husband and wife, and a number of children—sons and daughters—all of whom married, and from whom very numerous lineal descendants are now living in the United States. They were carefully educated, and fitted for practical duty, and success in life. Mrs. Samuel Gordon was a lady of taste and culture, very fond of reading—especially of its more solid elements in history and literature. She was genial and cordial to those whom she esteemed. She often visited my mother, and manifested her kindly spirit to her and her children.

Before I could talk plainly, I had taken so much interest in an old school copy of Goldsmith's "History of England," that I mastered the names of each king and queen, and connected them with the somewhat rude and doubtful pictorial faces given in this now antiquated school book. I was specially emphatic and indignant, in identifying and naming "Buddy Maywy," the "bloody Mary."

Mrs. Gordon was visiting my mother one forenoon. And as we had no special nurse, and I was an infant, it was natural that I should be in the parlor near my mother's feet. The old copy of Goldsmith was open, and in a short time I had pointed out and named the kings and queens, especially "Buddy Maywy." Mrs. Gordon was really interested, and expressed surprise that a child so young should have so early manifested the love of history. After her return home, in a few days, a packet was received directed to me, care of my father and mother. On opening it, a number of very beautifully executed and colored historical cards were seen, each one bearing the name and the best ascertained face of each of the kings and queens of England, with a brief sketch in pica type of the life of each. The inscription on the inside casing bore my name with the words "To the young historian" from Mrs. Gordon. These cards were long my treasure and delight.

It was about a year after this time that I passed through a phase of experience in life, through which, of course, all young persons pass, but, in most cases, there is reason to believe that they pass it without real recognition—without active consciousness of its novelty. I was about three years old, was full of health

and good spirits, and was able to talk on all childish subjects.

One morning, after breakfast, while sitting quietly on the steps of the stairway which led to the chambers above, I became vividly conscious that I was "talking to myself." I felt troubled and agitated. I tried, but tried in vain, to stop this interior talk. But it went on—on—on—passing from one subject to another, but never failing to find incessant and constantly renewed subjects on which some power within me "talked to itself."

I changed my position, came down from the steps and walked several times quite rapidly up and down the passage, with some vague hope that this self-conversation would cease. But I soon found that it continued all the time unless when I was sound asleep. As the days passed, my trouble on the subject seemed to fade away. But the impressions then made have never left me. Materialism became an absurd and impossible hypothesis to me. For me, at least, there remained no doubt that the soul was not the body, and the body was not the soul.

An interval of five years occurred between my birth and that of the son next born into our family. As my mother's health was not strong, and she needed all the quiet and rest that could be secured for her, an arrangement was made by which our oldest sister—Anne—took charge of my brother, James (who was only one and a half years older than I was), and myself, and under a loving invitation the three, attended by a faithful servant, Lucy, went, in a hired hack drawn by two horses, to "Somerville," near the Somerville Ford on the Rapidan river. Somerville was a beautiful country seat surrounded by a fertile farm and large wooded tract of land in Culpeper County.

It was the property of James Somerville, a Scottish gentleman of considerable property who had married Mary Atwell who was a first cousin of my mother and descended as she did from that same McDonald grandfather. Mr. Somerville came from a family of wealth in Scotland, and a family firmly established in Christian profession and life according to the creed and forms of the Presbyterian Church.

After coming to Fredericksburg, and receiving there the large estate devised and bequeathed to him by his uncle born in Scot-

land, but for many years resident in Fredericksburg, and who died in Port Royal in 1798. Mr. Somerville married, and for some years lived in Fredericksburg. His uncle, who was also James Somerville, had been three times elected Mayor, and had discharged the duties faithfully. The nephew was much esteemed for his social and genial qualities. His life was remarkable.

In Fredericksburg he had yielded too much to an increasing fondness for the taste and the effects of Scottish whiskey, and when he went with his family to live at his lovely home, known as Somervilla, he came more and more under the thralldom of this insidious habit. But, although he indulged himself every day, he manifested a singular prudence even in resisting the complete domination of this appetite.

He devoted all the early hours of the day up to 12 o'clock—noon—to the skillful management of his farm and his business. He was sagacious and successful in nearly all of his investments, and thus kept his large estate substantially sound, and increasing in value.

On each day, as 12 o'clock approached, he eyed with growing appetency the crystal jug containing the finest Scottish whiskey, and the tumblers on the table before him. When his tall eight-day clock struck 12, he grasped the decanter, and began his potations. He was generally in an exalted state of hilarity by 3 o'clock. In this condition, his belief in his own prowess was immeasurably high, and he openly expressed his opinion concerning all the most athletic men of his neighborhood, and declared his ability to "twirl" any of them.

One day about half an hour after 12 o'clock, a respectable gentleman came to "Somervilla" to see the owner on business relating to a bond. He was so importunate, and had ridden so far, that it was deemed best to conduct him into the apartment in which Mr. Somerville was.

That gentleman pleasantly informed his visitor that his known habit was that no business matter should be urged upon his attention after 12 o'clock. The visitor persisted. Warm words were uttered on both sides. The Scottish gentleman pronounced a challenge to mortal combat. The Virginia gentleman accepted it. Mr.

Somerville drew from his desk a pair of loaded and primed pistols. He conducted his opponent to one corner of the room, and handed him the two pistols, giving him his choice. Holding the one not chosen, Mr. Somerville walked to the opposite corner and faced his opponent. "Now," said he, "when I drop my handkerchief, do you fire, and I will fire."

By this time, some sensible thoughts had passed through the mind of the visitor. He found words. "Oh! Mr. Somerville," he said, "have you no thoughts of your family, your wife, and your children?" "Hah," said Mr. Somerville, with a start, "that is true. I had not thought of them before. Come, let us shake hands, and be friends!" This invitation to peace was cordially accepted. The business matter was taken up and promptly settled on honorable terms. The visitor joined his host in drinking—each to the health of the other—and then he departed with thanks for a pressing invitation to stay longer.

His life of daily indulgence in undue appetite for Scottish whiskey was continued by James Somerville for many years. But he never lost the impressions of his youth in favor of the necessity for renewal and repentance, and the life in Christ, the Saviour of Sinners.

About the year 1839, a warm and sound interest in personal Christianity passed through Culpeper and Orange Counties, and found its way to Fredericksburg. Mr. Somerville was deeply impressed. He attended the religious services. He read the Holy Word. He sought his closet for prayer. He yielded to the invitations of the Spirit of God. He hoped in Christ, and took His name upon him, in an open confession. And from that time to the hour of his death, he persevered in a course so manifestly Christian and consistent that even worldly men were sometimes heard to ascribe to a miracle the change in his case.

Many lineal descendants from his family survive. Among them is Professor Samuel Wilson Somerville, of Fredericksburg, who has held close relation to the "Home and School" and the "College" for the support and education of the children of missionaries, and the orphan children of deceased ministers, and who, with his family, occupies an attractive residence builded under his

own direction on his lot near the monument and tomb of Mary Washington, in view of the rock and chasm on the "Kenmore" estate.

The ties of blood and friendship, between the Somerville family and our own, led to many happy meetings and visitings. In some cases arrangements were made for exchanging, for years, the residence of the boys and girls of each clan with a view to advantages of education in Fredericksburg, and of gaining health and agricultural knowledge at Somerville.

It was to this delightful rural home, "Somerville," that my sister, Anne, my older brother and myself, attended by the faithful "Lucy" of African descent, started at about four o'clock in a refreshing summer morning. We went by Chancellorsville then kept by Mr. Chancellor, whose notable wife kept an excellent table, the pickle from which had, on a previous occasion, been keenly enjoyed by our sister.

We passed up the graded dirt road of the "Swift Run Gap Turnpike Company"—passed in sight of "Elmwood," the estate and residence of a wealthy Virginia gentleman, named William Jones, who was the father of Mrs. Judge St. George Coalter, of "Chatham," opposite to Fredericksburg, and who, being left a widower and in his 70th year, sought another wife, and found one in a very attractive young lady of sixteen years, with more than the normal share of beauty and grace and a pair of bright dark eyes which looked out from a cheerful soul. From this marriage a daughter was born so nearly the image of her mother that, as she grew up, the parentage spoke for itself. This daughter became the wife of Major James Horace Lacy, of Norman-English blood. He had been famed as a politician and legislator in Virginia, and his style of oratory, in his best moods, was magnetic and strong. From this marriage many well known and much loved sons and daughters have been born.

A short distance beyond "Elmwood," our somewhat wearied horses stopped at the "Almand Tavern"—a wooden building of homely look, and somewhat tumbled-down condition, especially as to its enclosures and front steps. But we were all too glad to find

a resting place and a prospect for dinner to be disposed to find fault with the "Almand Tavern." Only our servant, Lucy, indulged herself in a few sharp criticisms and comparisons between this country inn and its surroundings and her flower-environed home in Fredericksburg.

The dinner spread for us was all that our health and habits could have craved. Fat roasted pullets with plenty of egg and other appetizing dressings, perfectly fresh vegetables of the best kinds, wheat bread, corn bread, delightful butter, cups of skillfully prepared coffee, and at last, an apple pie with cold milk just from the spring below the hill. After we had dined and had enjoyed a brief season of sleep, our horses and driver were refreshed and rested. We started again, turning off, however, from the turnpike, and making our way through woods well shaded, even though they passed through the region known as the "Poison Fields" of Orange. We were soon crossing the "Somerville Ford," near a magnificent and lofty ledge of Rock on the Rapidan, and in a few minutes we were welcomed by the family in the wide and breezy hall, to which an ample porch admitted us.

Our visit covered the part of the summer and fall, ending when the closing days of September began to impart to the forests all those rich hues for which the wooded regions of North America have been distinguished. The impressions made on me even thus early in life, by the fields, the orchards, the hills, the river with its towering rock, the dam with its darker water above, on which floated a small flat bottomed boat that gave us the means of fishing and excursions, the blacksmith's shop with its bright fires, anvil and strokes of the hammer—the mill for grinding corn, with an appendage of a saw mill for logs and boards, and above all, the barns in which worked the great stationary threshing mills and machinery moved by horses and mules, driven around and around by boys of African descent generally about fourteen or fifteen years old—the winnowing by the fan, and the gathering of the wheat into garners in the barns have retained their freshness—all these afforded to the young souls from the town sources of the purest and most healthful enjoyment.

The huge rock of which I have spoken rose from the edge of

the water, and had a height probably of sixty feet or more. But on its frowning face there were several ledges or strong platforms, by a skillful use of which a resolute and athletic climber could make his way from top to bottom, or from bottom to top. The Rapidan was subject to freshets, after protracted rains, and these were sometimes so strenuous and violent in their effects that the waters thundered over the dam with a voice heard at a distance of many miles, and which agitated the minds even of the quiet residents at Somerville. Several times the dam was carried away, but was afterwards restored with added strength by the resolute purposes of the Scottish owner. It was many years after his death, and while the property was owned and occupied by his son, Samuel Wilson Somerville and his family, that a freshet came with so much of fury and persistent power that dam, mills and all machinery and appurtenances were swept away in a wreck so hopeless, that all idea of rebuilding them was abandoned.

But during the life-time of James Somerville, the floods of water were never so destructive as to deprive him of his resolute will to up build and repair. The tumbling, rushing currents seemed rather to incite him to poetic fervor. Memory retains one of these occasions.

Among the successive teachers employed in his family, to instruct his children and sometimes also several other children and young people collected into a school, was a gentleman of uncertain age, named Abbott. He was a good scholar and reasonably successful teacher. But he had the misfortune to have a tender and susceptible heart not always under the wise control of the head. He fell in love with several of the daughters—of course in due succession—and with only one at a time. But, greatly to his tribulation, not one of these young maidens received his lover-like attentions with the slightest favor. They refused to practice even the faintest approaches to the modern forms of gentle flirtation. When he whispered of love, they grew cold and distant. He became a sad, gloomy, moody man. He wandered in the lanes and the woods. His favorite place for sad musings on his disappointment was the summit or one of the ledges of the rock over-looking the river.

Few suspected that James Somerville had ever bestowed a thought on all these movements or their sources. But they knew not of the deep fountain of poetic possibility within him. On one occasion a succession of summer rains had raised the river. The roar of the waters tumbling over the dam was heard. Unheeding this, and listening only to his own sad thoughts, Abbott had crossed the pond, and was gloomily stretched, at full length, on the rock looking down on the foaming currents.

James Somerville saw him, and, yielding to the divine afflatus, instantly composed, in his own mind, this stanza:

Abbott, beware!
No longer dare
To tempt the dangerous flood
I thought my friend
His life would end
On the rock where lovers wooed.

While the poetry yet had life, in memory, he hastened up to the house, and repeated to all of his family whom he could find, this soul-moving stanza. In due time, Abbott also made his appearance, and heard how the poet had been moved, and what words had come. In a few weeks, Mr. Abbott took his leave of the family, and went his way to other fields of love and teaching.

Of course I was too young to have any personal knowledge of these incidents. But they are fully established by testimony not to be questioned.

When we returned to our home in Fredericksburg, I have a vivid recollection of my surprise at seeing a cradle near my mother's bed, and a small infant sleeping therein. I was told that he was a little boy, and was my youngest brother, and that my "nose was broken." Feeling no pain nor fracture in that important facial appendage I was unable to comprehend this declaration; and to this day, no clear light has come to my mind explaining the origin of this statement. But I afterwards discovered that it was a well understood suggestion in such cases.

My mother had been in feeble health for some time before her

infant was born, and after his birth she did not regain her strength, and suffered with a continued fever which threatened her life. Her own family, and many loving friends did all that the most sedulous care and nursing could do. But others knew what I did not then know, that for many weeks, her life trembled in the balance.

Then came manifestations of sincere friendship. John Scott of a well known Scottish clan had settled in Fredericksburg as a merchant and had gained a good repute and prosperous business. His wife, Mrs. Fannie Scott, was widely known by reason of her firm and steadfast virtues—her courage to befriend the unfortunate—her zeal in organizing “Ladies’ Fairs” and other Christian enterprises, and her almost despotic rulings and managings of the young people who patronized or took part in them. The title by which she was generally known among them was that of “the old queen.”

But though she loved to rule, she loved also to befriend and comfort. She was a warm friend of my mother, and now in the time of her illness and danger, Mrs. Scott, though she lived in the well known residence then and since known as “Scotia,” which was then worthily filled by her own large family consisting of husband, sons and daughters, so lovingly and earnestly asked that she might be permitted to take the young infant to her home and care for him, that, under all the circumstances, her request was recognized as one not to be rejected.

Accordingly, my infant brother passed several months of his earliest life in the pleasant and happy home of “Scotia.” When a name was to be given to him, that of “Samuel Scott” was proposed in our clan, and no dissenting voice was raised.

The illness of our loved mother was long and critical. For many weeks, fever was constantly with her, preying on her native strength and menacing her life. Our family physician was Doctor James Carmichael. He was skillful and highly esteemed in his profession, in all its branches, and was followed by two sons and as many grandsons bearing that same name of Carmichael and deserving the reputation as physicians and surgeons which they gained and held for a large part of a century.

The name "Carmichael" is primitively Irish, and has carried with it, for two hundred years, the memories of the traits and characters of that Emerald Isle—the mother of poets, orators, statesmen, historians, patriots, freemen, and men of genius and of the ebullitions and eccentricities which have so often attended genius and checked its highest attainments.

With no feeling save one of respect and affection for all who ever bore the name in Virginia or elsewhere in our country, I am liberty to give some facts which illustrate and explain these ebullitions.

Doctor James Carmichael attended on my mother with sedulous care and skill. He came day after day and watched the symptoms of the persistent fever, and applied cautiously and gently the remedies which his science suggested. All of us, old enough to perceive it, noted his anxiety, and we looked for his visits with mingled hope and fear.

One morning we thought our mother was better. When Dr. Carmichael arrived, he went to the bedside—looked at her face—looked in her eyes—took her wrist in his fingers and felt her pulse. A look of relief passed over his features. But these were the first and the exact words he uttered: "Well, I am glad to tell you, that the devil will not get you this time."

She knew well some of his ways. She answered him, "Doctor you ought not to talk so. I hope that if it had pleased God to take me away from this world, He would have saved me from the Evil power you speak of." He shook his head, but a smile beamed over his face, as he answered: "I don't know about that. Not so certain. Satan is very busy with all of us."

But he welcomed the symptoms of the favorable crisis and the return of strength and he seconded them with so much of skill and care, that in a few weeks my mother was able to leave her bed. She grew stronger daily, and was soon fully recovered.

This skilled yet eccentric physician had a large practice and was very successful. Everybody believed in him, and trusted him. But, though not a case was known in which wilful neglect on his part had ever jeopardized life or permanent health in any of his

patients, his habits sometimes made the occurrence of such cases probable.

He was generally abstemious and clear in mind. But, at long intervals, often more than six months apart, he got into what is called both in England and North America a "spree." This word is found even in Worcester, and of course in Webster.

He became unduly elevated by the effects of wine or of other worse intoxicants. And when he began, he would spend several days—sometimes a week—in performing vagaries of the most eccentric character. He did not become morose or quarrelsome. His moods always tended to the hilarious and the ridiculous. Yet, it is not to be denied that, in them, he occasionally performed feats very annoying, and destructive to the peace of well ordered society.

In those days, he always found some companions in Fredericksburg, ready to countenance and join him in his revels. Their cherished amusement was to run through the streets about midnight, ringing at every door which had a door-bell, and disappearing long before man, or mistress, or servant, or child could open the door.

In some cases the doctor stopped at the houses of some families in which he practised, and after knocking for admittance, if he did not gain it, actually broke out one of the lower panels of the front door, and crept in. In such cases, his friends generally succeeded in causing his "spree" to come to what he regarded as a premature end.

Once while he and a boon-companion whom I am entirely unable to identify except as one "Jemie Gregory" were in a high frolic near the bridge across the Rappahannock which connected Falmouth with the road leading northward from Fredericksburg, they saw two middle-aged ladies dressed with more than ordinary care, who were walking across it to Falmouth. A wagon was near the two hilarious gentlemen. They borrowed from the wagoner two currycombs. Each took one, and they set off, with such speed as their potations would allow, to catch the ladies and give them a lesson against the love of fine dressing. Fortunately these ladies had passed them, and knowing something of their ways,

had looked back, and, seeing them coming—each brandishing a curry-comb—fled at full speed and with screams and cries—drew the aid of some brave man on the Falmouth side who came to their rescue. The pursuers of the ladies stopped in time, turned back and retreated, and the Falmouth man, having a shrewd suspicion as to their persons and condition, forbore to chase them.

During these seasons of festive interregnum Doctor Carmichael's patients were carefully attended by one or more of the other physicians of the town, according to a comity well understood. He would never visit a patient while he was, in the slightest degree, affected by intoxicants. After his "spree" had spent its force, and it was known where he was, Mrs. Carmichael—a lady of resolute spirit and tact—would go after him, and generally succeeded in inducing him to accompany her to their home. But if she found him obstinate, she returned home, and sent a faithful female servant of African descent to look after him. This skilled domestic was never known to fail to conduct him to his home. Here he would remain, quiet and thoughtful, and frequently reading the Bible until he was entirely himself again.

One more incident must be narrated which brought serious trouble to him and one of his cherished friends. This incident probably occurred before my birth, but it is fully proved. It was circumstantially related in my presence and in that of Howson H. Wallace, a highly esteemed merchant of Fredericksburg by John Crump who not only witnessed it, but bore a part of its evil effects.

Mr. Crump had come with his pleasant family—wife, sons and daughters, from the piedmont country on the Rapidan to reside in Fredericksburg. Their genial qualities soon gained for them many friends. The office of Inspector of flour was bestowed upon Mr. Crump, and its duties were diligently performed by him during many years. He was witty and humorous in conversation. He was free from unduly convivial habits. But he loved cards, whist, loo, and all the train. He and Dr. Carmichael were fast friends.

At that time, the members and adherents of the Methodist Episcopal Church and congregation in Fredericksburg were not so numerous nor so cultured and wealthy as they now are. Their

church was a large framed building then located just beyond the grave yard which has since been converted into the shaded and beautiful public resort known as the "Hurkamp Park." The monuments and grave-slabs, and (as far as known) the bodies of the dead have all been removed.

Our Methodist brethren at that time often held protracted meetings with a special view to revival of sluggish christians and awakening and conversion of impenitent sinners. These scenes were often attended by several ministers and the services were varied by loud and exciting sermons, deep responses in prayer, alarming appeals, groans, shrieks, shoutings and bodily contortions. As the interest increased, mourners and seekers were invited to come into a part of the church in front of the pulpit cushioned rail. This part was generally covered with clean straw, so as to prevent the clothing and the persons of the many who crowded this place from suffering with soiling or bruising.

In truth, a well-established tradition prevailed which has often come to my ears, though I cannot personally vouch its truth, that on one occasion when unusual numbers of awakened men, women and well grown children had cast themselves down in all the space covered by clean straw, one of the most zealous of the church-officers shouted in stentorian sounds the words: "More straw! bring more straw here! Souls are perishing here for the want of more straw!"

Whatever view may be taken of those religious services by the staid and grave admirers of order and quiet, especially in the sanctuary of God, it is certain that these revival scenes were often followed by numerous additions of members to the visible church of Christ, and that these members afterwards adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things, and led lives of consistent Christian zeal and purity. It is through such scenes that the Methodist Episcopal Church has borne the banner of the Cross over hill and valley until she has attained the numbers, the strength and the influence which give to her the leading position in the march of pure christianity in the United States.

But it was one of the inevitable results of such scenes to excite in some of the people of Fredericksburg a disposition to seek mere

amusement in witnessing them. It was in this mood that Dr. James Carmichael who had just tasted the opening joys of a "spree" came to John Crump, and urged him to accompany him to the church promising him that he would see something worth seeing. In an unguarded hour, Mr. Crump assented and went with him.

They arrived just as the mourners began to pour into the straw covered space in front of the pulpit, and just as the mingled voices—singing, shouting and praying varied by appeals from the ministers were most exciting.

They had pressed through the crowd and were close to this space. Of course no one sought to stop them, though they were seen and identified. Suddenly Mr. Crump saw the doctor pass into the mourners' space, and begin to wave his hands and join in the singing. He drew from the ample pockets of his professional overcoat handful after handful of the strongest Scottish snuff made from pulverized tobacco and threw them broadcast over the mourners, sometimes varying his aim and sending many successive handfuls into the midst of the crowded congregation.

For a moment, amazement stilled every sound. But it was only for a moment. The potent Scotch snuff began to work. Tremendous sneezes burst from every part of the house. At first they were separated claps of thunder. But quickly they united, and a prolonged roll of the startling sound of continuous sneezing in every form of noise made by that resistless movement of the mucuous membrane of the human soul and body shook the entire space within the church, and threatened to shake the roof itself.

John Crump in a state of mind not to be described made for the door. The doctor having exhausted all of his tobacco ammunition, sought likewise to escape. But several stalwart men in the congregation, pursued and seized them. Others ran for the police. In a short time, both of these gentlemen were in jail, and passed the night there.

They were carried before the Mayor the next morning. He was a sensible and well balanced man. He grasped the situation instantly. After hearing so much of the testimony as was needful, he delivered to the culprits a serious lecture. He imposed moderate

finer on each—but differing in amount, because of the difference in offence; put them under recognisances to keep the peace and be of good behavior for a year, and then released them.

The conduct of the church officers was admirable. They persuaded their people to be silent on the subject. Gradually its memories grew dim, but were not forgotten by the two most prominent actors. Mr. Crump asserted his own entire innocence. Yet some accessorial spirit was imputed to him.